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1889

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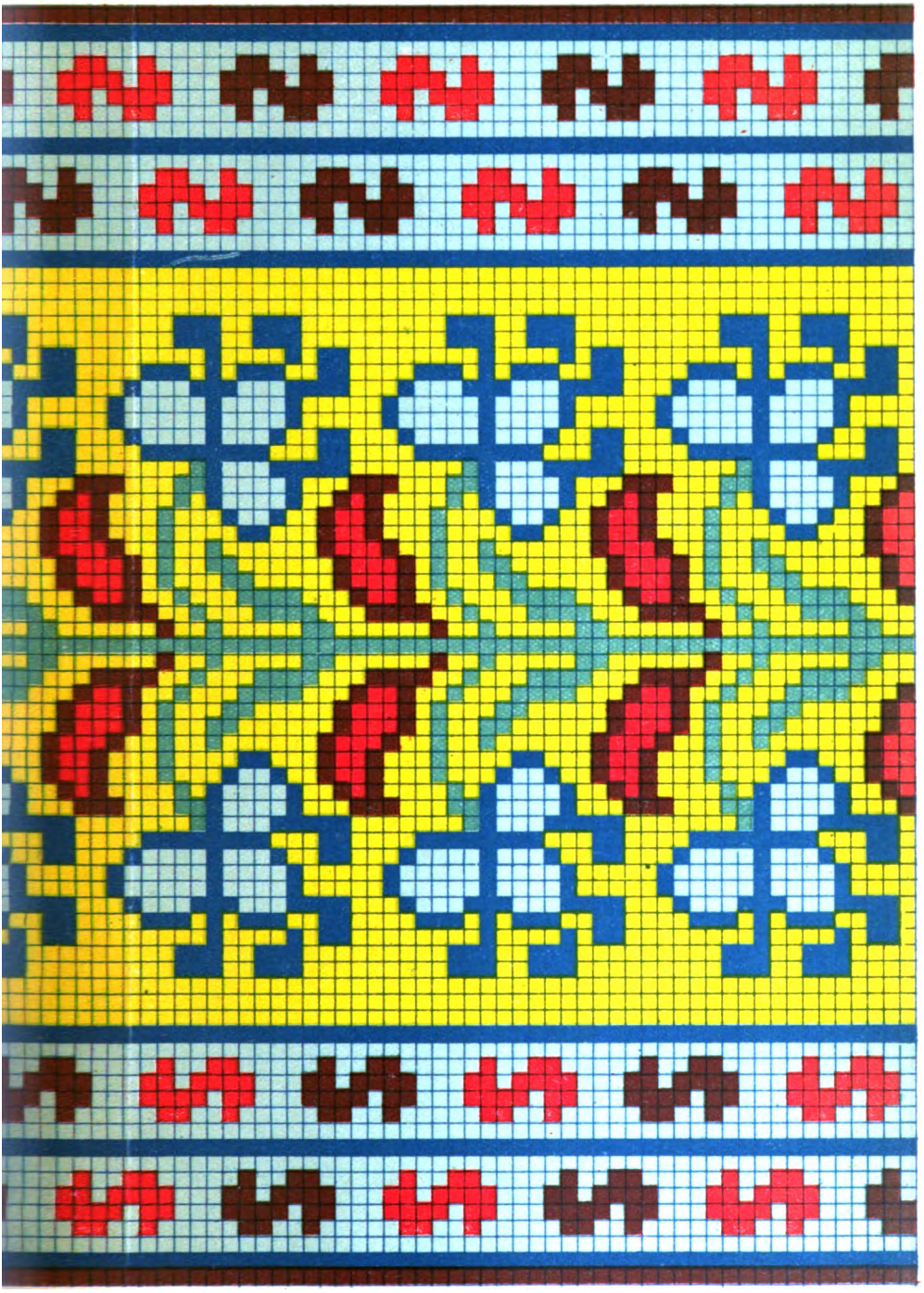

D TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF "PETERSON" AS A NEW-YEAR'S GI

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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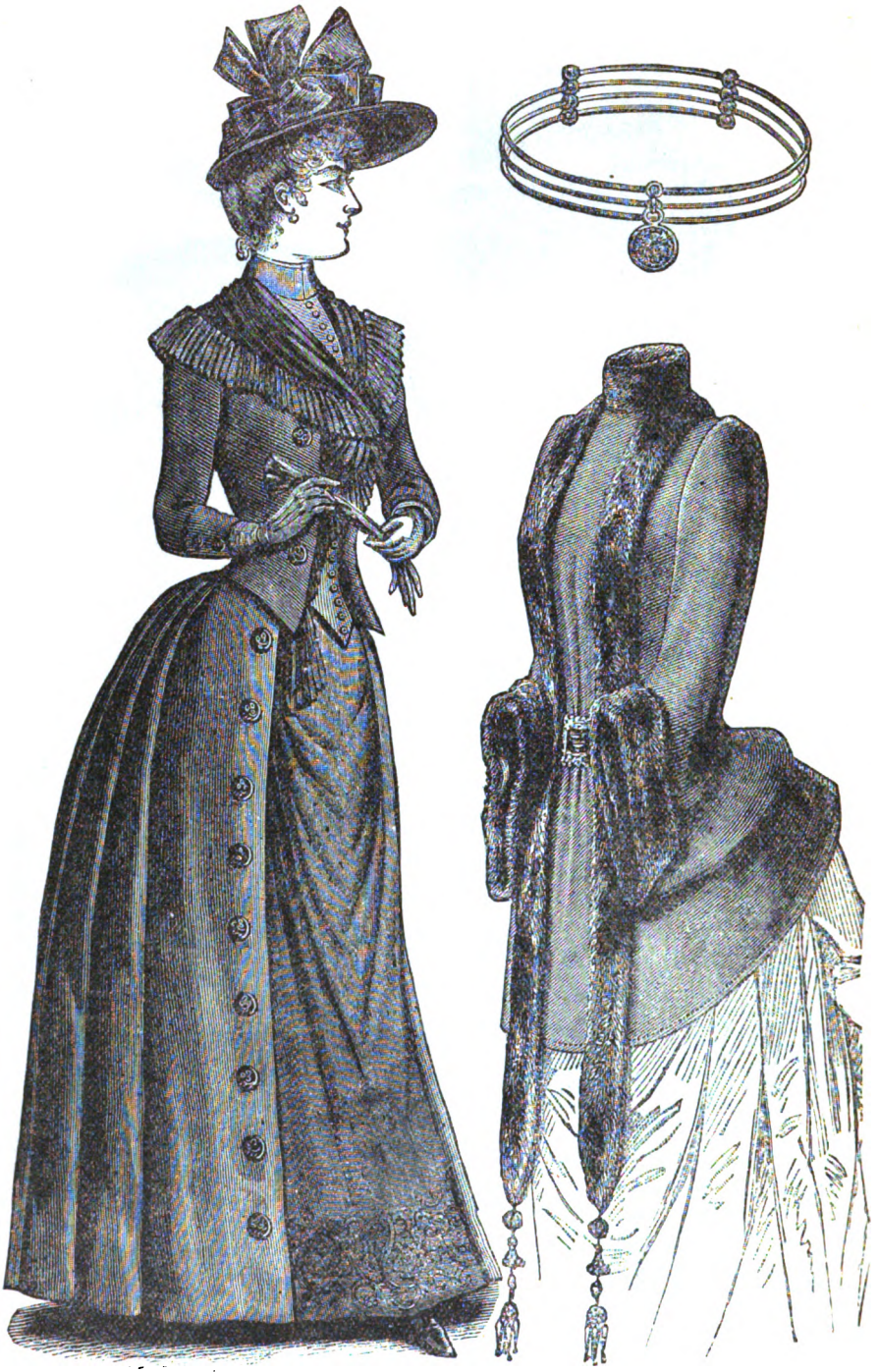

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR.

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HOUSE-DRESS. HAT. SLEEVE.

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DESIGN FOR LAMP-SCREEN.

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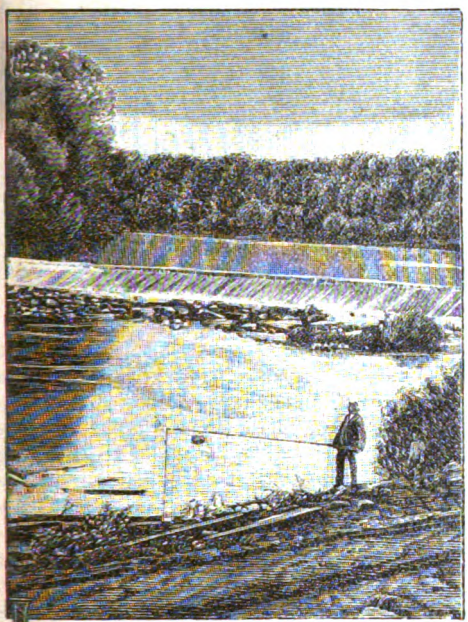
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCV. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1889. No. 1.

ZOAR AND THE ZOARITES.

BY GEOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.



IT was on a beautiful spring morning, and by a fast train of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, that I left the once, but—thanks to natural gas—no longer, smoky city of Pittsburgh, for my first visit to Zoar.

"And what and where is Zoar?" asks some curious reader. Well, Zoar is the quaintest, most interesting, and most absolutely unique village that the fastest walker among the subscribers of "Peterson" could find in all the length and breadth of our magnificent country, between sunrise and sunset on any day in the whole twelvemonth, not excepting the twentyfirst of June. It is situated in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, and is owned and occupied exclusively by a most singular sect of German pietist-mystics, socialists, and communists, known as Zoarites, who founded it in the year 1817. They emigrated from their "Fatherland" to escape religious persecution and to enjoy the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, in the New World. Down to the present time, they have continued to grow and prosper in the locality in which they first established themselves.

These good people entertain very peculiar religious doctrines, most prominent among which is a belief that the holding of all property in common was intended as a normal fundamental principle in the organization of the Christian Church, and is therefore a duty imperatively binding upon all Christians. They accordingly observe the most absolute communism in all things. They formerly practiced the most rigid celibacy as well, but discontinued it long since, and marriage is now countenanced among them, as we shall see hereafter.

Zoar is a complete little kingdom in itself, wholly independent of the outside world. Not such a very little kingdom either, for the Zoarites own seven thousand acres of land surrounding their town. Their original purchase was ten thousand acres, but three thousand have been sold from time to time, at a great advance over first cost. About one-half of their land is in a high state of cultivation, while the remainder is heavily timbered.

With the exception of tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and spices, the Zoarites produce, within the boundaries of their own estate, everything they eat, drink, and wear. Every agricultural and other implement, and every machine used in Zoar, is manufactured by the Zoarites themselves. The clothing that covers them is made by their own tailors, of cloth woven in their own mill, from wool sheared from their own sheep. The stoves that warm them and cook their food are cast in their own foundry, from iron smelted in their own furnaces, from ore

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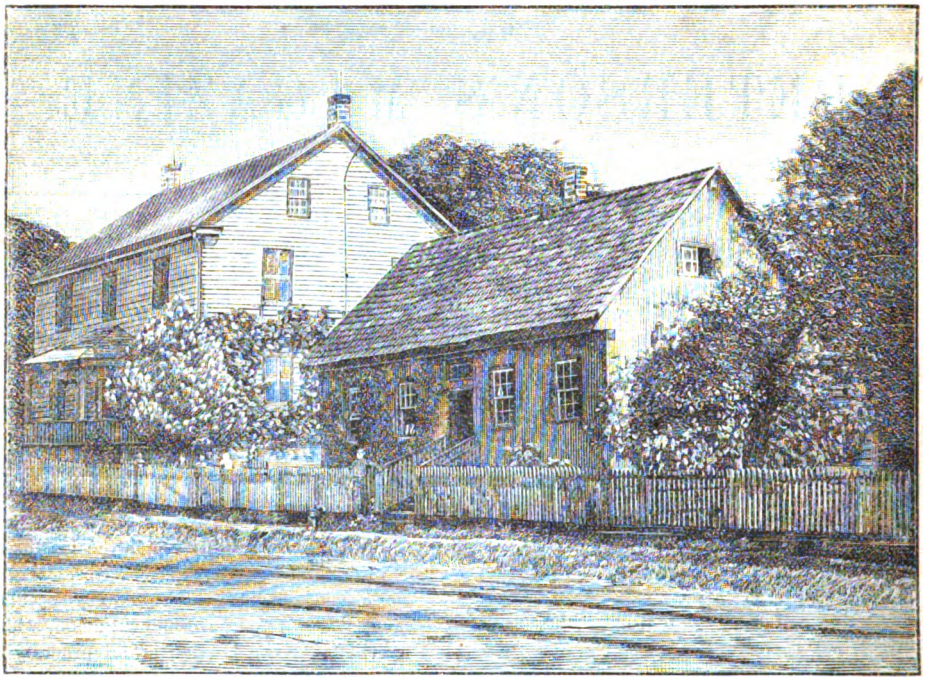

ZOARITE DWELLINGS.

found upon their own lands. Their shoes are made by their own shoemakers, from leather prepared by their own tanners, from hides obtained from their own cattle. In every department of trade, they have their own mechanics, who serve not only the Zoarite Community, but also the farmers of the surrounding country, doing all work entrusted to them in a most honest and faithful manner. Their carpenters, masons, hatters, blacksmiths, tailors, cabinet-makers, wheelwrights, and other artisans are all thoroughly skilled workmen. They possess, too, their own doctor, who is an accomplished dentist as well, having graduated in both professions at a well-known university. His office is furnished with every appliance and drug that the most advanced medical and dental science has approved.

Zoar is about ninetyfour miles from Cleveland, and one hundred and six miles from Pittsburgh. It is reached by the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad—a tie that binds it to both of those cities, though the station is some three miles distant from the village. The Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad runs directly to the town and connects with Wheeling and Toledo. The Ohio Canal, along which, strange to say in this nineteenth century, freight and passengers are still carried, passes through the lower end of the village.

The first I see of Zoar, as I am whirled in a Zoarite spring wagon from the railway station along the banks of the Tuscarawas River, is the observatory cupola on the roof of the hotel, its whiteness glistening in the sunlight and peeping out coquettishly through the luxuriant foliage of the many trees that line our path. A few minutes more, and we are in the town, a charming place with scrupulously clean streets, sixty feet in width, crossing each other at right angles. At the corners of these thoroughfares and midway on the intervening sides, are tasteful dwellings of frame or brick, the former predominating. They are substantial double houses, two stories in height, with a door in the centre. Each dwelling has just such a spacious vine-clad porch as a tired cyclist or pedestrian delights to rest in of a hot summer day. The sides of the houses are covered by grape-vines trained on trellis-work. The Zoarites, who are famous experts in the manufacture of native wines, have found that grapes are better protected from frost and more richly ripened and sweetened by the sun when grown in this way. Each family is entitled to all the grapes grown on its property, and is provided with a small hand-press for converting them into wine, so that a grace or stirrup cup is never lacking when you visit a friend in Zoar.

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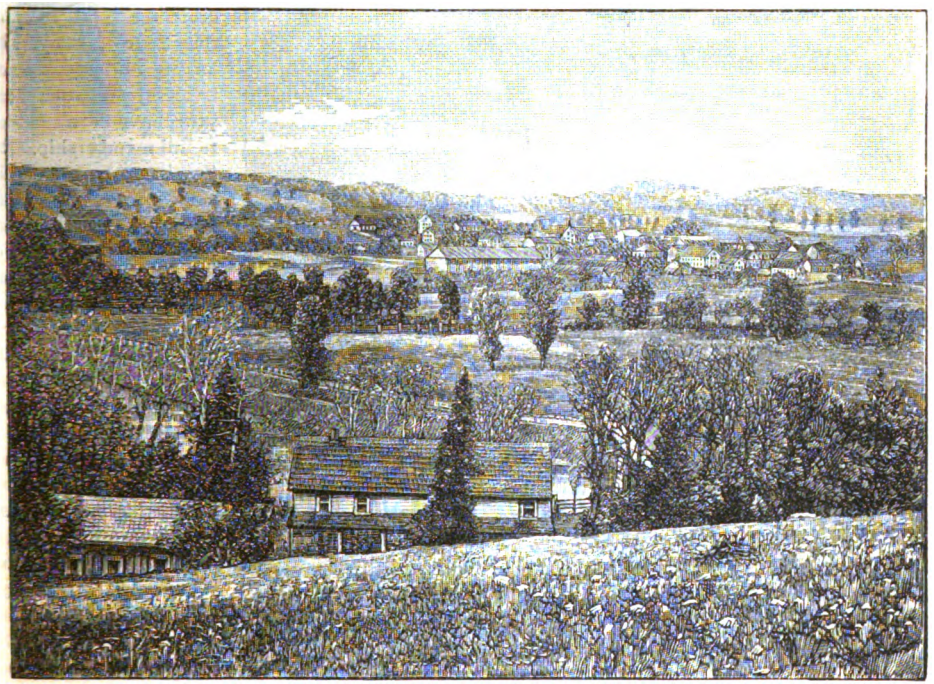
We rattle past a grist-mill, a woolen-mill, a planing-mill, a foundry, a tannery, and several other manufacturing establishments, and presently come into the main street. A few steps farther on, and my young charioteer pulls up his Bucephalus before the door of a large frame structure painted white, with a massive oaken door in the centre, and surmounted by the white cupola which for some time past has been leading us on like a beacon-light. A stout man of medium height, whose face indicates some fifty years of life, and who would be a capital model for a portrait of old Simon the Cellarer, comes forward to receive me as I pass into a wide hall. He informs me that he is the landlord and a member of the Zoar Society. Dinner is over, he tells me, but they will prepare a luncheon for me, and meanwhile would I like to go to my room?

Up a very wide oak staircase I follow my Boniface, as he bears clean towels and fresh water before me with much the same air of conscious pride as that with which the squire of some knight or baron bold might have borne his master's lance and shield in the ancient days of chivalry. We reach a neat old-fashioned chamber in a sunny corner on the second floor.

Having removed the stains of travel and done



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ZOAR AND VICINITY.

ample justice to a cold collation set forth in a dining-room which, like my sleeping-apartment, though somewhat primitive and old-fashioned, is scrupulously neat and clean, I am about to sally forth to see the town, when my landlord invites me first to enjoy a bird's-eye view of it from the observatory already mentioned as surmounting the roof of the hotel. From the third floor, a spiral staircase winds around a large pillar and finally brings us into a round cupola completely encircled by large windows. A view of rare loveliness is spread out at our feet. Lofty trees outline gray country roads. Soft green fields and wavy hedges fade into azure distance. Deep purple shadows, like watchful spirits brooding upon the summits of distant blue hills, blend with the horizon. The fertile country, rich in hues of living green; the cattle upon a thousand hills; the variety of field, wood, and meadow; the clear silvery waters of the Tuscarawas River winding, serpent-like, between banks of verdure and falling in showers of spray and mist over a high dam at Zoar, like a miniature Niagara; the picturesque white houses of the town, ornamented with clinging vines, and the gayly-plumaged birds—a myriad of swift-winged atoms flitting through the air—make up a prospect well worth traveling far to see.

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A ZOARITE BELLE.

Descending from the observatory, I set out for my first walk through Zoar. Directing my steps toward the bakery, where all the pies and cakes for the entire community are freshly baked each day, I encounter a most singular procession, the like of which I have never seen in any other part of the world. Some fifteen or twenty girls, ranging in age from ten to thirteen years, are walking in single file, each drawing behind her a younger brother or sister in an old-fashioned baby-coach from which projects a tongue even longer than that of the most inveterate gossip. Strict equality is observed by the Zoarites in everything. Just as they hold all property in common, so they participate in all pleasures and duties. Thus, even the babies of the Society are aired simultaneously in a procession of "sweetness long drawn out."

Arrived at the bakery, I find posted upon its door a notice, partly printed and partly written in German, stating that Gottlieb Hassenfous and Katrina his wife, having surrendered all their worldly goods, having subscribed to the doctrines and rules of the Zoar Society, and having undergone a satisfactory probation of one year, have been admitted to full membership. The Zoarites are desirous, as they always have been, of receiving new members, and all persons of good moral character who will fulfill the requirements named above may become joint heirs of this village of Zoar and all the other possessions of the Society.

Pushing aside the heavy piece of oak to which this notice is attached, I pass through the living-room of the baker and his family, into the bakery proper, and here I am deeply impressed by the scrupulous neatness which universally prevails. If any people in the world practically endorse old John Wesley's saying that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," these people are the Zoarites. In the baking of their bread, the brewing of their beer, and the slaughtering of their cattle, their chief object seems to be the attainment of the highest possible degree of cleanliness.

The baker and his assistant are attired in spotless white caps and aprons, and the dough looks so inviting as it is spread out upon the long kneading-boards that an excessively hungry man might almost be tempted to eat it before it is baked, and then, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more." From seventyfive to one hundred loaves

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OLD LOG CHURCH.

are consumed by the Zoarites daily. At the hour when the bread comes fresh from the oven, each household dispatches one of its young women to the bakery with a large snow-white cloth in which she receives and wraps the family supply and bears it home. It was a charming sight to see these bevies of young girls, tastefully attired in neatly fitting chintz gowns and having the good looks which are the offspring of good health, good diet, and out-door exercise, sparkling in their eyes, lips, and cheeks. They come trooping into the bakery, receive their allotted supply, and depart with it in its spotless covering, laughing and chatting meanwhile in the high spirits and good humor of robust young womanhood.

But perhaps the young women of Zoar are seen to the best advantage at the stables, whither they all repair twice each day to milk the cows. A considerable portion of the Zoarites' wealth is invested in their live stock. They have devoted much attention to determining what are really the best breeds. After long experiment with the Alderney, Holstein, Jersey, and Durham, they have decided in favor of the last-named, though all four varieties are well represented in their herds.

The stables in which these cattle are kept are models of their kind. Their drainage, ventilation, and facilities for light are perfect, and every device that ingenuity can suggest and an unlimited expenditure carry out has been utilized to make their sanitary condition as perfect as possible. The stalls extend in long rows on either side of broad aisles. The name of each animal is painted above her resting-place, and the surprise of the visitor, upon reading such fanciful appellations as "Maud," "Lily," "Ethel," and "Rose," fades away when he learns that each young woman has the privilege of naming the cows she milks. I may remark, "en passant," that cheap reprints of popular English novels are not unknown in Zoar, and that many a Zoarite damsel finds time to build elaborate air-castles upon no firmer foundation than the works of Miss M. E. Braddon or Mary Cecil Hay.

I would not like to vouch that the Zoarite cows can read, but, when they come filing into the stables at morn or eventide, they go to their stalls with as much certainty and directness and with as little hesitancy or confusion as if they recognized their own names painted above them. The cattle safely housed, in come the damsels to milk them. Fancy some thirty merry, romping, buxom girls, each bearing a milking-stool and wearing a long white apron. Every girl has a partner, and to each pair thus formed there are assigned eight cows which they must always milk.

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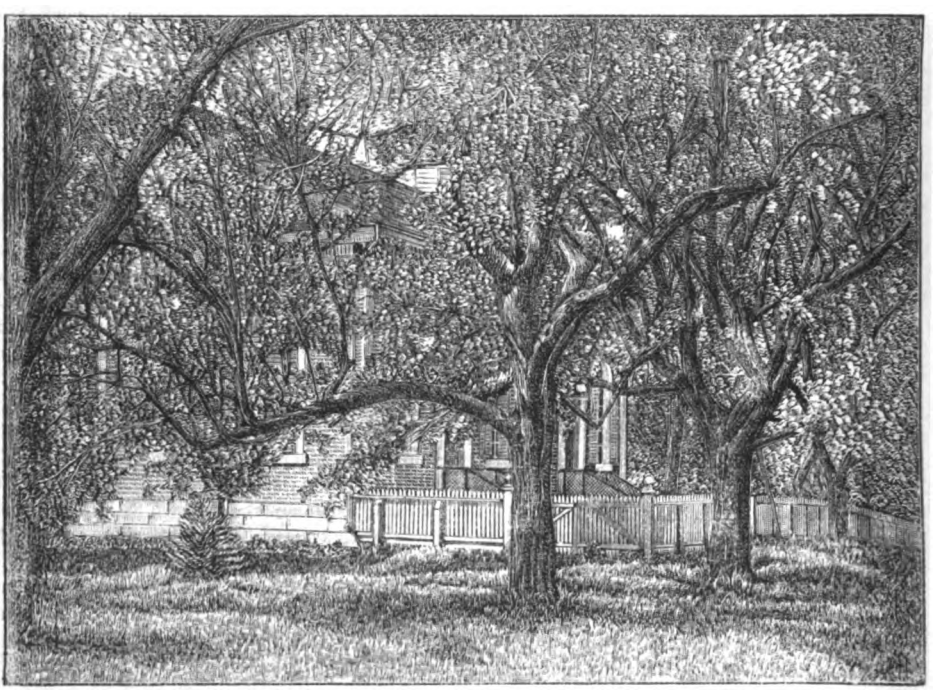
All manufacturing in Zoar is done by water power. The Tuscarawas River, by means of a dam, is made to flow with sufficient volume and swiftness to supply from thirty to forty horse-power to the various mills and factories, all of which are provided with machinery made by the Zoarites themselves in the large millwright shop which they have always maintained. One of the principal products of the Zoarites' lands is flour, of which, after supplying their own wants, they ship large quantities to Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. The cloths, flannels, and blankets woven in their woolen-mill are of excellent quality, while the first-named are of a variety of tasteful patterns.

The dress of the men is in no way peculiar, and the most distinctive feature of the feminine costume is a quilted sunbonnet, which all the women and girls wear for "full dress" at church and on state occasions.

Zoarite tables are bountifully supplied, the cooking is excellent, and the beer quaffed at meals is of a kind that might tempt the most rigid anchorite to break his vows. Nothing whatever enters into its composition save barley-malt, hops, and pure spring-water. Like the cider manufactured and consumed here in great quantities, and the magnificent beeves slaughtered daily, it is kept in a common stock, from which each family is supplied every morning, according to its needs.

The principal diversion that I enjoyed, during my stay at Zoar, was the annual cleaning of two large fish-ponds. These were stocked with carp some two years ago by the Fish Commissioners of the United States and the State of Ohio. Thoroughly to cleanse these ponds, as is done every spring and autumn, it is necessary to draw off the water and remove the fish, an operation that affords the keenest delight to the unsophisticated Zoarite mind.

Within a few minutes' walk of the hotel, there is a fine public garden and greenhouse, both of which are always open. There is no prohibitory "No Admittance" or "Hands Off" upon anything. Everyone is free to enter at any time and roam about at will. The garden is tastefully laid out and contains some noble trees and elegant shrubbery, while the greenhouse boasts a large collection of choice plants and flowers. In my frequent visits to those delightful resorts, I usually met Mr. Simon Beiter, the gardener and florist of the Society and one of its principal officers. In long talks with him, I learned all there is to know of the origin, religious doctrines, social and religious customs, of the Zoar Society, as well as interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of its founder and his first disciples.



THE NEW BRICK CHURCH.

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It was in the kingdom of Würtemberg, near the close of the eighteenth century, that a young school-teacher, named Joseph Bimeler, began to speak on religious subjects twice every Sunday, to such friends and neighbors as cared to assemble in his house to listen. His doctrines somewhat resembled those of the Quakers, like whom he always used "thee" and "thou" and other "plain language"; but he held very strange mystical opinions concerning celibacy and community of goods, both of which he strongly advocated. His adherents soon numbered nearly four hundred, and their refusal to pay any dues to the established church and to address the nobility or magistracy by any title save plain "thee" and "thou" subjected them to fine and imprisonment, Bimeler himself escaping the latter only by removing from place to place and living in the utmost privacy.

Johannes Goesele, Bimeler's right-hand man, was held a prisoner for nine years by the Duke of Würtemberg for refusing to take off his hat to him and to address him save with the disrespectful "thou" of the German. His long confinement made him famous, and on one occasion the duke took Napoleon I to see him. Goesele treated the emperor just as he had treated the duke, and warned him of the dread account he should have to render at the Last Great Day for the multitude of souls hurried into eternity by his bloody wars.

Much annoyed, Napoleon desired to have Goesele punished for his insolence; but, when the Man of Dèstiny had departed, the duke summoned his prisoner before him and set him at liberty, saying: "Goesele, if you had not talked to the emperor as you talk to me, I would have taken off your head: but now, since you treat us both alike, you may go home."

Aided by English Quakers, Bimeler and his disciples emigrated to this country in August, 1817. With the assistance of Friends in Philadelphia, they purchased, at a fair price and upon long credit, the site of their present town of Zoar and ten thousand acres of surrounding land, where they established themselves in December of that same year. Here, after a period of frightful hardship, they soon attained great prosperity.

Though not deeming themselves sufficiently advanced in the Christian life consistently to practice celibacy and community of goods, they resolved to make trial of the former. Accordingly, there was no marrying among them—and those that had wives were as though they had none—for seven years. Then they abandoned celibacy, and Bimeler himself set the example of taking a wife. Marriage has continued a favorite institution among them ever since. Community of goods they adopted at the end of their first year in Zoar, and they have ever since practiced the most absolute communism.

Bimeler based his practice of celibacy upon the mystical notion of the German philosopher, Jacob Boehmen, and the theosophists of his school, that Adam was originally a dual being, and that, after the separation of his feminine nature in the person of Eve, all marital association between the sexes was contrary to God's original intention, and therefore to be avoided. He found authority for the practice of communism in the account given of the primitive Christians, in Acts iv, 32: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common."

Bimeler's government of the Zoarites was strictly patriarchal. Throughout his lifetime, he was the absolute civil and religious head of the Community—its prophet, priest, king, and the dictator of all its rules and regulations.

Since his death, in 1853, at the advanced age of more than eighty years, the Society has been governed by a board of three trustees and a standing committee of five, chosen by ballot from among the members, the women being allowed an equal vote with the men. Trustees are elected for three years, committeemen for five.

Though long since abandoned, the old log church built under Bimeler's direction, in 1817, is still standing. Even the new church by which it was replaced, the year of Bimeler's death, is very primitive, standing on a gentle eminence and almost concealed by trees. It is a one-story building, entered by two doors in the rear of the pulpit, so that late comers must walk to their seats in full view of the congregation. Instead of pews, it has old oaken "settles," made softer by home-made calico-covered cushions, and its floor is adorned with rag carpet. One side of the auditorium is reserved for men, the other for women, and each sex must enter by the door of its own side.

There are almost countless other points of interest connected with Zoar and the Zoarites which the limits of this article forbid me to touch upon; but, if I have excited in the mind of the reader a desire to know more of this most singular place and people, he may easily gratify it by paying them a visit, which will amply reward him for any trouble or expense he may thereby incur.

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HIS MOST TROUBLESOME PUPIL.

BY MRS. A. E. CHITTENDEN.

UMBERS of the pupils who attended Woodville Academy were gathered about the school-house door in a state of unusual excitement; for the collegiate department was to have a new teacher this session, the first change that had been made in five years.

"I've seen him," said Sissy Ruth, a tall fair girl of sixteen or thereabouts.

"Have you? Where? What's he like?" asked half a dozen voices.

"Well," returned Sissy, "you know he's boarding at Squire Willis's. I ran in to see Fleda last evening, and he was walking in the garden with the squire. He doesn't look a day older than Tom Strong, and not nearly so stout."

"He must be older, though," remarked the aforesaid "Tom," decidedly; "'cause he's all through college, and I'm not near ready."

"Oh, well, Tom," returned Sissy, with a coquettish backward glance at the youth, whose manly proportions increased with much greater rapidity than his intellect, "perhaps he's clever. Hush!" she added, quickly, "there he comes, now."

"Is Fleda with him?" asked Tom, with interest, coming to look over Sissy's shoulder.

"No; and I know one thing: I wish Fleda Willis would never come to this school again; she makes more trouble than all the rest of us put together."

The girls and boys parted to make way for the teacher, who entered at that moment.

With a pleasant "good-morning," he stepped to the desk, looked at his watch, and asked one of the boys to ring the bell.

The scholars were soon arranged, the girls on one side of the room, the boys on the other, and all taking every opportunity to steal glances at the new master. What they saw was a well-made, handsome-looking young fellow, with dark-gray eyes, to which his pale-golden hair gave a peculiar brilliancy.

The clock had just struck ten, the newly formed classes were fairly under way, when the door opened, and a young girl entered the room. She was small and very slender, with a pretty piquant face, and long braids of wavy dark hair that fell far below her waist. The braids were tied with scarlet ribbons, but otherwise she was dressed like a little Quakeress, in softest gray.

She walked slowly across the room, and, placing her hand on the back of the chair Sissy Ruth occupied, said composedly:

"You have taken my desk, Sissy; give it to me."

Sissy looked doubtfully at the master and half rose.

"You may keep your place, Miss Ruth," he said. "Miss Willis, you are very late—how does it happen?"

The girl turned her wide brown eyes toward him.

"Oh," she answered, carelessly, "I hardly ever come to school earlier than this. But I must have my desk; it's the one I always use."

Mr. Rutledge raised his eyebrows, and his lips took a new curve.

"For to-day," he said, "you may take the vacant desk at the end of the line; and hereafter please remember that school opens at nine o'clock. I desire all the scholars to be here punctually at that time. The geometry class will now recite."

Fleda's cheeks grew scarlet, and her eyes flashed. The girls smiled, and the boys looked daggers at the master.

Fleda stood irresolute for a minute; then, with a defiant glance around, took the place assigned her.

"I say, Fleda, you had to give in for once in your life; didn't you?" asked Sissy, with a laugh, as they were walking home from school.

A quick flush dyed Fleda's cheeks, but she answered carelessly:

"It wasn't worth making a fuss about. Of course, I'll have my own desk after this."

"Going to be in time for school to-morrow?" asked Tom, who was carrying Fleda's book.

"Not unless I choose. The idea!" with a scornful little laugh. "'I desire all the scholars.' It was really amusing. We will have to get him out of the school—I don't like him."

"Oh, Fleda!" exclaimed Sissy, "I do! Just think: father says he has ever so much money, but prefers teaching to being idle. I think it's splendid."

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"Yes, he looks that sort," returned Fleda, contemptuously. "Pedantic and conceited, as if he expected to rule the universe. I wouldn't dream of enduring it." And, with a nod and smile of good-bye, she turned to enter the pretty place she called home.

"You didn't to-day — eh, Fleda?" called Sissy, maliciously.

Without deigning any answer, Fleda ran up the broad gravel path, the veranda steps, and almost against Mr. Rutledge, who was standing in the shadow of the rose-trellis.

"I beg pardon!" he said, courteously stepping aside to allow her to pass, and with difficulty suppressing a smile of amusement at her evident confusion.

Had he heard the conversation by the gate? Fleda wondered. But, of course, he had; it was only a short distance from the house, and they had spoken anything but softly.

"Well, I don't care," she thought, "perhaps he'll be warned." She looked up. The gray eyes were regarding her steadily.

"Miss Willis," said their owner, quietly, "allow me to detain you a moment. I wish to say, with regard to the school-desk you prefer, that, if Miss Ruth does not object to giving it up to you, I am willing you should have it."

"Indeed!" returned Fleda, sarcastically. "You're extremely kind!"

"Giving in already," she thought, triumphantly, as she passed him and entered the house. "And yet he has a way—yes, I know 'twill be battle royal between us; and"— with an emphatic nod of her pretty head—"we'll see who'll be victorious."

A month had passed away. The school-room was very quiet. Class after class was called, recited, and returned to their places in rapid order. The pupils knew they had found their master, and obedience was promptly and willingly given.

There was only one vacant place; Fleda was tardy as usual. Her defiance of the master had not, as yet, been very openly expressed. Being naturally bright, and loving study for its own sake, she did not annoy by imperfect recitations. The want of respect in her manner when addressing him, Mr. Rutledge thought best to overlook; but he determined that the deliberate and continued disobedience of coming to school after hours should end.

To-day it was even later than usual when she entered the room. With her accustomed careless grace, she was moving toward her seat when Mr. Rutledge spoke:

"Miss Willis! you may come to the desk."

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Rutledge?" asked Fleda, an indescribable impertinence in tone and manner.

"Yes; I desired you to come to the desk."

"Oh!" She assumed an utterly indifferent expression, and, walking to the master's desk, stood leaning slightly against it, and, taking some rosebuds from her belt, commenced arranging them more to her satisfaction. The girl's audacity was perfect.

In spite of his exasperation, a gleam of amusement shone in the master's dark eyes.

"Miss Willis," he said, "have you an excuse for being late again to-day? If so, you may give it to me."

"Really, Mr. Rutledge," she returned, with a little mocking smile, "I cannot oblige you, as I have nothing of the kind." She turned to go.

"Stop!" said Mr. Rutledge, rather sternly. "Again and again, you have come to school after hours. The first day of the session, I particularly requested all the scholars to be punctual. The rest have obeyed me. I see no reason why an exception to the rules should be made in your favor; I can allow it no longer. If you be late to-morrow, I cannot consider it otherwise than willful disobedience; and you will be obliged to make up after school the time lost in the morning. You may go to your seat."

He had spoken quietly, albeit rather sternly; but, if his little speech had been an earthquake, it could hardly have produced a greater sensation. For a moment, there was breathless silence. Fleda had not once lowered her eyes, but, with a painful effort, gazed steadily into the master's face. The color had rushed into her cheeks, and then receded, leaving her very white. To her indignation and dismay, she felt the hot tears coming, and bit her lip fiercely to keep them back.

A feeling very much akin to pity crept into Paul Rutledge's heart as he looked into the proud colorless little face.

"You may go to your seat," he repeated, more gently.

Fleda longed to speak, but, knowing if she did she would undergo the everlasting humiliation of bursting into tears, she obeyed, but with her head still held defiantly erect.

What a long day that seemed! To Fleda's extreme annoyance, her recitations were not so perfect as usual. What if anyone should think she was excited or confused?

After school, she walked home the centre of a gay group as usual; but, once in her own room, she threw herself on the bed in a passion of tears.

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"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed. "I don't care for what he says! I do not care!"

One might have asked, that being the case, why these tears?

"Scolding me before the school! If I'd answered him—if I'd said something. Oh!" springing up and stamping her little foot, "to think of his being in this very house! How can I endure his hateful presence this long winter? Obey him? Not for the world would I be in time to-morrow."

Paul walked to school the next morning with a heavy heart. He had delayed to the last minute, hoping against hope that he might see Fleda start before him. He had seen her flitting about the garden as he left the house, and almost turned back to beg her to accompany him; then laughed at himself for the folly of the thought.

It was rather a bitter laugh, though. He was as unused to opposition as Fleda herself. Wealthy, handsome, and clever, he had always won his way easily enough; and this little village-girl's willfulness troubled him more than he would have cared to confess.

The bell rang and school began. Paul glanced toward a certain desk; indeed, every pair of eyes in the room, blue, black, brown, or gray, was directed toward the same vacant chair.

Paul's heart sank, and an ominous frown took up its abode between his eyes.

Fleda was not there.

A little after eleven, she entered the room. She had donned a white gown; in her belt were fastened some scarlet geraniums, which matched the vivid flush, caused by excitement, that burned on either cheek; her eyes shone like twin stars.

One would hardly have thought it could be in the heart of man to be angry with so fair a vision; yet Paul Rutledge was angry—very angry.

"Miss Willis," he said, his tone unusually low and constrained, "have you an excuse for this tardiness?"

"No." Her voice trembled slightly, in spite of her utmost effort to control it, as she uttered the one little word.

"It is now eleven o'clock," Paul said, still in the same low tone. "Do not forget that you remain two hours after school to-day. Williams, you may continue your recitation."

The hands of the clock almost pointed to three. Fleda waited with wildly-beating heart. She was afraid to disobey the command that had been so quietly spoken. She stole a glance at the man she "hated." How handsome he was! How cool and decided his manner: how all but she obeyed his slightest word or look.

"He's different from anyone I ever saw," thought Fleda, pressing her cold hands against her burning cheeks; "there could not be two such—such disagreeable people. I wish—wish—of course I wish I had never seen him. I'm nearly seventeen, and I will not stay after school!"

One—two—three, clanged out the old clock. Fleda rose with the rest. She felt a hand laid lightly on her arm, as a low voice murmured:

"You will not leave the room."

Her highly-strung nerves thrilled at the touch and tone. She stood for a moment as if spell-bound, and—could it be she had almost yielded? Was this her victory?

"I will!" she said, loud enough for all around to hear. "Did you think, then," she added, scornfully, "that I'd remain at your bidding?"

"I think so still," he answered.

With a quick laugh, she drew her arm from the detaining hand laid upon it, and walked from the room.

"It is time to lock the door," said the master, looking quietly about on the excited faces near; "so, good-afternoon."

"What a shame for her to behave so!" said the girls. "I wouldn't."

"How can he expect her to do as he says?" said the boys. "I'd know better."

That evening, Paul paced moodily up and down the moonlit garden.

"Well," he was thinking, "she or I must leave the school, that's clear. She will never give up after this. I wish I had not carried the matter so far, and yet how could I do otherwise? She is pretty—very pretty, but so willful. She had half a mind to obey me to-day. Poor child! how white she was! I wish—what was that?"

He paused suddenly and listened—startled by a low sound near—a stifled sobbing. He looked hastily around. On a bench under an old apple-tree near, he saw a white figure lying. Dropping the cigar he had been smoking, he moved softly forward.

There on the bench Fleda was lying, her head pillowed on her arms. Sob after sob shook her small figure pitifully; her long braids of hair had become partly unfastened, and fell to the ground at Paul's feet.

Was this the same girl who had defied him that morning, and who had appeared so gayly indifferent through the afternoon and evening? What sudden grief was this? Paul hesitated an instant, then said gently:

"Miss Willis!"

She started up with a low cry, and would have fled, but he caught her hand and held it firmly, saying:

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"Stay just a moment, I beseech you. I have endeavored to find an opportunity to speak with you alone. Won't you grant me a few moments now?"

"Oh! No! No!" she cried, struggling to free her hand. "I cannot—indeed, indeed, I cannot! Pray, pray let me go."

"In one moment," he returned, drawing her down beside him upon the bench. "But I wish you, first, if you can, to forget your dislike of me, and answer two or three simple questions. Will you do so?"

She nodded, and he continued, first releasing the little cold hand:

"When I entered on my duties here, I did so with the wish of gaining my pupils' liking and respect. I had no desire to be arbitrary, and I particularly wished the hours spent in school to be pleasant to all. Do you believe this?"

Somewhat to his surprise, she bowed again.

"From the very first," he went on, steadily, "I saw that I had been unfortunate enough to incur your dislike. I trust you will believe me when I say that I endeavored to be as kind, and overlook as many faults, as was at all consistent with my duty. But, Miss Willis, I did not feel that I could allow the same act of disobedience to pass unnoticed day after day. I think, if you will look at the matter quietly, and putting yourself in my place, you will see the impossibility of it. I am very sorry for what has occurred—more sorry than I can express. There are but two ways this very unfortunate matter can be arranged. Aside from the disobedience," he continued, in a lower tone, "you spoke to me, before the other scholars, this morning, as no pupil should speak to a teacher."

From the first, Fleda had been sitting perfectly motionless; but now she buried her face in her hands, and Rutledge saw she was crying again. As she moved, her long hair was thrown against his arm; he touched it caressingly once or twice as he went on speaking in the same grave manner:

"Of course, either you or I must leave the school."

Fleda started slightly.

"The only way that could be avoided would be for you to make a public apology, and then remain after school, as I desired."

He expected an outbreak of some kind here; but Fleda did not speak.

"I know, of course, you would refuse to do this. If you come to school and still refuse to submit, there would be but one way left open to me—to expel you. You see this?" gently.

There was no answer.

"What I beg of you to do is to remain away for a short time. I will send in my resignation at once; so, in a little while, I would be gone. I trust you will do this, Miss Willis," very earnestly. "Believe me, it is the only way there is left. You'll promise me—will you not?"

He was silent. The moon shone directly down on the little white figure beside him; her long hair still touched his hand. A slight breeze was stirring, and some yellow leaves from the old apple-tree floated down and settled on Fleda's dress and bowed head.

"Will you not?" he repeated, still very gently.

Her hands dropped, and she raised her tear-stained face. The kind expression in the handsome eyes regarding her was almost more than she could bear. Rising hurriedly, she exclaimed:

"I cannot! I cannot! Wait—wait till to-morrow; I will tell you then." And, the next moment, Mr. Rutledge was alone.

The moon had run her course, when he rose with a slight shiver, caused by sitting so long in the night air. A small dark object lay on the path before him. Raising it, he looked at it in the starlight: only a faded cluster of scarlet geranium, not even sweet; but, for all that, Paul lifted it to his lips, and then placed it carefully in an inner pocket, as if it were the greatest treasure on earth.

As he entered the school-room, the next morning, it was with difficulty he suppressed a start of surprise: for the first person that met his astonished gaze was Fleda, seated quietly at her desk, bending over a book.

"Ah, well," thought the poor fellow, bitterly, "I might have known what to expect. Does she come here to humiliate me, I wonder, knowing her power and that I could not demand an apology or send her home in disgrace? I thought she would have remained away at my request—fool that I was!"

He rang the bell and took his seat, too unhappy and preoccupied to notice the air of suppressed excitement that prevailed.

The scholars wondered: What would the master say? What would he do? But, if they wished for a scene, disappointment awaited them—the morning exercises commenced as usual.

When the first class, to which Fleda belonged, was called, she did not move. The recitation was almost over, when Paul—who was aware of the girl's slightest motion—observed that, after for an instant dropping her face in her hands, she rose. Paul hoped that she had concluded to comply with his request, even at this late hour, and that she would leave the room; but

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she came forward and stood in the sight of the whole school.

"Mr. Rutledge," she said, in a soft clear voice, "I have something I wish to say, if you will allow me."

Paul bowed. What could be coming? Some new insolence? Or could it be— A sudden hope sent a thrill to his heart and the color to his cheeks.

"Certainly, Miss Willis," he said.

She was silent for a moment, and her face grew so white Paul feared she would fall, and half started forward to support her before he thought, and checked the impulse. She steadied herself by putting one little hand upon his desk, then spoke rapidly:

"I was very disobedient and impertinent to you. yesterday and many times before. I am sorry now, and wish to know—to know if you'll forgive me and allow me to remain after school to-day, in the place of yesterday."

Her voice faltered toward the close; but she steadied it again and raised her eyes to Paul's face.

She was startled by the strange brilliant light in the eyes that met hers. For a moment, she stood bewildered; then a sudden burning flush dyed her cheeks, and her lids fell.

With an effort, Paul gathered his wits together.

"You are pardoned, Miss Willis," he said, "and may remain after school this afternoon. Now will you kindly take your place in class?"

School was over, and every scholar but Fleda gone. She sat at her desk, one hand shading her eyes.

Paul closed the door, hesitated a moment, then crossed the room and paused beside Fleda. Her head drooped still lower. For a minute, there was silence, then Paul said earnestly:

"Words are powerless to express my gratitude, Miss—Fleda; still I must thank you."

A quiver passed over the half-averted face.

"Do not cry!" Paul exclaimed, imploringly. "I have caused you so many tears. But don't be troubled, for this generosity on your part shall not be the means of causing you the prolonged annoyance of being compelled to meet me every day through the long winter. No! believe me, I am not so ungenerous; but, whereas before I would have gone feeling distressed and humiliated, I now go feeling—feeling—well, not sorry that I have been here, if only for so short a time. And," he continued, lower, "I will always carry the remembrance of your kindness with me wherever I may be."

"But you said you forgave me," said Fleda, raising her head, but not her eyes. "Was that not true, then?"

"Assuredly!" he returned, flushing. "Can you doubt it?"

"But still you go?"

Her voice was so low, he was obliged to bend nearer to catch the words.

Now he seated himself on a chair near, the better to see her lowered face.

"Miss Willis," he said, "you must understand that I am going solely for your sake; for my own, I could not remain too long. As the only thing I can do for you is to leave, I have determined to do so."

She laid her little hand on his.

"I will be so good—if you will stay," she said.

His fingers closed over hers. "Am I to understand—it cannot be that it is your pleasure to have me here?"

There was no answer.

"Fleda! look at me."

Slowly the long lashes were raised; and—well, Paul Rutledge did not leave Woodville for many months. When he did take his departure, one beautiful June evening, he was not alone.

As the carriage which bore him and his bonny bride to the station passed the academy, Rutledge looked at Fleda with eyes full of mischief, and a peculiar indrawing of the lips.

"Paul!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "you are thinking about that time! I wish the old school-house could be annihilated; it will always remind you—" she paused.

Paul laughed as he drew her more closely to him.

"Yes, my darling," he said, "it will always remind me of the time when I fell so desperately in love with my most troublesome pupil."

THE BITTER CUP.

Thou canst not change one little drop
That heaven hath mixed for thee;
However bitter be the cup,
It may thy healing be;
And in its dregs the sweetest hope
Thy soul at last may see.

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THE MURDER IN LAFAYETTE PLACE.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE," "TINKLING CYMBALS," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," "RUTHERFORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EARS—many and long, bringing many and radical changes—have passed over New York since a certain frightful murder caused one shudder of horror to sweep through the whole provincial little city, from South Ferry up into what we now call lower Fifth Avenue, and from Greenwich Village to where Grand Street strikes upon the present crowded wharfage of the East River.

Long afterward, it was called "the Averyl murder," though by degrees all memory of it died away, and the mystery which enfolded it not only ceased to pique curiosity, but to concern intelligence as well. It had occurred in Lafayette Place, then a comparatively new quarter of the metropolis.

For a good while, the truth regarding the murder was never more than indefinitely surmised, and, when at last this truth had become nearly established as a certainty, the people most interested in discovering it had slipped those fleshly leashes which are somehow responsible alike for our excitement and our indifference.

A number of arrests had been made in the past—chiefly of servants. No new ones were made now. The law had been active, assertive, penetrative, but its position was now one of complete nullity. If it had desired either to investigate or to arraign, the absence of both plaintiff and defendant was a most cogent reason for its apathy.

The murder had been done. Lafayette Place, the scene of its doing, changed from an up-town semi-rural district into a handsome though curtailed boulevard—wider, if shorter, than many in Paris. People forgot it all. People are always so prone to forget everything, pleasant or troublous, favorable or calamitous. The city grew. Private carriages began to roll through streets that had never seen a liveried footman. New York politics lost their pristine simplicity, and became sadly, not to say odiously, complicated. Fortunes of citizens swelled in bulk till ten thousand dollars to-day were what fifty dollars had been yesterday, judged by the present estimate of social requirement.

It had been a shocking murder, of course. But who remembered it? Who had time to remember it? There had been so many shocking murders since then.

But the house in which it happened still stands. It seems unpretentious and meagre enough nowadays; it has been turned into a boarding-house, as almost every other building in Lafayette Place has been so turned.

The facts of the case have drifted down to their present narrator in a peculiar way. But he is prepared to vouch for their truth most stanchly, except where it should be a question of challenging him with respect to the authenticity of certain alleged conversations and further similar details.

There are embellishments, if you please; but, like the filigrees wrought of iron, they have their qualities of distinct permanence. The annalist will not concede even their falsity; perhaps he possesses data of too strong a substantiality to assume any attitude so comparatively feeble.

The murder, in its time, amazed and distressed thousands. Lady Hubert Averyl had been found, one morning, in her gaslit drawing-room, stabbed to the heart with an Oriental dagger, which after-testimony made sure to have rested on one of her drawing-room tables for months past.

She was quite dead when her servants discovered her, and had probably been so for several hours.

A woman of English title was a rare enough member of early New York society; but Lady Hubert Averyl's claim to the dignity was thoroughly well founded. She had come to these shores about six months previous, with letters and endorsements wholly unimpeachable. The most select Knickerbockers had called upon her. There was no shadow of doubt regarding the person she represented herself to be. She had exhibited a somewhat ostentatious tendency, it was true; but this the simple-minded residents of old Dutch blood easily pardoned. Her credentials were irreproachable.

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The new English Minister, during a brief stay in New York, on his way to Washington, had paid his respects to her. There could be no question as to her right of bearing the title she assumed.

Her late husband had been Lord Hubert Averyl, third or fourth son of the Duke of Bournemouth. Her own origin may have been a trifle obscure; the English Minister could not, so to speak, exactly lay his hand upon her pedigree. But he avowed, rather confidently, that it was thoroughly nice and proper. She had been a Warwickshire girl of good family—or was it Leicestershire? He could not just recall. And it would be so rude to ask Lady Hubert, point-blank, she having come to these foreign shores with such admirable vouchers.

Everybody who was anybody went to see her. Not to go had become a culpable omission among the prim-mannered and conservative Manhattans, Amsterdams, and Van Twillers of that era.

"We haven't paid our respects yet," said Emily Provost to her husband, one morning, at breakfast.

"No," answered Bleecker Provost, in his drawling and rather foreign way. "We must go there, I suppose, Emily; mustn't we?"

Mrs. Provost thought that this answer meant nothing. She always thought that no piece of instruction on her husband's part meant anything unless he put it in the shape of a quiet command. She had been a Miss Vanderveer, and had brought her autocratic spouse a fortune then esteemed enormous—two hundred thousand dollars and more.

Bleecker Provost, though of stainless lineage, had not been just the sort of person whom her guardians—Emily was an orphan at the time of her marriage—had wished her to wed. Bleecker had been abroad several times, and bore a rather unsavory reputation. He was past early youth when Emily Vanderveer had met him. It was roundly declared that the marriage had been one of policy on Bleecker's part, and one of silly infatuation on that of the heiress.

But Emily, her friends affirmed, had rapidly cooled in her ardor of attachment.

They lived, the husband and wife, in a smart new mansion not far from where Great Jones Street gave upon Lafayette Place. Bleecker, in his married life, had deserted few of the dainty elegancies which had marked him as a bachelor. It must be added that he had not deserted pursuits and tendencies which the gentlest charity must have called immoral rather than merely frivolous. He was indeed a man with whom no one thought of connecting the acute conscientious twinge, though everybody appeared instinctively to acquit him of any really gross misdemeanor. He detested New York, and openly expressed his keen sympathies with Parisian life. The repose and conventionalism of his native city bored him beyond expression.

He was extremely handsome, possessing large dark eyes, set in a face of delicately clear complexion, that an airy pointed blonde beard and a slight mustache of even lighter shade rendered picturesque, not to say poetic. His figure was almost as lissome and flexible as a girl's, but manly withal, and of a grace beyond cavil. It had transpired somewhat widely that his wife did not share his French sympathies, and that her reluctance to live in Europe had sown the first post-nuptial seeds of discord between the pair.

But this declaration may have been as untrue as any which gossip, that maker of spurious coinage, turns out from her facile and often spiteful mint. It was certain that matters had so arranged themselves, between Bleecker Provost and his wife, as to create a languidly polite dictation on one side, and a sad, wearied, disappointed acquiescence on the other.

Emily Provost had never been a beauty; but her pale sweet face, with its blue trustful eyes and the sensitive curl of the lips, had undergone a marring change in the past year or two. It was still a face that held winning outlines and tints, but, if you studied it at all well, you saw that life had somehow told upon it, and that the imprint left there, however elusive and undefinable, was distinctly one of both irony and sorrow.

It happened that New-Year Day was now near at hand, and, while Bleecker Provost made out his list of ceremonial visits, he placed the name of Lady Hubert Averyl decidedly near the top.

"I shall drop in on her ladyship, of course," he told his wife. "She has sent us cards to her great ball on the fifteenth, and this is a rather marked courtesy, considering that we have not yet acknowledged her appearance in Lafayette Place."

"They say she is charming," replied Mrs. Provost. "Cousin Sarah Schuyler called on her, the other day, and went away in raptures."

Bleecker stroked his handsome yellow beard with one white hand.

"Did Cousin Sarah Schuyler," he asked, tranquilly, "discover why the deuce she had come here to live?"

"No," his wife replied. "But I suppose, after all, she has a right to like America."

"Oh, yes. Still, there are usually reasons

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for such a preference on the part of any Englishwoman with a position like hers."

"Reasons?" murmured Mrs. Provost. "Oh, I see," she went on, glancing swiftly for an instant into her husband's face: "you mean that she may have had some trouble in her own country—some experience of a distressing sort—some—"

"I don't mean anything half so dreadful as that, I assure you," Bleecker interrupted, with one of his brief laughs that she who heard it had of late grown to think so suggestively cold: "I merely mean Emily, that Lady Hubert must be somewhat of a cynic regarding the attractions of European life, to exchange them for the dullness of a big, stupid, overgrown village like New York. But I shall drop in upon her when New-Year Day comes, and make my own observations. I like her apparent desire to wake up this sleepy town of ours. She evidently means to lead society here—such as it is."

CHAPTER II.

New-Year Day dawned clear and crisply cold. Bleecker Provost made his calls on foot, as was then the custom. He thought it abominable that he should be obliged to trudge about, instead of driving. But no one kept a private carriage in those times. To do so would have been held horridly pretentious. Lady Hubert Averyl had her private carriage; but then she was an Englishwoman of pronounced caste, and so permissibly indulged herself in the maintenance of national customs.

Great indeed was the contrast between New-Year Day of that epoch and the New-Year Day of now. Not to pay visits was then, for a New York gentleman, excusable on grounds of illness alone.

Bleecker Provost struck westward, into Varick Place, Sullivan Street, St. John's Park, and many similar localities. He met, in the drawing-rooms of houses among these patrician districts, ladies prepared to receive him with a hospitality finely substantialized in big iced plinths of plum-cake and pound-cake, tureens of pickled oysters, decanters of rich old Madeira. Everywhere, he had to touch his lips—if nothing more—to a glass of wine, and wish "the compliments of the season." In many of the drawing-rooms that he entered, a little boy or girl had a written list of the "callers" for that day, to which his own name was appended with glad vivacity. He hated the whole compulsory custom. Indeed, there was a vigor and spontaneity about some of the ladies' welcomes that, with an inward sneer, he pronounced "American" in the most vulgar sense of the word—and it was a word which he thought capable of expressing, at a pinch, considerable hard vulgarity.

Still, he was by many degrees too clever to let a suspicion of his ennui escape among his hostesses. Bleecker invariably cultivated civility; he had always thought it such dull impolicy not to do so. The muscles of his lips easily disposed themselves into what we call a smile, and they were muscles that had no compromising relations with the heart lying somewhere below them.

But, however much his salutations of the Beekmans, the Amsterdams, the Ten Eycks, or the Van Dams may have bored him, this morning, he had reserved the dwelling of Lady Hubert Averyl for his last call, and he anticipated from this the pleasure which gratified curiosity will bestow, even if no keener enjoyment should await him.

Lady Hubert's ball promised to be a startlingly novel event. It was possible that she meant to lead in a brilliantly festal way that somewhat sluggish community termed "New York society." There were a good many people whom Bleecker knew who would agree to be pricked into real social activity by any such stimulator as a Lady Hubert Averyl. "I hope she is pretty and winning," he thought, as he paused before her stoop in Lafayette Place.

The hour was almost that of twilight. The day had been damp and slushy underfoot, with a chill swift air blowing up from the Battery, and that humid blue heaven overhead which so often accompanies the perilous mildness of our New York thaws. Bleecker had done his duty, and that was never a task for him of any strongly agreeable results. He wanted, just now, a little real diversion, and he expected it as he ascended, with much placid and resolute confidence, the steps of the last house in which he was to appear as a visitor.

Lafayette Place was at this period a sparsely settled quarter. Fifty years back from now, it was called "out in the 'country," by New Yorkers. The granite row of columned houses, erected in 1836, and then named La Grange Terrace, gave it an air of distinction and picturesqueness now. It was very far from being the rather common Vauxhall Garden, which it had formerly been, with walks among trees, and incidents of statue or bust, and small tables for the disposition of ice-cream plates and lemonade-glasses, and a husky incompetent orchestra, and an equestrian figure of Washington, no doubt carved as execrably as all such works of transatlantic art were then carved. It had become a rather majestic boulevard, or

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the beginning of one. The Astors had not yet built in it their beautiful library, though the Dutch Reformed Church, with heavy Corinthian pillars and a roof copied in gray miniature after that of the Parthenon, loomed from one of its corners. The house which Lady Hubert had taken was a large brick structure, not very far from Great Jones Street, and by no means suggestive of the rich decorations which Bleecker soon found its interior to contain.

They surprised him, these decorations, as he cast his look from carpet to furniture and thence to the walls that surrounded both. They were full of an Eastern color, glow, and significance. He had seen such things done in Parisian abodes, and perhaps done much better. But the rugs, the tapestries, the ornaments told of a sure taste, nevertheless, and of a proprietary fund which must be the product of Oriental travel.

He was glad that the decorous footman had told him Lady Hubert "would see Mr. Provost in a few minutes." If she had received him on his entrance into these bright, ornate, and unanticipated chambers, he would probably have found meagre chance to inspect the smart encompassments among which she dwelt. As it was, her ladyship was no doubt dining. It was so delightful to think of anyone dining late in New York, and not hugging that odious habit of two o'clock dinner, which he had long ago taught his wife to alter.

Lady Hubert had doubtless imagined that all her New-Year calls were ended. And this was precisely a consummation which Bleecker held devoutly to be hoped. He wanted to meet her with no molesting sociality on the part of fellow-callers. Of course, she had heard of him. Of course, she would be glad to receive him. He so trusted that she would be nice and engaging, as he had been told that she was! But he must judge for himself. How could one trust old Ogden Stuyvesant, who was tiresomely bourgeois, or Rensselaer Van Cortlandt, who had shown his bad taste, ages ago, by marrying that limp graceless woman, his present wife, merely because she was his own first-cousin, and true Dutch-blooded Van Cortlandt herself?

Bleecker Provost waited in a good deal of pleasant suspense for the coming of Lady Hubert Averyl. And when, presently, the heavy curtains at the end of the second drawing-room were parted, and a tall gliding feminine shape advanced toward him, he rose with a little flush of color in his handsome face, and with something which he would have been loth to admit as a quicker pulsation of the heart.

But soon the new color died quite out of his cheeks, though, perhaps, his heart had already begun to beat much more rapidly.

CHAPTER III.

"MARTHA!" he exclaimed, as the lady drew toward him. He could have taken her hand, but he did not do so. He simply sank back on the sofa from which he had risen, with pale face and staring eyes.

"Oh, yes, Martha, if you please," said Lady Hubert Averyl. Her voice was very musical and composed. Her small head, crowning its white curve of throat, suited her tall stature. She was a woman with a face that reminded you somehow of a lily. She was not fair, but her features were all exquisite and delicate, though the two large burning brown eyes that were set under her night-like glosses of heavy banded hair seemed delightfully unsuited to the refined chiseling of the face itself. The latter was incarnate tranquillity and sweetness; but those brown luminous eyes looked as if they could harbor no small fund of emphatic unreserved passion.

She seated herself at Bleecker Provost's side. She witnessed his dire agitation with a faultless serenity. "Are you so surprised?" she murmured.

"Surprised?" he faltered, gasping the word. "My God! I never dreamed of this!"

Lady Hubert smiled. It was a smile of untold irony. "You did not expect to find," she said, as if measuring each word, "that the woman whom you betrayed by a false marriage, seven years ago, could possibly present herself before you as the widow of an English duke's son—as, in brief, Lady Hubert Averyl."

"No, no," murmured Bleecker, spiritlessly and distractedly.

"But it is true," pursued his companion, her calm voice never changing from its even monotone. "I am glad that you chose this hour for your New-Year call, Mr. Provost. It affords me a so much more clear and wholly desired opportunity. Opportunity, I mean, for explaining just why you see me here now—wondrously altered, as I think you will admit, from the Martha Agnew your villainy tried to ruin."

"Wondrously," he said, staring at the floor.

"It's a strange story," she went on. "And yet many stranger ones than mine could no doubt be told. Now that I look back and recollect how I woke up one morning in Philadelphia, and learned not only of your desertion, but of your frightful treachery, I cannot

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understand by what exercise of power I was able to go on living at all. But I did go on living. And yet I was almost delirious when at last I got back to the old house in Bloomingdale, where I was born."

Provost started up, but, at an imperious gesture of her hand, reseated himself in silence, while she continued in the same slow even tone:

"My poor Aunt Thyrza said that I seemed to rave as I crouched at her feet, stared wildly up into her face, and told her all. You had married or pretended to marry me under a false name, but, although you trusted to the concealing measures of flight alone, I had fondly stolen a little miniature of you during our ghastly mockery of a honeymoon, and thus I was enabled to discover your name and exact position afterward, through the assistance of detectives. I learned that Arthur Hollis was not your name, and that Bleecker Provost was. I acquainted myself with every important occurrence of your life. Aunt Thyrza, deeply incensed against you as she was, made me promise that I would refrain from exposing your crime."

Again he made a movement, again an imperious gesture stopped him.

"Pride and love equally swayed her in this motive. I respected her impulse; it was little enough for me to do, after leaving her so ungratefully in the past, and consenting to what I had believed a clandestine wedding-ceremony with you. The falsehood you had told me about your tyrannical father having desired you to marry a certain woman whom you abhorred, giving this fact as an excuse for the secrecy of our own marriage, almost maddened me with contempt and scorn when I recalled it. For months, while I brooded there at home upon the horror of it all, I felt capable of ruining myself before the eyes of society, simply that I might deal upon you the vengeance and punishment you so richly merited."

He tried, as he had done several times, to support her gaze, but again his eyes sank beneath hers.

"It seems to me that I would have regarded your outrage with less bitterness if I had been more humbly born than I was—if we Agnews had not been a race of gentlefolk—if I myself had not in the beginning stooped from becoming dignity in speaking to you or in permitting you to address me, when I had first met you near the hotel at which you had transiently stalled your horses during one of your Bloomingdale drives. The hideous insult rankled more because I had come of so honorable and blameless a family."

She paused here, for a moment, and Bleecker now lifted his eyes from the floor, saying in tones that were hoarse and wretchedly broken: "For God's sake, don't go on tormenting me like this. You've got everything in your own hands now, of course. You could speak all night, I suppose, and force me to listen. I grant that I behaved like the meanest of scoundrels. You mustn't think I haven't suffered for it, though. I have, and horribly. I—"

"Pshaw!" she broke in, with a cool fleeting laugh, while her manner remained as decorous and placid as if she had been reproving him for some trivial lapse of etiquette. "You know very well that you are incapable of a conscience-stab. You are a good deal afraid of me just now, but that is all. You can feel fear; the most depraved natures are assailable in that way. Well, I will curtail my narration, since it distresses you. I will state how I became Lady Hubert Averyl."

She managed to throw into these latter words a sarcasm whose poignancy caused Bleecker to start and bite his almost bloodless lips. His agitation and shame were alike pitiable. If she had any satisfaction in seeing him tortured, she must have keenly enjoyed his present disarray. But she gave no such sign. Her voice, while she continued, was frigid and passionless as though he had been her legal adviser, and she discussing with him this or that mortgage, investment, or sale of real estate.

"I had Aunt Thyrza's affairs to superintend. About six months later, she was stricken with paralysis, and rendered very weak from the attack. It was my misfortune that induced her illness, preying upon her mind relentlessly. I need not tell you that I was her only near relation. You were very well aware that I had lived with her from my childhood, as her sole companion, in the old Bloomingdale house. Her property was not large; you knew that. If you had thought me an heiress, you would not have betrayed me so infamously—our marriage would not have been a sham one. Still, small as they were, my aunt's possessions needed my intelligent survey. For that reason, I had to consult certain lawyers in New York; and, one day, while I was seated in the office of these gentlemen, I met Lord Hubert Averyl."

CHAPTER IV.

Her listener's face showed that, through all his selfish agitation, her story had a keen interest for him. She saw this, and paused for an instant with an amused smile.

"He had come to New York, on his way

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toward the West," she continued. "He was going to shoot buffaloes there; he was a passionate sportsman. I did not know that he was the son of the Duke of Bournemouth when he asked to be presented to me. They introduced him as 'Mr. Averyl, from England.' He was not more than thirty years old, bluff, rather handsome, and almost awkwardly bashful. He hated to have his rank transpire in this country—it bored him to be called 'my lord' in a republic. Lord Hubert—whom, for several weeks afterward, I knew simply as 'Mr. Averyl'—asked permission to visit me, off in the country at Bloomingdale; I granted his request. He came on several successive days. Just at this time, Aunt Thyrza grew worse. One afternoon, when I was wrung with the probability of her approaching death, Lord Hubert came and told me that he was not merely Mr. Averyl. That same afternoon, he asked me to be his wife. I immediately suspected him of being an impostor. You had taught me the meaning of suspicion—you can congratulate yourself on having rendered me that notable service."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, fairly writhing under the lash of her sarcasm; but she went on:

"I said to myself: 'If he is Lord Hubert Averyl, I will marry him.' The answer I gave him was one of demur. The next day, I took a trip to New York, visited my lawyers, and made certain that he had not lied to me. Meanwhile, Aunt Thyrza grew worse. If she died, I would be left absolutely alone. But I was honest with Lord Hubert. You may not understand this; I am very certain that you could not possibly understand it, either in the woman whom you had made your innocent victim or in any other woman on earth. But I was honest, nevertheless. The next time that Lord Hubert came to me for his answer, I spoke out the truth to him, severely and determinedly."

"You told him?" Provost exclaimed.

"Oh, I did not confide your name, though with flushed cheeks and clenched hands he presently beseeched me to do so. I thought his rage would perhaps end in a civil and permanent farewell; but it ended in nothing of the sort—Lord Hubert was hopelessly, infatuatedly enamored of me. Three days later, I became his wife. The next evening, Aunt Thyrza quietly breathed her last.

"I went to England with him. I was at once received by all his friends and kindred with the best sort of favor. Then, one day, three years ago, he broke his neck in a fox-hunt across-country. The accident has left me exceedingly rich. My position in England is faultless."

"Yet—you have come back to—to America," he stammered, white-faced and hoarse of voice, "with the purpose of—of denouncing me. Is not this true?"

She smiled with amusement and satire, as she watched his torturing perturbation.

"I never thought you a fool," she said. "I have thought very hard things of you—but never that."

"You mean?" he queried, stepping back from her, while his gaze seemed now to cling, against his will, to her beautiful self-possessed face.

"I mean," she said, "that I have a position which I cannot afford to sully."

Just then, the same footman who had admitted Bleecker brought in a card. Soon afterward, a gentleman entered the room and bowed with great gallantry to Lady Hubert, stooping and kissing her hand before his elaborate salutation was ended. Bleecker, always quick in his observations, had silently pronounced the gentleman a foreigner, even before his hostess, leaning toward him with a suave smile, had said:

"Let me present Mr. Bleecker Provost—the Prince Monti."

For some little while after Lady Hubert had presented him to the Prince Monti, he found himself talking on commonplace themes, asking and answering questions, showing his usual suavity and propriety of deportment. And yet, when he had somehow managed to get away and to strike his feet on the pavements out-of-doors, he could scarcely recall either a word that he had spoken or a word that had been spoken to him. He had never believed Martha Agnew to be dead; but he had supposed her perhaps prosperously and decently married to some sort of fellow whom he would never run against in the whole future course of his life.

As for the dastardly and despicable act which he had committed, he had long ago decided that it was thoroughly hideous. But his light shallow nature was incapable of that depth and scope of remorse which, to a man less flippant and superficial, would have brought guilty suffering.

"She will not betray me," he suddenly assured himself, amid his own mental turmoil, as he walked along. "It's for no purpose such as that, her return here. I am perfectly safe."

His reflections paused there. He had hidden, rather successfully, for years, the real meanness and paltriness of his character from others. Perhaps he shrank, just then, from a similar hypocrisy, where it concerned the something he might have termed his own manhood.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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BETWEEN TWO NEW YEARS.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

GREAT and prolonged cold marked the winter of '71–'72, which, from the commencement, showed itself fully determined to claim autocratic dominion and thoroughly enjoy every moment of its sway. There were no breaks, no thaws, and no treacherous days of soft breezes, to delude one into the belief that the worst was over. For weeks, snow shrouded the brown earth and draped the bare boughs with its white radiance. At Hillover, way up in the North Country, the ice-king held triumphant reign—biting days and windy nights were the rule.

Perhaps these wintry days would not have seemed so dreary to one of the residents in the vicinity of Hillover, had they not succeeded a year spent in Italy—for Barbara Maverick and her step-mother had just returned to the ancestral home in the autumn. Yet the summer days that followed, when nature awoke to gladness, and the world was green again, were far drearier ones to poor Barbara; it was then that she learned her first lesson in human faithlessness.

Poor Barbara! To be shut up in a dreary country-house through a long cold winter, after months of youth—and love—and Italy. No wonder she grew weary.

"You are lonely, my dear," said Lady Maverick, one day in December. "I shall have to invite some young people here for the holidays."

Barbara revived at once.

"I wish you would," she cried, eagerly; "that would be delightful!" And, after that, she went about the house singing, for hope had wakened in her heart.

A little frown crossed Lady Maverick's brow at this sudden restoration of Barbara's lately lost gayety, but she said nothing.

One of the greatest puzzles to the young girl—she had another still more perplexing—was why her step-mother, after spending a winter in Florence, and a summer at the Baths of Lucca, had suddenly announced her intention of returning to the family home, which Barbara had scarcely seen for years.

"Business," Lady Maverick had said, with an air of being weighted with heavy responsibilities; and her care-free step-daughter, to whom the word was a complete mystery, acquiesced with inward rebellings.

The first Lady Maverick had died when Barbara was a baby, but Sir Henry did not re-marry until his daughter was in her teens. She had at once been sent away to school, where she remained, excepting an interval of return at her father's death, until she was eighteen. Since then, the two women had spent a couple of years in travel abroad. So Barbara scarcely knew her own home.

Sir Henry's second wife was a widow with one son, whom Barbara had seen but a few times, as for several years he had been stationed in India with his regiment, in which his step-father had purchased him a commission.

The bulk of her father's property, which was very large, was left by will to Barbara, but the widow had the charge of it until the heiress should arrive at the age of twentyone or marry. Comfortable sums had been bequeathed to Lady Maverick and her son, so that she could not complain. Nor did Barbara object to the arrangement, for she liked her step-mother very much, and dreaded the responsibility of looking after property, as was only natural in an untrained girl.

For years, Barbara had heard Captain Astley's praises sung by his mother, until, though rather tired of them, she was curious to see the young man, whom she did not remember, as he had gone to India soon after her father's death. But this curiosity was slight, for Barbara's interest in the male sex was confined almost exclusively to one specimen, whom she had met in Italy.

The Mavericks had first become acquainted with Dale Owen in Florence; and, when the summer heat drove them to the Baths of Lucca, he had, to all appearances, followed them thither. Curiously enough, though they did not need

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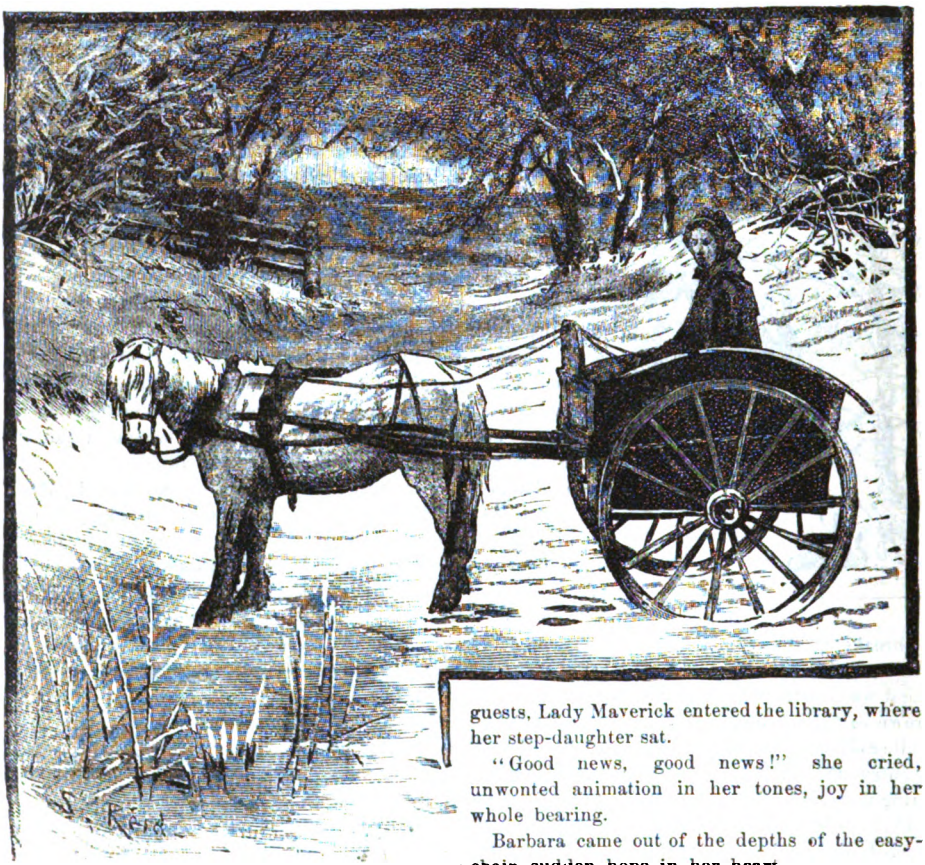

that tie, he was also from the North Country, and the Owen estate lay but a few miles the other side of Hillover. They had known each other when little children, and the memory of the childish intimacy gave additional impetus to the new friendship, which Barbara began to feel sure was something more.

Then business — hateful word to the young girl—called Mr. Owen away, with only a hasty farewell.

"Good-bye, Miss Barbara," he had said, tenderly; "we shall see each other soon again."

"I hope so," was all she could falter, for the look in his gray eyes told a different story from the commonplace words, and they were not alone.

That was all; and, afterward, business had called them home, too. Surely he would learn this, and call, she told herself — but he had not yet, and they had been home nearly two months. Little wonder that the snow looked dreary to poor Barbara.

A few days after her proposal to invite some guests, Lady Maverick entered the library, where her step-daughter sat.

"Good news, good news!" she cried, unwonted animation in her tones, joy in her whole bearing.

Barbara came out of the depths of the easy-chair, sudden hope in her heart.

"What?" she asked, with newly awakened eagerness.

"Henry is coming—he is on the way now—he hardly dared tell me before, for fear something might happen—his regiment is ordered home," went on Lady Maverick.

"I am very glad, indeed," exclaimed Barbara, all the interest she could summon in her tone.

A little while before, she would have felt more gladness; but she was young, and her own doubts and trouble absorbed her.

"It will make the house more cheerful," her ladyship continued. "Will you forgive me, Barbara, if I want to keep Henry to ourselves for a short time? Later on, we will have some people here."

"It doesn't matter in the least," answered the girl, wearily, not noticing the pronoun. The idea of guests had even lost its interest—he would not be among the number.

In the meantime, while great preparations were being made for Captain Astley's arrival, Barbara's old nurse, the most unlikely person in

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the world to assume such a character, became a "deus ex machina" in the tragedy of poor Barbara's life.

Jogging along in her little wagon, behind her stupid old horse, late one December afternoon, Nurse Hillary met with an accident. The horse stumbled and fell into a rut, unnoticed in the twilight; the old woman was thrown out and broke her arm. To an aged person, it was not surprising that the injury should prove serious, and Nurse Hillary was confined to the bed in her little cottage for weeks. Nor was it strange

that Barbara felt it her duty to give the faithful old dependent her own personal attention. Yet, in the course of one of these visits, an event occurred of terrible importance to Barbara.

Before it took place, however, Captain Astley arrived, a handsome young fellow of six and twenty. Barbara liked him at once, though she could not help secretly comparing him to the absent—not without disadvantage, of course, to the gallant young officer.

He had been in some slight skirmishes with the natives, and had hunted tigers in the jungles, so that his conversation and autobiographical narratives were very entertaining, not

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only to his devoted mother, but to unhappy Barbara. For awhile, things brightened up a little, and she felt a slight interest in life.

December and January went by, slowly enough to Barbara, quickly to the other two. Lady Maverick proposed that they should have a house-party, but the two young people vetoed the proposition.

"We are better off as we are; isn't that so, Barbara?" asked Henry, eagerly.

Barbara assented somewhat listlessly. She disliked the thought of having to exert herself to entertain visitors, and Henry preferred to be the only one to talk to the beautiful girl who seemed almost sad.

"I thought you told me that Barbara had a very lively disposition," the young man remarked to his mother, one evening.

"She used to be very lively," replied Lady Maverick, a slight frown on her brow, "when she was younger. She is older now—more matured and graver naturally."

The captain smiled.

"She is hardly a Methuselah, even yet," he said. "She looks as if she were not quite happy."

Spring had come, according to the calendar, although there were few signs of it in the wintry landscape; and Barbara still found, in visits to the now convalescent invalid, an excuse for the long solitary walks, so dear in these days to her tired soul. Occasionally, Henry accompanied her, but to-day he was in town; so she started alone, a little basket of jelly and fruit in her hand. It was quite a distance to Nurse Hillary's cottage, which lay on the other side of Hillover; but Barbara always resolutely declined taking the carriage.

The rapidity with which she walked brought an unwonted color to her cheeks, and made her so warm that she was glad to loosen her thick ulster. Coming around a bend between some great leafless trees, Barbara met another woman, about her own age and very pretty, apparently also bent on an errand of mercy, for she carried a little basket in her hand.

The newcomer looked so bright and pleasant, that Barbara not only wondered who the stranger could be, but felt tempted to speak to her. Occupied with this thought, Miss Maverick did not notice a slight inequality in the ground, stumbled, and would have fallen had not the other lady caught both arm and basket.

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired a sweet voice. And a pair of gentle brown eyes lent by their expression an additional solicitude to the question.

"Not at all, thanks to your assistance," was the cordial reply. Then, with a quick impulse, she added: "I am Barbara Maverick: I live at Maverick Hall. Let me thank you again."

A pleased expression woke in the listener's face.

"How glad I am!" she cried. "I am Mrs. Owen. I have often heard Dale—Mr. Owen—speak of you. How pleased he will be—"

But Barbara interrupted her, face and manner completely altered.

"I am delighted to have met you. But you must excuse me now—this is my destination." She spoke in frigidly polite tones. "Good-morning. I should be glad to have you call." And Barbara hastened toward the cottage near at hand, leaving Mrs. Owen standing in amazement, gazing after her with a reproachful look in the childish brown eyes.

Barbara hurried through the visit at Nurse Hillary's in some fashion, and started homeward as soon as possible. She wanted to be alone and to think.

Had she heard aright, or had her ears deceived her? The stranger had certainly said "Mrs. Owen"; and there could be one Mrs. Owen—Dale's wife. That accounted for everything—his silence was explained. There was no other explanation; he had no brothers—they had all died single, the last one about six months before they met in Florence, so suddenly that the shock had hastened the end of the mother, a sufferer from heart-disease. Barbara remembered now how affectionately he had spoken of his brother Arthur, older than himself.

How strange it was, Dale had remarked, that all the children should have died unmarried, leaving him sole possession of the family estate. From a worldly point of view, of course, it was better for him; but he would have preferred not being entirely alone. Still, if he should marry, it would be better for his wife.

All this Barbara remembered with perfect clearness: how he had given her a half-glance as he spoke of marrying, which had brought a blush to her cheek in spite of herself. The memory of that blush made her furiously angry now—more at herself than at him.

But perhaps she—this pretty sweet-faced girl, with the soft voice and brown eyes—was a cousin's wife. No. Again Barbara remembered with terrible distinctness Mr. Owen's saying rather sadly:

"I haven't even any cousins of the same name. I am the last of the family left; in all the North Country, I have no relatives. The family has died out very fast."

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She remembered how sorry she had felt, how sorry she had looked. She hated herself for it now. There seemed no possibility of mistake—still, she would make sure: she would ask Lady Maverick—she could find out; the usual channel of information in such cases, her maid, being a Frenchwoman, who hardly spoke a word of English. Always before, Barbara had been glad that gossip was out of the question; now, in her desperation, she was sorry.

But, at last, the long solitary walk was over—Barbara's reflections must be disturbed. She managed, however, to get to her own room without seeing anyone. By dinner-time, she was sufficiently used to her new misery to meet her step-mother with something like her usual

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manner; but she was glad that Captain Astley had not yet returned.

Toward the close of the evening—the longest, dreariest evening she had ever spent—Barbara contrived to say in careless tones:

"I met a Mrs. Owen to-day, quite accidentally. I suppose she must be Dale Owen's wife."

"I suppose so," answered Lady Maverick, with a keen side-glance at Barbara: "since there is no other of the family, I believe. But I should like to know—I must inquire."

"I wish you would," said her step-daughter, in what she tried hard to make a voice of languid curiosity. And she succeeded very well.

A few days later, her ladyship informed Barbara what that young lady felt quite certain of already—that the Mrs. Owen she had met was indeed Dale Owen's wife. The two did not meet again, however; for Miss Maverick always took her walks in the opposite direction now.

And Dale Owen, in Paris, read the following in a letter from home:

"I met Barbara Maverick, yesterday, in an unexpected accidental way. She was charming till she discovered who I was; when I spoke of you, her manner changed completely—she was almost rude. Perhaps you were right. They say she is engaged to Lady Maverick's son, Captain Astley."

This last report was indeed current in the neighborhood, for Captain Astley had become openly attentive. Everyone saw the meaning of his devotion save Barbara, who, in her misery, was blind to it. He accompanied her on long rambles in the delicious spring days; or, sometimes, when she frankly told him that she preferred to be alone, he staid at home uncomplainingly, at her service again when she returned. When Barbara felt too listless even to walk—for her mood changed—he would sit in the library and read or talk to her, as she preferred. She accepted all this devotion unthinkingly, being in that languid state, both of mind and body, when human beings allow themselves to drift along, perhaps to repent afterward when it is too late.

"I must join my regiment in a few days," said Henry, abruptly, one morning in May. He and Barbara were alone when he spoke.

The young girl was aroused from the deep reverie into which she had fallen, musing on the past.

"Why, this is sudden, Henry. I am very sorry. I thought you would stay with us always."

"Not unless I sold out." Then in impassioned tones he hurried on in his declaration:

"I love you, Barbara, I love you. I want you to be more than sorry."

She gazed at him in sad amazement.

"I am very sorry," she repeated, but she meant it differently now.

He was going to speak, but she would not let him.

"Wait, listen," she said. "I can never love you, for I have loved someone else as we never love but once. He has been false—or perhaps I was mistaken—at any rate, I thought he cared for me. Forget me, dear Henry, forget me."

But the ardent lover still urged his suit.

"I will wait," he said, "wait for years, till time has healed your wound. I will be content to accept very little."

Since he would not accept a definite "No," Barbara made an indefinite promise. Perhaps, in the future, if she could forget. So Captain Astley went away, and with this arrangement Lady Maverick had to be content. She at once proposed taking her step-daughter away, as her health seemed poor, so they spent the summer and autumn in constant travel.

When winter came, Barbara was tired of it all, and begged to go home. So December found them once more in Maverick Hall.

The old year went out sadly, wearily enough to the lonely girl in the great silent house, without even Henry to comfort her. She missed him, she realized, but alas! she also knew that there was a greater void in her life than even his undoubted devotion could fill.

The old year went out stormily, too, in ice and snow, befitting, poor Barbara thought, the cruel work it had done, ending so ruthlessly her fair romance. New-Year Day dawned bright and cold and clear on a white world. There was service in the little church of Hillover, so Barbara announced her intention of going.

"You had better drive—the wind is keen," advised Lady Maverick, but the young girl preferred walking; so, equipped in a becoming winter costume, she set out in the direction of Hillover. Walking slowly, sadly along, Barbara was startled out of all her self-possession by the sight of a familiar figure. It was he! She looked around for some way of escape, but there was none: she must meet him.

A lifetime's emotions crowded her mind while she struggled for self-control.

And now he had seen her, for his whole face lighted up, unmistakably. Then he sprang toward her, hat in hand, eagerness in his whole aspect. But there was no answering delight in Barbara's look, only self-contained coldness.

"Miss Maverick!" he cried, holding out his

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hand, and would have added more, but Barbara spoke.

"How do you do, Mr. Owen?" she said, in the calmest voice she could command. "I am very glad to see you."

"I am delighted," faltered the young man, disappointment in his altered bearing.

A sudden cloud had come over the sun, and the wind blew chill. Barbara shivered slightly.

"How have you been since we last met?" the young lady went on, composedly. "Well, I trust."

"Quite, thank you. I hope you have been the same," was the awkward reply.

"And your wife, how is she? I believe this is the first opportunity I have had of congratulating you. I do so now, with all my heart." This last was said in her sweetest voice.

"Congratulating me? My wife? What do you mean?" The confusion of his manner had changed to bewilderment now. But Barbara was bewildered too.

"I met your wife last spring, and a very charming woman she seemed. I think you have been fortunate."

"My wife?" he exclaimed, excitedly. "You mean my brother's wife. I have none."

"Your brother's wife?" repeated Barbara, in increasing amazement. "I am sure you told me your brothers all died single."

A sudden light, as of hope, dawned in Dale Owen's face. He spoke rapidly, eagerly.

"Is it possible you thought that—that I could care for any other woman, even if you forgot me? It was all very strange. My brother Arthur—he was called Arthur Dale Owen—was secretly married. She was his inferior in everything but goodness—a true, lovely woman. They were married in Italy. He started home to break the news to my mother, was taken suddenly ill, and died in Paris before he could communicate with me. I was abroad at the time, in Russia. I hastened home at once, brought Arthur to Owendale—attended to all the funeral arrangements. The shock killed my poor mother. I went at once to Italy. I could not bear the place. There was nothing among Arthur's effects—he was very careless—to tell us of his wife. After long waiting in vain, she wrote to me. At last I got the letter, and hurried away, as you know, from Italy. She had managed to get to Paris in search of Arthur. I found her there and took her to England. At first I hesitated to go to you. I was no longer the heir, for Arthur had left a son. At last, when I determined to offer you my diminished fortune, I heard that you were engaged to Captain Astley."

Dale was looking at Barbara now, his soul in his eyes. And Barbara? She had listened in breathless silence to this impassioned explanation. She could not speak.

"Is it true?" he began, slowly.

"Not—not quite," she faltered.

"Barbara, tell me, what do you mean? You torture me."

Both were unmindful of the winter's cold, as with trembling lips she whispered her confession.

"I am sorry for Captain Astley, dearest, but you know you love me, so it cannot be," said Dale, regret mingling with the tenderness in his tones, as he drew her hand in his arm.

And Barbara did not contradict him.

In her pity for Henry, Barbara could easily afford to be magnanimous, and forgive his overfond mother. So she never mentioned that part of the misunderstanding to her husband when, in the long happy years that followed, Barbara was, indeed, Dale Owen's wife.

THE DOVES' WINDOW.

BY MARY LEONARD.

In a quaint gable of the old church-tower,
A latticed window glimmers deep and old;
Beneath it, dingy dials mark the hour;
Above it swings the wind-vane's battered gold.

An old, old window. Through its cobwebed panes,
The sunshine of a hundred years has shone;
Its sill is white with mold of many rains;
Strange echoes through its quaking sash are blown.

A haunted window. When the storms are out,
At midnight—so the old wives say—it shows
Plumed Indian shadows and the noiseless rout
Of phantom fray that grows and fades and grows.

Yet hither flocking, at the close of day,
From plain and valley, slope and hilltop, come
Great clouds of wings, dark on the evening gray—
The ancient church-tower is the wild doves' home.

Little they care for tale of crime and ghost;
Little they heed the winds that moan and weep:
Secure within their nests, the phantom host
May hold its warfare nor disturb their sleep.

So into lonely human hearts of sin,
Where nothing lovely, nothing hopeful, stirs,
Save ghostly memories of what has been,
God finds an entrance for His messengers.

From hill and slope, from nature's heart, they come;
The wood-stream sends them and the wee sweet flower,
To nestle fearless in their haunted home,
Even as the wild doves in the old church-tower.

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OUR CITY NIECE.

BY JERUSH ANN SPRIGGS.

Oh, dear—I'm havin' a terrible tryin' time! Once in a while, I feel clear wore out, and think I'll give up sure; then I kinder ketch hold agin, as it ware, and go on a spell longer.

A niece of Bijah's, from the city, is stayin' with us. She has ben here a considerable space of time. If she'd ben a relation of mine, I should have packed her home to her mother long ago. But I want to do my whole duty by Bijah's folks, so he can't twit about my usin' my relations better than his'n—so I git along the best I can.

Belinda—that's her name—is about twenty year old. She ain't ugly nor very sassy, but she is chuck full of new-fangled idees and notions that sets my old-fashioned ways all askew, and sum of 'em are so flat and simple to look at that I feel as if I'd like to shake her. Don't s'pose 'twould do any good, though—she was trained up that way.

T'other day, she asked me if I didn't think 'twas a good plan for wimmen to be independent and rely on themselves—stand alone, without expectin' or receivin' help from the other sex.

Yes, sez I; in sum things, I should like to see wimmen more independent than they be. It is only in streaks that the quality shows. They are terrible afraid they won't git their rights and be allowed to do jest as they are a-mind to. They keep on the look-out, to see they ain't crowded into a back seat and their toes stepped on, and they argue that wimmen are equal, if not superior, to men.

But they hain't independence enuff to wear a bunnit or hat that is six months behind the style. They won't be seen in company with a dress on that they have wore more'n three times.

They dassen't walk up and shake hands with a decently-dressed respectable woman because she ain't "in our set." I'm speakin' of the rich ones, you see.

And the workin' wimmen—they ain't independent as they mite be. They do want to foller their rich sisters—so they buy cheap stuff for dresses, and then git 'em made up with all the trimmin' the fashion allows; wear cotton velvet, when cashmere or suthin' else would look so much better.

Then they has their "set" to go in as well as the tony ones. The gal who stands behind the counter in the big dry-goods stores rigs out in all the fine feathers she can command; and, if a woman cums in to trade that ain't got up in style, she gits looked over with a cool stare, and is waited on with a sort of I-don't-care-whether-you-are-suited-or-not air—or, mebbe, snubbed outright.

These store-gals—or "salesladies," as they like to be called—look down on the shop-gals and factory-operatives, and they, in turn, snub and slight the honest pure-minded gals that do housework for a livin'. I wish sumbody would ixplain why one kind of work ain't jest as honorable as another, providin' it is honest respectable labor.

Belinda has got a terrible hobby for dekeratin'. My patience was wore a'most threadbare a-tryin' to put up with sum of her pranks; but I'm havin' a restin'-spell now, and hope 'twill last.

I went to the sewin'-cirkle, one afternoon, and didn't git home till dark. Next mornin', I wanted to stir up sum flapjacks for breakfast, and my big wooden mixin'-spoon was missin'. I looked ev'rywhere, and finally asked Belinda if she swallered it the day before. She smiled sweetly and led me into the parler. There was that spoon, all painted yeller—"gilded," she called it—and hung up with a bow of red ribbin! I was beat, and asked if there was anything else dekerated. She took me into the spare chamber—and there was my old rollin'-pin that I'd used for well-nigh fifty years, covered with velvet, hung up with ribbins, and sum little brass hooks drove into it! A button-hook hung on one of 'em and a pair of scissors on anuther, and there was two or three empty ones. Is this all there is to see in this line? sez I, calmly, though I was about disgustid. She come downstairs, and brought along Bijah's bootjack. It was black as night—"ebonized," she sed—and had sum flowers painted onto it.

Well, sez I, you don't know as much as I thought you did. Do you raly think them things look enny better? And do they look as if they belonged in the new places? That spoon and that honest old rollin'-pin are ashamed of themselves. And, when your uncle gits up in the night, as he frequently does, and flings that

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bootjack at a pack of cats, do you s'pose he'll stop to admire it, or the cats see enny difference in it? Seems as if you ruther overdid the dekeratin' bizness. I wonder you didn't get the milkin'-stool out of the barn, put on a velvet cushin, ebony the legs, and tie sum ribbin round it. And there's the coal-hod—that's all ebony already, and you might have painted sum wild roses onto it.

Oh! Aunt Jerushy, sez she, you hain't enny eye for art. That style of dekeratin' those things is all the rage. Let 'em rage, sed I; they won't rage round in my house. I like to see pretty things and knick-knacks scattered here and there, tasty like; but I won't have my housekeepin' utensils hung up round. for sensible folks to make fun of That put a damper on dekeratin'. She hain't meddled with ennything else sence that.

There ain't but one of her notions that has amounted to anything sence she's been here. She wanted me to have the Ladies' Sewin' Society give a crazy supper. For mercy sakes, I sez, who do you s'pose will want to eat a crazy supper? Mebbe 'twill make 'em travel zigzag all the way home. But she kep' a-teasin', and finally the wimmen give in, and sed they'd have one, and she might boss the job. Of course, she had a good chance to spread herself, and she did. The table was set with all kinds of crockery, no two plates alike, and the cups and sassers all different. Part of the knives and forks was silver, and there was sum steel ones, with forks that had only two tines, like what I used when I fust went to housekeepin'. The napkins was paper of all colors, and everybody that eat supper had one to carry home, as a soveneer of the ocashun, Belinda sed. Then the food was set on jest as it happened. Sauce, cake, bread, cheese, pickles, etc., all every which way. Six gals was waiters, and they had on paper caps trimmed with all the colors in the rainbow, and sum that never was seen there. They had neckties of narrer ribbin, of all shades, bunched together. The whole concern, table, and gals, looked droll enuff. But sumhow it took, and there was a big crowd out that night. The vittals was good, if 'twas throwed on careless. The wimmen sed Belinda did fust-rate. I'm terrible glad on't, for it's a little grain more sensible than coverin' rollin'-pins or paintin' bootjacks.

She kep' kinder quiet for a number of days arter that supper come off. Then she got uneasy agin, and wanted the society to give a pink tea party. That idee liked to have clear upset me. I told her I used the uncolored Japan tea mostly, only sumtimes for a change I had sum green tea. The society used the same kinds, and I didn't want to mention no new colors of tea, nor she better not. Pink tea was onheard-of in this place, and I should be afraid it was onhelthy.

But 'tain't the color of the tea, Aunt Jerushy, she sed. It is the way the table is set, and the color used in dekeratin'. There now, don't get on that strain agin, for pity sake, sed I. Do they tie pink ribbins round the nose of the tea-kittle, and hang pink streamers from the stove-pipe? I think a bow on each of the legs of the stove would be the thing.

But no matter what fun I make, she persists in that projeck, and I don't know but she'll manage to carry it out yet. If she does, and it is worth tellin' of, I'll let everybody know, so they can have one.

She has got a little snappin' poodle-dog that goes snarlin' round and gits under my feet about fifty times a day. When she gits him washed up, he is white; but, the rest of the time, he looks like a walkin' dirt-heap. When she goes out for a walk, she leads him along with a blue ribbin. What earthly use he is to her or ennybody else, I hain't found out yet. But I am sure of one thing. If I had a young one that had to be combed, curled, washed, and fed on cake and candy, and then go yappin' at everybody that comes in, I'd spank him. But Belinda says lots of city girls have 'em. Oh! then, of course, you must, if it's style. I mean to tie the little beast to a pole, and wash winders with him, next spring.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Poor pretty bright robin, left here in the cold!
How can we guess at your story untold?
Why, when the song-birds are all flown away,
Why is it, robin, why did you stay?

Poor pretty red robin, 'mid frost and 'mid snow—
With sweet note of song and with bright breast aglow,
You have sung when the flowers have faded and gone,
When dark clouds have gathered and bright birds have flown.

Is this your life's mission, oh robin red-breast,
To bring to a weary heart comfort and rest?
Then, e'en though thy life shall the sacrifice be,
The work of God's angels is well done by thee.

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WEE DOÑA DOLORES.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A LONE STAR BO-PEEP," ETC.

IT was shearing-time at the rancho of San Antonio the Blessed. The little rown doña was perfectly aware of that. At least, so she told Chiquito; and Chiquito, like a sensible cub, received the information stolidly, sitting on his haunches and clasping his cushioned paws together in an ecstasy of warmth and comfort. They were seated in the shade of the southern wall of the rancho. The hot sun beat down upon the adobe structure, baking and bleaching the bricks anew, warping the shingles of the low roof, starting resinous tears from the pine boards, and compelling the small red lizards to take shelter under the protecting eaves, where they crouched and palpitated in the dust, with a wicked leer in their bright eyes that would have frightened Dolores had she not been used to them. One was looking at her now. He was a little fellow—a study in terra-cotta polka-dots. Dolores admired him for a while, and then, growing weary, threw a stick in his direction, upon which he skittered away.

"Oh, dear! Chiquito," said the doña, very much bored by her idleness, "I wish you and I had something to do."

Chiquito rolled over in the dust, both his paws clasped over his nose, and winked and blinked at the doña in perfect contentment. Barring one or two flies that disturbed his bearship, he was quite satisfied to be idle.

The doña raised her black eyes and glanced toward the brush pens. Certainly there the situation was reversed. Fourteen men, at least, were busy in the pens; to say nothing of Antonio—her playmate and companion—who, more ragged and picturesque than usual that morning, was standing outside, busily counting the shorn sheep as they issued from the "shoot," and putting a pecan in the pocket of his torn breeches every time he counted a score. His antelope fawn, "Pepita," was running here and there among the sheep, keeping at a safe distance from "Concho," the shepherd-dog, who was doing duty as "whipper in" and preventing the flock from straggling.

The great brush pen had been cut up and subdivided into half a dozen small corrals. Men were at work in one of them, taking the cockle burs from the sheep. In another, a gang of Mexicans were shearing, the yellow fleeces falling from the bodies of the patient ewes like a woven fabric, stained here and there with bright crimson where the clicking shears drew blood. Crooks and paint-brands were lying about. Dolores could see her father, the don, seated at a deal table, keeping tally with pen and paper, and giving to each man a counter in return for the bundled fleece he handed in. Behind him a tall man, mounted on a frame with four uprights, was storing away the woolly bundles in the wool-sacks, and treading them firmly into place. Every sheep that issued from the "shoot" came forth shorn of her beauty, lean, decrepit, and miserable, bearing on her left hip in red paint the resplendent symbol—"P. S. A."—which, being interpreted, meant Pedro of the San Antonio rancho.

The rancho of the Blessed San Antonio lay in a narrow valley, shut in on one side by shelving cliffs and rocks that bordered a river, and stretching away upon the other in sloping hills and "divides." The father of Dolores, Don Pedro, was a rich cattle-owner, and counted his flocks and herds by the thousand head. Between his sheep-shearing and his cattle "round-ups," the wealthy Spaniard had his hands full.

The cook came wearily out of the kitchen and leaned against the railing of the little fence. He was in an easy deshabille of undershirt and ducking breeches. He had discarded his boots and stockings as well, but he wore a paper cap on his head. The cook wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and sighed, from which it could be inferred that it was very hot in the kitchen or that the baking had turned out badly The cook was never known to sigh except on these accounts.

The doña raised her eyes, and Chiquito sat up expectantly. He knew that it was about the treacle hour. Meeting with no recognition from

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the cook, Chiquito walked gravely over to where he was standing, with a rolling gait, very similar to a drunken Jack tar, and rubbed his foolish brown head against his grease-spotted trousers. That gentleman petulantly raised his bare foot and rolled him over backward, where he lay a protesting roll of fat and fur. The doña was indignant.

"If you cannot recognize my Chiquito, you needn't kick him, Señor Vagamundo," she remonstrated. The cook was called "Mr. Vagabond" on account of his careless toilet.

"Hello! Señorita—it's you, eh?" replied he, pushing his paper hat back on his head. "Yer so still, this morning, I didn't know you. Reckoned yer was a prairie-dog or a jack-rabbit, sittin' thar a-sunnin' yese'f, and a-mopin', with yer big black eyes wide open. Why don't ye git yese'f inter gear and go to herdin'?"

"Mind thy baking, Señor Vagamundo!" returned the brown doña, sitting up erect and furious. "And wherefore dost thou dare to order me? Is it that thou thinkest me a child? After a little, I will go, and when it pleases me. My father, the don, has told me."

Thus admonished, the cook went back to his loaves and bread-pans, after first fishing out a square lump of sugar from the pocket of his trousers, which he bestowed on the recumbent bear. Chiquito accepted the morsel eagerly and ate it very leisurely, without taking the trouble to get up, concluding the performance by putting one paw in his mouth and sucking it with an air of taking a light lunch from the member.

A shrill whistle caused Dolores to look up. She gazed out across the plain, shading her eyes against the glare of the sun with her little brown hand. Far out among the scattered mesquites that straggled across the valley, she beheld the gallant Antonio, mounted upon his intrepid cow-pony and waving his hand to her. A small flock of sheared ewes, with their lambs, were grazing away in front of him, under the supervision of Concho and the mustang—"Pepillo" was also a capital shepherd.

Dolores caught up her hat—a gaudy sombrero, heavy with silver lace—and set it firmly over her raven curls. Then, snatching up a light crook that lay at her side, she ran out upon the prairie as fast as her little brown limbs could carry her. She took no leave of Chiquito. But the quick instincts of the bear soon noted her departure; and, sitting up lazily, he sniffed the air once or twice and rolled out of the enclosure, in awkward pursuit of her active little figure.

The Señor Antonio was waiting in the saddle. From his brown eyes to his straight black hair and sallow complexion, his lineage spoke in his face. It was unmistakably Spanish. He might have been only sixteen; but, child of the sun as he was, he looked older.

"And why so late, little one?" he said, kindly, as the doña arrived, flushed and panting. "Is it that thou art too lazy to herd, to-day? Have a care, señorita! See what I have brought thee for a present."

He leaned down in his stirrups and extended toward her, as he spoke, a long grayish object that rattled in his fingers.

"Madre de Dios!" exclaimed the doña, piously, taking it eagerly in her little brown hand. "A rattler—and an old one! Ten rattles and a button!" she continued, counting the sections of horny shell. "Is it not a treasure?" she cried, addressing Chiquito, who had blundered up, and shaking the grim castanet before his sniffing nose and half-foolish eyes. Chiquito raised himself upon his haunches, into an attitude known at the rancho as "company front," and waved a deprecatory paw in protest at the inquiry. Afterward, he appeared to reflect.

"Idiota!"* exclaimed the doña, turning away impatiently. "Gracias,† my Ñico.‡ Where is it that thou hast killed this terrible rattler? It is delightful! I will have it set as a silver pin for my manta."§

She held up the rattler as she spoke.

"Of a verity, it will be pretty," returned the señor, gravely. "Thou shalt wear it as a charm against the Evil One. Wilt thou ride Pepillo? I fear lest thou step upon the husband of her ladyship. Who knows?"

The doña glanced down at her diminutive feet, shod with high-heeled slippers. She had forgotten her riding-boots and little silver spurs. The doña was naturally courageous, but she had the aversion of her sex to snakes. Pepillo also was capricious and hard-gaited, and he was caparisoned in a man's Mexican saddle. But the doña decided to waive these drawbacks—she would ride Pepillo. In a twinkling, the Señor Antonio had dismounted and lifted her into the saddle.

Pepillo became suddenly aware of the presence of Chiquito. They were not friends. The mustang seemed to have an idea that all that Chiquito wanted was to get him at a disadvantage, and then pitch into him; so he would protest against his society with arched spine and ears laid back

*Idiot! †Thanks. ‡Pet name for "Antonio." §A light wrap.

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and a few expressive kicks of displeasure. This was discouraging to a rider. No sooner was the Doña Dolores mounted, than he executed a war-dance of disgust at the sight of Chiquito.

"Dio mio! I shall be killed, Antonio!" screamed the doña, clinging fast to the pommel.

Señor Antonio kicked the bear smartly, rolling him over in a dusty heap, and sprang to the head of the mustang. He soon quieted him.

After that, they fared on together behind the querulous sheep, the doña quite imperious and magnificent, seated upon the Mexican saddle of embossed leather. Antonio had the true Spanish extravagance of taste regarding his riding-equipment.

It was a fine morning. The "scissor-tails" were piloting a slow flight of ashen plumes and rosy wings in the soft still air. The mock-birds were half crazy, as usual, and fairly overflowed and gurgled like feathered fountains of song. A thousand scents from the wild flowers of the narrow valley rose upon and enveloped them; the "buffalo clover" was everywhere, carpeting their way with its purple clusters and steeping the sense with delicious odor. Ñico plucked a spray or two, and handed them to the little brown doña. She twined them among her raven tresses. Chiquito, rolling along at a respectful distance from the señor's admonishing foot, brought up an inglorious rear. The protesting sheep and frisking lambs, grazing on ahead, overtopped by the graceful head of the lightly-tripping antelope, completed this pleasant Lone-Star pastoral.

Suddenly, Doña Dolores spoke, looking down from her equine throne with diminutive dignity.

"Ñico," she said, "I think I weary of Chiquito. He is very droll; but he is rough and grows bearish, and he is too fond of molasses to make an agreeable pet. I shall trade him. I think. Wilt thou give me Pepita for him? She is more to my taste."

Now, the señor had presented the doña with Chiquito only a month or two before. It was after a bee-hunt. Himself and several vaqueros of the rancho had discovered Mother Bruin busily engaged in robbing a hollow tree of its store of honey and sweets, and, having killed her with their carbines, smoked out the bees, cut down the tree, and possessed themselves of her plunder. But they found Chiquito fast asleep among the rootlets, where he had probably been bestowed by his mother and had gone to sleep until she called for him.

So they carried the droll little thing home and gave it to the doña. And the doña was delighted, of course, and lavished a wealth of Spanish tenderness and epithets over the soft brown bear baby, with its feeble nose and mischievous eyes, soft cushioned paws, and general sleepy suggestions. And she spent a deal of care and trouble in bringing him up, nursing him anxiously—with his foster-mother, the bottle—and generally alleviating the appetite of the orphan with honey and brown sugar. So that Chiquito thrived and was satisfied with his surroundings. As yet, his taste for uncooked flesh was undeveloped. Occasionally, when the doña, who was a good Catholic, was keeping some fast-day and had neglected Chiquito's meals in her piety, he had been known to look longingly on a lamb, and on one occasion playfully knocked one over that came too near; but it was only with an air of experimenting on the power of his paw to buffet—a sort of bear's study of base-ball, rather than any indication of carnivorous propensities; and it was so regarded. So long as the cravings of hunger were supplied, he was very peaceable, and, at times, even affectionate, being especially generous in bestowing a sticky hug upon his admirers.

Señor Antonio reflected but a moment before he replied. He felt the necessity of advising Dolores against the exchange.

"Have a care of what thou sayest, señorita mia,"* he said. "Thou knowest that Chiquito will, one day, be worth more than Pepita. Didst thou not hear what Señor Baptista—he with the dancing bears—declared? That Chiquito was most intelligent, and would make a fine performer."

"What is that to me?" returned the brown doña, turning half round in the saddle and frowning down upon him. "It cannot be, my Antonio, that you think I care for the money? Is not my father—Don Pedro—rich enough, if I desire that?"

"Ay de mi!"† rejoined Antonio, with an extravagant sigh of regret. "It is a grief to me to part with Pepita. She has grace; she has beauty; she has eyes large and brown, and the soul shines through them. She reminds me of you, my Dolores. I do not wish to part with Pepita."

"And why not?" pleaded Dolores. "Is it not to me—thy little sister? Think you by that you will lose her? Shall you not see Pepita, and care for her too? And what is the difference?"

"Bueno!"‡ said the Señor Antonio, apparently convinced. "So be it. But, if thou thinkest to make the exchange without paying tribute, thou art much mistaken. Nay, then,

* My lady. † Ah me! ‡ Good!

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kiss me, sweetheart, and thou shalt have Pepita and Chiquito too, smallest of brunettes, if thou wishest it."

So the brown Doña Dolores very graciously drew the bridle on Pepillo, and, leaning down in her saddle, permitted the Señor Antonio to kiss the ripe-red lips she put out to him. He was longer about this than necessary; and, when at last he unclasped the small brown arms from his neck, he sighed—so sadly, so regretfully, that Pepillo sneezed with a violence that nearly unseated Dolores, and caused Pepita, who had left the sheep, to shy violently to one side. Chiquito, seated upon his haunches a short distance away, eyed the fawn with possible malevolent intentions—it was getting dangerously near the dinner-hour.

"Let us go over to yon tree, doña mia," said Antonio, pointing to a trim live-oak. It was distant a few yards. "The sheep are beginning to shade already, and it is hot in the sun. We can lunch there."

He held up a small wicker basket as he spoke. The doña, pleased by the recent gift of Pepita, was in the best of her many humors. So she smiled sweetly down at Antonio, with a flash of her little white teeth and a revelation of dimples that was bewitching.

"As thou sayest, my Antonio," she replied, turning Pepillo by the bridle.

They were soon there. The small oval shadows of the live-oak leaves were sharply silhouetted on the glaring plain. The sheep and lambs had thrown themselves down beneath the scanty shade. The air resounded with their impatient cries and drowsy bleating.

Ñico and Dolores had a pleasant nooning under the sturdy live-oak. Pepillo, meanwhile—his bridle-rein thrown loose upon his neck—was left to wander free and graze. The luncheon that Señor Antonio provided was far superior to the usual repast that cheers the lonely herder. There was white bread of the cook's most triumphant baking; there were long strips of fried bacon, a cold teal, pickles, and a comb of honey. The doña gave her share of this last to Chiquito, who received it between both paws and ate it greedily, smearing his black muzzle and whiskers with the sticky luxury until he looked not unlike some children whose cheeks have participated in an over-generous allowance of bread and molasses. He was so funny that he even infected Ñico's gravity—who had been trying to get Pepita to eat a pickle, and only succeeded in offending the sensitive feelings of the antelope. At last, "Granny," the old bell-ewe strolled over with her charge—a thick-jointed lambkin—and ate the crumbs that remained, leaving no trace of the mid-day meal.

Ñico leaned back against the live-oak, and, rolling a cigarrito, blew a tiny smoke-ring with a sigh of relief.

"Why is it that you will smoke, little Ñico?" said the doña, affectionately. "Thou seest how it stains thy fingers. Of a verity, they are steeped with the poison."

Señor Antonio glanced at the thumb and forefinger which held the cigarrito. On them, Prince Nicotine had set his seal. They were stained with brown to the first joint.

"It is because I enjoy it that I smoke, señorita mia," he replied. "To smoke is to dream. It is to lie in a lap of roses and to set trouble at defiance, while the soft smoke-wreaths lull your senses to reverie and repose."

"Ay de mi! I like not your reflections, Ñico," said the doña, wearily.

Her bright eyes followed the flight of a great buzzard, sweeping calmly with motionless wings high above the stifling valley. The prairie-dogs were barking with their shrill clamor. A dry cicala in the curly mesquite grass raised his rasping protest against the heat and the weather generally. The doña began to be sleepy.

Suddenly she sat up and pointed across the valley. Far up on the shoulder of the western "divide," she beheld Pepillo, running wildly and kicking desperately. Something was wrong. She pointed the pony out to Ñico.

"A fine caballero* thou, Señor Antonio," she said, reproachfully. "Seest thou Pepillo and his antics yonder? Blessed San Antonio! And why is this? Is it that the Evil One is after him?"

Ñico threw away his cigarrito and sat up at once.

"It is the 'heel-fly,'" † he said, after a few moments. Then he laughed. "They have attacked Pepillo. Madre de Dios! Mark you that kick! It would have felled an ox. Bravo! Pepillo—smallest of mustangs!"

He sprang to his feet at once. "I must hasten after Pepillo," he said, "or he will go back to the rancho without me. Stay you here, Dolores, till I return."

He dashed away in hot pursuit, followed by Concho. Pepita looked after her master and then took a few steps forward impulsively. But she thought better of it, came back to the doña, and lay down by her side. Chiquito remained, sucking his paws and licking his chops with grateful memories of the honeycomb.

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* Horseman.

† A fly, common in Texas, which stings the feet of cattle.

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The doña always believed that after that she must have fallen asleep. She remembered leaning back against the tree, pillowing her head on the soft white side of Pepita, and lying there listlessly to watch Chiquito's droll maneuvers and await Ñico's return. The wandering prairie-breeze stirred the tops of the grass with a faint rustle, bringing to her sense fragrant memories of "buffalo clover." Her lashes drooped. Then the earth and the sky and the sunlight swam before her eyes.

Suddenly she sat up with a start. What was that low rumbling sound as of thousands of footsteps, mingled with shouts and cries, coming down the wind? She gazed before her, sweeping the horizon with straining vision. Nothing but the motionless prairie, gleaming under the staring sunlight, met her eyes. A turkey-buzzard, sitting in an adjacent tree, glared down upon her with his gory red crest. Nothing more.

Yet the sounds increased. They were behind her. Dolores shifted her position and glanced back. Santa Maria! She bounded to her feet in a flash. The cause was apparent now.

From side to side of the narrow valley, her eyes rested upon nothing but a dark sea of tossing horns and heaving bodies. A vast herd of wild cattle was coming down upon her at full charge, the shouts of the goading pursuers echoing in their rear. For a second, Dolores gazed as if spell-bound. She was right in the track of the surging host. The thunder of their hoofs shook the plain; the dust, lifted by their plunging feet, rose and hung above the stampeding herd in a murky cloud; the snorting and bellowing of the frightened animals filled all the air with terrible echoes and held her breathless with terror.

One moment only. The next, flinging away her crook, her lunch-basket, even her gaudy sombrero, the doña turned and ran for her life. Her limbs trembled beneath her and the color forsook her brown cheek. Despair was in her heart. She knew it could be but for a few moments only. Nothing short of a miracle could save her from being knocked down and trampled to death by those pursuing feet. And what a death! To be trodden in a few moments out of all form of humanity—swept from the face of the earth, even as the grass that rose so green before the oncoming line, and streamed away in its blighting track—a dull brown thing, stricken of life and form and motion.

Yet, reeling, stumbling, panting—faster, faster—on the doña fled.

Always, as she ran, she fancied she could feel the hot breath of the fleeing cattle. The dust choked her; the pitiless sand burned her; the agony of that breathless race for life surged in her brain and throbbed in her temples. Faster! faster! while the horizon swam round her, bright lights danced before her eyes, and she grew faint and dizzy. Her feet were cut and bleeding. Twice she fell. Twice she struggled to her feet and stumbled on again. Ah, how she envied Pepita, speeding on ahead, scarcely visible save when the sunlight flashed from her sides like silver!

At last, worn out and gasping for breath, Dolores stopped. She could hold out no longer. She pressed her poor little brown hands over her staring eyes and bowed her head to meet the doom that was close upon her. A little Spanish prayer came into her mind. She repeated it piously.

At that instant, she heard the quick plunging hoof-beats of some animal, running rapidly and apparently counter to the oncoming cattle. She dared not look up. A familiar voice caught her ear, quickened with the terror of the moment and with a sudden gust of air that passed her—she felt herself raised from the earth and swept along with the force of a thunderbolt.

Away, away, borne as on the wings of the wind, she flew. Dropping her hands from her face, the doña found herself seated across the pommel of a saddle, a strong arm around her; and, with a sigh of joy, she fainted upon the breast of Ñico.

It was indeed Ñico—her own dear beloved Ñico—who, mounted on the fleet Pepillo, had plucked her from the very jaws of death, and was even now riding with the furious speed at which he had flown to her rescue. The surging bodies of the cattle parted like brown waves on either side of the intrepid horseman. Hardly had the doña opened her black eyes when the last fleeing steer passed them, followed closely by their pursuing vaqueros.

Ñico drew the bridle on the breathless Pepillo and rode slowly back to the live-oak where they had taken their luncheon. The doña gradually recovered strength enough to sit up. Ñico's eyes were slowly scanning the surface of the prairie, beaten flat by the countless feet that had swept over it. A thick dust, like the smoke of a battlefield, still lingered in the air. Ñico's grave eyes were full of inquiry, but he said nothing. Suddenly, when near the tree, he reined Pepillo up sharply before a dusty brown object that was lying quite still and motionless.

It was the body of poor Chiquito, crushed and lifeless from the merciless feet that had passed over him.

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MILLY'S STORY.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.

It is one of the loveliest June days the earth ever saw. Each separate blade of grass seems to rejoice in the glorious sunlight, and my whole heart is in tune with the day, as I saunter slowly along the village road, with one hand in my pocket, holding tight the dear letter that has made me so happy since the noon mail came in; for John is coming home at last, and we are to be married and live happy ever after, as my old fairy stories used to end, with the bridal of the Prince Charming and his princess. A poor little princess this time, I think, rather ruefully—more like the king who wed a beggar maid, our story is; for dear Daddy was only a farmer on a very small scale, though every inch a gentleman, and, when he died, three years ago, mother and I had a hard struggle for a little while. Of course we took summer boarders, as everyone advised, and of course we lost more than we made; only I shall never regret that hard summer, since it gave me John, and, although our courtship was sealed by the final question being asked when I was picking peas in the vegetable garden, it was none the less sweet and romantic for that. My John is Dr. John Westerly, and he was staying in Donnyrock, making some investigations about the malaria region, for a pamphlet he was writing. He boarded with us; and, brilliant, successful, and rich as he was, he loved poor little me, as I am sure no one was ever loved before. When I think of the lovely accomplished women he must have known, and look at myself critically, I cannot make it true; but it is, it is, and he is coming home from Paris, where he has been studying in the hospitals for a year—is even now on his way. When the happiness of it comes over me, I can scarcely keep from singing along the street, as I return from my walk. How lovely the world is. How good people are, I think, as old Mrs. Mallocks beams and nods to me from her window. As I draw near our gate, I see distastefully that mother has shut all the sun out with closed blinds; well, very soon, I will let a flood of light in, and glorify the rooms.

"Mother," I call out, gayly, running up the steps of the porch, "it's too early for flies. What makes you shut the house up so?"

I rush into the sitting-room and open the blinds. Then, turning around, I see mother. white and tear-stained and looking half dazed, with a newspaper in her hand.

Mrs. Dawson, from next door, says in a loud whisper:

"Do tell her, for gracious sake, and have it over with," and then, seizing me in her strong arms, seats me gently on the slippery hair-cloth sofa.

Mother bursts out crying, and puts her arms about me and sobs:

"Prepare yourself for the worst, Milly. Oh, Mrs. Dawson, do tell her. I can't!"

I am awe-struck and bewildered, but my one thought is that the bank which holds our few hundred dollars has broken, for we have no near relatives, and I have just heard from John.

"Do tell me what it is," I say, impatiently; and Mrs. Dawson, looking at me pityingly, says:

"Well, if you must hear it, you must," takes the paper from mother's nerveless hand, and reads:

"Horrible Disaster. The Travonia, from Havre, burns at sea. Hundreds of lives lost." Mumble, mumble, then: "Conspicuous among those who helped the women and children into the life-boats was Dr. John Westerly, a well-known young physician, from Paris. When last seen, he was distributing life-preservers to the women who had not been able to get into the life-boat; before another could be manned, the Travonia sank, with all on board, except those who had been fortunate enough to crowd into the first two boats. The young physician will doubtless be deeply mourned by the medical fraternity for—"

I think the woman would have read the whole article through; but, glancing at me, she rushed frantically for the camphor and held it to my face.

It was not necessary. I had not fainted. I heard her say distinctly:

"For the Lord's sake, Mis' March, say somethin' to her, for I b'lieve she's a-dyin'."

I saw her go to the mantel, and seize a huge palm-leaf fan, and, returning, wave it back and forth solemnly, and I felt her pat my shoulder, as she said:

"There, there, do cry, can't ye? She'll pull through, Mis' March, if she'll only cry," And I knew that mother was walking the floor distractedly.

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I noticed curiously the pattern of Mrs. Dawson's print wrapper. It was purple, with a little white sprig, and one of the big pearl buttons had burst from the capacious bosom, and to this day I hate the color of purple.

I saw all these things in a dim way. Then I felt as if I were someone else, and I mentally looked at myself, leaden and death-like, all the life crushed out of me, lying straight and still in an incongruous blue muslin, with Mrs. Dawson's shawl thrown over me, and I thought:

"Poor girl, how sorry I am. What if it were I, and it were my John who was dead?"

Then I thought, with intense surprise:

"Why, it is I! And John, the John who once held me close and kissed me, warm and alive, is gone somewhere, and I don't know where!"

At this period, Mrs. Dawson shook her head ominously. I think she spoke to me several times, and I did not answer. Why should I?

And she said to poor mother, who was aimlessly walking back and forth:

"Mis' March, I guess I'd call Dr. Kinney, if I was you. It's onnatural fer her to be like this. I don't like it."

Then I looked up at her dully and spoke for the first time. "No," I said, "I don't want him. I want Mr. Easton—maybe he can give me some comfort." And my benumbed mind went wandering on in the dark, searching for something to cling to, until its spell was broken by a hurried coming in, and Mr. Easton, dark and thin, stood looking down at me compassionately. I believe he had a prayer-book in his hand, but he probably saw it was useless to talk to or pray with me as anything but a child. I remember saying to him in an awe-stricken whisper: "I have lost John, and so lost everything!" Mr. Easton was rather unpopular in his congregation. He was unsocial, ascetic, and what is commonly called "stand-off"; but now he knelt by me, and, taking one of my passive hands in his, he first won my attention, and finally, when I vaguely began to believe that John was with God, and that both were definitely somewhere, I fell into a convulsive fit of tears, that probably saved my reason.

He was very good to me that first awful week, and I began to understand that he was unloved because unappreciated. June turned to July, and I began growing a little stronger, but for long months I felt the effects of the shock I had suffered. Mr. Easton's kindness was most unobtrusive. He sometimes would send me books; gradually he fell into the habit of coming over and reading aloud to me, evenings, as I lay on the sofa, for I was not strong enough to sit up long, and, while I would catch a few words now and then, my mind would be picturing, back of my closed eyelids, that awful shipwreck over and over again. One evening, I saw it all so distinctly that I started and cried: "Oh, stop! I cannot see anything yet but those awful waves. And I can hear nothing but those cries as the ship sank. Oh, do you think I ever can forget?" Mr. Easton had closed his book, and he walked up and down the room slowly and softly. A flush of pain rose suddenly over his dark thin face. He paused near the window, and, pushing aside the curtain, he looked absently out into the warm dark night, and I saw his lips move as if he were repeating something. Then he turned and came hurriedly up to the sofa. He put his hand out, and then suddenly drew it back and stood regarding me gently. "I pray God that you may forget," he said. "I do not know—perhaps, sometime—" He did not finish the sentence, and continued to pace the room. I was so absorbed in my own wretchedness that I did not think or care that I had been rude to him in stopping his reading, which had been so welcome to me many times. Mine was the old wail: "There is no sorrow like to mine under the sun," and in it everything else was merged. Mr. Easton went away soon. He came less often, and did not read again until, one afternoon, I begged his pardon for my discourtesy, and asked him to read once more. It was Dante, this time, that he held in his hand, but he opened it and quoted: "And in the book that day we read no more." He smiled a little bitterly. "Let us talk instead," he said.

I wondered at his caring to talk to me: at his religious kindness, I believed it, in being willing to try and interest the poor pale woman, with all her fresh beauty gone, that my glass showed me, the listless black-robed girl to whom life looked so poor and empty. He staid half the afternoon in our cool little parlor, and, when he went out, I tried to thank him for his kindness and show him that I appreciated his unselfishness; but he checked me summarily, and departed for a toilsome walk in the hot August sun, to visit some sick man several miles along the shore. After he left, I went wearily around the room, tidying the little disarrangement a visitor makes. Mother had gone over to Mrs. Dawson's, and I was alone. I heard a step on the porch, and moved slowly to the door, and in one moment I was clasped in John's arms! For the first—and probably the last—time in my life, I was guilty of fainting; but John merged the lover into the physician, and brought me to my senses very quickly. Why should I try to

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describe a scene that was sacred for us both. Let it suffice me to say that heaven seemed for once to be on this earth, that the measure of my former suffering was the measure of my present joy. Half an hour later, I knew all: how John had been picked up, quite unconscious, after floating hours, clinging to a plank and some rigging, by a small brig bound for a little Dutch port; how he had been delirious from fever for weeks; and how he had started for home, even when the Dutch doctor had assured him he was risking his life, and had come to me before anyone knew of his arrival even. He had begged the German doctor to cable to me, and had been assured it was done. Whether he had made some mistake in my address, or what, we never knew; but I had not received the message. That evening, I wrote a note to Mr. Easton, begging him to come over, the next day, and rejoice with us. Mr. Archer's little boy, where he boarded, brought me this reply the next morning:

"My Dear Miss Millicent:

"I am leaving Donnyrock for some time, perhaps for always; and I start to-day, so I shall not see you before I go. Do not think me cruel if I say it is sometimes easier for me to mourn with those who mourn than to rejoice with those who rejoice; but believe that my prayers are for your happiness always. And, when you think of your own great grief and pray for those who suffer, remember me.

"Always faithfully yours,

"Cuthbert Easton."

There came a sudden little stab of pain through my heart as I read this—a sudden access of light on things that had puzzled me, which almost blinded me for a moment. I handed the note to John silently. I had told him of Mr. Easton's kindness. He read it through grimly, and a faint flush tinged his cheek.

"What do you think of it?" I inquired.

"How old is he?" asked John, before he replied.

"I don't know—twentyseven, perhaps."

"Well, then, I think he may get over it," he replied, bitterly; then, with a rush of generous feeling: "God help the poor fellow. I pity him, Milly. It was a sad return you made for his kindness—wasn't it? Don't grieve over it. I know you never intended to make him care for you."

"Oh, John," I sobbed, "I never thought of it till I got this note."

A tear fell on the paper. Was John a little jealous? Perhaps so. For he took the note gently from me and threw it in the fire. Yet I truly think he was sorrier than I.

John and I are married now, and I have never seen Mr. Easton since. I heard, not long ago, that he was devoting himself to mission-work in the city.

I never could have loved him, even if I had not seen my John; but I never, morning or night, fail to pray remorsefully for the man whose happiness I unconsciously wrecked.

GURNEY'S ROSES.

BY MINNA IRVING.

Overhead the skies were dark,
  Full of flying flakes the air;
In my garden, one could mark
  Only branches, black and bare—
Leafless now, but once inwrought
  With the fairest flowers that blow:
Such the night when Gurney brought
  Roses to me through the snow.

Winter in the world without
  Glazed the lake and rocked the tree,
Piled the drifted snows about
  Deeper yet, if that might be;
But within my room he brought
  Summer, with its warmth and glow.
Oh, it was a lovely thought—
  Bringing roses through the snow!

"Eyes of midnight, curling hair,
  Cheek where burns the blood of France,
Spirit quick to do and dare,
  Like a knight of old romance."
Gazing on him, this I thought,
  While we talked in murmurs low
Of the roses that he brought,
  Of the winter and the snow.

Meantime, Cupid—who had kept
  Safely hidden all the while
In a rose's heart, and slept
  Sweetly many a snowy mile—
Woke, and, slyly smiling, wrought
  Mischief with his fatal bow,
From the roses Gurney brought
  To me through the falling snow.

When the sweet good-night was said
  And 'twas slumber in the land,
In the firelight's glimmer red,
  With the roses in my hand,
Long I sat and long I thought,
  Till I kissed them in the glow,
Kissed the roses Gurney brought—
  Lovely roses!—through the snow.

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HER SPECIAL AVERSION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE clock struck four. Kate Everton sprang up from her seat by the library fire, declaring that she had "an ocean of things to do," and must be excused.

The statement was addressed to her two favorite cousins, Jeanie Tracy and Foster Gwynne. The latter had arrived only a few hours before, on his annual visit; but pretty Miss Jeanie lived with her maiden aunt in a cottage at the foot of the hill below the grounds of Everton Manor, and could hardly have told which of the two houses was most her home.

"I don't know where the day has gone," Kate continued, "and we haven't done half I wished to"

"Why, I'm sure I never spent so busy a New-Year Eve in my life," Gwynne declared. "We've been from the top of the house to the bottom at least forty times. I've not sat down till now since I got here."

"What might seem an idle day to anybody else would appear a busy one to Foster," cried Jeanie.

A laughing dispute began, and Kate left the pair to pursue it at their leisure, well aware that no excuse for leaving her guests was needed—even she would not be missed by either while they sat there together.

Kate went upstairs meditating on the numerous plans which had been eagerly discussed between herself and her cousins. Within a week, a large party of guests would arrive, and Kate was determined that, during the fortnight of her visitors' stay, the manor should be the gayest spot on the banks of the Hudson. The young princess owned a yielding mother, so was, of course, virtually the head of the house, though, be it said in her praise, she never allowed her supremacy openly to appear.

It was something new for the mansion to be occupied in the winter; but the two ladies had returned from Europe late in the autumn, and Kate decided to imitate English ways for once and make the country-house headquarters till Easter.

The trio had hardly found occupation enough to justify Gwynne's assertion; still, they had arranged sundry matters, examined the ball-room and conservatories, criticized the future guests, and been as thoroughly happy as they always were in each other's society.

Tableaus and charades were to have a place among the amusements, and Kate wished to look at the contents of several chests which she had ordered removed from the attics to a large light closet connected with her own rooms. She was expecting her special friend, Laura Ames, by the six-o'clock train, and wanted, that very night, to show her various rich dresses of bygone eras, and decide on pictures which they would suit.

There was one costume that Kate and Jeanie had vainly tried to make Foster remember. When they were children and played at being kings and queens, Kate always teased her mother for permission to wear it—a favor the good lady had very seldom granted. She found the treasure enveloped in soft linen and laid in a tray by itself, for the costume had memories connected with it which Mrs. Everton was romantic enough to prize.

The dress had belonged to her grandmother toward the end of the last century, when that lady was the reigning belle of New York. The first time she wore it, she met the man with whom she fell in love; and, as she was already engaged, great trouble arose out of this meeting. In this very attire, she had stopped a duel in Weehawken wood, between the two young gallants, and, heroine-like, at last got her own way about everything. At her wedding with the man of her choice, her former betrothed acted as chief groomsman—no wonder the chronicles of that period described her as an actual Circe!

Kate reflected a little on the story, shook her head doubtfully over her great-grandmother's freaks and adventures, and finally decided to essay the raiment.

She attired herself, and looked at the effect in the mirror—certainly the flowered damask robe was very becoming, made in the style of the Directory, with scant skirt, lace-bordered sleeves reaching just below the elbow, broad lapels, and a sash binding the waist.

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Kate again shook her head, this time in doubt about the bonnet, but courageously put it on and tied its broad scarf in huge bows under her chin. A second study of the effect brought increased satisfaction.

She must show herself to Foster and Jeanie! Downstairs she skipped, in one of the madcap moods which varied her usually dignified demeanor in a way somewhat confusing to people who did not know her well. Intimate friends had long since pronounced Kate a bundle of such utter contradictions that, as impudent Foster Gwynne phrased the verdict: "It was really a wonder she could hold together."

Kate flew along the hall and down the side passage which ended in the library. As she reached the half-open door, she heard her mother's voice—then Foster's laugh as he answered something of which she only caught the closing words—"Compliments of the season."

No better cue could have been devised for an effective entrance. Another instant, and Kate was in the centre of the room, holding her dress in both hands and dropping a deep courtesy as she cried gayly:

"Same to you!"

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" cried Jeanie Tracy.

"What an odd freak, my dear!" was Mrs. Everton's salutation.

"Bravo, Kate!" exclaimed Foster Gwynne.

"Thanks, Miss Everton!" added a fourth voice; these various utterances so nearly simultaneous that Kate had no time even to look up before these last tones were recognized as the most unwelcome which could have met her ear at this precise moment.

It would have been humiliating enough to be surprised by any outsider in her undignified escapade; but that Horace Danforth, of all people, should prove the witness thereof, was too much to endure tranquilly.

Yet bear it she must, without faltering either, and fortunately Kate's wits could act quick as lightning. There he stood—her special aversion—tall, saturnine, satirical; hoping, she was sure, to enjoy the sight of her discomfiture. Ah, he would be deprived of that pleasure!

She moved toward him, growing a little pale—her fortunate peculiarity at junctures when another girl would have blushed—and extended her hand with a regulation smile on her lips.

"I am glad my first greeting was a good wish, Mr. Danforth," she said. "It is entirely my cousin's fault that it proved so uncere-monious; he told me you could not reach us until quite late in the evening."

"I suppose he must be held free from blame," the visitor rejoined; "for, though he gave me leave to come by the first train possible, I was sure I could not start till night."

He was quite his usual composed self, with a real indifference always apparent under his cordial manner; at least, Kate elected to believe this the case, and had long before decided that the man was antipathetic to her from the core of her heart, with his high and mighty air of disapproval, as if secretly wondering what men universally found in her worth admiring so much.

While these thoughts flashed swift as electric gleams through Kate's mind, she was making an appropriate answer to the visitor's last remark.

"And you know mamma and I are only too ready to share in that bad Foster's pleasure that you were able to change your mind," she said.

"Of course he does," cried Gwynne.

"You see, Miss Everton, my modesty is spared the necessity of answering," added Danforth, quietly.

Positively, the man was worse than ever—and she standing there, in that absurd array, to endure the inspection of his critical eyes!

"I came to show Foster my great-grandmother's gown," she said, with a laugh like a silver bell. "It is to be worn in one of our tableaus. My cousin says you have consented to take part—so I've the satisfaction of knowing I shall see you in a dress just as unbecoming."

"Why! it is the prettiest thing I ever saw," cried Gwynne, "and suits you wonderfully—doesn't it, Dan?"

Kate fancied that the gentleman hesitated an instant, thereby rendering his complimentary reply an impertinence.

"I am at last convinced that our great-grandmothers had good taste in dress," he said.

"How I wish they could be made happy by hearing your verdict!" retorted Kate. Then, afraid that her sneer had been perceptible, she was forced to sacrifice dignity and go back to her frolicsome rôle by way of offering amends. She caught her dress in both hands again, dropped a fresh courtesy, and disappeared.

"She is handsomer than ever—eh, Dan?" cried Gwynne, enthusiastically.

"Doesn't he spoil her dreadfully, Mr. Danforth?" demanded Mrs. Everton.

The visitor's answer was a bow to the mother and a smile in the cousin's direction.

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"He certainly is more unendurable than ever," was Kate's mental comment, as she rushed upstairs. "I would not have believed it possible—but he is."

The pair had seen a great deal of each other during the last two years, yet Danforth would have declared that Miss Everton remained a hopeless puzzle to him, and Kate have vowed that, save for his being her pet cousin's college-chum and dearest friend, the gentleman did not exist for her; but he was her special aversion, all the same.

However, she had no further leisure to bestow on Horace Danforth. Waiting in her rooms, she found Mrs. Boothe, the mistress of the nursery in Kate's childish days, who had elected, when her charge grew up, to act as lady's-maid, thereby retaining more authority over Miss Everton than any other human being could boast. Nursey was not over-pleased at the confusion in which she had found the trunks of costumes; but her young mistress's prettiness in the flowered robe and quaint bonnet speedily appeased her, for Nursey was too sensible to waste time in being cross when any pleasanter occupation offered. Kate dressed in haste to drive to the station.

"Jeanie cannot venture out in the night air; and, if Foster goes, Mr. Danforth must," she thought. "I'll not put up with that." And added aloud: "Nursey, I shall go down the covered way to the stables and get into the carriage. Those two men would think they must escort me, and I don't want them."

"Laws! Miss Kate dear—I'm sure you couldn't have a pleasanter gentleman than Mr. Danforth. Now, I like him—"

"Well, I want Laura to myself for a little," broke in Kate, mentally marveling what spell that man, who seemed so unconscious of her own claims to admiration, cast over all the people about her and made them persistently sound his praises, from mamma to Nursey. "And I wonder you can put a stranger before your pet—Master Foster Gwynne. You are growing very inconsistent, Nursey."

"Not I," retorted the old woman. "And I ain't blind, neither, Miss Kate dear. And why you always seem—"

"There's the clock! Heavens, I shall be late!" cried Kate. And away she dashed, followed by Nursey's warnings as to the necessity for keeping her throat well wrapped up.

Kate reached the stables without encountering either of the gentlemen—a piece of good-fortune which so thoroughly restored her amiability that she did not even grumble over the delinquencies of the weather. New-Year Eve though it was, the ground had not a sufficient covering of snow to warrant getting out a sleigh—she was forced to drive ignominiously in a covered carriage.

She had some time to wait at the station, and, after all, the train did not bring the expected visitor; but a telegram was handed to her which explained the mystery.

Miss Ames's father had selected that special day, of all others, as an eligible opportunity to frighten his family half to death. He fell on the ice in Boston Common—where he had no earthly business to go—and was carried home insensible. The doctors soon brought him round, however, and it was discovered that he had suffered no special injury beyond a sprained ankle.

Of course, Laura had been unable to start as she intended; but, as a simple sprain was not a reason for a man's requiring the attendance of his entire family many days, she hoped soon to be with her friend—though Miss Ames explained her parent's disaster and her own intention in prettier-sounding phrases than I have employed.

As Kate crossed the waiting-room, on her way back to the carriage, she had the surprise of running full against Horace Danforth; worse than this, his first words showed her that she was again placed at a disadvantage.

"Oh, Miss Everton, I am as glad to meet you as Robinson Crusoe was the man Friday!" he exclaimed. "Foster said you were coming to the station, and would bring me; but you were gone before I knew."

"I owe you a thousand pardons!" she cried, horrified that she could be supposed to fail in any matter of hospitality. "Indeed, I did not hear a word about your wanting to come. It is all Foster's fault."

"Nobody's fault," he interrupted, laughing. "I waited for the carriage to drive up, and found you had gone out by the stables; so I took the short-cut over the hill, glad to stretch my legs, and certain I should get here before the train could arrive."

"I never dreamed of your wanting to come," she cried.

"And naturally didn't care to have either of us stupid men interfere with your first meeting with your special friend," he said, still laughing.

"But I would not have forced you to walk, I hope you believe!" she rejoined, earnestly, yet with a slight accent of surprised question which held a ring of annoyance.

"I can imagine nothing that would make you other than a perfect hostess," he replied, in the slow languid tone which had so often inexpress-

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ibly irritated his impetuous listener. "With me, I know you would be especially punctilious."

The cool assurance of the creature! Internally Kate was raging, but she said in her sweetest voice:

"Of course, since you are my favorite cousin's dearest friend."

"That is an ingenious reason, but it's not the one I meant," returned he, lazily as ever. "And the train is in. Your friend—"

"Has been delayed," Kate rejoined, as he paused. "The carriage is waiting by the back platform."

He offered his arm, and she took it mechanically, hearing his voice as they walked on, but deaf to his languid remarks about the unseasonable weather.

"You are dreadfully disappointed," he said, as they reached the carriage. "I am sorry Miss Ames failed you."

Kate explained the cause of her friend's detention. Then, as they drove off, she continued, with her usual directness:

"I was wondering over your ‹ d remark, Mr. Danforth. What did you mean by an ingenious reason?"

"I should have said a polite one. I'm always a clumsy talker," averred he.

"You should say exactly what you mean, and you shall!" rejoined Kate, laughing, but plainly determined to have an answer. "Mr. Danforth, what was your private way of phrasing my reason? I insist on hearing!"

"Then, of course, I must put it into words as well as I can—excuse their bluntness! I know that you only tolerate me because I am Foster's friend; in fact, your not liking me is so active a feeling that one might use a stronger term. There—I'm frank enough to suit even your demand, I should hope."

He spoke rapidly, for him, and ended with another laugh. Kate knew it was not one of enjoyment, but, instead of striking her as a covert sneer, as was usually the case with his laughter, it sounded as if meant to show that he was not hurt or annoyed.

"I am sorry," she began, and stopped short.

"For not liking me?" he asked. "Why, that is my fault or misfortune. You can't blame yourself any more than my for eyes being gray instead of brown. You don't like gray eyes. You said so once."

"You seem to have a remarkable faculty for interpreting my thoughts and remembering the things I should have left unsaid," she replied, at once vexed and amused, yet liking his candor much better than the politely insincere speeches and veiled disapproval which, according to her view, he had always hitherto bestowed on her.

"It is not surprising," he said, after a little pause. His voice was indolent as ever; but the lamp showed Kate that his eyes were fixed on her with an intentness which somehow held a kind of magnetic power. "It is not surprising, because your opinion is of importance to me. You see, from the first I liked you very much, Miss Everton."

Kate broke the magnetic spell by averting her head, and again up surged her odd antagonism.

"How good of you to take so much trouble, Mr. Danforth!" she cried, so playfully that the words might easily have passed for idle persiflage. "How shall I thank you?"

"By believing what I say," he replied, in tones which sounded almost severe.

"Hey! he-e-y!" shouted a voice from the roadside. The carriage stopped, Danforth let down the window, and the voice continued: "That's you, Miss Kate—I knowed your car'r'age! For the land's sake, give a body a lift home! I'm jest played out—that's the truth!"

The speaker was Ann Jemima Saunders, the village seamstress—who, of course, gained the desired admittance; and the pair had the pleasure of her society to Everton Manor, because it appeared that she had promised to spend the night there with the housekeeper, whom fate had made her elder sister.

The next morning proved sufficiently beautiful to be gladly accepted as an omen for a happy year, and, as it chanced to be Sunday, of course its programme in a well-regulated household was easily laid down.

"And ours is well regulated—on this one day, thanks entirely to mamma," Kate announced at breakfast. "Cousin Jeanie and I mean to walk to church; mamma will take the carriage. You two gentlemen can walk or drive, as you please; but you will go to church—that is my mother's dictum."

"Good gracious—Kate!" ejaculated Mrs. Everton, an exclamation which her daughter's vagaries brought forth at least twenty times each day.

"The energy with which the dictum was uttered is peculiarly Kate's own," added Jeanie.

"Whenever Kitty wants to be especially dictatorial, she always puts the brunt on her poor little mater," cried Gwynne. "Dan, do you mean to give in?"

"I always go to church, and I always walk—I promised my mother that I would," Mr. Danforth asserted, with the air of a man who defied contradiction.

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Gwynne was guilty of the enormity of an audible whistle; little dainty Cousin Jeanie laughed outright, and Mrs. Everton followed suit.

"Mr. Danforth," said Kate, grave as ever, "I must beg you to believe that Foster Gwynne is wholly to blame for the unbecoming levity shown by Miss Tracy and her aunt; allow me to apologize for my family."

Of course, there was a general shriek at this absurdity, and Horace Danforth told himself that he had gained at least one step by his attempt at frankness on the previous evening—for the first time in their apparently amicable intercourse, Miss Everton had addressed him as one might an intimate friend.

The path across the fields was frozen hard; the sun shone; the air was just exhilaratingly fresh; and, altogether, the young people's walk proved most enjoyable.

It was not surprising this should have proved the case with Jeanie Tracy and Gwynne, devoted lovers since childhood; but Kate would hardly have predicated such a result for herself and her companion. She was anxious to make amends for her unintentional discourtesy, and forgot to seek occasions for taking offense at what she called his grandly disapproving air. They chanced on subjects of conversation interesting to both, and, during service, Kate actually found herself looking forward to the return walk with satisfaction.

She did not, however, find the expedition so agreeable as she expected; for a neighbor joined them soon after they left the church-yard. Danforth at once fell back in line with the two cousins—for which they were not grateful—and Kate was forced to listen to worthy Mr. Herbert's platitudes with such patience as she could muster.

"You needn't have left me to that tiresome creature's mercy, Mr. Danforth," she said, when the manor-gates were reached and the neighbor had passed on.

"I did just what I thought you would wish me to do," he answered. "You remember what I said last night. May I ask you a question, Miss Everton? It is impertinent, perhaps—but special days ought to give special privileges."

"Consider that they do, then," Kate answered, playfully, though she felt her color rise.

"Why have you always disliked me?" he asked, bluntly.

"Have I?" Kate questioned, mischievously

"I am quite in earnest. I want to know where my fault lies," he persisted, grave as a judge. "I told you I liked you—"

"Then why do you always act as if you disapproved of everything I say or do?" she interrupted, hotly.

"Good heavens! how could you so strangely mistake—" The sentence, begun with such impetuosity that Kate fairly started, was left unfinished. After an instant, he added in an odd repressed tone: "Miss Everton, it is New-Year—let us make a bargain: try to learn to tolerate me—no, to give me a place among your friends—and I will do my best to prove how greatly I shall prize the distinction."

He held out his hand, and Kate gave him hers. Just then, Gwynne and his companion halted, and the pair were obliged to join them.

This was the beginning of a very quiet week, but so pleasant to Kate that she was ashamed at its close to discover how little leisure she had found to regret Laura Ames's detention or to grow impatient for the day which would bring the gay coterie of friends who were expected on a fortnight's visit.

Fortunately, snow had fallen, and the sleighing became tolerable, the lake—that special pride of the county—in capital condition for skating, and, altogether, Kate felt in the best of spirits when the important sixth arrived.

Two huge sleighs were in requisition to meet the guests; Jeanie and Gwynne drove to the station in one, while Kate and Danforth went in the other at Gwynne's suggestion.

"I propose this," he said, with his usual impertinence, "partly because it looks absurd to be followed by an empty sleigh—partly because I want a last chance to warn Jeanie as to her behavior before company."

The dash over the glittering snow made a charming close to Kate's week of unexpected pleasure.

"I haven't bothered you with questions," Danforth said, as they neared the station, "but—"

"I hear the whistle—the train will be in by the time we reach there!" cried Kate. "Oh, I beg your pardon—well, that 'but'?"

"Are we friends? Will you let me feel that you remember we are, however much occupied you may be with all these people?"

Kate had only time to answer by a glance and an affirmative monosyllable, for the sleigh drew up at the platform and the express was already in sight. There were twenty guests; this first evening, was to be ushered in by a dance, to which everybody in the county, who could rank among the Evertons' acquaintances, had received invitations—and this was only the beginning. Amusements must be devised for

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each separate day of the coming fortnight, so Kate had ample occupation on her hands. Of course, Jeanie Tracy and Gwynne were ready and willing to help, and excellent coadjutors they proved; but, in "her special aversion," Miss Everton found her most invaluable ally.

Already it seemed odd that she could ever have tried to persuade herself that he merited this name. Even in the midst of their hottest quarrels—and they usually quarreled at least once a day—the princess of the manor held firm to her friendship. The former title, however, remained to distinguish him, for he had forced her to admit having bestowed it. He frequently styled himself "your dutiful S. A.," and, so far from being vexed, when Kate wished to show extra cordiality she would also employ the initials.

The fortnight proved a series of red-letter days; the guests unanimously declared that it was like living a chapter of some delightful English novel, and the consciousness of giving such pleasure caused Kate to blossom into unusual beauty.

The tableaus ranked among the chief successes, and the scene in which Kate wore her great-grandmother's costume was the most admired of all. Three weeks previous, had a seer prophesied that Horace Danforth would appear as her companion in the picture, Kate's scornful unbelief must have passed all bounds; yet this consummation came about, and did not even strike her as surprising.

The last day of the pleasant episode drew near. Another dance was arranged for the closing evening, and by universal request several of the finest tableaus were to be repeated.

All this time her father's sprained ankle and selfishness had kept Laura Ames a prisoner at home, and it would not have been in human nature to prove superior to jealousy and heartache while being forced to miss such ecstatic experiences as several of the visitors at Everton Manor described minutely in the commiserating letters they sent her.

Laura did not mean to be malicious; she only felt dreadfully cross, and required some outlet for her ill-humor. She wrote Kate that she was astonished to hear of the terms on which everybody declared the imperious princess now stood with her former special aversion. She had thought the matter over, however, and hit on a probable solution of the mystery.

"I am sure you propose to give him a good lesson that he will not readily forget," Laura went on, "and richly will he deserve it. I have heard a great deal about the gentleman lately, and from excellent authority. He is even vainer and more conceited than you always thought. There are no limits to his arrogance and insolence! He boasts that no woman can resist him, and all the while he is engaged to a widow—did you ever hear of her?—a Mrs. Isabel Hansford. She is awfully rich—handsome, too; she has only lately come home from Europe. They say he treated her dreadfully, but she's so crazy about him that—"

Kate flung down the letter, no more able to think in grammatical English than Miss Ames had been capable of writing it in her haste.

Isabel Hansford? This was the name of the young widow who had, only the evening before, arrived on a visit to Mrs. Osborne in Newburg. This latter lady was an intimate friend of Kate's, and had promised to bring her to the dance.

How a dozen trifling incidents returned to Kate's mind! She remembered Danforth's being with her when Rose Osborne's note came. She had read it aloud, and he smiled so oddly that she asked if he knew Mrs. Hansford. She recollected his supercilious tone as he answered: "I used to, a little; but we have not met for a long time."

Then several people entered, and the conversation dropped.

Her special aversion! Kate Everton sat alone in her room, wrathful, pained—a prey to such varied emotions that she was able to shut her eyes to the feeling deepest and sorest of all. She had little time to meditate—the dressing-bell would soon ring; but she found leisure to arrange a programme whereby she meant to get the better of Horace Danforth.

So thoroughly satisfied was she with her scheme that she went down to dinner with blazing eyes, scarlet cheeks, and an amazing flow of spirits. Never had she behaved more graciously to her near neighbor, Mr. Danforth—that is, when she remembered to notice him; yet something in look, tone, or manner gave that gentleman a vague uneasiness which would have rapidly grown into defined trouble had he not been able to assure himself that it must be a fancy of his own restless spirit—she could have discovered no reason for offense in anything he had said or done.

Among the earliest of the evening guests were Kate's friend and her visitor, Isabel Hansford. Very lovely and prepossessing the young widow proved, with a sad expression in her face and a little melancholy ring in her voice which roused Miss Everton's quick sympathies.

"I am in dreadful trouble, Rose Osborne," said Kate. "I can't possibly appear in that

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promised tableau—it comes so early that I shall have no time to dress. Oh, I do wish you could wear my costume—Mrs. Hansford could, but I don't dare ask her. You know—the tableau with Mr. Danforth."

"I'm sure Isabel would take your place—I'll see," returned her friend, and speedily brought the assent of which Kate had felt sure in advance.

As he dressed for his part in the tableau, Danforth congratulated himself that, during its arrangement and while waiting for the curtain to go up on the encore it was certain to receive, he could find time to obtain Miss Everton's assurance that his vaguely uneasy sensations had been wasted.

After all, he was rather late; and, as he hurried on to the little stage, he saw that the heroine of the tableau had already taken her place.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Everton," he exclaimed, in genuine distress.

"We are in plenty of time. I was here in advance," a low voice answered.

The brocade gown, Directoire bonnet, and slender shape were all Kate Everton's, but the voice was one which Danforth had not heard for a long while.

"Horace," the tones continued. "I am so glad of this opportunity. I can speak freely to you, and I want to explain—"

But she could not then, for various people who were to appear in other tableaus began to hover about. Then the stage-manager, Mr. Gwynne, drove the intruders away and sternly ordered the "last century hero and heroine" to assume their rightful positions.

So it came about that Kate Everton had an opportunity to study the pretty picture in which she had several times played the prominent figure, and, to judge from the fixedness with which she gazed at the pair on the stage, the performance evidently possessed an extreme interest for her.

Soon after the tableaus were over, Isabel Hansford found an opportunity for the conversation with Horace Danforth which she had been so desirous of holding. The pair were hidden for nearly half an hour in the conservatory, and, when they emerged, the widow's face had lost the tinge of melancholy which had excited Kate Everton's sympathy.

Miss Everton could see this for herself, as she had been to peep into the dining-room, and returned just as the two came out from their retreat, though she was so completely concealed by a great stand of plants that neither saw her.

She could not catch sight of Danforth's face, for it was bent on his companion; but, as they passed, Kate heard him say:

"My dear Isabel, I am very, very glad; and my own happiness, which—"

He bowed still lower to finish his sentence, then the two moved on. Kate's head was in a whirl, and a sensation which she tried to believe only anger and mortification surged like flame across her heart. During these last days, this man had overstepped the limits of friendship; he had plainly shown a wish to convince her that she had touched the tenderest and strongest feelings of his nature. He was, indeed, a deliberate coquet; that meanest of created beings, a male flirt! Either he loved Mrs. Hansford, or he was attracted by her money. An estrangement there had certainly been, and to amuse himself he had tried to make an impression on her, Kate Everton!

Oh, if there were only some way to punish him! But she was a woman, and therefore helpless. Indeed, there was no space even to indulge in angry thoughts or wishes. The music floated out to where she stood. People were walking up and down the great entrance-hall. She heard herself inquired for. She must appear.

They were in the supper-room before Danforth found an opportunity to speak with her.

"What have I done?" he asked, softly, as he managed to get close to her side. "I should think you vexed, only that my conscience assures me you have no reason."

"Vexed?" she echoed. "I don't understand, Mr. Danforth. I trust that you don't mean to leave us to-morrow, feeling that I have in any way failed in my duty as hostess during your stay. Vexed? Why, one is sometimes that with a relative or intimate friend, but it is a liberty one would not take with anybody else."

It was a long speech, but she uttered it rapidly and with an icy smile that made each word sting; then she was gone.

Nearly an hour later, Danforth, standing in the corridor, heard great confusion in the ladies' dressing-room. Cries, even shrieks, reached his ear.

He dashed upstairs and entered the apartment, to see several silly girls rushing aimlessly about and calling for help. In the centre of the room, trying to wrap a shawl about herself, stood Kate Everton, her dress in a blaze.

Danforth sprang forward, seized a heavy cloak, and folded it about her, while the silly girls shrieked more loudly. By the time other people reached the chamber, Danforth had extinguished the flames and was holding Miss Everton helpless in his arms—she had fainted.

The next morning, on account of several severe burns on her hands and arms and the

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effect of a heavy cold which she had somehow caught, Kate was ordered by the doctor to keep her room and even remain in bed.

The breaking-up of the house-party had been set for that day, and Mrs. Everton was only too glad to see the guests depart. In the afternoon, Kate was feeling much better; and, when she learned that Isabel Hansford had driven over to inquire about her, she insisted on that lady's being allowed to come up to her room.

"So good of you to let me in," the pretty widow said, as she sat down by Kate's sofa. "Rose is ill with a cold, and we were both so anxious to have news of you."

"I shall be all right to-morrow," Kate averred. "I am so vexed at having performed in such a senseless way!"

"Oh, if it had not been for Mr. Danforth!" cried Mrs. Hansford.

This name, so often in her thoughts during the course of the morning, made Kate's blood tingle. It was dreadful to think that she owed him a debt of gratitude, and she had not even sent him a message before his departure.

"I hope you like him as much as he deserves," continued the little widow. "Oh, I want to tell you a secret. Rose has talked about you so much, that I feel as if I knew you really well."

"You are only too good," said Kate, sweetly, "and I dote on a secret. I'm a sybil, too: I prophesy that Mr. Horace Danforth has a part in yours."

"Yes. Oh, I suppose I behaved very ill; yet I'm not really a flirt," pursued the widow. "I dare say Rose has told you that I was engaged to Horace's half-brother. Well, we quarreled last year. I only lately found out that I was in the wrong; but now it's all set straight. Horace has sent him word, and he will be in Newburg this evening."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Nursey Boothe, and Mrs. Hansford soon took her leave. Kate sank back among her pillows, glad to be alone. She was full of penitence and remorse, and how to make amends seemed very difficult. If only, this morning, she had sent him some message; at least, Foster was still in the house—she could tell him.

In the dusk of the evening, she dressed and went downstairs; she was so much better, that when she proposed doing so, Nursey had not the heart to refuse. Her mother was in her room, the butler informed her, and Miss Tracy and Mr. Gwynne had gone for a walk sometime before.

Kate passed on into the library; as she opened the door, the thought of her entrance there on New-Year Eve flashed across her mind. How long ago it seemed! How much she had lived through since then!

She heard a movement, a hasty exclamation, and out from the shadow came Horace Danforth.

"Oh, I never dreamed of seeing you!" he cried. "I only went as far as Newburg—I drove over to hear how you were. Oh, Miss Everton, won't you tell me what I had done—"

"First, let me thank you," she interrupted, and hurried impetuously on. "I want you to forgive me also. Will you do that?"

"Forgive you?" he echoed. "Oh, I have been nearly wild! I thought you had grown to like me, and—and— Oh, Kate, I must speak! I love you! I have loved from the first moment we met. I know you only care for me as a friend; but, at least, let me be that—"

His incoherent sentences came suddenly to an end. Kate Everton had done what few people had seen her guilty of since she grew up—burst into tears.

It was a full half-hour later when Jeanie Tracy and Gwynne came in from their walk. They found the pair still sitting among the shadows; but they were too quick-witted to need light to make matters clear to their comprehension.

Danforth remained at the house that night, and his luggage was brought back.

"I suppose," said impudent Gwynne, "that Kate wants you to stay because she would feel lost if she were deprived of her special aversion."

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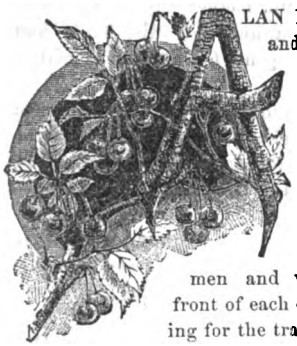
NICHOLAS CLEEVER'S MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.



ALAN Parker paced up and down the outer waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Railway Station in Philadelphia, impatiently watching the clock. Long queues of men and women stood in front of each closed gate, waiting for the trains that were to take them to the South, California, or New York.

Doctor Parker, at each turn, eyed furtively one of these lines stationed before a gate placarded "Germantown"; his glance was that of a man watching for somebody, and ashamed to be seen so watching. Twice he started hurriedly to the stairs, as if resolved to give up the attempt; but each time came back reluctantly, flushed and angry with himself, scanning eagerly the crowd of sober matrons and business-men, hoping to find that the person whom he sought had joined them in his momentary absence.

He was angry at himself: a new sensation in his well-ordered, quiet, busy life—a life too full of study and experiments to leave any room for morbid meditations on Alan Parker and his doings. But this watch of his, he told himself now, was a silly sentimental freak.

"I am spying and following a woman whom I do not know, and, in all human probability, never shall know. It is the act of a fool and a cad. The 'gents' who boast in pool-rooms of their 'best girls' might do such a thing. If a man did it to my sister, I should knock him down!"

He buttoned his coat hastily and turned again to go away. But, at the moment, a tall slight figure in a brown ulster and close-fitting cloth cap joined the crowd in front of the Germantown gate. Doctor Parker stopped short.

He would not watch her! Because a woman was born with extraordinary beauty, and looked like a benign angel who had come down to go about blessing the world—was she to be dogged by every impertinent fellow who chanced to see her in the street?

His blood flashed hotly with shame. He was no impertinent cad! But his feet unconsciously carried him into the crowd which pressed close behind her. The gate was opened; she was pushed on toward it. Great heavens! How could they touch her? That fat woman with a basket, who shoved her to one side! To him, it was sacrilegious as though she had shoved the Blessed Virgin. Fat and lean men, women with packages, and women with babies pushed him also toward the gate—there was a moment's colloquy with the keeper, and he was through, rushing after the brown cloth cap, which he saw dimly in the crowd before him, with a vague idea that she needed protection. A few minutes later, and he was seated in the back part of the car which held her. It was late in a September afternoon. The train was filled with men of business going out to their homes in Germantown, and with their wives and daughters hurrying home after a day's shopping. It was like a gay family party. They nodded and smiled to each other as they took their seats or lingered gossiping in low voices, standing in the aisle.

Alan noticed that his lady of beauty was known to many of these people. He fancied that the eyes of even the most trivial and vulgar among them softened as they were turned on her. Why, even a dog would recognize the purity, the nobility, of that face!

The low afternoon sun struck upon it now. Had it been any other woman, he would have risen and pulled down the shade beside her. But he dared not do it for her. It would be an intrusion—forcing himself on her notice. A stout red-haired little man jerked down the shade, lifting his hat as she bowed, and turning away to talk to another man about natural gas. Natural gas! When she had smiled and spoken to him! Doctor Parker felt a chill of disgust, of actual nausea, as he stared at the man.

The train stopped every five minutes at one of the pretty way station-houses in the midst of rolling hills, dotted with gray stone villas and quaint cottages. Groups of passengers left the car at each station until it was nearly empty. But she kept her seat.

At last the conductor shouted Upsal! She rose, not gathering up untidy little packages

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like the other women, but carrying a flat leather case, which was strapped compactly. She passed close by Alan, her ulster brushed against his seat and disclosed a neat foot cased in high boots. How dainty and complete she was, from the smooth coils of brown hair to the trig rubber sandals! What a home such a woman would make—orderly, refined, picturesque! It will be seen that she now no longer represented an estrayed seraph to him, but a perfect little housekeeper.

He followed her, almost against his will, out of the car, up the muddy depths of Johnson Street, and down a shady lane. She stopped at the gate of an old stone house, built by some of the German weavers who first settled the little town. The walls were thick enough to resist cannon-balls; the oaks and walnuts which gathered about them, shutting them in from the highway, were old when Penn was a ruffling youth, sowing his wild-oats in Paris.

Alan, standing afar off, saw the gate of this blessed place open to receive the woman who was so strangely set apart from all the world, to him.

As he stood looking intently at the house, a gentleman passed him, and, observing him curiously, paused.

"A fine bit of antiquity," he said. "You are fond of such things? One of the oldest houses in Philadelphia."

"Yes—very remarkable."

"It is in good preservation, too," continued the stranger. "The tenants are very courteous to antiquarians, as I myself proved. They are young people, named—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Alan: "I do not intend to intrude on them. I am not enough of an antiquarian to justify a visit."

He made a remark or two on the architecture of the old dwelling to soften his brusqueness, and then hurried away. He would not ferret out her name from a stranger. He had not fallen so low!

Doctor Parker resolved to walk home, to wear off his nervous excitement, and soon struck into the park. As he strode along with the steady swing of the practiced pedestrian, he thought over this escapade coolly. After all, why should he not follow this girl? He did it with the reverence a devout Catholic would feel to a saint.

The mere sight of her strengthened, uplifted him as the reading of a noble poem or a strain of music would do. "Heaven knows there is not so much in my life that is inspiring or sweet," he thought.

Then his mind swung slowly back from the pretty girl to an experiment which he was making, that day, on the nerve-centres of a rabbit.

Alan Parker was a farmer's son, in New Jersey, born with a natural irresistible vocation for surgery. He worked his way through college and the medical school, and, after he was graduated, settled down on one of the narrow streets near the Naval Asylum, in Philadelphia, in hopes of finding practice. There were two doctors already in the block; but Alan saw their signs on the doors as in a dream, without an idea that they could in any way affect his success. In matters of business, he was a child—and always would be one.

His father was now dead, and he had no kinsfolk. He had but himself to care for. The clothes he had would last for a year or two. He rented two rooms in a small house for a trifle, and cooked his own meals. The half-dozen patients who came to him paid for his rent and food. Having thus reduced the necessities of life to the simplest conditions, he gave himself up with breathless zeal to his experiments upon the brain and nervous system. For three years, he had been working in the little house in St. Alban's Place, in the same direction as two of the great German specialists, but without results. Sometimes, he felt that he was on the verge of a great discovery; but the supreme moment passed—empty. He gained no more practice. Indeed, three of the six patients had called in Doctor Potts, round the corner. True, Alan had cured them promptly and thoroughly; but he was unpopular—Doctor Potts knew all of the babies in the neighborhood, and, when called in to minister to the father's rheumatism, chatted for an hour about Johnny's teeth and Paddy's weak stomach. Doctor Parker was in too great haste to return to the frog whose legs he had paralyzed, or to the pigeons that were hopping about with half of a brain, to talk family gossip.

It troubled him little that half of his patients left him. He ate meat but once, instead of twice, a week, and thought no more about it.

But it did trouble him that he had no companionship. As for Doctors Potts and White "et al," they cared nothing for his work in the gray matter of the brain. The books told them what dose to give Jimmy Brown for measles or old Quinn for his palsy: what more was there in medicine than that? And Alan knew none of the great specialists in the city, whose work was in the more obscure paths of science.

He could not spend his evenings talking ward politics and drinking beer with the club which

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met over the grocery shop at the corner; neither could he take any comfort in the tawdry gentility of the grocer's daughters, to whom Potts had introduced him. He knew no better class of men or women. For two years, therefore, he had lived in the loneliness only possible in a great city.

A month or two ago, while walking down Broad Street, a young girl had passed him, who seemed to him different from any woman he had ever seen, just as the scent of white hyacinths was cleaner and purer and more vivid to him than that of any spring flower. He followed her, unconsciously, as he might have followed the hyacinths when carried before him. She took the Germantown car, and left him standing with a smile on his face. It seemed as if his whole heart and soul smiled as they had not done for years. In a few moments, however, he had forgotten her, as he had the blue sky of that morning or a song heard by chance. A week or two later, he accidentally met her again at the same hour and place. His life was singularly cold and barren; this was a keen pleasure. He fell into the habit of walking to the Broad Street Station every Tuesday at four o'clock, and always saw her. She, however, had never noticed him in the crowd.

To-day, as we have seen, he followed her to Germantown.

CHAPTER II.

"HELLO, Parker! Well, this is luck! I've been at your office twice to-day and missed you, and here you are!"

A thick-set, red-haired young man, whose clothes bespoke him the leader of fashion in some country town, hurried down the hill to the bank where Parker lay stretched by the river. It was Tom Anderson, one of his schoolmates in the Jersey village in which they both were born. Alan welcomed him eagerly.

"Bless my soul, boy, how altered you are! I never should have known you under that red beard." He put his hand on the stranger's shoulder affectionately, with a show of feeling rare to him. He had never been particularly fond of young Anderson, but just at that moment he represented to the lonely man his home and his youth.

Tom shook hands heartily enough, but he eyed the city doctor critically as he did it.

"His coat is old style. We haven't worn that cut in Perryville for two year. Parker's down on his luck, I reckon," ran his secret meditation, while he was talking briskly enough —retailing Perryville gossip. He had come to town with that certain awe of Alan, which youths of his stamp in country towns have for successful men in cities; but his tone, after inspection of the clothes, grew familiar, and at last patronizing.

"How do you make out here, Parker? Many patients?"

"Enough to keep me in bread and butter. Or, I ought to say, in bread and no butter," said Alan, laughing.

"That's bad! You could have done better than that at home. Caldwell began later than you did, in our county, and his practice runs up to two thousand on the books."

"I don't care so much for money," hesitated Parker. "I would prefer to stay in town, even without patients."

"Don't care for money?" The Perryville storekeeper stared at him, bewildered. "I don't know what you mean. What is there to care for?"

"It is better here, for a physician, than in the country. There are the libraries and hospitals and rooms for vivisection—a man can keep abreast with his time. There is a chance for experiments."

Anderson burst into a loud guffaw. "Why, ain't you done studying? You've got your parchment. Pshaw, Parker, you can't shut my eye! Who is she?"

Alan laughed again, stretching himself at full length on the grass. "You are too sharp, Tom. There is no woman in this case. I do not know one in Philadelphia, except my laundress and landlady."

"You're unlucky," said Tom, with an incredulous knowing nod. All Perryville had been wont to regard Parker as a rising man in the medical world, and the centre of a fashionable circle in Philadelphia; and Tom, when he came up to the city, had undefined hopes of being introduced to the unknown fine ladies and swell youths of whose doings he read in the society columns of the Sunday paper. He suspected, for a moment, that Alan was ashamed to present him to his friends. But a glance at his own new clothes and the blazing garnet pin on his blue satin cravat banished that fear. Parker told the truth, probably. He had not the dash or push to make a man of fashion.

"I'm sorry for you, Al," he said, good-humoredly. "Now, if you lived in Trenton, I know some high-flyers there, and could give you a boost socially. But I have never met any Philadelphians, unfortunately. Oh, by the way," he added, after a moment's pause, "I ran accidentally across a cousin of yours, to-day out on the West Chester road."

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"A cousin of mine? I did not know I had a single kinsman living. You must be mistaken, Anderson."

"No. This is old Cleever. He has a little place near Media. Three or four acres and an old tumble-down house. Did you never hear of him?"

"Nicholas Cleever? A chemist? Is it possible that he is still alive? I used to hear my mother talk of his oddity. He was her cousin, and an old man when she was young."

"He's very much alive. A dried up old mummy who breathes, and may go on breathing for ages. You ought to look him up, Al, if you are so poorly off for relations."

"I will."

"I turned him up by chance. Had some bills to collect for the firm out that way, called at a few houses to leave samples—we handle the Magic Cultivator now—and so came across old Grampus. The minute I heard the name, I remembered your mother's story of how he used to loan single dollars to the school-boys at twenty per cent. interest. So I inquired, and it's the same old party. He has loaned dollars to some purpose, though. He's worth a million, they tell me," glancing sharply at Parker.

"A chemist in a country town would hardly amass such a fortune," said Alan, carelessly.

"He was an assayer, and took his knowledge out to California when the gold-fever began.

The two men were walking down the river road. Anderson observed that Parker's gait had quickened in the last few minutes, and that his eyes shone. "The very mention of old Cleever's money has put new blood into him," he thought. "I reckon you'll soon go out to hunt the old man up?" he said, aloud.

"Yes. Did you notice any likeness to my mother, Tom? She was a Cleever. You don't know what a surprise it is to me to find that I have a blood relation alive. I thought myself altogether alone in the world. It is a great pleasure."

"Yes," said Tom, dryly. "No doubt. Especially when the blood is backed by a million."

"What can that possibly matter to me? I suppose the man has an army of children and grandchildren. They will be my kinsfolk, too."

"No. He is a bachelor. You are probably his nearest relative."

"Poor old fellow! It is bad enough to be alone when one is young and has the days full of work. But in old age—I'll go out soon to see him."

"No doubt!" muttered Tom, again, with a significant nod. But his attention was distracted now by the carriages and riders that passed them, hurrying back to town through the gathering twilight. Tom eyed the stately matrons and delicate young girls critically.

"Some very tony parties there, Al. And you don't know any of them?"

"Not one."

"Aha! Tommy Anderson would have made his way before now into the 'ton.' Well, perhaps it's as well you didn't. You've been faithful to the dreams of your youth, I suppose. 'For his heart was true to Poll.'"

Alan stared at him. "I do not understand you," he said.

"Victoria Walker is coming up to visit some friends in town, this winter. Do you catch on now?"

"I remember Victoria Walker—the baker's daughter in Perryville—though not distinctly. A fat little girl, with black hair in kinky curls. But what have I to do with her?"

"Ah-h! You sly heart-smasher!" slapping him on the back. "Victoria claims to be engaged to you. She wears a ring you gave her, and has some other love-tokens of yours."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Alan, angrily. "You forget, Anderson, that it is ten years since I left Perryville. The baker's daughter was then a child, and I an ignorant farm-boy."

"She's no child now, then. She's a bouncing black-eyed woman of twentyfour: red cheeks, black curls, weight a hundred and seventy—a regular armful of joy. You are old enough to marry now, you'll allow? So is she—and ready. I don't know, Parker, what claim she has on you, but she brags of an engagement, and letters which passed between you. She is coming up to town, and you will assuredly hear from her."

"Nonsense!" said Alan. "We can take a street-car here, if you would rather ride. You will spend the night with me?"

"No. I must catch the ten-o'clock train for Trenton. I'm sorry—I'd like to have seen your roost."

Alan went with him to the station, and saw him pass through the gate with a sense of relief. He had welcomed Tom as a part of his childhood. But how unendurable he was! Had he always been so pretentious and vulgar? Could it be possible that he himself had been a loud-mouthed braggart as a village-boy?

And this terrible woman who was coming—he shuddered as he hurried down the darkening street. It was with difficulty that he remembered her. But he did remember that her red cheeks and inky hair had seemed very beautiful

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to his boyish eyes. "I was a young animal, with the instincts of an animal," he thought, savagely. There was a vague recollection of one evening, when the big precocious girl had sat next to the shy thin boy at singing-school, of an exchange of cheap rings, of a kiss given in the dark.

A chill of disgust nauseated him—he hurried on. No man, perhaps, is satisfied when his dead self, with its long-forgotten propensities and passions, rises to confront him. But, to Alan Parker, this episode of his boyhood seemed to belong to some other and lower world. A butterfly might so remember his slimy loves when he was a worm.

CHAPTER III.

THE light-brown figure which Doctor Alan Parker had followed with such awed reverence passed through the door of the old house into a low-ceiled wide hall. He fancied the seraphs had such beauty as hers. But very few people would give her credit for any beauty at all. There certainly was nothing seraphic in the firmly shut mouth and brown reasonable eyes disclosed when she took off her hat.

A plump baby-faced old lady met her at the door, shaking her head warningly. A young man was on his knees on the stairway inside, tacking on each step a strip of raveled earth-colored rag, and daubing on the front of each a line of scarlet paint. He sang a church anthem, meanwhile, at the top of his voice.

"Don't say a word, Beesy!" begged the old lady, in a whisper. "I told him you had just got the carpet paid for, and that we thought it so neat; but he tore it off. Here it is. I was trying to fold it up," pointing to a heap of carpet, mossy brown in color, and full of rents where it had been torn from the floor.

"Oh, is that you, Eloise?" called the eager workman, not pausing long enough to look around. "That was atrocious stuff you had put down. It tortured me. Look at the stairs now! There is a touch of art for you. Nothing but bits of coffee-sacks fringed! But see the welcome—the fervid tone of the two colors! It will meet a guest like an outstretched hand."

"I'm sure I'll break my neck over those rags, Thaddeus," whimpered his mother.

Thaddeus drove in a final tack with a victorious rat-tat-tat.

"'Triumphant Zion! raise thy head,'" he sang, in time to the hammer. "Break your neck? Nonsense! It is amazing how dull you and Eloise are about art. I've been trying to educate you these two years. Now, look at that," standing back by the door and viewing the stairs as rapturously as he might Raphael's Madonna. "Is it possible you do not see the feeling there?"

"It's very artistic, dear Thaddeus, I know," his mother piped. "But Louisa has been so long saving money to buy the carpet, and it only went down on Tuesday. It seems a pity, and that is so raggy—"

"Raggy? You have a work of art, instead of a strip of wool!" said Thaddeus, angrily. "There's no use in my sacrificing my time and thought to a lot of women who give me no thanks. I have appreciation everywhere outside of my own home."

"Nonsense, Thad!" his sister said, patting him on the shoulder good-humoredly. "Put up your hammer, and dress for dinner."

One of the lessons which Thad Rawley had tried to teach his womenkind, during the two years he had deigned to live with them, was the necessity of full evening toilette for dinner.

"It is indispensable in England," he told them a thousand times. "I once dined with Lady Boughton, quite 'en famille,' and the ladies wore decolleté gowns, without exception."

"But Lady Boughton had not to run out and see to the chops, as poor Beesy has to do," whined Mrs. Rawley. "Prudy burns them to rags, and you're so particular, Thaddeus."

However, she put on her old black silk and lace fichu every day, and faced Thaddeus in his shabby evening-dress, to eat solemnly the chops or batter-cakes which constituted dinner in the Rawley mansion. Thaddeus was wont to eye Louisa in her all-day brown merino, with actual tears of vexation in his eyes.

"Why can you not be in harmony with the place and scene?" he would moan. "These things are trifles to you, but they sting me to the quick. I am not constituted like you. I am one throbbing nerve."

Sometimes, after Louise had cooked the meal—which, by the way, she had paid for—she would put on a pretty evening-dress, and sit in state at the table. She had great good-humor, and usually her temper gave way to her brother's uneasy whims, as soft sunny June air does to a darting gad-fly.

Mrs. Rawley had been left a widow with a small income; it was large enough, however, to support her in modest comfort, had her son been a commonplace man. He was, unfortunately, a genius—in the opinion, at least, of Thaddeus Rawley. Only the most expensive school, and, after that, Harvard College, could fitly prepare his intellect for its work in life. Neither at

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school nor at Harvard was he treated with the consideration due to his sensitive nature. He left before graduation, and for three years was supposed to study law at the University. When his class came up for final examination, he suddenly left it, and declared that he meant to give his life to art, and art was a goddess only to be worshiped in Paris. Mrs. Rawley sent him to Paris. There he remained for two years. His devotion to art was of too lofty a character to permit him to try to earn any money. "You cannot serve that divinity and Mammon," was his maxim. Hence Mrs. Rawley, to support him, was compelled to sell her little store of jewelry, to withdraw Louise from school, and to move into an old house which she rented for a trifle.

Thaddeus suddenly returned from Paris, opened a studio in Philadelphia, the rent and equipment of which cost his mother one-third of her income. He seldom visited it. He had been at home now two years, and had not painted a picture. He was nursing his genius, he said, until it was strong enough for a flight that would astonish the world. To keep it in a healthy condition required plenty of flirtation with all the girls in the neighborhood, season tickets for the opera, velvet smoking-jackets, bric-a-brac, and dainty luncheons at the Bellevue. It never occurred to him to inquire where the money came from which paid for this costly diet for his muse. "I have a certain sensitiveness," he often said, "which shrinks from discussion of the dirty dollar."

It was quite another sensitiveness which hindered his sister from forcing it on his notice.

She and his mother were busy enough in such discussion just now. While Thaddeus retired to dress, they had shut themselves up in Louisa's little chamber and were counting over a very lean roll of bills which she took from her purse.

"They only paid a dollar apiece for the pincushions, mamma. They say there is no demand for them now, and fifty cents for the knit sacques, and three dollars a dozen for the painted menus—"

"Hush-h! Thaddeus would be terribly mortified if he knew you were trying to paint, Beesy. Indeed, I don't think he would approve of your taking money for your work, anyhow—"

Beesy lifted her eyebrows, but laughed good-humoredly. "Now, there is the rent," she hurried on, "and here is the baker's money, and the milkman's—that leaves just two dollars."

"Dear, dear! I thought you could get a warm dress this month, Beesy! This is—" She put her hand on Louisa's shoulder, glancing over her faded thin gown with the tears in her eyes. "You've had it four years."

"Nonsense! It is very comfortable and pretty." She threw her arms about her mother. The laugh and the energetic hug restored Mrs. Rawley. It was not often that she spent her sympathy on Beesy. Was she not a commonplace girl, needing nothing more than ordinary women? It was Thaddeus, with his artistic nature, his innumerable longings, to whom poverty was a curse. It was he who needed a mother's sympathy.

"Only two dollars for all your materials and car-fare this month? And suppose poor Thaddeus wants to draw on you? I gave him all I had last week, and I very much fear it is gone."

"He will draw on a broken bank, I'm afraid. Who is that?" as the front gate clanged, and a bent shuffling figure crept up the path.

Mrs. Rawley peeped out between the curtains, and clasped her fat hands.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! It is your cousin, Nicholas Cleever, Beesy. He will stay for dinner, and what will Thaddeus say?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALE OF SLEEP.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

The vale of sleep holds many a phantom,
And eidolon of living things;
But none so sweet as that dear spirit,
Thy dream-form, night to me oft brings.

In thine own shape it seems to hover
In distant lanes, or, drawing near,
Some sweet caress or kiss doth proffer,
Only than truth to me less dear.

And since awake our lives are parted,
The land of sleep than other lands
Is dearer far; for there, light-hearted,
I feel thy soft caressing hands.

And spirit-kisses falling lightly
Have power to bless, since fate's eclipse
Withholds all else. In visions nightly,
I feel the rapture of your lips.

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A ROSE FOR TO-DAY.

BY CLARA E. SAMUELS.

"TELL me a story, please," said little Robbie, the only child of the pretty gentle-faced widow who was staying at the East Shore Hotel, a well-known resort on Long Island Sound.

"Once upon a time—" Maud began.

"The stage is coming down the Point!" cried one of the girls, from a hammock.

"Once upon a time," Maud repeated, "a princess sat looking out over the water, wishing—"

"I don't like that story," interrupted Robbie. "Mamma told it to me, this afternoon; and the prince never came back, although she wished it ever so long."

"But the prince of my story did, my boy," laughed Maud.

"Here is the stage," said Major West, Maud's devoted admirer. And, as he spoke, the solitary passenger alighted—a dark man, apparently in feeble health: for he came up the piazza-steps, leaning on the arm of a body-servant, and went immediately to the room for which, it seems, he had telegraphed.

"The prince has come, Robbie," whispered Maud. But she stopped suddenly, at sight of the white face of the boy's mother. What could it mean? Was there any connection, she wondered, between this newcomer and Margaret Vane's sorrow?

Whether this was so or not, from that day a change came over the shy silent widow. Before this, she had always pleaded some excuse for not joining our sailing-parties, picnics, and other excursions; but now she was the first to propose them and the last to suggest returning.

One day, when we came back, the sick stranger was seen for the first time on the piazza. He was occupying Mrs. Vane's low rocker, in a shady corner.

"Someone ought to take care of the poor fellow," said Maud to Mrs. Vane. "The night air is coming on, and he is sound asleep; it is dangerous, especially as his cough is so bad."

When the stranger woke from his sleep, half an hour after, he was surprised to find a gay-striped afghan, soft and warm, and exhaling a faint rose-perfume, thrown over him.

"I will not trouble you long—not long," he murmured, as if still half unconscious. And he rose and moved feebly away.

The next morning broke cold and rainy, with a high wind. All day, the invalid occupied a seat near the fire which had been kindled in the public sitting-room. He spoke but little. Often, his eyes wandered to little Robbie, who played about; and, once or twice, they furtively sought Mrs. Vane. When evening came, Margaret was asked to sing, for all knew how fine her voice was. She sat down and began to play. At first, the notes throbbed with the sound of victory after a long and wearisome march; then a waltz, softly, dreamily played, followed; and one had only to close one's eyes to see a lighted room and the figures swaying in rhythmic time with the music.

"Mamma, please sing your pretty song," Robbie called: "the 'Rose Song.'"

The sick guest stirred uneasily in his chair by the fire.

Mrs. Vane hesitated for a moment, then played the prelude, tender and low and sorrowfully sweet, and afterward sang, in her wonderful way, these quaint words:

> What flower shall I wear, my love to show?
> A lily pale—a lily? Ah, no!
> For yesterday 's dead, when lilies did blow.
>
> A pansy sweet—a pansy? Ah, no!
> For summer will come and summer will go,
> And pansies will blossom beneath the snow.
>
> A flow'r for to day, my love to show—
> A deep-red rose, that brightly will glow
> And will tell my love that I love him so.

During the singing, the face of the stranger wore an expression of utter weariness. The eyes were closed. "Can it be," Maud thought, "that the end is so near? Major West says so. Perhaps, to-morrow, the windows will be darkened, and we who laugh to-night will tread softly and talk in whispers of the dead man."

When Margaret arose from the piano, she too saw the white face, with the strange look upon it. A great tear, at that moment, dropped from the closed eyelids and fell upon the thin hand.

She crossed the room with a hurried step and knelt by the invalid's side.

"Robert!" she cried, "Robert! my husband!" Oh, the pathos of that cry! "You are dying, and have no word for me! Yet you have tears for our little song!"

He opened his eyes and looked at her eagerly.

"Not tears for the song, Margaret, but for the cruel years that have slipped between," he said. "and have taken from me my wife and child."

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"Oh, Robert! Robert!" she exclaimed, in a voice in which incredulity and tenderness mingled with a pathos which no words could describe.

"No man ever more highly prized his treasures than I did mine," he went quickly on, answering the passionate appeal in her tone. "How could you distrust me? Oh, Margaret! Margaret! How was it possible that, even for a moment, you could doubt my love?"

"Robert, what was I to think—how could I help doubting?" she cried, with a rush of hot tears. "Oh, forgive me if I have wronged you—forgive me!"

"You wronged your own heart as sorely as mine," he answered, laying his hand softly on her bowed head. "I see that now—now when it is too late."

"No! no!" she groaned. "It is not too late—it shall not be!"

"Hush!" he said, with a slow painful smile. "It is not for you or me to decide or rebel against; whatever the burden, our duty is plain—to bear it as patiently as we can."

"It is too hard—too hard!" she sighed.

"Nothing is too hard when the sorrow is not of our own causing," he replied.

"But this is my work, you say," she cried. "Oh, if I had been more patient—if I had only waited—only waited!"

"Yes; you might have trusted me."

"I had—I had—until—until—"

Her voice broke; her eyes were raised to his face for an instant; then her head sank again on the arm of the chair.

"You would have only had to wait a day longer," he said, in a repressed difficult voice.

"A day? Only one day?"

"Only that, Margaret—only that."

"Oh, this is too terrible!" she exclaimed. "And I cannot understand—I cannot!"

"When I reached home, you were gone," the husband continued, in the same choked difficult tone. "Now Robbie has completely forgotten me—completely; and you—"

"They told me you were not coming—and I thought they knew!" she interrupted.

"They?" he repeated, with a sudden thrill of passion in his tone.

"Yes—your own relatives!"

"Only one of my relatives, I think, Margaret," was the rather cold response.

"Oh, Robert—my husband!" she cried again, with passionate yearning and regret. "I only began to think there might be a mistake when your cousin sent for me, in her last illness."

"She made no confession?"

"She could not talk connectedly; the few broken explanations she attempted were so vague that I could not catch them; and—and—"

"Well, Margaret, well?"

"Oh, I suppose my terrible pride stood in the way," she sobbed. "I could not be sure that I had been mistaken. I could not go back without one word from you—I might have found my presence unwelcome. I did think of trying—I did!—but that fear restrained me, held me fast. Oh, I knew that to see you and find I was not wanted would drive me mad."

He lifted her head with his frail hand and looked into her face, while a smile of heavenly sweetness illumined his own.

"Margaret, I love you now, and I loved you then."

What did it all mean? She was not a widow, then; but had parted from her husband, and in anger.

We all rose, as by one impulse, and left the room: left them together, husband and wife and child.

Afterward, when the happy reconciliation was complete, we who had learned to know and love Margaret Vane heard the whole story of the misunderstanding which had resulted in such long years of separation and misery to the pair who had loved each other devotedly in spite of their foolish pride and hastiness.

Mrs. Vane sent for Maud, to whom she had always felt most closely drawn, and, with trembling lips and eyes in which joy and peace shone through tears, told the tenderly sympathizing girl the whole sorrowful story.

"We were very young, both of us, and I—I behaved like a silly child; but I have been bitterly punished for my folly—surely it was nothing more. I meant to do right," said Margaret.

"I am sure you did," Maud answered, consolingly. "And now all is well—never mind the unhappy past."

"Ah! but it is difficult to forget, and besides I must explain. Robert was not to blame—it was my fault and—his cousin's."

Maud gently pressed the speaker's hand as she paused an instant, almost overcome.

"You see," went on Margaret, "she had loved him, poor thing, all her life. She was terribly angry when he married me, but she did not allow me to see that. I trusted and loved her. Robert went away unexpectedly—it was not his own affair, but somebody else's trouble—a friend's."

Mrs. Vane stopped a moment, almost overcome

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by the thought of her cruel misjudgment, while Maud whispered:

"Do not tell me. I know it is all right."

The other shook her head and continued:

"He was detained longer than he expected to be. His cousin told me he was never coming back—that—that he had left me forever—gone," her voice broke, "with someone whom he loved better. I could not bear it, so I took Robbie and went away in my anger. I had enough to live on, and, when Robert came back, he believed what his cousin told him of me. Ah! it was too dreadful!"

"He will live now," Major West said to Maud, as they separated for the night.

Again the morning dawned, but now a sunny sky was overhead. We were awaiting the arrival of the stage, in which Maud was to leave.

"I knew you understood," Margaret was saying to her, "the night you told me Robert would never get well if not better cared for."

"And I was quite sure that I was indeed cared for," her husband broke in, with a smile, lifting a corner of the afghan which was folded across his lap.

"We are to have a cottage of our own here, next summer, and you must come and visit us then." And, looking into wee Robbie's pleading brown eyes, what could Maud answer but "Yes"?

Major West now approached, holding a crimson rose, which he held out to Maud.

"Lilies for yesterday, pansies for to-morrow, but roses for to-day," he said. "Will you wear it for me, Maud?"

And, for answer, she fastened it in her shining braids of hair, and smiled back at him as he escorted her to the stage.

MY NEW-YEAR EVE.

BY M. A. O'NEILL.

'Tis New-Year Eve; bright, keen, and cold,
The earth is covered deep with snow,
And bells chime on the frosty air,
Recalling scenes of long ago.

Each tree and bush is robed with white,
And earth is clad in pure array.
The stars are drifting o'er the sky,
The New Year comes with royal sway.

The chiming bells ring out the old;
I sit here bidding it farewell,
And thinking all that life may hold
Before is heard its funeral knell.

The old year's dead; and, musing here,
I think of all time bore away.
Though weary years have passed since then,
My loss seems none the less to-day.

For, as I list with throbbing heart,
I think of happy days gone by—
Of sunny heads that nestled here,
Then left me lone, to dwell on high.

Their little mounds are far away,
And, side by side, I see them lie;
The prairie roses o'er them grow,
The wintry winds sweep coldly by.

Sing softly by those little graves,
Where birds sing in the summer air,
And winter snows fall gently down,
Enfolding them with tender care.

And, oft as comes the New Year's birth,
These memories carry me afar;
I lift my tear-dimmed eyes from earth,
And gaze beyond, through gates ajar.

For, oh! I know they watch for me,
Those angel forms I once called mine;
Around God's throne they joined the band
That sing of love divine.

No more I doubt, as once of yore—
I know that all God's ways are best;
And some day, for the cross I bear,
He'll give me joy and rest.

Some day, some morn, I'll greet my own,
The ones redeemed who went before;
For, as I watch on earth for them,
They wait for me beyond time's shore.

IF.

BY R. L. MACOMB BRISTOL.

If a heart does beat itself to death
For loving thee, can such things be?
Nay, it would wish for breath
To live again and suffer pain.

If sleep did come and last for aye,
Dreams would come and plague you some;
And, if awake, you would plead and sigh
For the distress that would bring caress.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

THE CARE OF THE SICK IN PROLONGED ILLNESS.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

In cases of acute disease, the person becomes almost immediately dangerously ill, there is a short time of fierce struggle on the part of the patient, of intense watchfulness and overwhelming anxiety on the side of the friends, and then a change comes: either convalescence begins or the end approaches, and the contest is soon over. It is well known that all maladies do not run their course so quickly, and, when the illness is protracted and the sufferer confined to bed for many weeks, peculiar care is required in the nursing, that nature may be helped and not hindered in the efforts she is making toward recovery. There are special dangers to be guarded against and special duties to be attended to, which are not difficult if the nurse is sufficiently impressed with their importance and has some knowledge of the best way to meet them.

Doctor George H. Hope has said: "Scores of people die when long confined to bed, not of the disease or accident, but of sores caused by neglect, and in numbers of cases neither patient nor nurse has any idea of what is going on." This is strong, perhaps exaggerated, language: for the sufferer is usually aware of the mischief, although often not until too late to remedy it. But it is not too strong if it rouses one attendant to the fact that want of proper care on her part means additional suffering, and perhaps loss of life, to her charge. A few simple precautions begun in time will entirely prevent this dreaded evil.

The back, especially the lower portion of the spine, should be bathed with alcohol every day; this must be allowed to evaporate, and not wiped off. When the part is perfectly dry, dust with corn-starch. English physicians recommend as a wash, instead of alcohol alone, one ounce of spirits of wine with two grains of bichloride of mercury. If the skin becomes red, lycopodium powder can be substituted for the corn-starch; it can be procured from any druggist. Plasters of various kinds have been prescribed; but, in my experience, they are apt to wrinkle and do more harm than good. The best aid to prevention is to relieve the part from pressure—not to allow one position to be retained too long at one time. If the invalid usually lies on the back, turn on one side; or, if this attitude is painful, make a square of four pillows, and let the end of the spine come over the hole in the middle of the square. All exposed points, as the elbows, shoulders, and heels, should be examined often, and, if necessary, bathed and powdered. A thick ring, made of cotton batting wound with strips of cotton, is useful to relieve pressure on an elbow or heel. The sheet should be frequently straightened and kept scrupulously free from crumbs.

To the uninitiated, the idea of a bath in bed seems an absurd paradox; yet nothing is more easy than to give a refreshing sponge-bath, without either wetting the bed or giving cold to the occupant. One should be given at least every three days, unless prohibited by the doctor. The temperature of the room should not be below seventy degrees, two thick blankets must be provided, a basin of tepid water, a soft sponge, not too large, two towels, and all is in readiness. Spread one blanket on the bed, and draw from underneath it all the bed-clothing that covers the patient; move her to one side of the bed, and, having doubled the second blanket, lay it smoothly on the space she has vacated, and then lift her back on it; remove the night-dress, keeping her well covered with the upper blanket; squeeze the sponge tolerably dry, and, beginning with the face, bathe the whole person, wetting only a small surface at one time, and drying that before proceeding farther. When the bath is finished, replace the night-dress and coverings, draw out the blankets, and the seeming impossibility is an accomplished fact.

Changing the under sheet is sometimes found difficult when the sufferer is helpless; it can be done most easily in the following manner: Taking hold of one side of the sheet, roll it loosely for about half the width, and lay it in readiness to put on; move the patient to one side of the bed, and push the soiled sheet toward her, leaving half the mattress exposed; on this, lay the smooth part of the sheet that has been prepared, having the roll in the middle of the bed; lift the patient over the roll on to the clean sheet, pull off the soiled one, unroll the fresh one, and tuck both sides firmly under the mattress. A night-

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dress can be put on with little trouble by first slipping the arms into the sleeves, raising them above the head, then, holding the folds from the back of the neck to the bottom tightly gathered in one hand, raise the head with the other, put them over it, and, raising the shoulders and body, draw the garment down into place.

When a bed-rest cannot be procured, a common chair will answer the purpose of a support for the pillows, if it is turned bottom upward, the seat resting against the headboard of the bed, and the back making a comfortable slope when well padded with pillows. If a person is tired of a recumbent position, it is a great relief to be placed in a partially upright one, as can be done by this contrivance. To guard against slipping down in the bed, a foot-rest should be provided. This should be something firm, as a box or block of wood, to fill the space between the feet of the invalid and the foot of the bedstead; it can be covered with a blanket when in use. A bed-table will be found very convenient; one can be made at small expense, a thin piece of board about fifteen inches wide and two feet long, with four short legs about three inches high, being all that is necessary.

If a light is required in the sick-room, a kerosene-lamp should never be allowed to burn there during the night; it vitiates the air more or less, and must not be admitted. Gas is unsafe, because, if turned down—unless the burner is of unusually perfect construction—it will escape. Night-lights can be purchased that are unobjectionable; but, when expense is an object, a candle answers every purpose. If finely powdered salt is put on the top, until it reaches the black part of the wick, a mild steady light may be kept for many hours with a very small expenditure of candle.

An open fire is almost indispensable as a ventilator in a room that is constantly occupied; if the inmate is sensitive to noise and annoyed by the sounds necessarily made in replenishing it, they must be softened as far as possible. If the lumps of coal are wrapped in newspaper before being brought into the room, they can be laid on the grate very quietly. A wooden stick answers, instead of a poker, to clear the bars, and is comparatively noiseless. The ashes should drop into a pan, which can be removed and emptied elsewhere.

From the first day of the illness, a point should be made of admitting fresh air into the apartment at least twice in the twentyfour hours. It is well if the window can be kept open an inch at the top all the time, a strip of baize being nailed on the window-frame, covering the opening like a curtain, to prevent a draught. Sometimes the air outside is too cold to render this possible, and then the window must be opened at stated intervals for a few moments, the invalid first being covered with a blanket, drawn over the headboard of the bed to protect the face. This need not be removed until the air of the room is warm again. It should be kept in mind that windows are made to open and doors to shut. The air of the house should be excluded as much as possible, unless indeed it is one of those happy dwellings whose plumbing is perfect and whose sanitary condition is without a flaw. A thermometer is indispensable in the sick-room; when the mercury rises above seventytwo degrees, the air should be changed and cooled.

A rubber hot-water bag will be found a great comfort if the invalid suffers with cold feet or from any pain that can be relieved by the application of heat.

When thirst is one of the symptoms of the disease, frozen lemonade will sometimes assuage it better than water; it must be made rather acid. Put it in a tin cup, cover and set the cup in a vessel containing a mixture of one-third salt to two-thirds ice, stir the lemonade once or twice while it is congealing, and let it freeze solid. Break off little lumps by pressing the point of a long pin firmly into the mass and put them in a clean soap-dish: the water will drain through the strainer into the bowl below as the ice melts, and the lumps will last longer. If used often, it is worth while to make a little wire-and-flannel cover to fit the top of the dish; it assists in preserving the ice.

If the sick person is wakeful, some light nourishment should be given once in the night, and always a warm drink as early as six o'clock in the morning. Tea, coffee, cocoa, or oatmeal gruel can be prepared overnight, and heated when required. If brought nearly to the boiling-point, but not allowed to boil, they will be as good as if freshly made. This can be easily done in a small covered saucepan, when there is a fire in the room, or a spirit-lamp can be employed.

There are also several contrivances to fit on a gas-burner to hold a saucepan, and tin chimneys for kerosene-lamps are sold for the same purpose; but the last two must be used outside of the sick-room.

It is impossible to overestimate the value—the absolute necessity—of this early refreshment. If a patient becomes exhausted while waiting for breakfast, ground is lost that can never be regained, and recovery is seriously retarded, if not actually imperiled.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a French traveling-cloak, in two shades of brown or gray. The front is plaited

No. 1.

and is tied at the waist by a cord and tassel. The turned-down collar and cuffs are of the same material. The full skirt is attached to the centre of the back with a girdle of cord, which is tied in front. The ends of the girdle are knotted. Hat of felt, faced with velvet of the darker shade of the cloak. Standing loops of gros-grain ribbon, with flowers or ostrich-tips, form the trimming.

No. 2—Is a walking-dress, with jacket. The

No. 2.

dress is of lady's-cloth or camel's-hair. Dark-blue, dull leaf-green, plum, grays, or browns are

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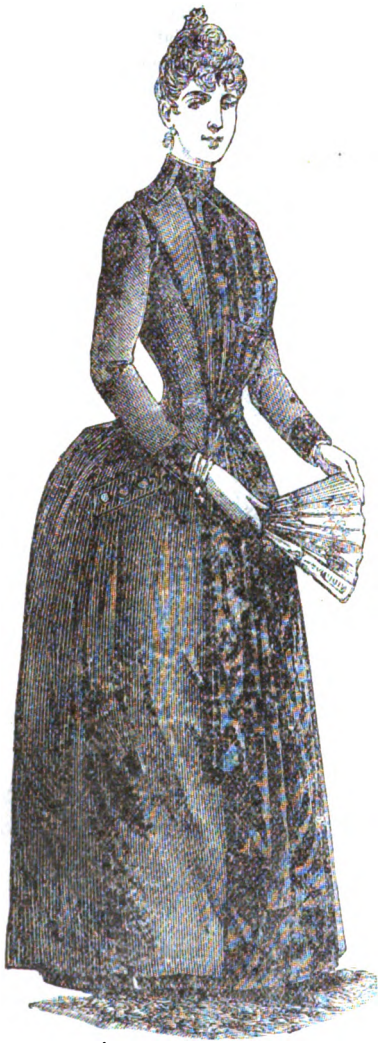
the most fashionable colors in plain material. The skirt of this dress in box-plaited all around. The front has a pointed tunic, and the back is slightly draped, rather short, to display the underskirt. The waist of the dress may be

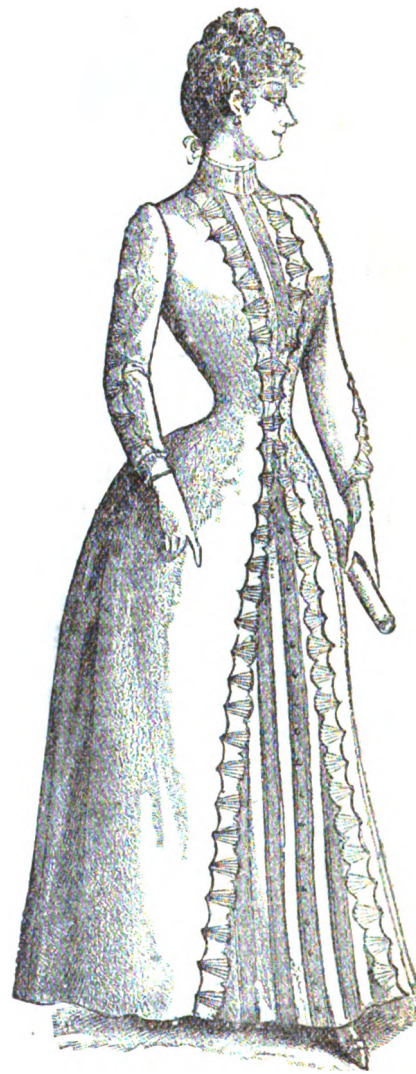


No. 3.

round and belted or a short basque. The jacket may be of cloth to match or of black. It is simply trimmed with black fox-fur. Hat of felt to match, trimmed with ostrich-tips. Eight to ten yards of double-fold material for dress, two and a half yards for jacket.

No. 3—Is a house-dress, of black Henrietta-cloth and moiré. The under petticoat is of the moiré, also the full vest. The over-dress is a straight polonaise, with revers on the bodice, under which, on the left side, the full vest fastens. At the waist, it is tied with moiré ribbons. Cuffs and collars of the moiré. Pocket on the right side—this is optional. Six yards of Henrietta-cloth and seven yards of moiré will be required for this dress.

No. 4—Is a morning-robe, of plain and striped French flannels. The plastron and tablier, of the striped material, are buttoned down the



No. 4.

front. The trimming at each side consists of fan-shaped kiltings of the plain material. The sleeves correspond. One and three-quarters yards of the stripe and from six to eight of the plain material will be required.

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No. 5.

No. 5—Is a coat for a little girl of eight to ten years. It is made of beaver-cloth in a light shade of brown. The collar and cuffs are of beaver-fur. The front of the coat is double-breasted.

No. 6.

No. 6—Is for a boy of eight years. The jacket opens over an inside vest of plain cloth. The suit is of Scotch tweed.

No. 7.—For a girl of fourteen, we give here a jacket of gray corduroy, fastened invisibly in front. It is lined throughout with silk, and has an upright collar. The dress is composed of

No. 7.

striped and plain woolen. Hat of felt, trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

No. 8.—For a girl of twelve or fourteen years, we give a dress and walking-jacket. The dress is of plain flannel or cloth, trimmed with wide worsted braid. The skirt is in box-plaits. The plait in front opens at both sides, to display one plait of a darker shade of cloth, simulating an underskirt. The jacket is of pin-striped cloth,

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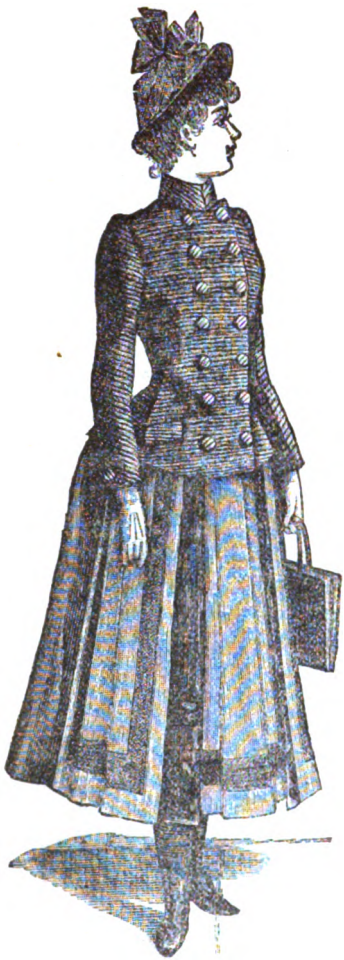

No. 8.

No. 9.

double-breasted. Hat of felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with windmill bows of gros-grain ribbon.

No. 9—Is a costume for a boy of ten years, of diagonal tweed. The jacket has revers and an inside vest trimmed diagonally.

LAMP OR BANNER SCREEN.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

The lamp-screen or banner, seen in the front of the book, is not ornamental only and made to add to the beauty of the sitting-room table, but is also an article of real comfort and use. The screen is made of lavender satin ribbon, with a spray of passion-vine painted on it in the natural colors.

The ribbon is fringed out on the bottom an inch in depth, the top hemmed, and has eyelet holes worked in it to draw the cord through to suspend it on the standard. This is a little brass arrangement that can be purchased for twentyfive cents, or, if preferred, one that can be attached to the lamp can be used. Another pretty idea, for one with less work, is seen made of a piece of fancy ribbon, with a strip of velvet ribbon sewed across the bottom; this has little tassels made of silk attached to brass rings, fastened at regular intervals on the bottom. Or the satin can be embroidered in either outline or Kensington stitch, if preferred to the painting.

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FIGARO JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern for a Figaro jacket. It consists of four pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Side-Back.
4. Turned-Down Collar.

The pattern is too simple to require any explanations concerning the make-up. The letters show how the pieces are joined. A jacket of this shape in velvet or plush is always useful, and would give style to either a winter or summer toilette. This pattern will be found on the under side of the Supplement paper, as we give a very large design in needle-work for the other side.

DESIGN FOR BED-SPREAD: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a very elegant design in poppies with foliage, for the centre of a bed-spread, to be worked in outline-stitch. The newest material used for this purpose is Bolton sheeting, which comes two yards wide, and costs eightyfive cents per yard. The embroidery is done in the new German linen-floss, very coarse, making very effective work. The colors wash well, and this floss is well adapted for the purpose. Coarse linen sheeting may be used for the spread in place of the Bolton sheeting, if preferred, and wash crewels or silks in place of the coarse linen-floss. A little satin-stitch embroidery will add to the effectiveness.

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PALM-LEAF SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cover a palm-leaf fan with silk or satin of a delicate color. The branch of tree and foliage is worked in chenille, browns and greens. A small brilliant peacock, or any other bird of bright plumage, is then affixed against the screen. Some of the large birds sold for hats will look well. The border is outlined with a narrow feather trimming to correspond with the bird. The natural handle of the fan foundation may then be gilded or bronzed.

CRIB-QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This month, in the front of the book, we give something quite new in the way of a crib-quilt, which is to be made of unbleached muslin. The border is composed of blocks nine inches square. The little figures are first drawn or transferred on the block, then outlined with red working-cotton (Nos. 10 and 14). After the centre is ready, the blocks are joined together and to it, in a seam, and a row of red braid stitched over it. The whole is then lined with Turkey-red muslin. It will be found to amuse a child when other things fail, especially if the little one is too sick to sit up. Flowers can be intermingled if desirable.

COLORED PATTERN: EMBROIDERED STRIPE FOR AFGHAN, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The exceptionally beautiful stripe which we give in the front of the book, for afghan, curtain, or table border, is done on canvas. Other colors than those given can easily be substituted, to correspond with the colors of the room in which the embroidered article is to be used, if desired.

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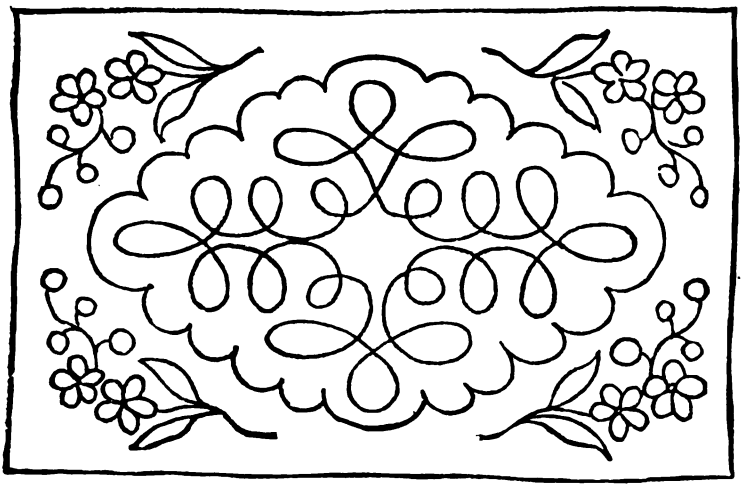
NOTE-BOOK COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty trifle is suitable for either a lady's or gentleman's note-book. The centre can be either done with gilt braid or in outline-stitch with gold-thread. The corners are worked in outline, with gilt thread for the leaves and stems, and blue silk for the forget-me-nots. Fine kid, satin, or plush may be used for the outside, and the inside is to be lined with some pretty contrasting color. Paper leaves may be inserted, cut of the proper size, or pockets may be made to hold notes, etc. This can be enlarged to any size.

MUFF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A muff, made somewhat after the pattern which we give, will do well in place of a more expensive fur one. The foundation should be made first, rather small and quite firm, and lined with a material which will wear well. The outside should either be of material and color to correspond with the costume with which it is to be worn, or of some dark color that will do well with any dress. The underside is plain, the outside folded as seen in the design; this outside should be lined with something firm. The ribbon and gilt dagger are great additions to the muff.

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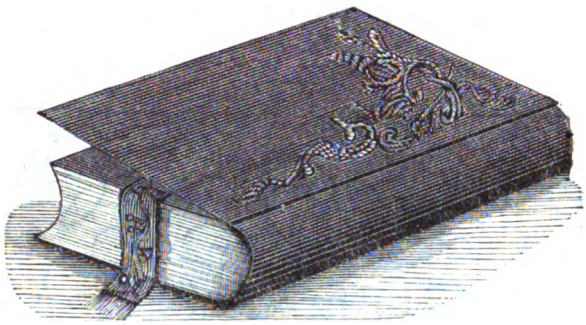
COVER FOR BIBLE.

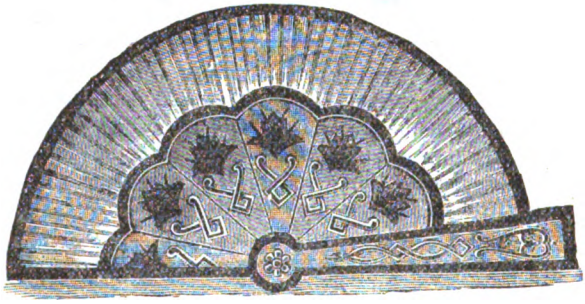
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Ruby plush or sicilienne, ornamented with appliqué-work and silk embroidery, with which corresponds the book-marker, the ends of which are fringed.

PHOTOGRAPH-FAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation for this pretty novelty is of strong card-board, covered in the upper part with copper-colored satin, and edged all around with a rim of plush of the same tint, the back being lined with red. The embroidered lower part and the handle are covered with copper-colored leather, edged with plush, and the embroidery is carried out with a lighter shade of silk and gold threads, being guided by perforations in the leather. An easel-foot can be attached to the back. Or any strong pretty fan can be used, backed with cardboard.

NAME IN EMBROIDERY.

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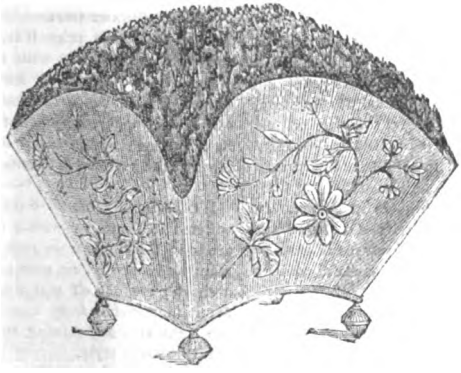
KNITTING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The bag is made in either a handsome Persian brocade or in cretonne, butcher's-linen, Bolton sheeting, or cloth; these latter must be daintily embroidered in silks or linen flosses, in some pretty all-over design, to give a rich effect. The shape is elongated and slightly tapers toward the top, so as to allow room for the needles to project at the sides. It measures three inches at the top of the triangular flap, and thirteen and a half inches at the base of the receptacle, while the length of our model was twentyseven inches. The lining consists of either satin, cashmere, or sateen. The bag is finished with bows of gros-grain or satin ribbon or silk.

POPPY PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Pinked-out pieces of cloth, well shaded with the brush, and supposed to represent either a double poppy or a dahlia, deftly enclosed in a smart jardinaire-shaped box, either of wood, which is to be painted, or else made of stout pasteboard and covered with some artistic material, decorated either with the brush or needle, in some pretty design.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Our January Number is sent out with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. Old friends have rallied about us with more eagerness than ever, and the fresh names on our subscription-list afford the agreeable certainty that in many new households in every section of the country "Peterson" will become a welcome guest.

This opening number of the year is only a fair sample of what each succeeding issue will be, and so is the best proof we could offer that "Peterson" for 1889 will be found even more attractive than ever. Our readers know that we aim to make each new volume in some way an advance on its predecessors, and subscribers and the press generally urge us on to increased effort by the enthusiastic and ever-growing praise which they unite in bestowing. We have the satisfaction of knowing that every number for the coming twelvemonth will be a prize copy in point of literary and artistic merit and in the superiority of the fashion and household departments. We combine many specialties, but it is our pride to render each of them as complete as if we made some one feature predominant.

Indeed, so much is written in our favor that there remains little for us to say personally. We are certain that our novelets and stories for this year will bring fresh reputation to their writers; and the steel-engravings we have provided are such exquisite gems that they will make this peculiar feature of "Peterson" more popular than ever.

Our premiums have excited great enthusiasm among subscribers.

"I cannot be content with one, or even two, of those tempting premiums, and so shall send you still another club before I stop," has been repeated in scores of letters.

"Buds and Blossoms" proves the most admired gift-book we have ever issued, and we are exceedingly gratified by its success.

The press styles "Peterson" par excellence "The Family Magazine of America," and, as we have spared no pains in the past to earn the name, so in the future we shall put forth every effort to maintain this unique and enviable position.

A Subscriber encloses us the following letter received from a relative in the far West: "I wish I could thank you as you ought to be thanked for your most useful and acceptable present. Here, in the wilds of Montana, 'Peterson's Magazine' has proved a real treasure, helping me in so many ways. I have remodeled my old dresses, making them look like new, cut out my children's garments, decorated my house inexpensively, and rendered my table attractive, all by the aid of this valuable magazine. Its monthly page of music, added to its delightful and instructive reading-matter, helps us to pass many pleasant evenings. The hints on gardening are most useful, and the 'Mothers' Department' is beyond praise.

With 'Peterson's Magazine' to be had, you need never hesitate in your choice of an inexpensive and at the same time valuable present. We all look forward to its arrival. I assure you it meets a very warm greeting, and I feel like thanking you every time I cut its pages."

The Guest-Chamber—its decoration and arrangement—will be made the subject of an article in our February "Things Worth Knowing."

Tact.—There is no more essential an ingredient in the cup of pleasantness than tact, and yet how little of it there is. How often a man or woman engrosses a whole conversation to himself or herself, forgetting that everyone likes to have his "innings," and that silence would be most welcome.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small importance in the conduct of life, that, when you enter into conversation with a man, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you or that you should hear him. I have heard many lament that they have no flow of language, and cannot keep up small talk in society; but, if a man cannot talk, he can often be still more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, if he is only a hearer. Anyone who possesses the rare gift of tact will be able to see with a lightning glance that for some reason, unknown or forgotten, a subject is painful or unpleasant to some one of the company, and will be able to change it adroitly, yet not so suddenly as to call special attention to it. It is also a happy art to listen with patience to an anecdote or piece of news which we have heard before, or to a joke which has been worn threadbare; but it is an effort which courtesy, kindness, and good manners demand.

How to Transfer Patterns.—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and three cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

Extraordinary Offer: A Singer Improved Sewing-Machine at Less than Half Price.—We have been able to make arrangements with the manufacturers by which we can offer "Peterson" for 1889 and one of the above named sewing-machines for $20.00. This affords subscribers an opportunity to obtain a good machine and the best lady's-magazine at an exceedingly low figure, as it obviates the payment of agents' and salesmen's commissions.

Handsome Brocaded Satin Sashes are to supersede watered silk ones for winter wear, and the most recherché are to be those cut from rich old brocade skirts, in vogue many and many a long year ago. Some moiré sashes have a short piece cut off and folded, to form a waistband of about four inches deep, coming from the side-seam under the right arm and joining the sash on the left. This is in the Directoire style.

Earn a Free Copy of this magazine, by getting up a club. In addition to other clubs mentioned on our cover, we will send a free copy to anyone getting up a club of two at $2.00 each (or $4.00 in all), or a club of three at $1.75 each ($5.25 in all).

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Our Premiums for 1889 are announced on the second page of the cover. "Buds and Blossoms" will be found the most beautiful gift-book this or any other magazine has ever offered as a premium. It is a volume of original and selected poems, profusely illustrated, and handsomely bound, full gilt, in similar style to premiums offered in previous years.

The large engraving, "The Morning Greeting," is really one of the most perfect pictures we have ever offered, and is in an entirely different style from any heretofore given by us. The best connoisseurs pronounce it a gem.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Our offer, a year ago, of special book-premiums, in place of our regular premiums, proved so popular, we have arranged to offer for 1889 copies of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's or Mrs. Southworth's popular books, also a select list of books by different authors.

Instead of our premium, "Buds and Blossoms," we will send any one of the $1.00 books named on page 105. For a club of eight with $12.00, or a club of fifteen with $21.00, we will send, as premiums, the magazine for one year, and, instead of "Buds and Blossoms" and the engraving, any one of the books of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens or Mrs. Southworth, neatly bound in cloth, retail price $1.50, or either of the following cook-books, Mrs. Hale's or Miss Leslie's, bound in cloth, price $1.50 each. See list on page 105.

We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers by which we are enabled to offer a $45.00 sewing-machine as premium for a club of fifty subscribers. This is a rare opportunity to get a good machine by a little effort. Our premium-offers have never been so tempting, and they ought to add many thousands to our present large list of subscribers.

Begin at once to get up your clubs for next year. Do not let canvassers for other publications crowd you out.

Jackets for Home-Wear.—Short lengths of foulard or soft silk and crêpe-de-Chine, of about three yards and over, which accumulate so readily, are being turned to good account by making them up into evening-jackets for home-wear with any skirt. The back is close-fitting, but the fronts usually loose, with lace. Any lengths of flouncing-lace are put full round the basque, falling well on to the hips and also on the sleeves, which are cut half-way between the elbow and wrist. The high collar has lace turned over, and often has a plaiting tacked in next to the neck.

A Few Words About Punctuality.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it, many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry with you some means of occupation—books which can be read by snatches and which afford ample material for thinking.

Six Months for One Dollar.—We make this offer for the benefit of those who may desire to take the magazine on trial. Six months will convince you of the superiority of "Peterson" over all others.

Additions to Clubs may be made at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

We Will Send the Magazine for 1889, and either our premium engraving or "Buds and Blossoms," for $2.50.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A Unanimous Verdict.—The New York Tribune says: "A proof that excellence and cheapness can be united is found in 'Peterson's Magazine.' Its stories are capital, the leading contributors are favorite authors. Its fashion and household departments are unequaled. This popular periodical cannot be too highly recommended as a family magazine." The Chicago (Ill.) Inter-Ocean says: "'Peterson' fully maintains its position as the model family magazine." The Mobile (Ala.) Register says: "'Peterson' for December is a number of great beauty and merit." The Boston (Mass.) Herald says: "'Peterson's' reading-matter equals that of the best literary magazines, and the fashion and household departments are incomparable." The Dubuque (Iowa) Sunday Herald says: "'Peterson's' steel-plates and other illustrations are of the first order of merit, and the stories and poems are equal to its artistic attractions." The Rochester (N. Y.) Herald says: "'Peterson's' engravings are charming, its stories and other articles excellent." The Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin says: "'Peterson's' engravings, stories, and literary matter generally cannot be excelled. The fashion, needlework, and household departments are strong features of this ever-welcome magazine." The Albany (N. Y.) Argus says: "'Peterson' is undoubtedly the best family magazine published." The Denver (Col.) Tribune Republican says: "'Peterson's' stories are capital, and the fashion department cannot be equaled." The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says: "'Peterson' for December is a model of excellence." The Portland (Me.) Press says: "As a guide to fashion and a home assistant, 'Peterson' is above comparison." The Washington (D. C.) Critic says: "'Peterson' for December is replete with admirable stories and beautiful pictures." The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal tells its readers that: "'Peterson's Magazine' for December is a holiday gift in itself." The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner says: "'Peterson' for December deserves the highest praise." The Columbus (O.) Journal says: "'Peterson' is a fine combination of literature, art, and fashion." The New York World says: "'Peterson's' literary contents and artistic attractions put it in the front rank of the monthlies."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Le Rêve. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—"The Dream," though a rather vague title, is certainly very appropriate to this charming story. Zola has at last written a perfectly unobjectionable book; any mother may unhesitatingly place it in her daughter's hands, and the tale is one which will possess a special charm for the youthful reader. Like all Zola's works, it is marked by wonderful power; it displays the same unerring knowledge of human nature and the same consummate skill in depicting character, but here the similarity ends. "Le Rêve" is an idyl of country life; its heroine is a young girl full of poetical dreams and religious enthusiasm, and her lover is almost as unworldly as herself. The plot, though simple, is effective; but the great beauty of the book lies in its delicacy of conception and treatment.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Leola." By John Carroll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Life's Morning." By George Gissing. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Nervousness." By H. S. Drayton, M.D. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

"The Banjo." Philadelphia: S. S. Stewart.

"The Western Wanderer." By Richard P. Parrish. New York: Wm. L. Allison.

"Miss Parloa's New Cook-Book." Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE LARGEST EVER GIVEN.—The design on our Supplement, for a bed-spread, merits special notice. It is not only exceedingly handsome, but is the largest pattern ever given by any publication.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

To Make Soup.—The best soup is made of lean juicy beef that is fresh. It is poor economy to make soups of cooked meats; they impart a flat taste to the soup, the first cooking having greatly wasted the juices of the meat. Always put the meat in cold water to cook, having first washed it nicely in cold water. To each pound of meat, allow three pints of water, and reduce by boiling to one quart. The soup-pot should always be kept covered; as the scum rises, it should be removed until the soup-water is clear; then add the vegetables. If the soup becomes too thick after boiling for some time, add to it boiling water; a kettle of water should be kept boiling for the purpose. The water in which poultry has been boiled can be made into soup; but, of course, is not as rich as if the meat had been allowed to boil to pieces in the water.

If Irish potatoes are used in soup, they should be first boiled and then added to the soup; for the water in which Irish potatoes have been boiled is of a disagreeable taste, and thought by some persons to be poisonous.

For brown soups, before putting the meat in the pot, first put in a dessertspoonful of butter; when it is hot, put in the meat, and the herbs on the top of the meat; let the meat fry for a short time, and then pour in the water. It makes the soup of a richer flavor to prepare it in this manner.

Spices and herbs should always be tied in a muslin bag, and taken out of the soup before it is served.

Dip the cloth that the soup is to be strained through into cold water; it hardens the grease. White soup is clarified with egg—the whites of two eggs to one-half gallon of soup.

Soup should always be made the day before it is to be used; when cold, skim off all the grease. Soup should boil slowly and steadily. It requires from three to five hours to make.

MEATS.

To Boil Meats.—The meat should first be washed and dressed and then put into a pot of hot water; put it over a gentle fire, so that it will not boil hard. Keep the meat covered with water, always adding boiling water as the water boils away. Keep the pot that has the meat in it covered, and try to have the pot a good size for the piece cooking, so as to have it fit in nicely. As the scum arises in boiling, it should be removed, and the pot should not be allowed to boil over. A plate put in the bottom of the pot will prevent the meat from scorching. It requires a longer time to cook salt meat than it does to cook fresh meat.

Meat that is frozen should always be left for an hour or two in cold water to thaw, or it will shrink in the cooking and become tough.

VEGETABLES.

Anna Potatoes.—Cut very thin slices right across the largest potatoes; lay the slices in flat layers on a small plate that will bear the heat of the oven. Spread fresh butter freely over the potatoes, then add another layer, and so on until the potatoes are about four inches high. Bake until the potatoes are tender, about half an hour, in a quick oven.

Salsify.—This vegetable requires great nicety in cooking. Exposure to the air, either after scraping or boiling it, will turn it dark.

Vegetables should be allowed to boil fast until they are done. Put a very small quantity of salt into the water whilst they are boiling.

DESSERTS.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—A bird's-nest pudding is made with six large apples pared and cored, put in a deep pie-dish; in the place of the core, fill it with sugar, butter, and minced lemon-peel, and a clove in each; fill up the dish with a pint of milk, two eggs beaten in it, a little nutmeg, and three ounces of sugar. Cover the dish with another turned upside down, and bake slowly in not a very quick oven. Put spoonfuls of orange marmalade on the top before serving.

Brown Squares.—Four ounces of rice, a pint and a half of milk, add stick of cinnamon, sugar, and slices of lemon-peel; boil it for half an hour till perfectly soft. Remove the flavorings and spread the rice to cool. When cold, cut it into squares, and roll the remainder into balls. Beat up an egg and roll the squares in this and flour them well, then again roll them in egg and flour, and fry in boiling lard; drain them on paper, and serve on ornamental papers.

CAKES.

Fruit Cake.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one and three-fourths pounds of sugar, six eggs, one and a half cupfuls of condensed milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one-half pound of citron, half-gill of brandy, half-teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon; mix and bake three-quarters of an hour. Frost with white (beaten) of one egg to five tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar. This cake improves by keeping; is at its prime when six weeks old.

Paradise Cake.—Three eggs, two and a half cupfuls of moist sugar, one cupful of clarified butter, one and a half cupfuls of milk and water, four cupfuls of flour, four pounds of raisins, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF BROCADED SATIN AND VELVET. The long wrap is of black brocaded velvet on a dark-gray ground of satin. The fronts of the wrap are of gray satin to match; some of the same faces the jabot down the back side-seams, being a continuation of the dolman sleeve. A plaited belt of the gray satin passes across the back at the waist-line, under the side panels of the wrap, and fastens in front, either with a large buckle or ends in a long sash, which ties in front and has the ends fringed. The under-dress is of striped silk. Small bonnet of poppy-red velvet, trimmed with two small birds in front.

FIG. II.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF VIOLET CASHMERE. The skirt is quite plain in front. It is laid in large side plaits, meeting in the middle. The back drapery hangs straight, slightly bouffant over a very small tournure. The plain round waist is trimmed in front by a plaited plastron of white surah, which crosses under the belt. Collar and belt, ending in long loops at the left side, of pale-blue gros-grain ribbon three inches wide. Small toque-shaped bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with a wing and ostrich-tips.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE BENGALINE. The underskirt is bordered above the hem with a watered ribbon, and then laid in side plaits all around the edge of the

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skirt. The tunic is arranged in a long point in front. On the right side, three bands of watered ribbon, starting from under the back drapery, are brought down the front near the foot, and finished by large butterfly bows of the ribbon. The back is slightly draped over the tournure, and then falls in straight folds. The pointed bodice is plaited in front at the shoulders, and the fullness brought to a fine point at the waist. Short puffed sleeves, with tabs of the ribbon.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF A PLAIN AND FIGURED STRIPED SILK, in a pale-yellow for the underskirt, which is perfectly plain. A short tunic of robin's-egg blue surah or peau-de-soie crosses the front, the same forming the back drapery and bodice. The bodice is full, both back and front. A scarf of the same trims the neck, and ties with a bow at the left side. Puffed sleeves. A sash of plain yellow silk is tied around the waist.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF POPPY-RED PEAU-DE-SOIE. The underskirt is kilted all around. The drapery is very full, and caught up on the left side by a large spray of corn-colored flowers, with a black bird and long loops-and-ends of black velvet ribbon. The same garniture ornaments the full-plaited low-necked waist. A smaller bird is placed in the coiffure.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF THE DIRECTOIRE STYLE. The underskirt is of absinthe-green woolen, very slightly draped and trimmed with a row of braiding at the bottom; the bodice is of the absinthe-colored woolen, fastened by small plain buttons; the redingote is of dark-green cloth, ornamented with large buttons; it is quite plain at the sides, and falls in straight plaits at the back; the bodice of the redingote opens over the lighter-green woolen bodice; the fichu is of black crêpe-de-Chine, and fills the opening of the cloth redingote. Hat of dark-green felt, trimmed with bows of ribbon of absinthe-green color.

FIG. VII.—MANTLE, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CLOTH, with a dolman-shaped sleeve; the cloak is double-breasted, and is fastened under a band of the marten-fur which forms the trimming for the sleeves, the collar, and the long boa; gilt buckle in front.

FIG. VIII.—BRACELET, OF SILVER, with an old Greek coin attached.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF VERY DARK-GRAY CLOTH, which opens over a skirt of a lighter shade of gray; the coat opens also at the sides, and is trimmed with a row of black braid; it is ornamented at the sides with large pockets, trimmed with a band of velvet of the two shades of gray; the bodice of the coat is double-breasted, made in a point in front, has a small habit-basque at the back, and the rolling collar, faced with striped velvet, opens over the light-gray underdress. Hat of dark-gray cloth, faced with dark-gray velvet, and trimmed with soft silk of the lighter gray, and small red pompons.

FIG. X.—BODICE, FOR HOUSE OR OUT-DOOR WEAR, to be made of either velvet, plush, cloth, or cashmere. Our model, for the house, is made of dark-green cashmere, open in front with a rolling collar faced with pale-blue silk, and the habit-basque at the back faced with the same. The rolling collar opens over a folded vest of blue silk, and has an upper vest of felt.

FIG. XI.—DIRECTOIRE BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with a wreath of lilac, from which springs a branch of ferns.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE BROCADED SILK. The lower skirt is quite plain; the upper dress, of the same material, is slightly draped and gathered to the bodice under a waistband of blue ribbon, with long loops-and-ends; the Greek bodice is slightly full from the shoulders to the waist, crosses from the left to the right side, and has a collar of Irish guipure; the sleeves are high at the shoulders, and slightly full on a band of the guipure.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF TWO SHADES OF BROWN. The coat is of brown cloth, striped in seal and chestnut brown; it opens on the left side over a skirt of chestnut-brown cashmere, and is round at the waist; it is double-breasted, fastened by two rows of large buttons, and has wide Directoire lapels and collar of brown velvet; the jabot is of white dotted muslin. Hat of brown striped cloth.

FIG. XIV.—COLLAR, OF WATERED RIBBON, made pointed, with a bow of the same.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK BROCADED SILK, which is slightly draped at the back, also at the front sides, showing a black satin petticoat, edged with a jet band; the round bodice opens in front over a satin vest, trimmed with jet, and the waistband, collar, and cuffs are of jet; the caps of the sleeves open on the front of the arm over jet ornaments.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF BROCADED CLOTH, with turned-up brim, cut open in front, and trimmed with wings and watered ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE, which is arranged in broad folds over the shoulder, and caught up below the elbow in four gatherings, terminating in a broad plaiting, which falls over an undersleeve of embroidery or brocade.

FIG. XVIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK POPPY-RED CLOTH. It is double-breasted, falls in full straight lines at the back, and has a wide collar, with one long tippet end, which falls on the left side, of black fox-fur; the cuffs and muff are of the same fur. Directoire bonnet, of dull-red cloth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In gowns, the Empire and Directoire styles are the novelties. The Empire gowns have a simple basque back, while the front is rounded and quite short, being covered from the armpits with the draped Empire belt. The belt is of the dress-material, or one of its combinations. The back of such basque is in box-plaits. The skirts of both the Empire and Directoire gowns are all in straight lines, opening over an underskirt, in front, the whole length. Rich brocades, combined with satin or peau-de-soie, are mostly used for dressy occasions.

Gowns for the street are made in the same style in cloth. The long continuous breadths of the redingote are well adapted for these cloth costumes. One of the novelties of the season is for combining black with a contrasting color. The short broad revers on the front of the bodice, in Directoire gowns, are generally of the same color as the front of the gown. All sleeves are full; that is, either puffed, for lace or dinner dresses, and for cloth, silk, or woolens. The coat-sleeve is large at the top, and pushed up at the armhole.

The Directoire cloaks are striking novelties, and are made in rich Persian or brocaded cloths, or matelassé silks. These cloaks are all long enough to cover the entire dress, which is simply a plain straight walking-skirt.

The newest Jerseys are in Directoire style, with the wide short revers of silk or moiré; and the full front, from the neck to the waist-line, is crossed by a very broad Empire belt.

Bonnets in felt and velvet will be worn to match in color with the long cloaks. Small birds' wings and cord passementerie, mixed with standing loops of ribbon or velvet, are the favorite trimmings.

Toques and turbans, of velvet or cloth, are most in vogue for young girls.

French walking-hats are close and round, while English hats are longer and broader. These hats are of felt, and very severely trimmed with wide black ribbon, set on in a mass of standing loops, either in front or on the left side. A bird or two wings are sometimes added.

House-jackets of fleecy flannels have plainly fitted backs, while the fronts are cut away over a fuff vest of some soft white material.

For neck-wear, is a novelty called a "gorgerette," a full

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plaited ruff of lace, worn high about the neck, and tied with a bow of ribbon. Lace fichus and wide collars of finely plaited lace are again coming in fashion, also large cravat bows of lace. Standing collars are covered with folds of silk muslin, and have a knife-plaited jabot down the front, to fill in the space between the revers, on the new dress-fronts.

Woolen linings for dress-bodices are very much used for winter gowns. The material is a very fine twilled wool. It comes in gray and brown shades, with fine white stripes.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The present era is one of thorough transition in the way of fashions. Elaborately looped and voluminous draperies and overskirts, so long in vogue with but slight modifications from one season to another, have followed hooped skirts, and crape-lisse plaitings at neck and wrists, and white cotton stockings into the limbo of things out of date and out of style. The greatest of the dressmakers decree now undraped plaited or gathered skirts, falling in straight lines from waist to hem, over a foundation of alpaca or taffeta. The corsage, sloping very slightly over the hips, is made with a shallow rounded point in front and at the back, and is outlined with a ceinture in ribbon laid in three flat plaits, with a shower of finger-wide ribbons falling in long loops-and-ends over the skirt at the left side. These ribbons are usually in the soft heavy corded silk called armure, but may be in satin or in velvet. Watered ribbons, as well as watered silk, are out of fashion, except in light colors on evening-dresses. It must not be imagined that these straight loose skirts are easy to make. On the contrary, they require more care to make them sit well than did their elaborately looped predecessors; for, if a side breadth or a fold did not hang well, it was easy to catch up the material in another place. Nor do very stout ladies look well in these severely simple dresses, advantageous as they are to well-formed or slender figures. In such instances, very small panier-draperies at the sides may be retained with advantage, as they dissimulate the redundancies of a too exuberant form.

Some very stylish dresses for a youthful slender wearer have been made of the yard-wide worsted lace that was in vogue some three or four years ago, and which, by the changes in the cut of dresses, has regained much of its former popularity. One in black lace was made over black satin, a very elegant foundation being essential for these toilettes, as the groundwork of the lace is in a large open mesh. It was finished with black velvet cuffs, collar, ceinture, and ribbons. Another in cream-white lace was made up over white taffeta, and was set off with armure ribbons. The corsage had the lace drawn in full folds to form a vest, with three lines of ribbon from throat to waist introduced among the folds. These dresses are very advantageous for the employment of old skirts in silk or in satin, a very pretty and tasteful toilette being thus produced at small expense, since seven yards of the lace are enough for a dress for a young lady of ordinary stature. Another very simple and tasteful style of dress has just been introduced by Worth. It is a toilette with a corsage and a short skirt in heavy armure silk, the latter caught up at the left side, two-thirds of the way to the waist, to show a velvet underskirt in some contrasting color. The model recently shown was in pale heliotrope silk, with the velvet underskirt in the delicate rose-tinged gray known as ashes of roses. In cashmere and velveteen, this toilette would be inexpensive and very graceful.

Boas are all the rage this season, and are more universally worn than ever. They are shown in all sorts of materials as well as in fur, in light feathers and dark feathers, in quilled taffeta with rose-pinked edges, and in closely quilled lace, both real and imitation, and in white as well as black. The latest idea is to have a round flat hat in the new "halo" shape, with one end of a feather boa encircling the crown, the other end being brought forward to put around the neck. Bands of Astrakhan, both in black and shaded gray, are much used for trimming street-costumes, a jacket of the fur being in style when the trimming is black. A very striking walking-costume, just made for a belle of the American colony in Paris, is in fine brick-red cloth, finished around the skirt with a band of black Astrakhan, and having narrower bands extending up the sides of the skirt, which is laid in plaits in front, and cut plain at the sides and the back, to simulate a polonaise. Toque hat of black Astrakhan, with a red wing set at either side. The jacket and muff are in the same fur. The cloth corsage has cuffs and collar of fur, and a narrow band of fur extending down either side, in front, from the throat to the waist. The gray Astrakhan is not used for jackets, as it is not only very costly, but is very unbecoming to the figure. Sealskin is not as fashionable this year as it has been in past seasons, a fact that is shown by the marked reduction in price of garments made of it. Bands of imitation black fox or Russian sable are also used for trimming cloth or silk traveling-dresses. Muffs of fur used for trimming the costumes are to be carried with them. If the dress is not trimmed with fur, a muff to correspond with the boa, in fur or feathers, is to be carried.

Sashes are very much worn, both on demi-toilette dresses and on ball-toilettes. In the former instance, they are usually composed of ribbons, as I described earlier in my letter. For ball-dresses or dinner-toilettes, long ribbons floating over the skirt at the back are worn, and also wide straight widths of velvet in some color contrasting that of the toilette, and lined throughout with satin matching the dress. This is the latest novelty for adorning evening-dresses, and is very effective as well as easy to reproduce.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF TOBACCO-COLORED PLAIN SERGE, and of serge striped with velvet of a darker shade. The back of the coat is close-fitting about the body, but laid in plaits below the waist; the revers, which reach from the shoulders to the bottom of the skirt, the broad band in front, the collar, vest, and cuffs are of the striped material; the front, with the folds that cross the waistcoat, and the full sleeves, which are gathered into cuffs, are of the plain material. The hat is of tobacco-colored felt, trimmed with stiff loops of velvet of the same color.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The skirt is not very full and is gathered to a belt, and is trimmed near the bottom with rows of white watered ribbon; the full bodice is sewed to a yoke of white Yak lace; the long sleeves have a puff at the top, finished with a ruffle. Hat of white felt, trimmed with white ostrich-feathers and loops of ribbon. Belt of the serge, with a rosette and ends of watered ribbon. This very simple and pretty dress would look very well in dark colors.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PLAIN BLUE CLOTH. The underskirt is of blue striped velvet; the cloth overdress is untrimmed, and is slightly looped at the sides. The jacket has revers in front, which open over a full vest of blue silk, and tabs at the back. The sleeves are full at the top. Hat of dark-blue felt, with a soft cloth crown, on which are perched two small birds.

FIG. IV.—CLOTH HAT, OF THE NEAPOLITAN-FISHERMAN SHAPE, FOR A BOY. It is of brown cloth, trimmed with a band of sealskin, and the tassels and braid which finish the end are of brown silk.

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Painted by C. J. Leslie R.A. Engraved & Printed by Ullman Brothers.

THE LAST DAY AT HOME.

Engraved expressly for Petersons Magazine

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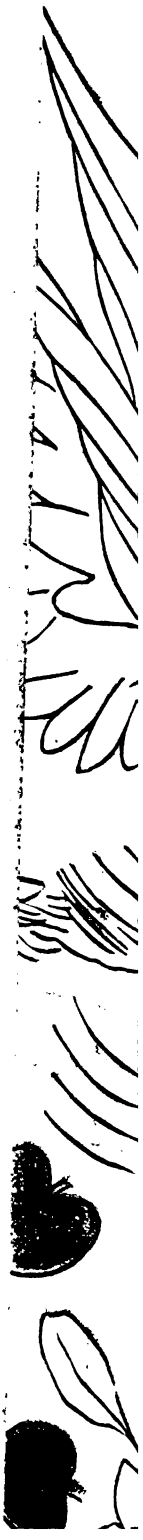

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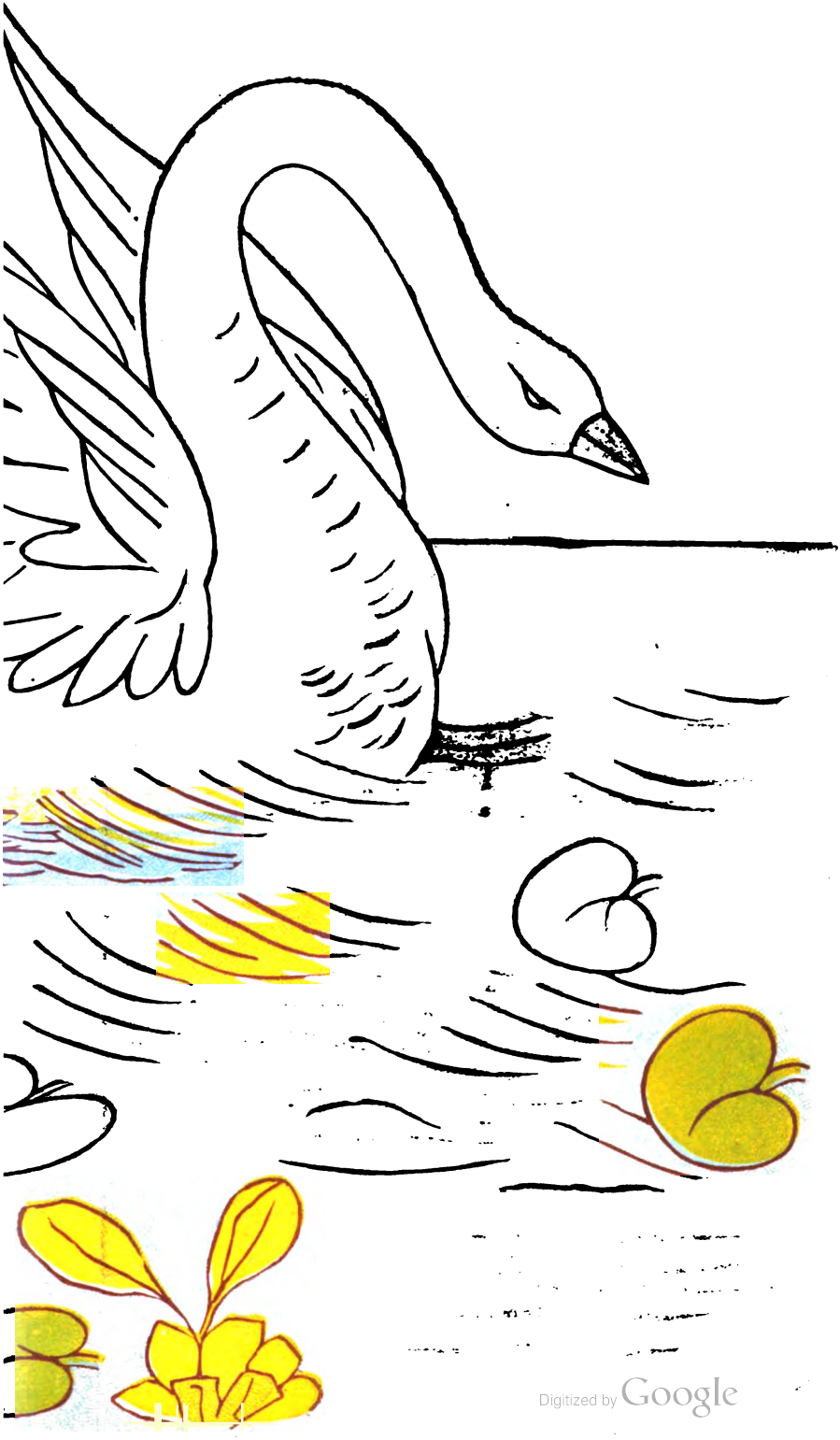

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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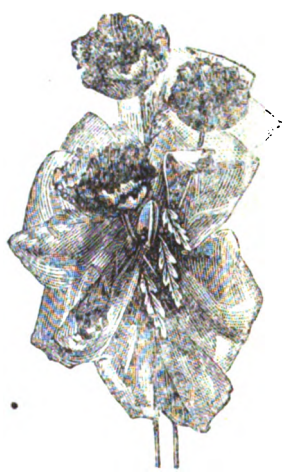

DIRECTOIRE WRAP. DIRECTOIRE BONNET. BOW FOR HAIR.

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WALKING-COSTUME. CHILD'S-CAP. RUSSIAN OPERA-HOOD.

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VELVET WRAP. SLEEVE. HAT, WITH VEIL.

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WALKING-COSTUME. DOWAGER-CAP. MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

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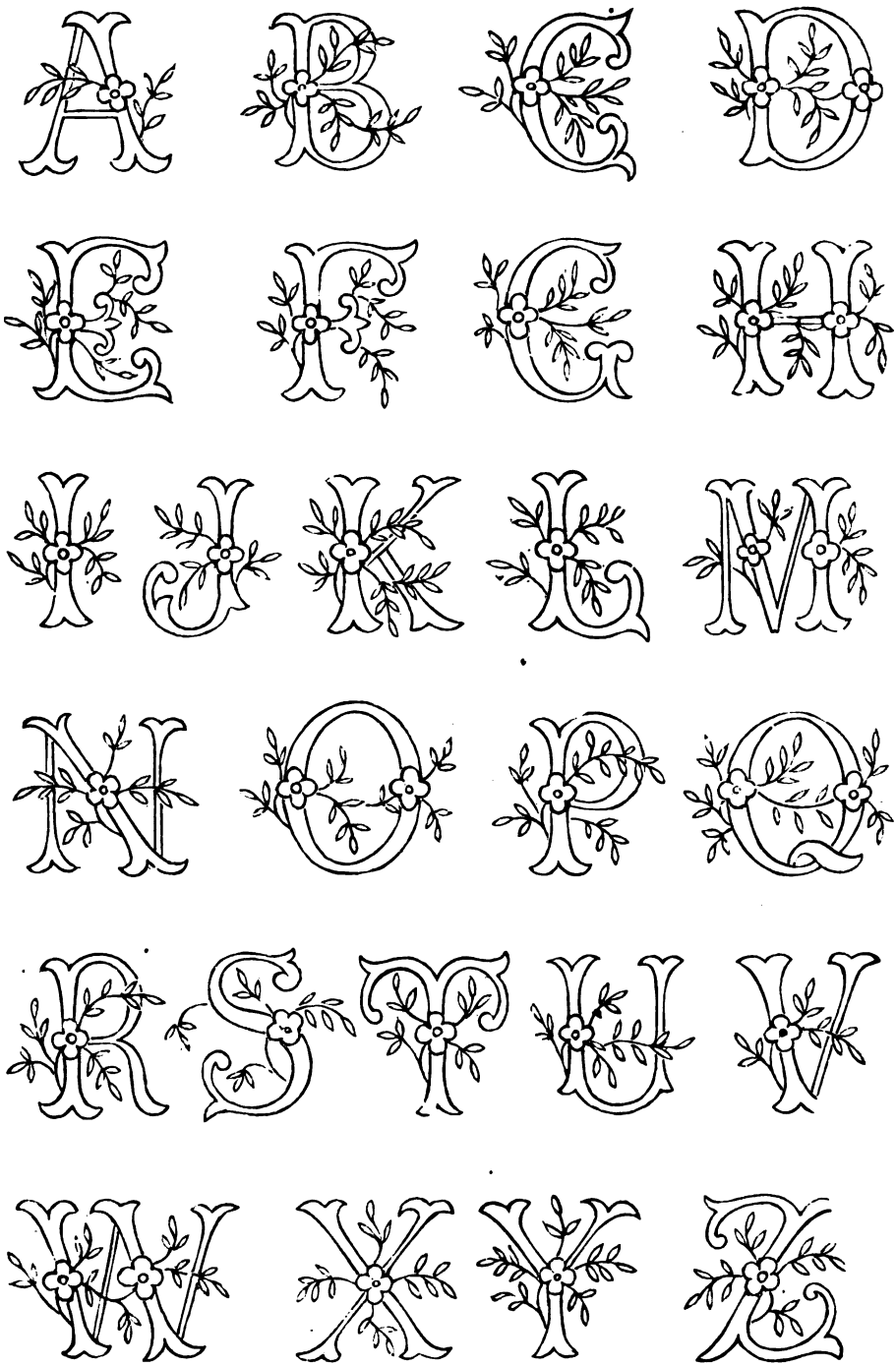

ALPHABET IN EMBROIDERY.

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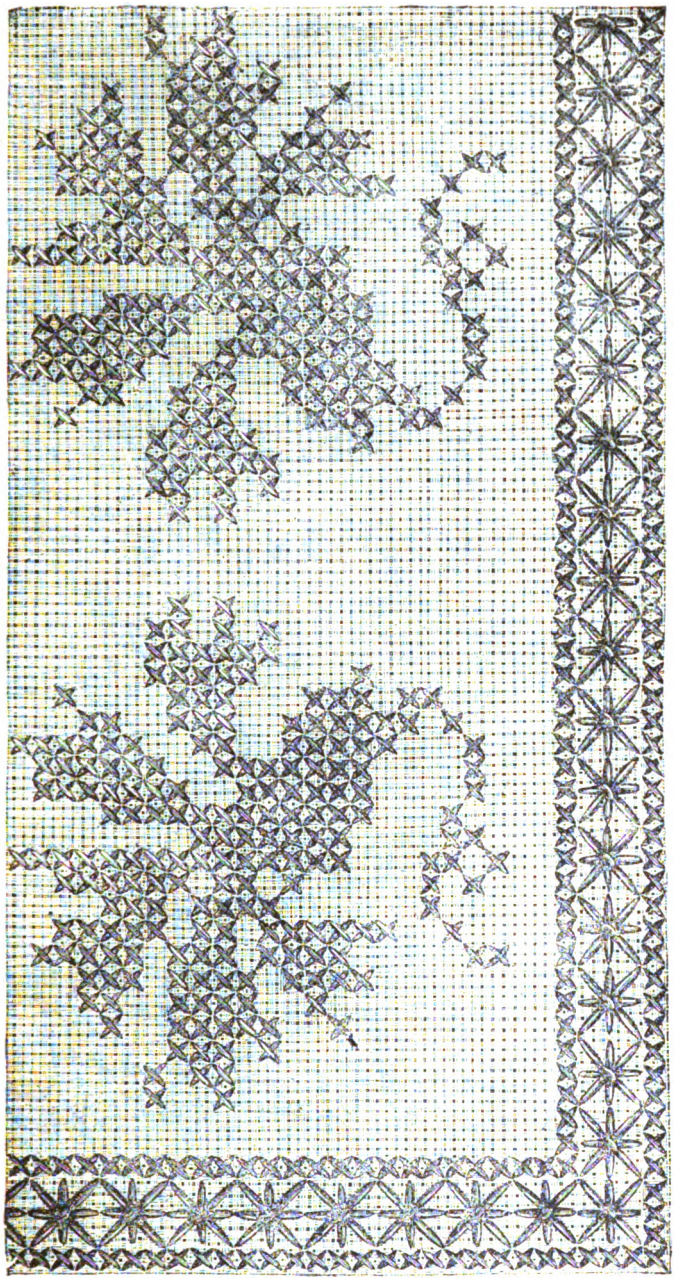

BORDER FOR MAT. EMBROIDERED EDGE.

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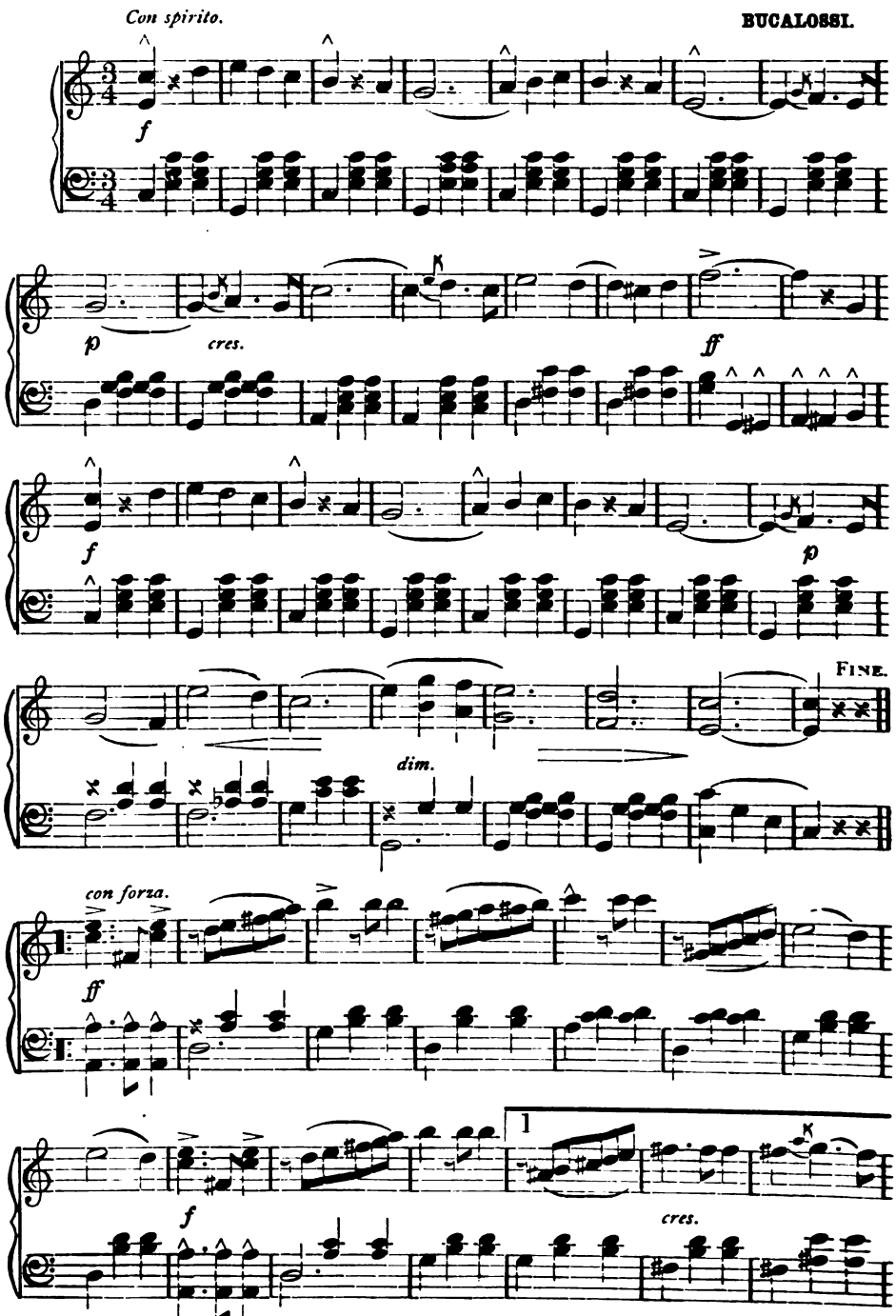
GITANA WALTZ.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.



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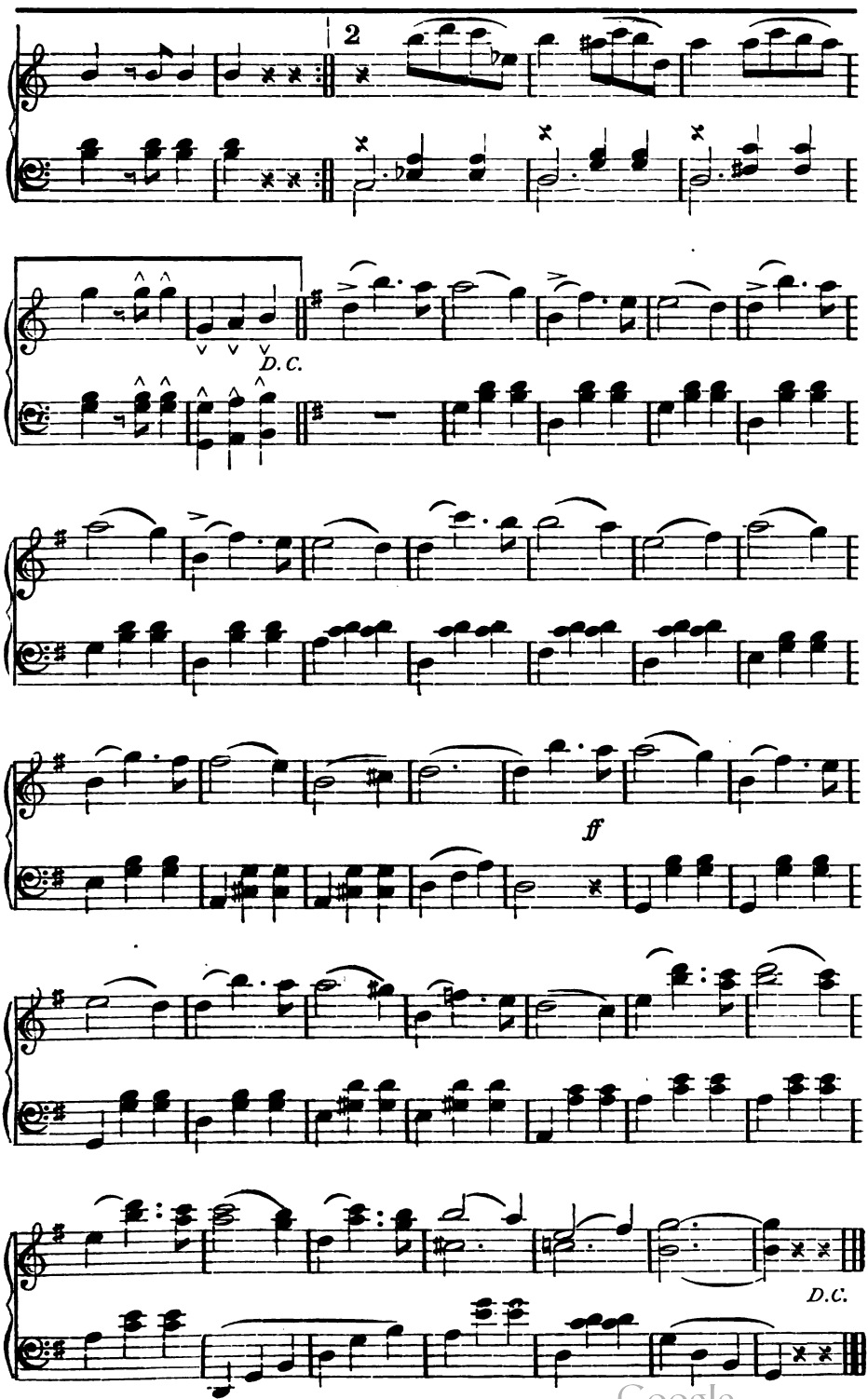

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EVENING-DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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LOST AND FOUND.

BY N. IDA SMITH.

I.

HE was a tiny dainty morsel of humanity, dressed in a wonderful frock of blue silk, and hugging in her arms a doll nearly as large as herself.

He was a forlorn little specimen of "street gamin," with frowzy unkempt hair, a battered slouch hat, and an old jacket a world too big for him.

She stood with tearful blue eyes fixed pleadingly upon his face, her own golden locks falling in a shining mass around her small form.

"Oh, so you're lost, eh? Can't find yer parients," he said. "Well, that's a bad go fer one o' your stripe."

"Tan't 'oo fin' me?" she asked, in tearful accents.

A sudden sense of importance stole over him at her confiding tone. He felt several inches taller than before, but he shook his head sagely. "Dunno, little one, tho' I'd like to accommodate ye. What's yer name?"

"Papa calls me Dot, and mamma calls me Birdie," said the small lady, hugging her doll still closer.

"Well, Birdie," he said, "I will take you to your papa. So now let's be friends—won't you?"

She put one little hand trustingly in his. "Yes, 'oo and I will be friends; and now I'se weady to go home."

He looked dubiously down at the white morsel, as it lay within his brown palm; then suddenly closing his own hand upon it, he said, simply: "Come."

They wandered on, she full of hopeful expectancy, having confidence in his power and wisdom; he in anxiety and doubt, for it was growing dark, and he really did not know where to go. Yet, up through the crust of uncouth training and neglected childhood, there welled a new strange feeling through all his being, at his new sense of responsibility, which changed the rough "street gamin" into something wonderfully akin to gentleness and manly courtesy.

"I'se tired," said the child, at last, when they had been walking fruitlessly for half an hour.

"Tired? Well, Dot," was the reply, "I am afraid we're in fer it. Don't see any prospect of finding papa to-night. Nuthing left, as I see, but the perlice station."

"I'se tired," repeated Dot, quite ignorant of what he meant. "Vy don't ve ride?"

"Ride, poor little mite?" said the boy, and, stopping short, he gazed ruefully into the little face, uncertain how next to act. "Now, ef I had a nickel, I'd put you on a car, and hang on behind, myself. I declare, I've a mind to beg fer it."

The boy, with all his hard experience, was unused to beg; and he disliked the thought. But—for her! Putting on a bold face, he stepped up to a gentleman approaching.

"Ask pardon, sir," he exclaimed. "Little girl lost, sir—want to take her to perlice station. Couldn't you spare a car-fare, sir, eh? She's about tired out—"

He got no farther, for, at this juncture, Dot sprang forward, crying "Papa! papa!" all in a glad tremble of eagerness.

"Dot! in heaven's name, what does this mean?" cried the gentleman, now first discerning her. There was a sudden rush—and then Dot, doll and all, was lifted into the gentleman's arms.

The boy turned to go, a queer lonely feeling tugging at his heart. "She was all right now—and he should never see no more of her," he thought.

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"Papa, papa, call him, quick—boy, come back," cried Dot, with sudden remembrance.

He turned at her voice.

"Come here, my boy," said the father; "what's your name?"

"Randall, sir—Randall Harland," and the lad touched his old hat respectfully.

"And you have taken care of my baby, Randall. I must see more of you, my boy," replied the other. "Come along with us."

Randall hesitated, thinking of his shabby appearance.

"Boy, 'oo come wight along—I want 'oo," lisped baby, from papa's shoulder.

"That settles it," muttered Randall, and he followed his new friends to their beautiful home.

II.

Judge St. Clair was the leading lawyer of the place, and one of the richest men in it. He took a great fancy to the lad from the first, and this, in addition to his child's gratitude, led to Randall's becoming a sort of protégé. The boy's story, too, interested him, for Randall had come of good parents; but they had died within a year of each other, and, being without near relatives, the lad had drifted into the streets, picking up a precarious living by selling newspapers and doing odd jobs. He was soon sent to a good boarding-school, and afterward, as he had developed remarkable talent, to college; and was finally taken into the judge's office to study law. In all these years, Randall had seen but little of the daughter; but, meantime, she had grown up into a beautiful and accomplished girl. He never forgot the first time he saw her after he graduated.

"You are now entered in my office," said the judge, "as a student, and I wish you to be perfectly at home. Since my dear wife died, some months ago, we have not seen company; but, if you will come and dine with us to-night, sociably, I shall be glad to have you; and my daughter, who has not forgotten her 'preserver,' as she often calls you, will be as glad, I am sure."

So, when Randall found himself bowing to a fair creature, dressed in filmy black and leaning on her father's arm, he could scarcely believe that he had been the street gamin who had rescued her when lost, and that the little sobbing child, pretty as she was, could have grown up into this beautiful creature. From that night, Randall's heart was gone. He often saw Miss St. Clair, and she was always affable; but her smiles only made him more despairing. "She is grateful, that is all," he said. "She would never think of me. Oh! if I could only go away, and forget her."

But, with it all, he had not the courage to go away. He absented himself, as much as possible, from the house. But often, at night, he would stand at the St. Clair gates, looking despairingly in on the ample grounds of the judge, and watching to see if the daughter's shadow passed the lighted windows: looking, as one banished from Paradise may be supposed to look, hopelessly, in at the celestial gates.

"God help me," he said. "Flight would be wisest for me; but I can't, I can't give up the chance of seeing her occasionally. And, besides, the judge would never understand why I left, and I couldn't explain; and he'd think me ungrateful. Oh, no, I must stay, and see her soon won by some happy man, even if it kills me."

One day, he sat in the judge's law-office, pondering gloomily. Before him lay a dainty note, purporting to be an invitation to a "grand ball," given in honor of Miss Sadie St. Clair's presentation to society.

"What a mockery," he cried. "What right have I, a 'charity boy,' to attend this gaudy affair?" and he tossed the note savagely to the other side of the table. "And yet," with

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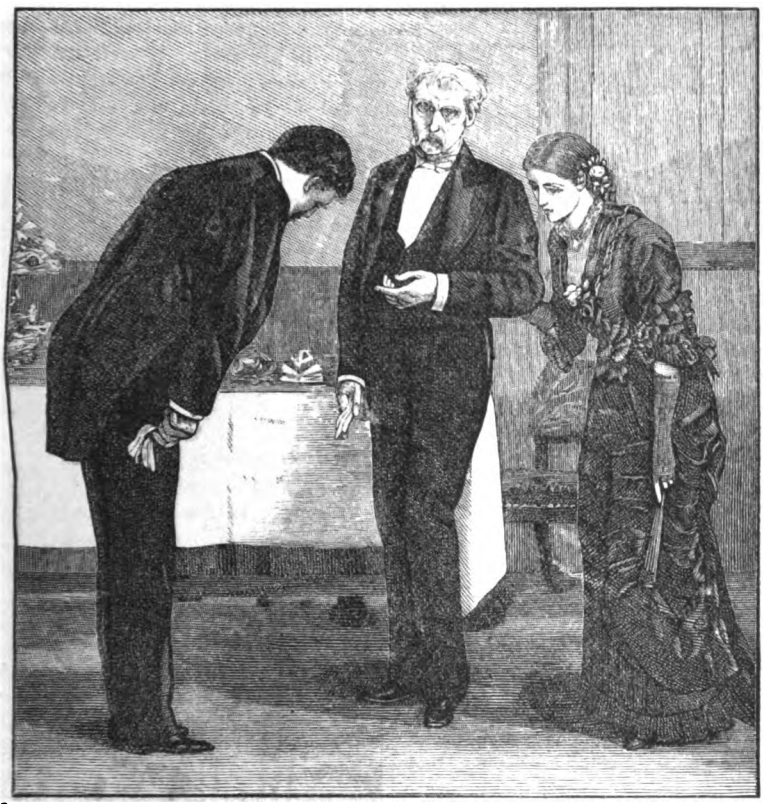
sudden remorse, "oh, Sadie, Sadie, all that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe, my beautiful darling, to you."

Down went the handsome curly head upon the table, for a moment resting there; then, suddenly, the young lawyer rose to his feet and began pacing the apartment.

"No, no," he muttered, "my pride and honor must ever stand between us. She thinks of me only as the protégé they have taken up. While, as for the judge, kind as he is, what would he, the proud father, say, if I went and asked him to give me his treasure?" He laughed a derisive laugh. Then, as the vision of the daughter's sweet face rose before him, he murmured: "Oh, Sadie, Sadie, better to have remained in the gutter all my life than to know and love you, only to lose you—to see you the wife of another."

His musings were suddenly interrupted by a low tap at the door. He rose and opened it, and lo! there stood Sadie herself. It was no unusual thing for the girl to drop in to see her father; and Randall began explaining that the judge was out, when she interrupted him.

"Mr. Harland!" she cried, frankly; and,



advancing into the room, she extended to him a small daintily-gloved hand. "It is you I came to see. I have come to add a verbal invitation to my written one; for papa tells me you have a repugnance to such assemblages. Now, it's my birthday—my coming-out party—and I really can't take 'No' for an answer. Do you not owe us something in the way of sociability?"

Randall Harland's brow flushed.

"I owe you everything, Miss St. Clair," he said, in low meaning tones.

It was the girl's turn to flush.

"Pardon me," she said, in some embarrassment. "I did not intend—" She stopped in confusion.

"Nay, Miss St. Clair, it is a pleasure to owe to you all that I am or hope to be—only, I would I were able to make compensation."

"Pray, do not speak in that way," said she, hurriedly. "It is unkind of you, when you know that whatever debt you may think you have incurred was canceled before it was made."

"Then, indeed, I must accept," he replied, gravely.

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"Must?" And she pouted her lovely lips. "What!" with sudden impulsiveness, laying her hand upon his arm, "do you not wish to?"

The magnetism of her touch electrified him. He caught the little hand in his own; he had lost his self-control. His face had grown very pale.

"Sadie, Sadie, I wish anything that you will," he whispered rather than spoke. Then, all at once realizing what he had done, he dropped her hand and abruptly turned away.

There was a rustle of silken robes, an opening of the door, and Sadie was gone.

"Ah, I have offended her beyond hope of forgiveness," he murmured, in despair. And again he paced the room with moody brow.

The night of the ball had arrived. Judge St. Clair's noble mansion was brilliantly illuminated. The grounds about the house were alive with light from innumerable Chinese lanterns hanging from the branches of trees. Flowers of rarest hue and perfume were twined and hung in profusion about the rooms.

Amid all this, crowned with flowers, her white satin robe festooned with them, moved Sadie, with the air of a born princess. So thought Randall Harland, at least, as he stood before her with bowed head, listening to her words of welcome. He was conscious of a change in her manner. It had lost its old freedom, and she seemed strangely ill at ease in his presence.

He smiled bitterly to himself as he noted it. "She has taken warning, and will keep me at a proper distance," he said to himself. Judge of his surprise, then, when she held up her card for his inspection.

"See, Mr. Harland," she said, "I have reserved a waltz and a quadrille for you."

"But you forget," he stammered. "I—I do not dance."

She shook her golden head, with a return of the old willfulness. "I know you can do whatever you will to do," she said; and, as she spoke, her eye met his with subtile meaning, then quickly dropped, as she added while she turned away: "And I shall expect you to fulfill this engagement," tapping her card playfully.

The young man's heart stirred within him. What did she mean? Was she playing with him? "Amusing herself, very likely," he said, "with a first girlish flirtation." And so he walked moodily away.

But he did not forget to claim her for the waltz. Despite his professed ignorance, he was acquainted with the step sufficiently well to make a good appearance. And, as he felt her light form swaying to and fro in rhythmic measure in his arms, a strange sort of transport seized him. She was about to express her surprise at his proficiency; but, when their eyes met, the words died on her lips at the look in his face. Happiness, love, ecstasy, were written there. A sudden tremor seized her. She leaned heavily upon his arm. He heard her whisper:

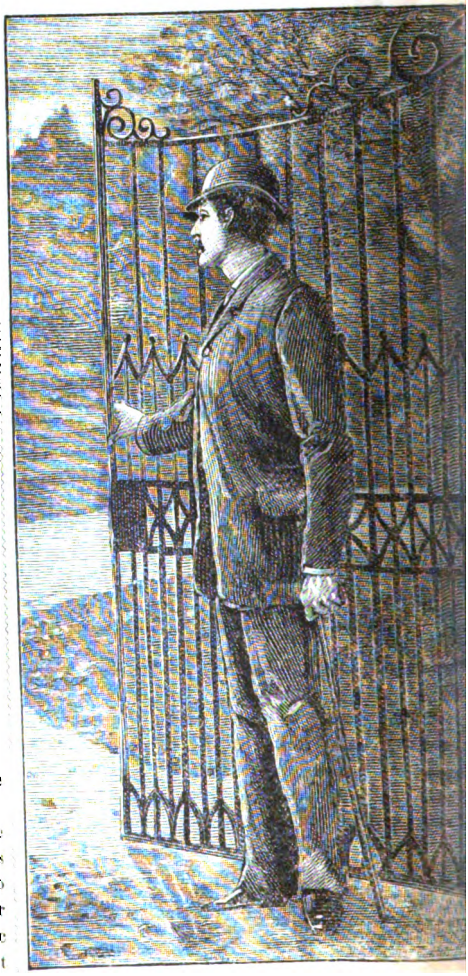
"Take me away. I am faint."

There was a little secluded boudoir at one end of the suite of rooms, which Randall remembered, and thither he led her.

"Thanks," she said, sinking to a seat, and her voice trembling.

He stood a moment, drinking in her loveliness in silence. At last she said, with an attempt to regain her usual well-bred composure:

"Ah, thanks again; I am better now. But what dreadful deceivers you men are. Did you not tell me you could not waltz?" She tapped him playfully with her dainty fan as she spoke.



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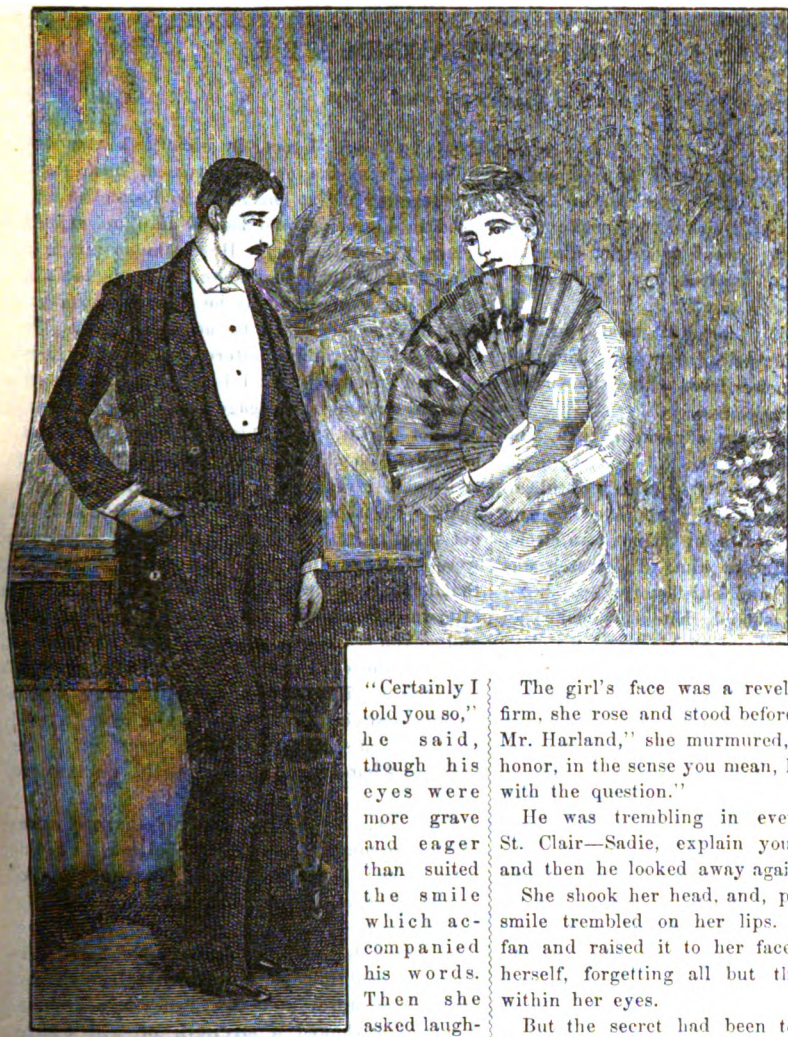

"Certainly I told you so," he said, though his eyes were more grave and eager than suited the smile which accompanied his words. Then she asked laughingly if he [illegible] to preserve a character for veracity. [illegible] give me credit where it is not due," [illegible]d, gravely. "It was your presence, [illegible] Clair, that inspired me. I could have [illegible]on forever, with you beside me—" [illegible] he stopped suddenly, startled at his own [illegible]. There was silence between them—a [illegible] that spoke louder than words. After [illegible] a small hand was softly placed in his. [illegible] Harland," she began, "why do you [illegible]ur pride forever to master you—" Then [illegible]sed in confusion.

He turned upon her wildly. "My pride? Say rather my honor—my honor, Miss St. Clair. It must ever stand between me—and happiness." The last words were spoken in passionate whisper, as he turned his head away.

Sadie uttered a low exclamation, but what she said was inaudible, though, had he been calm enough to reason, her tremulous tone would have assured him that his speech had roused no anger in her mind. But, when he called eagerly for pardon, she stretched out her fan and touched his arm. Harland turned quickly toward her.

The girl's face was a revelation. Pale, but firm, she rose and stood before him. "No, no, Mr. Harland," she murmured, "you mistake—honor, in the sense you mean, has nothing to do with the question."

He was trembling in every limb. "Miss St. Clair—Sadie, explain yourself," he cried, and then he looked away again.

She shook her head, and, pale as she was, a smile trembled on her lips. She opened her fan and raised it to her face as if to shield herself, forgetting all but the love revealed within her eyes.

But the secret had been told, and Randall drew her to him with a sudden embrace.

She did not repulse him.

"Sadie, darling, do you love me?" he cried, in rapture.

She drew away with pouting smiling lips.

"Where now," she said, archly, "are your honor and pride, Mr. Harland?"

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried. "And your father—what will he say? I would not wrong him."

She looked up archly.

"You do not wrong him. Why do you not understand? He loves you as a son, and has long known that I—" a pause.

"You what, Sadie?"

She nestled close to his breast and whispered: "I love you."

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A FEMININE MANŒUVRE.

BY LESTER WEBB.

"FOR my part, I cannot imagine what you see in Victor Dumont to make you want to marry him. It passes my comprehension!"

"Just what you saw in uncle, I suppose," came the answer from behind the window draperies.

There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Burnham said stiffly:

"The cases are hardly parallel, Kathleen. Your uncle was thoroughly approved by my parents. He had grown up in our own circle, and we knew all about him. The match was eminently suitable and satisfactory."

"Oh, how I should hate to make an 'eminently suitable and satisfactory' match!" The curtains were impetuously parted and a slender golden-haired girl came into the soft light of the room. "Tell me, auntie, did you never wish that someone would come into your life—someone you had never seen—and make you fall desperately in love with him? Didn't you hate to have everything so commonplace? Why, you saw uncle every day nearly, from the time he was in kilts to the day he asked you to marry him."

A slight flush came into the elder woman's cheek. "Don't try to get up melodramatics, please, Kathie."

"Oh, but, auntie, you're blushing! I know you used to feel just as I do. You might as well confess!"

"It is difficult to confess when there is nothing to confess, my dear. Come, I want to have some serious conversation with you about—"

"But I don't want to be serious, Aunt Kate. I feel sure that I'm on the track of a romance. Didn't you ever meet anyone you thought you could love beside uncle? There, you're blushing again! Oh, you must tell me, and then I'll be as serious as you please."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way, as usual, you perverse girl. But you will be extremely disappointed when you get your romance. It only amounts to this: When I was about your age, I met, in society, a man so different from the ordinary run of men, that he interested me at once. He had some Italian blood in his veins, and looked like an exiled prince, we used to say. He made no attempt to render himself agreeable to the young ladies, and it was a question why he went into society. Suddenly he began to be attentive to me. I suppose I felt rather flattered by being singled out, and imagined that I loved him. It never was an out-and-out engagement—my parents did not like it. So we drifted along, and then he had to go abroad, and was detained there, and—well, I suppose, being separated, we grew apart. He thought I was undecided. I did not want to go against my parents, and they were so distrustful, and it was all so unhappy, that I finally wrote to him and ended it. Then afterward your uncle came back from traveling, and so you see I have had a happy life after all, and had the comfort of pleasing my parents."

Kathleen sighed. She was leaning over a high-backed chair, her dark eager eyes fastened on her aunt's face. "And is that all?" she said. "What became of him—did he turn out badly?"

"Oh, no. He settled abroad—earned some distinction under Garibaldi, I believe. I never knew very much about him. Our ways took us widely apart. There, now: are you satisfied, inquisitive girl?"

Kathleen leaned her head on her hand and looked thoughtfully at her aunt. Her delicate clear-cut features and the firm lines around her mouth showed a strength of will which might prove more difficult to subdue than had her relative's.

"Aunt Kate, if you really loved each other, I think you did very wrong to give him up for your parents."

"Kathleen, what are you saying?"

"Oh, of course, I know you are very happy now—Uncle George is a dear—but it's the principle I'm thinking of. Not even a parent should choose a husband or wife for one."

"Well, my dear, no doubt you have thought this all out on the deepest psychological principles; but, ordinarily, people of middle age are supposed to have better judgment than girls of twenty."

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"Oh, dear, yes, if they only would not forget how they felt when they were young!"

"I am very sorry, Kathleen, I told you my little story, if this is the way you take it. I thought that you could see from it that I can sympathize with you, and it would show you that happiness does not necessarily lie in the one direction you now think it does."

"Still, auntie, it does not prove to me what it does to you. If your first love had turned out badly, perhaps I might be induced to let you choose a husband for me." Then, mischievously: "Haven't you ever wondered what your life would have been if you had married him, and haven't you ever, just for a moment, wished that you had?"

"Of course not! Kathleen, you go too far altogether. What would your Uncle George say?"

"Oh, dear me, I forgot all about him! There, forgive me. And now I'm ready to be serious."

Just then, a maid entered and presented a card to the speaker. As soon as she had disappeared, Kathleen turned gayly to her aunt. "Too late, too late! He is here already. I shall have to wait for your lecture." And, with a saucy nod, she left the room, fastening a rose in her corsage as she went.

Mrs. Burnham leaned back in her chair with vexation on her face, as the portière closed behind her willful niece. She looked about the dainty room, Kathleen's special sanctum. It was luxurious in every detail, and to Mrs. Burnham the thought came: "We have given her everything she has ever wanted, and now she sees no reason why it should not be the same with her lover." It was very trying, especially as there was no definite objection which she could make to this young man. She had to acknowledge to herself that she had liked him exceedingly until she found that Kathleen also liked him. He was handsome, well-bred, with a high sense of honor. What was the matter? If only he had grown up in Boston, so that she might have known all about him. Marriage was such a risk unless you did know all about the man—and then Monsieur Dumont was dark, and would probably make a jealous husband. All this was rather intangible, and would not be likely to have much effect on Kathleen, who was not easily moved from her own decisions. The room was fragrant with flowers, and gradually Mrs. Burnham's brow smoothed under the influence of a comfortable chair and soothing surroundings. She fell into a reverie over the past, and it was some time before the crackling of paper, as her hand fell in her lap, reminded her that she had a note to read, brought in at the same time that Kathleen's visitor was announced.

She opened it carelessly—it was probably an invitation of some sort. Before she had read the first line, she uttered an exclamation of bewilderment, staring blankly at the writing. It had grown suddenly very familiar. Then she turned to the inner page; it was signed as she knew it would be:

"Your obedient servant,
RAFFAEL MORTIMER."

How that name brought back her youth! Forgotten were Kathleen's affairs. She was a girl again, living over the time when that name had filled her heart. But what were the words she had read? She turned back to the first page and felt old again as she saw:

"MRS. GEORGE BURNHAM.

Dear Madam:"

Then she read:

"On rejoining my son here, I find that he considers himself betrothed to your niece." (Victor Dumont the son of her first lover? It could not be—there must be some mistake! Ah, but the letter went on.) "I will state, as I find you have not been informed, that he inherited the property of his maternal grandfather, and so took the family name.

"As there seems a prospect that he will pass through the same experience that I did in my youth, and as I do not consider such an experience beneficial to a young ardent nature, I have arranged for him to leave Paris at once on a diplomatic mission, which I trust will so occupy him that he will soon forget this episode in his life.

"Hoping that you will be able to console your niece, as maidens before this have been consoled under like circumstances, I have the honor, madam, to sign myself

"Your obedient servant,
"RAFFAEL MORTIMER."

Mrs. Burnham's cheeks were scarlet by the time she had finished this epistle. "Then he never forgave, and has despised me all these years," she thought.

Just then, the portière was pushed aside and Kathleen entered, but a different Kathleen from the one who had gone, flushed and radiant, to meet her lover. Slowly she crossed the room, her face pale and rigid, the light gone from her eyes, her lips closed in a hard firm line. Mrs. Burnham, horrified at the change, started forward, but Kathleen waved her back.

"I will tell you what has happened," she said, in a frozen voice, "and then please never

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speak to me about it again. Victor's father came to-day. He is the man you told me about. He thinks that I will not be true to Victor, that you will persuade me to give him up, and insists that the engagement be broken. Victor is to go to Russia. He says that he shall claim me as soon as he is free, but I could not let him bind himself. It is all over. I shall never see him again!" With a gesture of despair, she turned away, but her aunt clasped her in her arms.

"Don't look so wretched, my darling: you break my heart. I will do something to change this."

"You can do nothing. General Mortimer declines the alliance. He is so hard! Don't torture me by trying to do anything. It is useless." She threw herself on the couch, burying her face in her hands, oblivious to her aunt's attempts to comfort her. That lady at last left her in despair and sought Uncle George.

That individual, blissfully unconscious of the cyclone which had burst upon his wife's head, sat comfortably smoking in his own little den, with a mountain of American papers before him, a smile of placid content on his round kindly face. Enter Mrs. Burnham, excitedly.

"George, something dreadful has happened—oh, how smoky!"

"What?" without looking up from his journal. "Has another decanter been broken?"

"Decanter! Kathleen's heart is broken, that's all!"

Mr. Burnham's attention was arrested by this startling announcement. He put down his paper and looked at the distressed face before him. "Do you mean that it's off with Mr. Dumont?"

Mrs. Burnham nodded agitatedly. "Why, I thought that was just what you had been longing for!"

"Oh, but not in this way. I can't help feeling that it is all my fault. To think that what was over and done with twentyfive years ago should come back and stab me in this fashion."

Mr. Burnham listened to this outburst in amazement. "Well, Kate, if you will tell me what you mean, I shall know better what to think."

"Oh, George, you must make it all right, or I shall never forgive myself."

"I knew you would relent when it really came to the point of seeing Kathleen in tears. Do you want me to go out on the street and drag that young man back?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Here, I suppose you might as well read this," handing him the letter, which she had been keeping out of sight. "Then you will understand."

Mr. Burnham began to read, and then, as his wife had done before him, turned to look at the signature. He gave her a quick glance after seeing what it was, but she had turned to the window to hide her nervousness. Somehow, in a ridiculous way, she felt like the villain in a stage-scene. The letter was read through twice very deliberately before Mr. Burnham spoke. Not that he particularly enjoyed it, but he wanted to take time to recover from the surprise it had given him. Such was the fairness of his mind that he could enter into General Mortimer's feelings. When he did speak, it was only to say:

"Well, I don't see that there is anything to be done but take Kathleen home and try to make her forget this little affair."

"Forget? And I shall have to endure all the reproach of her misery till she does. I can't bear it, and I don't intend that man shall take such a cruel revenge. I will circumvent him in some way!"

"Circumvent him? Why, Kate, only this morning you were telling me that you would be thankful from the depths of your heart if anything would break off this affair!"

"Please don't waste time, George! Help me to decide what we can do. I suppose we could manage it. You can go to the embassy at once and arrange for a clergyman to be present at eleven, and I'll write to Victor—"

"Kate Burnham, have you lost your senses? What do you mean?"

"No, on the whole, I think you had better hunt up Victor at once, and then, while he is getting the license, you can be attending to the other arrangements."

Uncle George was growing very red in the face. "If you expect me to make myself ridiculous by dancing after that young man—" A soft hand on his lips prevented further words.

"I want you to help me make Kathleen happy. Oh, if you should see her now! You know he is of good family, and everything you found out about him was to his credit, so I suppose I ought not to have objected. But, dear me, I did want to carry Kathleen home. There is that nice young Howard just waiting till we get back, I know, and she would have settled down almost next-door to us; but then she's in love now, and she shall marry him, if only to show Raffael Mortimer that he can't manage things in this high-handed style!"

"Understand, Kate, once for all, that I will have nothing whatever to do with a clandestine marriage. You must have lost your senses!"

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"Well, then, tell me what we shall do."

"As I said before—"

"Oh, don't go over that again. Let me think." There was silence for a few moments, then Mrs. Burnham suddenly exclaimed:

"I know—George, you must challenge him!"

"Challenge him? What for?"

"Why, for this insulting letter to your wife, of course."

"Well, I think I see myself acting so like a fool," said Uncle George, with vehemence.

"Why, you needn't do anything." Mrs. Burnham was speaking out of deep thought now, and did not catch the expression of her husband's face. "Yes," she went on, "I see just how it will turn out. He will have to accept the challenge—Monsieur Tiernan will act as your second—then I shall find out about it—seek an interview with General Mortimer—everything will be explained—Victor summoned back—Don't you see?"

"No, I don't," growled her husband. "I see that you would make us the laughing-stock of every American in Europe. The most sensible thing we can do, in my opinion, is to take Kathleen home as fast as we can. I, for one, have had enough of foreigners."

"Oh, George, aren't you willing to do so much as this to make Kathleen happy? It's just a form. Of course, I wouldn't have you really fight a duel; but I know General Mortimer would respect you much more if you should resent this letter."

"I don't know that I care particularly for General Mortimer's respect."

"Well, I do, for you, and I can see such a happy ending of all this trouble."

Mrs. Burnham finally won her point, overwhelming all her husband's objections, and, before she left him, he had dispatched his challenge, which was promptly accepted. I think he had never before felt so foolish as he did while arranging matters with his second. Monsieur Tiernan was so business-like, it made the little play almost too realistic. His own part, fortunately, was very simple. He had only to be a passive subject in the hands of the voluble little Frenchman. When all the details had been arranged, Mr. Burnham called his wife into his room to tell her the plan.

"Now, I hope you are satisfied," he said, rather grimly. "Your husband is engaged to fight a duel, with pistols, day after to-morrow, at 7 A.M., place C——; surgeons will be on hand."

"It does sound bloodthirsty," said Mrs. Burnham. "But then we know it won't happen."

"Don't, for pity's sake, give Kathleen an inkling of what is going on," said her husband, uneasily. "If it should leak out that this is only a comedy of your devising, we should be disgraced forever. Duels are serious things here."

"No, indeed! I wouldn't let a soul know for worlds."

Mrs. Burnham's part of the programme came the next day. At the earliest suitable moment, her carriage was at the door, and, arrayed in her most becoming costume, she entered it with her maid, leaving poor Kathleen exceedingly mystified.

She was driven to the Hotel Royale, and Jacques, her trusty footman, was instructed to take word to General Mortimer that a lady would like to speak to him. Mrs. Burnham's plan was to invite him to enter the carriage and drive a little way with her. Then she would surprise him into a confession of the duel, etc., etc.

In a few moments, Jacques returned and informed madame that General Mortimer was not in. At what hour would he return? That no one knew. He had left the city for a few days.

"Left the city!" Mrs. Burnham gasped. Then, in a hideous flash, it came to her that he would not return until after the duel. "Go back and ask for his address," she insisted, almost frantically. "I have important business with him."

General Mortimer had not left his address—this the bland portier came out himself to tell her. His directions were that all letters and papers should be retained till his return—if madame had any message to leave, it should be delivered at the first opportunity. No? Madame had no message to leave? It was with great regret that he found himself unable to assist her, and so he obsequiously bowed himself away. Madame gave the unheard-of order "Drive anywhere!" as she sank back in the cushions, feeling as if she had no power to breathe. She could not bear the inquisitive eyes of her maid, and so dropped her at a shop, charged with some trifling commission. Then up and down the Champs Elysées, while the poor woman tried to still the whirling of her brain and decide what to do next.

George should not venture near the place—she would go herself rather than that he should run into such danger. She would humble herself in any way. This dreadful duel must not take place. At last, in a very hopeless state of mind, she gave the order "Home."

Mr. Burnham looked up as his wife wearily

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dragged herself into his sanctum, where he had been smoking in a sombre way. "Well?" he said, laconically.

"It isn't well at all," she answered, with what spirit she could muster. "General Mortimer has left Paris for several days, and no one knows where he is. And—oh, George! you shan't go near that place. I'd fight him myself rather than let you—I can explain—"

"Explain?" ejaculated Mr. Burnham, recovering from the shock of his wife's intelligence. "Of course you won't do anything of the kind! I have gone too far in this matter to back out now."

"George, you shan't go. You would surely be killed. I shall see Monsieur Tiernan at once, and say that I have found out about it, and that I shall notify the authorities, and—"

"Kate, you will do nothing of the kind," sternly. "You have managed this affair to suit yourself so far, and now I propose to manage the rest of it. I am in honor bound to be at the appointed place to-morrow, and shall be there. I shall fire in the air. I don't care to risk the chance of having anyone's blood on my hands. General Mortimer can do as he pleases."

Then, as his wife burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming "You will be killed, and it will be all my fault!" he went on: "Good gracious! it's nothing so very dreadful, after all. I have been under fire before this, you must remember."

Nothing could weaken his determination, and Mrs. Burnham finally retired to her room with the only attack of hysterics of which she had ever been guilty, having been compelled to promise solemnly that she would take no steps to prevent the duel.

The dreary hours dragged on. Kathleen would have rebelled at being shut out of her aunt's room, had not her own troubles been so absorbing that she was oblivious to all else, and glad to be left to herself.

The gray dawn of the next day was just beginning to steal into the room when she woke to see her aunt standing over her, and heard her saying incoherently: "I promised I would not try to prevent it, but I must be there." Then, impatiently: "Why don't you get up, Kathleen? There isn't a moment to lose."

Kathleen thought her aunt had lost her reason, and started up now, her face full of fear. "What is the matter, auntie—what are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know anything about it. Do hurry and dress, and I will tell you. Your uncle has gone to fight a duel." Kathleen gave a sharp exclamation and turned a frightened face toward the speaker. "Don't ask me any questions. There is just time to catch the train. No one must know of it, so I can't take Marie; and I can't go alone, so you must come."

It seemed all a dream to Kathleen, as she made her hasty preparations under her aunt's ceaseless hurrying and heard the explanation given to the maid—who, of course, did not believe a word of it—and swallowed a cup of coffee, and finally found herself settled in the railway-carriage. When they had really left the station, only half an hour behind the train which they were following, Mrs. Burnham seemed more composed. But, as they stopped at one little station after another, her patience gave way, and she grew so extremely nervous that Kathleen became still more alarmed. Her efforts to soothe her aunt were unavailing, so she could only wait in helpless despair for the dreary journey to come to an end. It did at last, and they were left on the platform, the bright sunshine falling mockingly on their heads as they looked forlornly about them for signs of life. It was still early, and, as this was not a train which usually brought passengers to C——, the spot was deserted by man and beast.

"What shall we do?" Mrs. Burnham began, helplessly—when, just then, the door of the little station opened and a man walked leisurely out. His breath was almost taken away by the suddenness with which these two anxious-faced women turned upon him.

"Had two gentlemen arrived here by the previous train?"

"The previous train did not stop here."

"What! was not this C——?"

"Madame said correctly—it was C——."

"Was there, then, some other way of getting here?"

"That would depend from what point one started, madame."

"From Paris, then."

"Ah, from Paris! This was the only line from Paris."

An exclamation of dismay from both listeners.

"Was not the C—— field near here?" Mrs. Burnham asked, recklessly.

Now the chef-de-station shrugged his shoulders comprehendingly.

"Ah, that! It was customary to go on to the next station, if one wished to go to the C—— field."

"Why, was it nearer?"

"Ah, no—but the next town was larger: one

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would not be noticed so quickly there—in case any trouble came from—"

Mrs. Burnham interrupted him quickly:

"Monsieur, I must have a carriage at once."

"What madame wishes is impossible, I fear."

"But I must! Monsieur shall have twenty francs if, in ten minutes, there is some vehicle here—no matter what—in which I can ride."

"But, madame—"

"No, no—go quickly!" she said, imperiously, and fairly waved him down the road in her intense eagerness.

While they waited, Mrs. Burnham feverishly paced up and down the platform, followed by Kathleen, who, quivering as she was in every nerve, tried to encourage her aunt.

"Too late! It will be too late!" the latter whispered, as the moments dragged by.

"But we are nearer the place, auntie, you know."

"Yes—but they had such a start! Oh, if it were only not too far to walk!"

"There comes something!" Kathleen said, excitedly, looking far along the level road. The cloud of dust, as it came nearer, resolved itself into a peasant-cart such as is used for carrying vegetables to market. It was coming in great jerks, as the bony steed was urged forward by the driver, and would have been a comical sight to a free-hearted traveler.

"That must be for us. See, auntie!"

Without a word, Mrs. Burnham started down the road, almost running; and, in a moment. they were seated on the board which had been laid across the back of the cart, and were jolting off in the opposite direction, while the station-master stared thoughtfully after them, closely holding the twenty francs which had been thrust into his hand.

It seemed a long time to the two women before the driver reined-in his steed, declaring that the journey was at an end. But even then they looked about them blankly. What they saw was a large grove of pines, through which the wind was sighing plaintively, and all around it rolling hills, on which sheep were peacefully grazing: but there were no signs of human life.

"They are not here!" Mrs. Burnham exclaimed, despairingly.

"Oh, madame must go down behind that hill, to find her friends," said their peasant driver.

Madame was out on the road in an instant, and, with Kathleen close beside her, started across the meadows. Up one hill and down it, up the second they toiled, and there was still another before them. They were half-way up this third swell, when two pistol-shots rang out sharply on the air. Two piercing screams responded; then, with a supreme effort, the frightened women reached the top. Mrs. Burnham was vaguely conscious of seeing a group of black coats at the bottom and of flying down that hill, and then she knew nothing more: for she fell fainting in the middle of the arena.

The state of petrifaction into which all had been thrown by this very sudden and startling result from the preliminary firing was broken by Kathleen's voice. She was kneeling, pale and trembling, by her aunt's side, and exclaimed piteously: "Oh! bring some water—quick! Somebody!"

The surgeon was first to recover his presence of mind, and drew near. "The bullet could not have hit her?" he said, interrogatively.

"Oh, no! Not that. Uncle George, why don't you come here? Don't you see she has fainted?"

During the commotion which followed, General Mortimer stood a little at one side, his eyes riveted on Kathleen. It was his first love whom he saw before him, just as he had seen her again and again more than a quarter of a century ago. Was he dreaming? There was the same turn of the head as she looked up at the surgeon. What would she say to him if he should draw near? Pshaw! What was he thinking of? This was Victor's Kathleen, not his—and a flash of jealousy came over him. His Kathleen was the middle-aged lady recovering from a faint. He had not looked at her before, but now he did. She was a handsome woman, yes, but not the girl he had loved. He had no envy in his heart toward his antagonist now. Why had he written that letter? He must have been having a twinge of the gout. How that lovely girl must hate him! She would not look up—if he should speak to her—with the love in her eyes that he used to see in them—

Here he was interrupted by Mr. Burnham, who came hurriedly toward him.

"General Mortimer, I am mortified that this has happened. When can I give you satisfaction?"

The general looked into the distance and said: "At the earliest opportunity which—" Then he hesitated, glanced at Kathleen, and began again abruptly: "Will Mr. Burnham withdraw his challenge if the ladies request him to do so?"

Mr. Burnham looked at him a moment in silent surprise, and then said slowly: "If the ladies authorize General Mortimer to ask me to withdraw my challenge, I shall be glad to comply."

General Mortimer walked directly to the spot

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where Mrs. Burnham sat, leaning against Kathleen, and bowed low:

"May I beg madame and mademoiselle to show that they will forgive me for the trouble I have given them by authorizing me to ask Mr. Burnham to withdraw his challenge?"

Mrs. Burnham could do no more than bend her head in willing assent, but Kathleen broke out eagerly:

"We will forgive anything if you will only stop this dreadful duel!"

Her voice thrilled him. Her large eyes were full of tears, and he could only bow himself away without a word. In a moment, Kathleen exclaimed delightedly: "See, auntie, they are shaking hands—it's all right now!"

As if she had received a fresh draught of life, Mrs. Burnham sat up and looked across the field. There were the two principals in amicable conversation, and, a little farther away, the other three gentlemen looking on in amazed silence. Explanations ensued, more hand-shaking and bowing, and then General Mortimer approached to take leave.

Mrs. Burnham rose to receive him, and he took the hand of peace which she offered, saying: "Will madame permit me the honor of calling on her to-morrow to inquire for her health?" When he had received her gracious assent, he turned suddenly with a low bow to the silent Kathleen.

"Mademoiselle, may I also venture to bring my son with me?"

When, late that night, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham were at last alone together, he said to her rather grimly:

"Well, Kate, your scheme did work, after all!"

"Yes," she said, weakly, "but Kathleen can never be happy enough in this world to repay me for what I have endured."

WHAT SILENCE MEANS.

BY MAGGIE M'ADAMS.

I know what silence means:
It is to live alone from day to day,
To listen for a long-loved voice, alway;
To yearn and yearn, and be unsatisfied,
Because there is no loved one by my side—
This is what silence is!

To feel soft shadow-kisses on my face;
To miss a long-desired, dear-loved embrace;
To strain the hearing for a single word;
To learn the anguish of hope long deferred.
This is what silence means!

I might have joyous music all the year;
Might have young voices rising sweet and clear,
Flinging soft laughter on the summer air,
But—since the voice beloved would not be there—
I know what silence is!

To sit in crowds, and of them make no part;
To feel the sick pain throbbing at my heart;
To have no hopes, no wishes, no desires—
Light up the embers of long since dead fires—
This is what silence is!

To hear my echoing corridors repeat
The ghostly patter of dead children's feet;
To feel them close to me—so dear, so fair—
And, stretching eager arms, clasp empty air—
This is what silence is!

A CONFESSION.

BY GUINIVERE.

"See, there within the arch it hangs,
A rarely lovely painted face,
That smiles out life-like from the mass
Of snowy bloom and lace.

A woman's face. From fancy drawn?
Well, no: to you I will confess
I loved her once—ah! now you smile.
Say, did you never guess

That he, to whom the world applies
Titles of cynic, misanthrope,
Might once have mourned beside love's bier
And dug the grave of hope?

I loved her—yet I wrought her death!
I wronged her—yet I drew apart
And learned—too late!—how frail a thing
May prove a woman's heart.

And so I hung the portrait there,
My guardian-angel 'tis in truth,
And only you and I may know
The story of my youth.

Here did I penance—offered prayer:
Before this shrine my soul was shriven;
And now I wait till I shall know
That I have been forgiven."

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THE MURDER IN LAFAYETTE PLACE.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE," "TINKLING CYMBALS," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," "RUTHERFORD," ETC.

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CHAPTER V.

PROVOST'S departure left Lady Hubert and her remaining guest free to begin a conversation on purely personal matters.

The prince was young, with dark lustrous eyes and a clear-cut high-bred face, rendered more striking by the olive complexion.

"You nearly threw me off my balance," he said, in somewhat excited French.

"How?" asked Lady Hubert. "By introducing you as 'Prince Monti'?"

"Yes."

"But you are Prince Monti."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It's my caprice, Carlo. You know I could have discharged you months ago, as my courier, after I had completed my travels in Styria and elsewhere. But I preferred to do otherwise. I brought you quietly with me to America, where the valet-de-place and the courier are not needed—at least, not to an American, like myself."

"Truly," murmured the person whom she had now deprived of his princely dignities and called "Carlo." "But—" He paused, shrugging his shoulders and making an upward gesture with both hands. "Ah, you are an extraordinary woman!" he pursued, fixing his dark eyes upon her face. "You wish me to remain 'Prince Monti,' then?"

"Yes."

She spoke quite as if she were addressing a servant—which this man had indeed thus far been to her, and nothing more. He was of fairly good Italian birth. He had the manners of an Italian gentleman. No one, in those comparatively remote New York days, would have suspected him of being anything else.

"You are henceforth 'the Prince Monti,' my dear Carlo," she went on, with the faintest little smile about her lips and the same admirable calm which she had shown during her interview with Bleecker Provost. "You have great estates in Tuscany; you are traveling for your health and your diversion. You will entertain here in New York; you will dazzle people."

She rose now, and Carlo the courier rose too, startled by the pallor which had come into her face. The next words that she spoke were in an altered tone—colder and much more emphatic.

"There is one person whom I want you to charm—to fascinate, Carlo, if you can," she said.

She laid her hand on his arm and looked meaningly, fervently, into his eyes.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"The wife of that man who has just left us. He has a wife, Carlo. I have seen her; she is very lovely—a blonde. You like blondes—you have told me."

Carlo looked at her in bewilderment.

"Lady Hubert," he exclaimed, "you mean that—that you hate the—the gentleman who was here just now?"

She gave a short chill laugh and sank into her seat again.

"I mean," she said, "that you are the Prince Monti, with a very large income at your disposal. You have chanced to come here just at the same time as myself. I know all about you. I endorse you. I myself am endorsed; they will believe anything that I tell them. It's a very little innocent sort of place, this New York, after our Paris, our Vienna. To-morrow, you will receive the first installment of your income, mon prince, provided you consent to my proposal. You once said that you would do anything I asked you. It was that night when you made a fool of yourself in the Austrian Tyrol, and were nearly discharged because of your folly. You found out then that I was a woman with a heart of marble. You told me so. I liked the compliment and did not discharge you. Do you understand now, Carlo, what I wish you to do?"

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"Yes," he said, after a little pause. "You want me to bring disgrace upon a woman you hate, and you want it because this woman is the wife of the man we have both just seen."

The ball of Lady Hubert Averyl was a splendid success. All the old Knickerbocker families sent their young and social members to it. Prince Monti appeared at the side of the beautiful hostess, as a new surprise and a new subject for future ardent gossip. Bleecker Provost came with his wife. Lady Hubert made no distinction between any of her guests. To all, she was the perfection of courtesy and sweetness.

The prince rapidly became a lion. He had just the manners to please women. Lady Hubert had vouched for his being an undoubted prince; this was ample enough guarantee. Once or twice during the evening, Lady Hubert found herself close to Bleecker Provost.

"Did my coming surprise you?" he at length murmured to her, very low and with a peculiar expression.

"It gave me much pleasure," she answered, her smile no less inscrutable than kindly.

"Pleasure?" he repeated.

She parried the question that his exclamation seemed to convey. "Your wife is charming," she said. "I hope we shall be good friends."

He bit his lip; embarrassment, perplexity, suspicion, alarm, all appeared to meet in the look with which he searched her face. "Do you mean that?" he said.

"Implicitly."

There was a pause. He was still gazing at her as though he would read her soul. He had forgotten all the shame which at first she had inspired in him.

"Do you, then," he presently asked, pausing after each word, "forgive what once occurred between you and myself? I—I know that this is a strange, an insolent, query for me to put. And yet you—you somehow force me to put it. You make me feel that you are large and fine enough in heart and spirit even—yes, that is the right phrase—to forgive the past."

She bowed her head. "I forgive it," she answered, wondering how a man like him could credit her falsehood.

He at once stretched out his hand. She took it. She was glad that, as he pressed it, her glove and his own prevented their fingers from coming into contact. But even then she inwardly shrank from the touch as if it were that of a serpent.

"You said, you know," he went on, with a melodious fall in his voice that reminded her of arts he had practiced before, now loathsome to her, "you said, Lady Hubert, that you hoped my wife and yourself would be good friends. I could not mistake such a—a suggestion. Or, at least, I thought that I could not, and I apparently have not. We are to be good friends, then—you and I?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"It is very noble of you. It is even more than noble. I thank you as no words can fitly evidence. You will find my wife a very sweet woman."

"I have already found her so," was the reply.

"But not, like yourself, a great woman," pursued Bleecker. "Great women are rare."

"Rarer than you dream," she said to her own thoughts. And then some other guest claimed her attention as the really sumptuous ball progressed in its festivity.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT winter proved an exceptional one for the New York of that period, in the way of elegant festivities and costly entertainments.

Prince Monti hired a mansion on South Washington Square, and gave several superb entertainments.

The prince had become extremely popular, and he stood forth in society a romantic and most interesting figure. He was the soul of all the aristocratic gayeties, and Lady Hubert was his constant associate and coadjutor. She had become the intimate friend of Bleecker Provost's wife, who had grown openly to express the sincerest fondness for her. Emily had caused not a little gossip by the attentions which she permitted from the prince, although the general verdict had resolved itself into a statement that the prince admired her considerably more than Mrs. Provost admired him.

Bleecker was, in the meantime, seen everywhere with his wife. A number of families, who had not shown such hospitable tendency for years, gave parties and receptions in their quiet commodious dwellings.

Lady Hubert had, for a few weeks past, lost the vivacity which had formerly distinguished her. She was still intimate with Mrs. Bleecker Provost; indeed, there were occasions when she would permit no one except this new friend to see or hold converse with her. Illness was offered as an excuse for her absence from not a few routs and merry-makings.

When the Suydams of Pike Street had their amusing Lady Washington surprise-party, which was not really a surprise at all to its recipients, Lady Hubert's non-attendance caused a good deal of annoyed comment.

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This party proved the grand success of the whole season, and one of its most diverting incidents was Mrs. Provost's making that poor adorable prince gallop through a Virginia reel, which he insisted on treating as a cotillion in spite of all explanations.

Bleecker was there, and conducted himself as blithesomely as anybody. Perhaps he danced with a somewhat lighter spring because of Lady Hubert's absence. He had never wholly recovered from the severe shock he had experienced on meeting her again so unexpectedly.

"You have become very fond of your new friend, I hear," he said, one day, to his wife.

They had chanced to meet in the large lower hall. Emily was just coming in from a drive, and her husband was going out for an afternoon stroll along what was then called the "fashionable side" of Broadway. The carriage which had a minute ago rolled from the door, bringing Emily home, contained two occupants—Lady Hubert and the Prince Monti. The prince had assisted Emily to alight, and Lady Hubert had shown her face in farewell at the carriage-window.

Emily flushed most unwontedly as her husband thus addressed her. "Which friend?" she asked.

"Oh, Lady Hubert," answered Bleecker, lightly enough. "I saw the prince help you out of the carriage just now. I happened to be looking from one of the upper windows." He laughed here. "Oh, no, I assure you that I did not allude to him. I had no doubt that he, in a certain way, was your very good friend. There's hardly an attractive woman in New York society whom he hasn't managed to make like him."

Bleecker would as soon have suspected Trinity Church steeple of lowering itself ten or twenty feet at midnight, when there was nobody in Wall Street or thereabouts to witness this extraordinary proceeding, as he would have imagined his wife committing the least impropriety when the daylight of full publicity did not chance to be cast upon her conduct. One of the most monotonous qualities about Emily, as he had always argued, was her inflexible morality. He was fully convinced that she no longer possessed the least wifely love for him. He would have been willing to admit that she had fathomed his frivolous nature some time ago. But he felt so absolutely certain regarding her stanch loyalty to her marriage-vows, under all conceivable stress of temptation, that even to give this subject more than momentary reflection would have seemed for him like the most aimless waste of time. And Emily, passing upstairs, was meanwhile in the act of saying to her own thoughts:

"I am not the first neglected wife who has forgotten what they call 'the proprieties.' If I should take some desperate step, it would have one unchanging consolation for me—I should inflict a punishment upon the man who so heartlessly deceived me by marrying me for my fortune alone."

CHAPTER VII.

THE secret of Lady Hubert's indisposition is easily told. She had come to these shores with a plain revenge to accomplish. News had long ago been imparted to her of Bleecker Provost's marriage. Her plan of action with regard to Carlo, her late courier, had been at first vague and indeterminate enough. But, afterward, all had made for her a very easy sort of presentment. She had spuriously created her adherent Prince Monti before she had been aware just what person Bleecker had married and just what matrimonial relations existed between himself and Emily.

But now she had no further intelligence to obtain. She had studied Emily closely. At first she had set herself deliberately to fascinate Bleecker's wife, and had succeeded. Her foreign experience, her perfect command of nicety, diplomacy, and all felicitous resource of similar description, had made Emily admire her as a woman gifted and accomplished beyond her own possible sphere of equipment. And then Emily had told herself that she had discovered something better and more valuable in Lady Hubert.

It was at this period of their acquaintanceship that she, who had crossed the ocean for the one relentless purpose of seeking to destroy Bleecker Provost's wife, found her own conscience rising up against her with a sharp attitude of mandate and veto.

She had thought it all over very carefully in England, just before her departure for New York.

"Of course," she had mused, "the woman he has married may be an incorruptible saint. If so, every degree of caste that I can confer upon a man of multiplex cleverness and strong personal charm, like Carlo, will prove thoroughly futile in its results. He can never win her to desert her fireside—and her husband. But, if she prove a woman of weak calibre, of insecure principles—and, most of all, if she prove a woman discontented with the nuptial lot that a wretch like Bleecker Provost has forced upon her—then, beyond a doubt, I shall be certain of my complete vengeance."

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It had not been long before the intimacy between Emily and Lady Hubert had revealed the disillusion of the former, with regard to her husband. Emily told her new friend everything—her shattered hopes, her ruined ideal, her unspeakable disappointment. Lady Hubert had listened, but with none of the satisfaction she had anticipated. Emily's narration had pierced her with pity. She had assured herself that the heart in her breast was dead, and now she found it beating with compassionate sympathy for a fellow-creature, and this fellow-creature she had plotted to ruin!

In spite of herself, she had grown to love Emily. She knew that this love might imperil the consummation of her revenge. She struggled against it, day by day. Sometimes she fancied that it might conquer her, and that she would fling away all opportunity to strike a supreme retaliatory blow at the man who had been her own merciless enemy. Again, she rebelled hotly in opposition to these better visitant impulses.

But, at the same time, she had fired, so to speak, the slow match. Carlo, at first her paid minion, was now the rather self-contained opposite. She had clad him with powers which he proposed to enjoy somewhat despotically. More than once, of late, she had seen in him a disposition to show an uncompromising revolt. Again and again she had observed this.

"Your attentions," at last she said to him, "are causing great remark."

"I know it," he answered. "And, as you see, she permits them. There is something in that. It gives me encouragement. You may deal your vengeful stroke sooner than you think."

She looked at him keenly and thoughtfully for an instant. Then she said, as if with much deliberation:

"Suppose I should find myself unwilling to deal any vengeful stroke whatever."

"How is this?" he said, starting. His face clouded, and his dark eyes began to glitter. "I should like to think that you are in jest," he added.

She threw back her head a little haughtily, as if remembering that, although a large community of people might have pronounced him a prince, he and she were still servant and mistress. "And what," she asked him, "if I were not in jest?"

"Why, then I should simply laugh at you," he replied, with a sudden angry fierceness, "for having imagined that I would stand your attempt to make a fool of me. Don't deceive yourself for a moment with the idea that you can do this. If something makes you want to desert your colors now, something makes me want to stick all the closer to mine."

"I see," she said, huskily. "You are in love—or think you are—with Mrs. Bleecker Provost."

"I don't think that I am in love," he said.

"You know that you are?" she asked, with a ring of sternness in her voice.

"Yes, I know that." He had grown pale, and there was a drawn look about his lips that she had never before seen there.

Lady Hubert stared at the floor for a good minute. "Emily Provost is a woman of fine qualities—of great natural honor," she at length said.

Carlo gave a laugh full of hostile satire. "Ah, so you have fallen in love with her too!" he exclaimed.

"I have grown to respect her," Lady Hubert replied.

"I understand what you mean by that," he shot back, his voice charged both with challenge and sarcasm. "You mean that you regret your whole scheme!"

He abruptly rose from his chair and advanced toward her. They had been sitting together in the drawing-room of the Lafayette Place dwelling. His chair tottered beneath him from the forceful impetus he employed in rising.

"If you do regret it," he pursued, now standing close at her side, "you must bear in mind that I am not your mere servile dupe."

He had been speaking in French, as he always spoke to her. His nostrils quivered with rage, and the fleet fluent words of the extraordinarily expressive tongue he used leaped pell-mell from his lips.

"Have I ever said you were?" she asked, recoiling from him.

"You say it now—or mean it. It is the same. You wish me to give up what has become my passionate hope."

"Your—your passionate hope?" she faltered. Her face grew very pale as she thus spoke. "Carlo," she cried, impetuously, "I—I have watched Emily closely! My own evil work has sped with you till I feel as if there were no averting its horrid consequences. And I wish to avert them—"

"Ah, you do!" he interrupted.

"Listen," she hurried on: "I desired a great revenge. You don't know what my motive was; but, if ever revenge was justifiable, I believe that mine could be thus named. Still, I am now repentant of all past bitter resolves. I see in

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your look that you would say Bleecker Provost once terribly wronged me. Well, that is true—I grant that. But his wife never did me a wrong. And I sought to strike at him through her. But she, the very creature whom I had fixed upon as the instrument of my vengeance, has turned the object of my love."

"You have grown tender and poetic!" he sneered.

"Oh, Carlo, she is so pure, so neglected by him! Listen to me: I have made you Prince Monti, with your thousands to spend in lavish way. I will do more for you: I will give you a handsome competence for the rest of your life, if you will—"

"If I will prove myself your groveling slave," he broke in, at this point. His black eyes blazed as he caught her arm. "I cared for you once," he went on, still holding her fast; "or, at least, I thought that I cared. You repulsed me. But I see now that I never loved any woman except this one—Emily Provost. She will desert her home and her husband for the love that I shall offer her."

"Oh, Carlo!" Lady Hubert gasped.

"You must not come between us now. I see that you want to come between us. But it is too late. You have trifled with fate, my beautiful sorceress. You have but one part to play—silence. Emily will go abroad with me in a little time. Do not dare to prevent her. If you do—" He paused here, and his face was one fervid testimony of threat and passion. "If you do, I—I should be capable of—yes, of killing you, for the rôle you have made me act and the treachery you have sprung upon me!"

As he pronounced the last words of this fevered declaration, he withdrew his clasp from Lady Hubert's arm and rushed precipitately out of the room. Soon afterward, Lady Hubert heard the violent clang of the outer front door—a sound which meant that he had left the house.

She sank into a chair and covered her face. The futility of her own revenge thrilled and horrified her; love had defeated it. She loved Emily Provost, instead of hating her as Bleecker's wife, instead of being willing to crush her, through the effort to cast shame upon him.

When she thought of Carlo's insolence, her lip curled.

"What if I went to Emily," she mused, "and told her the full truth?"

No, she presently decided; that would indeed be treachery. But there might be no chance, after all, of Emily's succumbing to the "Prince Monti's" persuasions.

For a long time, Lady Hubert sat where the enraged Carlo had left her, pierced with repentance and wrapped in reflections. At last, she reached this determination: she would never disclose the real truth about Carlo unless urged to do so by a final desperate exigency.

CHAPTER VIII.

March had now been put to blustering flight and early April had brought a few days of sunny blandness. The afternoon was pleasant for an airing, and the hour was but a little past three o'clock.

Lady Hubert ordered her carriage and drove to the Provost residence. Her idea was to secure Emily for a drive out into the country, if possible; but, on reaching the house, word was given her that Emily was not at home.

She ordered her coachman to drive her out as far as Bloomingdale and past the very homestead which reminded her of so much girlish joy and of the one supreme anguish that had afterward fallen on her life.

The big, square, prim house was still standing. Tears filled her eyes as she looked on it. Those tears seemed to do her good. They were the first she had shed in a longer time than she liked to realize. Through all these recent years, her burning sense of infamous betrayal had dried the sources of such emotion. She found herself wondering that she could ever have been so inflexible, so hard, as to cross the ocean for the purpose which had dominated her very life.

Before she had passed again beyond the limits of the city, people had ceased to stare at the luxurious rarity of her private carriage, with its two men on the outer box; for night had fallen, soft and full-starred, holding a prophecy of a morrow of almost unseasonable clemency.

She had been assailed by dread and doubt concerning Emily. What if, before morning, Carlo should have tempted her friend into some madness? Her carriage finally drew up at her Lafayette Place home. The footman jumped from his box, rang the bell, and then came to open the door of the vehicle for her to descend.

This little evidence of prosperity had a positively unique suggestiveness in those days. A few passers paused, dark as it was, and watched to see what magnificent personage would issue from a carriage of this aristocratic and exceptional kind.

But one passer did not pause. She was hurrying straight onward. Lady Hubert's foot, however, had touched the pavement just as the light of a near lamp struck the woman's lowered face. She was plainly dressed, to the verge of shabbiness. But Lady Hubert swiftly recognized

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her, and hastened after her, saying, in clear vibrant tones: "Emily, Emily!"

The speeding figure came to a stand-still; and then the two stood and looked at each other in the dimness.

"Emily," pursued Lady Hubert, "where are you going, alone in the streets after dark, like this—and dressed as you are? Answer me. What does it mean?" And she seized the hand of Bleecker Provost's wife, holding it tensely.

Emily appeared wofully confused. "I—I have an—errand," she stammered. "Let me go, please, Lady Hubert. I—"

"You must not go—you shall not!" the other broke in.

A flash of indignation seemed to sweep, uncharacteristically enough, across Emily's gentle face. "Why not?" she questioned, struggling to withdraw her hand. "You know that I have many affairs of charity. There is a reason for my stealing out quietly this evening, as I am doing. It is still quite early. Please do not detain me. I—I will see you to-morrow, and then I—I will perhaps explain everything."

"You will explain to-night," came Lady Hubert's swift significant reply. "You will explain to me whether or not you are leaving your home forever. You will let me know whether or not that little satchel which you carry there, half hidden beneath your cloak, contains your most precious jewels. You will tell me, Emily Provost, whether you are or are not meaning ever again to return home!"

Lady Hubert spoke these words at a sort of wild venture. But, before she had fully pronounced them, she saw by the countenance of Emily that they had touched upon the sad and fatal truth. And then, in another instant, Emily had torn her hand away.

"What is it all to you?" she exclaimed. "I am wretched, as you know. He cares for me. If I go abroad, I shall live another, happier, freer life. He is the very soul of honor—you told me something like that, once, yourself. Besides, I shall always be above want. My husband has never been able to touch a dollar of the fortune I hold; he could only spend what I chose to give him from my income. The money itself is mine, and I will punish him for his deceit by leaving him penniless now. I don't care what happens, so that I get away from him forever. I fought against this temptation for weeks, and at last I have yielded. Why should I not yield? I am miserable, I tell you, and I don't care. I am too tired and desperate to care!"

"You shall care!" said Lady Hubert, following her for several paces, as she began to slip away. "You don't know what you are doing. You must listen to me, Emily!"

"I won't listen," was the quick rashly-flung answer.

"Emily!"

"No, no! Don't try to stop me! I tell you that I am resolved. I shan't even see the prince till the vessel sails to-morrow, at a very early hour. At least, I've implored him not to come near me until then, and I know he will keep his word. There—good-bye."

"Emily!"

Lady Hubert had caught the slender feverish hand again, though it firmly resisted her efforts. And then she spoke words which she knew would have in them an immense forbidding force. They began thus:

"Emily, he is not the Prince Monti. He is an impostor. I swear this to you, and I swear that I will prove hereafter what I say now. He was once my courier when I was traveling in the East. His name is Carlo Campi—he is a mere common courier—think—not a prince at all!"

"I—I don't believe you!" came faintly from her listener's white lips.

"I tell you, Emily, that I can prove every word I say!" cried Lady Hubert, with a despairing energy which would have forced conviction on the most prejudiced hearer.

"I—I don't want—"

"Yes, you do want the truth set before you!" broke in Lady Hubert; "you are not so mad as to refuse to allow it to be done! Come with me into my house for a little while!" She caught Emily in a firmer grasp, and the wretched woman no longer resisted, beyond murmuring:

"Let me go—let me go."

But Lady Hubert drew her on, saying gently:

"There, if you feel faint and giddy, as you look, lean on my arm—so—and we will shortly be in-doors. A few people are now watching us, but they have not caught a word of what we have said. If you want to go back home after you have heard more from me, I will see that you quietly get there, as though nothing at all had happened. Come! But if, after hearing everything, you still cling to your mad plan, I— But come, come—we will talk it all over in-doors—"

CHAPTER IX.

It was a little past eleven o'clock of that same evening. Lady Hubert sat alone in her drawing-room. Some time before, she had walked home with Emily, a male servant accompanying them both. Bleecker Provost was dining out that evening; it was a dinner given by some friends

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of his own sex, who loved both wine and cards, and hence he was wholly ignorant of either his wife's departure or return. Lady Hubert had spared not a single detail in her narration to Emily, who had listened with equal horror and conviction. And now the entire ordeal of the disclosure was ended, a mighty relief following it.

"I have saved her," Lady Hubert thought, as she sat alone in the spacious and still drawing-room. "Let Carlo do what he chooses, now. Let his rage take whatever course it will. I owe him reparation, perhaps. I will give him that. Pah! Carlo! He will go back to Europe inside of a week, with a well-stocked purse of my filling. But, if he prefers to babble, I shall not greatly care. What is all the odium that he can cast upon me, compared with the one exquisite thought that I have saved her—and saved my own soul from the black stain of an inhuman crime?"

The house was very still. All the servants had retired to bed. No one heard a key turn softly in the lock of the street-door. It was the latch-key that Lady Hubert had allowed Carlo to have when she first took possession of the Lafayette abode, and needed his constant services and counsel.

The light in the drawing-room must have guided Carlo to where Lady Hubert was seated, with her back to his advancing figure, while she stared at the red remains of what had been a flashing wood-fire on a big andironed hearth-stone.

She did not hear him until he was within a few paces of her, he had stepped so lightly. Then she gave a great start, as one who listens in a still room to some unaccustomed sound, and rose, turning sharply.

"Carlo!" she said.

"Yes," he answered.

She saw that he was pale as death.

"Do you know why Emily Provost did not meet me to-night?" he asked.

Lady Hubert had not a shadow of fear, unprotected though she was. She could never regard him as anything but a paid creature, the hireling of her own once turbulent impulses. She had despised him for letting her make him Prince Monti, even while she had seen him accept the base masquerading character.

She had no idea that, during the time he had drawn near to her, he had caught from a side-table a certain Oriental dagger, which was one of the many ornaments the room contained, and had hidden its keen blade behind him in his left hand.

"Do I know why Emily Provost did not meet you to-night?" she answered, slowly and fearlessly repeating his question. "Yes, I do know,"

"Will you tell me?" he said.

His voice was very low.

She saw how pale he looked.

"Will I tell you? Yes. It was because of myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes. I met her in time. I saved her. I told her who you are. I—"

Those were the last words that she ever spoke.

In the morning, Lady Hubert Averyl was found dead, with the Oriental knife, which had for months rested on one of her drawing-room tables, plunged into her heart. The body reclined in an arm-chair near the white ashes of a spent wood-fire.

Prince Monti's disappearance from New York, just at this particular time, caused a thousand suspicious tongues to declare him the murderer. And yet his disappearance was the sole peculiar part of his hazarded complicity in the crime.

It was true that Lady Hubert had presented him in society, and openly endorsed him as a genuine Italian nobleman. But, for weeks previous to the murder, she had not been on the least terms of intimacy with him. In the turmoil of early investigation, arrest followed arrest; but the assassination, as chronicled at the opening of our story, always remained an unsolved mystery.

Occasionally, during a space of many succeeding months, people were to be found who lamented that the illness of Mrs. Bleecker Provost should have prevented the gain of this lady's testimony. But it was never secured.

Mrs. Provost had been the intimate friend of Lady Hubert; everyone knew that. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Provost, after a prolonged attack of complete physical exhaustion, had been pronounced by her physicians hopelessly insane, and was consigned to an asylum, where she ultimately died.

Her husband went abroad, after her death. She had died intestate, and for this reason he fell heir to a certain comfortable portion of her property. There is no record that the slightest disaster ever overtook him in his beloved Paris, where he spent a number of idle years.

There is no doubt that many more thorough-paced scoundrels die peaceably in their beds than romance cares to take heed of. But the present history is unfortunately not a romance. When fact and not fancy is dealt with, poetical justice must too often unbind her eyes and destroy her scales.

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JENNIE'S DISTRESSING FAILURES.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

ANDREW DOUGAL, a sturdy Scot and one of the oldest settlers along McDowell's Run, was widely known as a crotchety eccentric man. He professed a remarkable respect for the rights of others, often amounting to a sort of Quixotism, and with it an obstinacy generally stigmatized as "mulishness" in his insistence upon what he deemed his own rights. When he died, people in all the country around said: "Well, there's an end of old Andy's queer doin's." They were mistaken—his will had yet to be read. When its provisions were made known, the popular comment was "That beats all!"

Mrs. Semantha Abeel, widow, as she meditatively shoved back her sunbonnet and gently furrowed her scalp with a hairpin, while discussing the situation with her daughter Jane, went so far as to say that she deemed Andrew Dougal's conduct "flighty and onChristian."

"Why," said she, "Squire Clark told me about it himself; and, as executor, he ought to know. The farm was cut in two parts, exactly alike; and to each there was just the same stock and outfit of every kind as there was on the other. The old Simmons place that Dougal bought, last summer, made two homesteads as like as two peas. Then the ownership of the two farms was willed to be settled by tossing up a silver dollar, heads or tails, for choice, by the boys. Did anybody ever hear the like?"

"I hope he's gone where they'll toss him up," exclaimed Jane, spitefully.

"As Squire Clark tells me, John won the choice; and, after he'd made it, he offered to trade with James, if he wasn't satisfied, for a penny to boot; and James said: "No—there's not a penny of difference; and, if I had had choice, I'd have taken the one I've got without knowing why."

"It's the meanest, most provoking thing that ever was," complained the girl, in a tone that was almost crying.

"You don't notionate one of 'em no more than t'other, do you, Jennie?"

"No, I don't. You know what I waited for."

"Yes, yes—that's so," assented the older woman, slowly; "but it didn't turn out right, which nobody could have foreseen, not anybody knowing what that contrary old Andy Dougal would up and do. They're both of them good matches—a sight better than anybody else around here, for you, Jennie."

"Laws! mother, don't talk so foolish. I can't marry both of 'em, can I?"

"Why, no, child! Bless me! what an idea!"

"Well, can you tell me, so long as I've got to put up with only one, which is best?"

"I should say," replied Mrs. Abeel, reflectively, "take John, the oldest. It's true, there's only a couple of years' difference between them; but even that is something, and may give him a little more steadiness; though they are both steady boys, and James hasn't got any wild ways about him that ever I heard of."

Jennie Abeel was a pretty girl, and yet a keen physiognomist would have noted in her handsome face the deepening of lines that, in a few years, would stamp it with her mother's shrewd, calculating, selfish, and avaricious expression. Why not? She inherited her mother's character, and the soul is forever chiseling its image on the countenance. Unhappily, neither of the Dougal boys was a physiognomist. They only saw that Jennie was the prettiest girl in the township. For a year, both had been paying attention to her, and she well knew that she was the only cloud that had ever risen on the horizon of their brotherly feeling. Yet they could never bring her to make a choice between them. She did as her mother told her.

"Don't give either of them 'the mitten,' Jennie," said the old woman. "Andrew Dougal is mighty poorly, and can't last longer than the spring break-up comes. When he's gone, it will not be long until you know how his property goes, and then it will be easy for you to decide which you'd rather take. Until then, you better keep them both sort of expectin'."

Mr. Dougal was so obliging as to last no

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longer than the spring break-up, but, with what Mrs. Abeel branded as "pure cussedness," had so arranged things, before he left, that Jennie's decision was as difficult as ever.

"I shouldn't wonder," complained the girl, querulously, "if we'd been just a leetle too smart. If I'd taken one of the boys while the old man was alive, maybe he would have felt himself bound to do something more for that one, as a married man; but now all that fat is in the fire."

"There's more than one way of looking at everything, Jennie,' argued Mrs. Abeel. "Andrew Dougal might have done as you say; but he was just that crotchety and queer, that nobody could tell aforehand what he would do. Just as like as not, he might have sot his face against the match and left his property just the other way. And then where would you have been?"

"That's so," assented Jennie. After a few minutes of silent cogitation, she added, with a toss of her shapely little head: "I don't care. I'm in no hurry. I can wait. And they'll have to, until it seems fittin' for me to make up my mind. We'll wait and see which of them gets along best."

That policy of masterly inactivity, Jennie, conscious of her power, maintained for the better part of another year, with the naturally inevitable result of widening the breach between the rival brothers. They had no open outbreak. They just drifted farther and farther apart, never talking over business and mutual interests amicably as in old times, having no social life together, talking little when they met, and meeting as seldom as possible. Jennie saw all that, but did not care. Her mind was not yet made up as to which was the most eligible match.

At length, however, James gained an advantage. He had an intuitive perception that, if he could attain greater financial prosperity than his brother, the prize would be his, and, without once thinking how unworthy of a true man's love was the girl who could be swayed by such mercenary considerations, he devoted himself to planning and scheming for wealth with such avaricious eagerness as he had never felt before. And the project on which he based his hopes seemed a very promising one. He told her of it, and it caught her fancy too. He would have an oil-well.

The people along McDowell's Run—a small tributary of the Allegheny River—had been rather slow to catch the oil-fever, that was raging even so near to them as the adjacent county. They had heard of men receiving fabulous prices for farms that had almost starved them and their families; of shares in oil companies that yielded gold more easily and abundantly than ever Aladdin's lamp did dinners; of "spouting wells," that poured forth such Pactolian torrents that their owners became millionaires almost before they had time to realize that they had ceased to be paupers. Still, McDowell's Run harbored a cold distrust of it all. James Dougal was probably the earliest believer in the infinite possibilities supposably almost within his grasp, and he talked with such fiery earnestness about them to Jennie that he soon made a convert of her.

"You will see," he assured her, "that within six months I'll have a million. Why shouldn't there be just as much oil here as anywhere else? Of course there is. And we won't live here. We'll go to Pittsburgh and have a fine house; I don't care if it costs as much as five thousand dollars. And we'll go to New York and everywhere, and live like kings. There will we nothing too good for us."

Under such pressure, it was not strange that Jennie's manner toward the elder brother very perceptibly cooled. She asked him, one evening, why he did not "bore for oil"? He replied, guardedly, that he had been thinking about it, but did not see his way clear to it yet—was not fully convinced that it would be a prudent thing to do.

"What a slow old poke he is, to be sure," thought Jennie. "He's been only 'thinking about it,' and here James has been actually talking about it, and determined on it, for two months." She was quite strongly impressed with the idea that James would have to be the man of her choice; still, she was not rash. With feminine adroitness, she evaded a positive promise that she would be his wife; but, at the same time, so treated him that he felt sure of winning her. Her coldness toward John gave him unbounded encouragement. Neither he nor she fathomed John's strong, determined, and reticent nature. It would have astonished them to know that he had already brought there, at considerable expense, two experts to view the country and give their opinions, from its degree of conformity to the condition of known oil-producing territory, as to the success likely to attend boring for oil on his farm.

James went on talking about an oil-well, not only to Jennie, but to everybody who would listen, until he was in very great degree responsible for a change that sprang up in popular sentiment on the subject. With a suddenness

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that startled him, the former apathy of the community, with reference to petroleum, was replaced by a raging oil-fever. Cold skepticism was swept away by a wave of eager credulity. Nothing was too wildly improbable for belief—except that everybody who owned ground enough to bore a well was not at once going to become a Crœsus. The landless began scheming for millions to be made out of companies, to operate with other people's money on other people's land. James found it high time to bestir himself, if he would not be left behind in the race. But how to get the money to pay for boring his well troubled him much. What would it cost? Nobody could tell him. Nobody could even guess how deep the precious stores of oil might lie. He might strike them at six hundred feet, or possibly at not less than twentyfive hundred, and the contingencies of the well caving in, the jamming and losing of tools, and other mischances, all infinitely more serious and costly then than now, were not to be contemplated without apprehension except by those with large capital.

James could not, by mortgaging his farm, obtain much more than one-third of the sum that he was assured would be absolutely necessary. And nobody wanted to lend money. Everybody who had any seemed to have some project for speculating in oil. The most exasperating disappointment he suffered was when he called on his father's old friend, Squire Clark, for help.

"If you had only come to me yesterday," said the worthy old gentleman, "I would have let you have the sum you want, James, just to help you; though, as you know, your farm is not worth more than half so much. 'Oil-land'?—well, possibly; and maybe not. It's hard to say what is two thousand feet underground. But that's neither here nor there in this matter, now. I can't let you have the money, because I have already, only last night, lent every dollar I could spare for investment, to another man who is going to bore for oil."

James was so much disgusted that he did not even think to ask who the more lucky borrower was. What did he care who bored for oil, if he could not? But he was destined to learn very soon, and to care a great deal. As a last resort, he forced himself, much as he disliked to do so, to go to his brother and ask him to lend his name on a joint note to enable him to get the money he required.

"You are too late, James," was John's reply. "Only yesterday I mortgaged my farm to Squire Clark, for money to put in with Sam Chase, the well-digger, for a well. Chase puts in an equal amount, and his experience and tools to boot, and our partnership prevents my doing what you want."

"I think you might have told me you intended to bore for oil."

"Why? You did not tell me that you thought of it."

"I have just done so."

"Yes, when you couldn't raise the money without my help."

"I couldn't, eh? Well I'll show you that I can. I'll get the money somewhere, and I'm going ahead with my well anyway."

"Had you not better wait a little while and see how ours turns out? If we strike oil, it will be easy for you to get all the capital you want. And, if we do not, you will be saved from squandering your money foolishly."

"You needn't worry about my squandering my money. I know what I'm going to do."

The brothers parted in an ill-humor, and James carried away with him a conviction that John's chief object in advising him to wait was that he might himself be the first to get rich, and so win Jennie. And now hope began singing a syren song to unlucky James. She told him that he had far over-estimated the cost of a well. He thought over all the stories he had ever heard of shallow wells, and closed his ears to information about the much more numerous very deep ones. His well, he determined, should be not only one of the best, but of the shallowest. Half as much money as he had before figured upon would be ample.

But the sum he eventually got, under very hard conditions, was considerably below that modest limit. Still, he thought, he would make it do. The man who advanced it was a cold-blooded, grasping, merciless money-lender, named David Bissell, who, not content with a mortgage on the farm, insisted upon having filed, in escrow, a bill of sale for it and all upon it, to be turned over to him at once in case of James's failure in punctual repayment.

The money in hand, James pushed his operations with feverish energy. Stimulated by promise of a liberal bonus if oil were reached within two months, the well-borer he had engaged kept his machinery going day and night; but, at the end of that period, there was no sign of oil. Then James extended the time, offering a still larger bonus if oil were reached in a month more, when Bissell's note would be presented for payment; and the diggers worked, if possible, harder than ever.

All was in vain. The fourth "sand-rock"

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had been pierced, and still there was not a sign to encourage hope. The well-borer, who shared James's confidence, would have continued the work on credit, if Bissell would have granted an extension; but it was not in the money-lender's nature to give anything, even time. Secretly, this Shylock had hoped for and expected just the present condition of affairs; for he also believed that oil would be struck on James Dougal's farm, and was determined to become the owner of the well at as little cost as possible. So, at the earliest moment the law would allow, he entered into possession, turning James out on the world—penniless, homeless, and hopeless.

John would have helped his brother if he could, but was powerless; for he himself seemed to be on the verge of ruin. His well, though nearly two hundred feet deeper than James's, was still a "dust-hole," and the wiseacres were all saying "I told you so." Fortunately, Sam Chase had a mule-like obstinacy about sticking to anything he undertook. Having affirmed that there was oil to be got there, he now swore that he would have it "if he had to bore so far that the hole would open in China."

So the squeak, rattle, and thug of the boring-machinery still went on at John's well, and also at James's, under Bissell's control; but poor James was no longer within hearing of them—he had turned his back on McDowell's Run. The night after utter ruin overtook him, he called on Jennie Abeel, with a foolish hope in his heart that she would sympathize with and console him, never thinking how utterly at variance such conduct would be with the intelligent opinion he had before formed concerning the essential of her successful wooing. Bad news flies fast. She had already been informed that he was beggared, and "governed herself accordingly."

She was quite surprised when he spoke of going away somewhere to make a fortune and coming back, by-and-by, to claim her hand. Really, she said, she did not know that she had ever given him any reason to speak in such a manner. Certainly, she had never promised to be his wife; if he thought so, it was a delusion almost as wild as his well-digging. Of course, she was sorry for him—oh, yes; but she could not be expected to marry everybody she was sorry for. As a friend, she would always be glad to hear of his success; but it was idle to think of any other relation between them, and so forth and so on, until poor James got up and went away, with a dull dazed sense of extreme loneliness and misery in his heart. He did not try bidding good-bye to anybody else, but buried himself promptly in the sooty shades of Pittsburgh, where he found rough employment, and worked industriously and uncomplainingly, trying to forget all his brief bright dreams of fortune and love.

One evening, he learned by a paragraph in the "Chronicle" that Chase & Dougal, at McDowell's Run, had struck "a three-hundred-barrel flowing well." He could not sleep that night, he was so busy building castles in the air. John now could, and surely would, help him to buy back his farm from Bissell, and then—

But, when he got home to McDowell's Run, the foundation was speedily knocked out from under all the gorgeous castles in the air which he had built on that word "then." Bissell too, he then learned for the first time, was boring for oil in the hole he had started; and, since John's well had proved a success, he valued that property higher than his hopes of heaven—in which he was probably right, if the popular opinion of him were correct.

"I suppose," James said to his brother, "now that you've got rich, you'll be marrying Jennie Abeel."

"No," replied John, quietly but emphatically; "I have got over all that foolishness; for I have learned to value her at her real worth. I saw that she gave me 'the cold shoulder' when she thought you about to be rich. When you were ruined, she herself told how she had given you 'the sack,' and I heard of it. The very day after we struck oil, she sought an occasion to meet me and urge me to resume my visits, which she had discouraged before. I am sorry—deeply sorry, James—that so unworthy an influence ever came between us. And, as for my marrying her—no, not if she owned the well and I hadn't a dollar!"

Though all his hopes were shattered, James could not tear himself away and go back to Pittsburgh. He found a fascination in the pain of staying at McDowell's Run, such as nervous people often find in poking a hollow tooth, even though they know that they will make it ache. John and his partner offered him a good position; but he refused it. The old saw-mill on the Run had been enlarged and fitted with new machinery for making oil-barrels. In it, he found employment at fair wages; and there, one day, the tidings reached him that Bissell had struck a flowing vein of oil at least equal to Chase & Dougal's. The next news he heard was that Jennie Abeel was "setting her cap" for Bissell. He began to think that John had been right in his estimate of the young woman;

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for certainly nothing but the basest considerations of selfish interest would have tempted any girl to show favor to such a repulsive and universally detested wretch as Bissell.

Two or three months passed, and the important local event on the tapis was the marriage of Bissell and Jennie; the day was set, and elaborate preparations were being made.

Meanwhile, winter had worn away and spring had come. With the melting of the snow came the inevitable freshet that annually raises the Allegheny River from the dimensions of a fairly respectable stream to the turbulence and terror of a mighty torrent. McDowell's Run played a very considerable part in that change of the river's character every year, but on this occasion quite outdid itself in the energy of its proceedings: from a shallow brook, it became, in a few hours, a flood that covered all the valley.

At the saw-mill, there were lively fears that the dam would give way. A sheet of turbid water already poured over the top of it, and débris, swept down from above, lodged against it in perilous masses. An eddy carried from the "boom" near the mill several large and valuable logs, and bore them toward the dam. James Dougal went out in a skiff, to steer them back to place. Night had fallen, the rain had stopped, and the moon shone out so broad and clear that the light was almost that of day.

James had secured three of the straying logs, though with much difficulty and not a little danger, and was struggling with a fourth—a big refractory fellow—when, chancing to look up the stream, he saw a sight that made his hair stand on end: A dark wall of water, stretching clear across the valley, foam-crested and crowned with a confused mass of timbers, portions of fences, fragments of bridges, wrecks of houses, and uprooted trees, was rushing down toward him with a terrifying low roar. It came with the speed of a race-horse, as if eager to swallow him. Before he could move to make his escape, it had leaped upon him, his skiff was overturned, and he found himself in the icy water, hurled along with frightful velocity, battling for life amid the floating wrecks that surrounded and successively attacked him.

His terrible danger nerved him to almost superhuman exertions. Fortunately, he retained his self-possession and could swim well; so he managed, notwithstanding the fearful buffetings he received, to keep afloat. But the thought flashed upon him: "When this stuff jams, at the dam, I shall be crushed like a bubble." Turning to see how far away he was, and thinking of a desperate effort to dive under the mass that bore down upon him, he was amazed to see that the mill-lights were far up the current. The dam had given way like the one further up the Run, whence that mountain of ruins had come. And now, a mightier and swifter wall of advancing, destroying water—a very death-wave—the flood filled all the valley, and dashed headlong toward the river, carrying him with it. It seemed hardly worth while to resist the inevitable fate before him.

The tall derricks at his brother's and Bissell's wells stood out clearly as he darted by them. They were half submerged, and the light frame buildings that had stood near were gone.

Somewhere down-stream he could hear a man's voice shouting:

"Help! Help!"

The speed of the current began to slacken as the flood spread out over some broad meadows, and James found himself going around and around in a great circle. He had been carried into a wide and shallow eddy. Something with regular outlines floated by his side and jostled him. At the first sight he was appalled, for he thought it looked like a coffin; but a second glance reassured him. It was his own skiff, drifting bottom up. He loosed his hold of the timber to which he had been clinging, and let himself drop; he found that the water was only a little above his waist, and, where he stood, the current was not very strong. He caught the little boat, and, towing it, waded to where the water was only knee-deep, and still, as he was on an almost level meadow, a long distance from dry land.

Away down the stream, farther off and fainter than before, came again that pitiful cry:

"Help! Help!"

The young man was almost exhausted and benumbed with cold, but it was not in his nature to deny response to that appeal.

As quickly as possible, he managed, by rocking the skiff from side to side, to throw most of the water out of it, and then climbed in. The oars were gone, but he found a piece of board that he could use as a paddle, and at once put out into the current, heading down-stream in the direction from which came the increasing shrieks of:

"Help! Help!"

In a little while, he discovered that those cries came from amid a floating tree-top, that seemed temporarily stationary—anchored, doubtless, by its huge ragged root. Forcing the boat in among the branches, at imminent risk of being upset, he eventually got close enough to make out clearly the figure and face of the one man

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whom he hated more than all others, David Bissell.

"It's you, is it? Well, if I'd known it, I wouldn't have come," he exclaimed, in disgust.

"Oh! don't say so, James. Do, for the love of heaven, take me away from here. Oh, James! Dear James! Good James! Save me! If you don't, I shall be drowned."

"I hardly think so, unless the devil is in a mighty special hurry for you. Your proper destiny, Dave Bissell, is to be hanged."

"How can you have the heart, James, to jest in such an awful moment? Oh! you are cruel to keep me in this torturing suspense. For heaven's sake, help me. What have I ever done, that you should wish to see me die the death of a blind puppy?"

"What have you done? Why, you have robbed me of all I had in the world. When my brother tried to buy back my property from you, at a price that ought to have satisfied even a shark like you, you laughed at him—as I do at you now."

"No! No! I didn't rob you. I had no hard feelings toward you. That was all in the way of business. And I'll make it all right. I'll pay you well, if you'll set me on dry land. I can't swim a stroke, and oh! James, I'm not fit to die."

"There's some comfort in that reflection—to me."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, if you will set me ashore."

"No."

"Five hundred."

"No."

"A thousand."

"No."

"Oh! James, don't rob me. What will you take, and set me ashore?"

"That which justly belongs to me, neither more nor less."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll take back my farm upon repayments of the money I borrowed from you, and return of all you have actually invested in the well since, with legal interest in the well only."

"Oh! James, I can't agree to that. It would break my heart to lose that well."

"All right; that's the toll on this ferry. And, as the stream is rising, and this tree liable to free itself and turn over at any minute, it is not safe for me to stay here any longer waiting for a passenger. I'm going home, and you can go—you know where."

Bissell, as cowardly as he was avaricious, when he saw James start as if to leave him, shrieked with affright, and in agony pleaded for better terms, but in vain.

"No," replied the young man. "You squeezed me very hard in the way of business, and now I'm going to squeeze you in the way of business, strictly. I'm in the ferry business now, and you needn't patronize me if you don't want to."

Then Bissell promised to make out a written agreement to James's terms as soon as he got ashore; but the high-priced ferryman would not trust him so far, and produced a small account-book and pencil, telling him to put it down where he was. The old usurer protested that there was not light enough for him to write, that his fingers were too stiff with cold, that he dared not loosen a finger from the bough to which he was clinging. Again James started to leave him, and just then the tree gave an ominous heave and lurch which so terrified the cowardly wretch that even his avarice gave way, and at length, with trembling fingers and sobbing in mingled agony and fright, he wrote as James dictated, putting the agreement into good legal form and signing it. Then James took him into the boat and safely to shore.

Of course, the old rascal subsequently sought to repudiate the agreement, and it was carried into court; but there Sam Black, the famous Pittsburgh lawyer, easily won a verdict in James's favor from his friends and neighbors. Before that occurred, however, Jennie Abeel, believing Bissell the richest man on McDowell's Run, and not doubting that he would retain possession of James Dougal's well, married him. It was a severe blow to her when James's rights were affirmed by the court, and her husband was relegated to a secondary position in the field of local financial magnates; but a harder one was in store for her. Within six months, urged by his grasping avarice to retake from fortune all he had lost, and with good interest, Bisssell involved himself in some disastrous oil-speculating, and, to escape his creditors, ran away with a mere remnant of his former wealth, deserting Jennie, who has never since heard of him. She has got to look painfully like her mother, and deems herself the most ill-used woman in the world. Five or six years after Bissell left her, she obtained a divorce from him, on the ground of abandonment, and made a desperate effort to capture one or the other of her old suitors, the rich and prosperous Dougal brothers; the attempt was a sad failure, and, as she looks now, nobody would be likely to marry her. But both John and James have been happily wedded to worthy girls who never schemed as she had done to win them.

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THE NORTH GARRET.

BY CLARA MERWIN.

I AM an old bachelor. If there is a human being whose nerves are made of steel, I am that individual. I have never once lost my presence of mind. I have saved my life and that of others by knowing just what to do in sudden emergencies. I don't believe in ghosts of course. I'm not a sentimental person; I have never been in love.

Once, when I was five-and-twenty—no matter how many years ago—I thought that I was. A pair of brown eyes, long golden hair, and dark lashes, put the notion into my head. I lost my usual good-sense for awhile and proposed to Milly Bashwood, and went through the usual experiences that follow an acceptance. But I grew tired of my pretty toy in a few months, and began to see that "a young man married" would be "a young man marred"; the girls had lost all interest in me, and the married ladies took to snubbing me. I had not half the nice invitations I used to have; and, besides, old Mr. Bashwood failed, and Milly's fifty thousand dollars vanished into thin air. She would have nothing, instead of being an heiress; so, one day, I told her we had both made a mistake, and she said probably I was the best judge, and gave me back my ring. It had a diamond in it, and I had it set for a shirt-stud.

Of course, I returned her letters, and she mine. After that, we never met again, and I forgot all about her in a few years. I stand before you a practical man, untrammeled by any sort of superstition, with a good income, good health, and a habit of enjoying my life—an example to all sentimental emotional people, if I say it myself; and, just in this condition, I walked in at the door of Mrs. Regan's little old cottage, at half-past ten, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1873.

We had started for the Mountain House, Barnard and I; our trap broke down, and there we were, on a rough road, with our journey not half over, Catskill as far behind us as the Mountain House was before us, both of us as hungry as hunters, both of us dead-tired.

"We can't go on," said Barnard.

"We can't go back," said I.

Then over the stone fence popped a sunbonnet, and someone cried:

"Your wheel has come off, hasn't it?"

And, on my answering that it had, and that I should like to know what we were going to do that night, the sunbonnet replied:

"Why, do tell! To be sure! Well, now—and everybody is chock-full of summer bearders, and so be I! But I guess I can figger it, if I do a little head-work: I'll put them Jackson boys to sleep with our Sam, and I'll make the help go onto the settee, and one of you shall have the kitchen-chamber, and one the north garret. And my old man, he's a wheelwright by trade—will jigger your wheel for you in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

We were only too glad to accept.

"Dollar a day," said she. "Cheap enough."

Such a supper! But starvation does not discriminate—I ate heartily. And, afterward, being asked to choose between the kitchen-chamber and the north garret, I said the garret.

It was a queer-looking place, with a chimney in the centre, the roof running from a peak in the middle to the floor on either side. One square window and one sloping one, and boxes, bags, and suspended dresses adorned it. The bed was apparently stuffed with corncobs.

"When one sleeps, one forgets one's bed," said I. "Let me sleep."

I have since learned from an almanac that the moon rose, that night, about one o'clock; therefore, it must have been about one o'clock that I woke, for the moon was rising. Its rays fell through the one straight window of my room and made a white square on the brown-painted floor, and lighted up a queer little green rocking-chair with a rush bottom.

For one moment, I saw the chair standing empty; the next, a figure occupied it—the figure of a young girl. Her hair, which seemed to be golden, fell over her shoulders. Her back was toward me; but I saw that her figure was slight and graceful. Two little white hands were clasped, and she was rocking to and fro and moaning in a strange desolate way.

"This is odd," said I. "Someone has come into the room, not knowing I am here."

I coughed. The young person did not hear me. I spoke.

"Madam," said I, "I presume you are not aware that—in fact, that I am here."

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"Yes. I came because I knew it."

She began to moan again. She stood beside the bed now. She stretched out her cold hands. It was time to do something. Whoever she might be, I saw that she was dangerous—a maniac, probably. I put my hand under the pillow, where my pistol lay. I seized it.

"Whoever you are," said I, "I presume you are a thief, playing at ghost. Leave the room. I give you three seconds to do it in. I count them. At the third count, I fire. One—two—three—"

As I said one, she retreated, pointing at me. As I counted two, she drew still farther off. As I cried three, she was gone.

I lighted the lamp and examined the room. The door was bolted as I had left it. I looked behind the boxes, barrels, and gowns. I examined the floor. There was no trap-door. Yet she was gone. If I had been a superstitious idiot, I should have said that I had seen a spirit. As it was, being a practical man, I at once argued with myself.

Tough fried ham and something called "Injun puddin'," whatever it may have been, had given me a nightmare—a nightmare in an unusual form, doubtless—a fair young girl in white, instead of Othello or a black dog. There were exceptions to every rule. I had had a white nightmare in place of a black one, that was all.

I extinguished the light. Again I fitted myself between the corn-cobs. Again I slept. Again I woke, to find a figure—the same figure—bending over me. It was moaning still, but this time it was doing more; two hands, as cold as ice, clutched my throat, pressing it hard.

"What are you about?" cried I, catching at my pistol again.

The cold hands dropped away. The girl retreated—vanished as before. I instituted a fresh search. I argued with myself anew.

"Nightmares always choke one," said I. "My white nightmare only did as others do."

But this time I found it harder to sleep, and, though I slept at last, I wakened very soon again, with a hand on my throat, and a voice moaning drearily:

"Let me rest in my grave; I do not want to kill him. Let me rest."

My pistol once more drove the white figure away. But a nightmare was a more serious thing than I had imagined. Had I ever been fool enough to drink too much, I should have fancied myself the victim of delirium tremens. But a ghost! Bah! I gave no admittance to that thought for a moment. If the voice, the figure, the streaming hair, the touch of the little hands, cold as they were, reminded me of someone I had known long ago—this was owing to my disorded condition.

I sat up after that, and saw the sun rise for the first time in my existence.

I entered the dining-room; the good woman of the house, already eclipsed by the sun-bonnet, was talking to Barnard, who is—did I tell you?—an author, a writer of frightful stories.

She had found him out.

"To think it should be you," she said. "You don't look a bit like I expected! How I did look out for the next number, while 'Elgira, or Fortune's Victim,' was being published. I read it, every word; and, when she died of love, I cried. I didn't use to believe folks died of love—but—lem'me see—I guess it was fifteen years ago, I knew a case in actual life. Yes, sir, you could have made a story of it, no doubt. She died in this house, in the north garret—as pretty a creature as ever you saw. Her eyes were, oh! how brown, and such lovely golden hair! Her father brought her out here one summer. It was plain she was in a quick decline. But, pretty soon, I saw that there was more than sickness to deal with. The night she died, she told me. Yes, sir, it was a love-affair. He had jilted her because her father lost his money.

"'But you should forget such a rascal; you should not go on loving a fellow like that,' said I.

"'I cannot forget,' she said, 'but I have grown to hate him. Sometimes I think I shall come back from the other world to trouble him. Ghosts are permitted to haunt their murderers, they say, and he has murdered me.' She died that night. Poor child, she was very young:

"'MILLY BASHWOOD,
Aged Eighteen.'

"That is what is on her grave-stone in the burying-ground, if you'd like to look at it."

I don't know whether Mrs. Regan said anything more. Barnard says I fainted. I don't admit it; but, if I did, I vowed it was that abominable supper. A ghost—bah! But I wouldn't sleep in that north garret again for any fortune—practical man though I am.

BEAUTY.

EACH season some distinctive beauty holds,
Adown the long year's varied page—
So, rightly lived, may every human life,
From sunny youth to hoary age.

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A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY JESSIE K. B. TAYLOR.

THE racket was unendurable. Mrs. Bliss wondered why the boys should be so noisy on this particular morning, when her head ached, and the bread wouldn't rise, and her husband's coat had been brought in bereft of every button. The great kitchen, into which the sun shone brightly, presented a scene of busy activity. It was Saturday, the house to be put in order, there were pies and cakes to bake, and— "Oh, those dreadful boys! They will drive me crazy! Why is it they can play nowhere but in the house, I wonder?" the mother exclaimed, when her aching head could endure no longer the shouts of unrestrained laughter. There were three boys of her own in the dining-room—Rollin, Dick, and Bert—roguish, bright-eyed, and rosy-cheeked, and, beside these, neighbor Town's two sons, who came every cold day to play with the Bliss boys.

Mrs. Town did not think much of boys' wants and rights. She did not choose to have them tracking through her orderly rooms; for, as she often remarked nervously: "They carry sure destruction with them to everything pretty or neat." So, at their house, there was no wide table with spreading leaves, no stout chairs, no drawing-paper with pencils lying conveniently near. There were no attractive games and not one book of travel.

At Farmer Bliss's, the boys were thought of and provided for; but, as in too many cases, the lads failed sometimes to appreciate the care and thoughtfulness; they were often much too noisy, and none of the things scattered so recklessly about had the effect of satisfying or quieting them.

Mrs. Bliss's youngest sister, Sue Miller, had come up from Richville a few weeks before, for a long visit. She sat, this morning, behind the stove by the south window, stoning raisins. She was always sweet-tempered and lovable, and Mrs. Bliss often said to her: "Nothing ever frets you, Sue. If things do not move smoothly, you make them—that's all. I wish I knew the secret you possess—of not letting noise and the little perplexities worry you."

This morning, she appealed to her:

"Sue, nothing can help me half so much as to have that dreadful racket stilled. Can you do it?"

Sue set down the bowl of raisins and replied promptly:

"I will try."

She crossed the hall and looked in at the half-open door, thinking what she could do to insure a few minutes' quiet. As she stood there, she became conscious of a cessation of hostilities, and soon heard the boyish exclamation:

"Ahum! what shall we play next?"

Bert's pleasant voice replied:

"Oh, nothing. I'm tired of games. Let's make pictures."

"Naw—that's no fun!"

"We can play circus with Bonnie."

"Oh, yes!"

"No; the dog went with your father."

"Oh, dear!"

"Let's speak pieces," Dick suggested.

"I've forgot mine."

"'Woodman, spare that tree—'" Dick began, vociferously.

"Pshaw!"

"No fun!"

"I don't like to do that!"

Amid these exclamations, Rollin interposed loudly:

"Say, boys—I'll tell you! Do you know what next Tuesday will be? I do: St. Valentine's Day."

"Well, what is that?" chimed in Ernest Town.

"I know!" Dick asserted. "It's nothing much—only a day when grown-up men write poetry and don't sign their names to it, and paste on some flowers and things, and send it to some girl they like the best, and then—"

"Oh, I know more about it than that!" said Rollin, contemptuously. "It isn't all love-sick poetry, and flowers and things. They have good ones to sell, with jolly pictures—of women with great long noses and ragged gowns and red hair, and men with hats all smashed in, with blue

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and yellow neckties and wide mouths, and feet as big as Jim Clark's."

Shrieks of laughter greeted this vivid description, and Aunt Sue was just going to break in upon the mirth, when Rollin said very quietly and confidentially:

"Yes; and now keep still, every one of you, just a minute, and let me tell you what will be the jolliest fun: let us boys send some. Nobody can ever find out for sure who sent 'em, and it will be such a funny thing. Just think what a lark, to send one to Miss Drew! She's such a horrid old maid; her nose is peaked; and she don't like boys. She never gives one of us a taste of an apple, say nothing about pears; and she won't have a dog in the house—nothing but that old sneak of a tabby-cat, crosser than fury. Oh, I'd just like to make her think she had got a letter—you know, she is forever haunting the post-office—and then find out it was one of those valentines. They don't cost but a penny, Mark Gillett says; and it will be a dollar's-worth of fun to see her scowl, even if we don't get our eyes on her majestic form until the next morning. She'll be sour enough then to—"

"Yes, indeed!" acceded the four listeners.

"Heartless little wretches!" thought Aunt Sue.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said George Town: "I'm going to send one to John Markham. I almost hate him, he's such a sober old duffer. He's too pious or something ever to laugh. I'd like to wake him up. I saw a sheet, the other day, that would make him dance canary. There was a dried-up old bachelor, just like him, looking awfully sober, sitting all alone by a—"

At this instant, a new resolve came to Aunt Sue. Entering the room, she remarked quietly:

"Well, my boys, you seem to be having an interesting talk. Can't you tell me what it is about?"

The boys looked half embarrassed, half defiant. There was some scuffling of feet on the floor, considerable moving about, and sly glances between themselves; but no one vouchsafed to tell Aunt Sue the topic under discussion. One low voice, at length, announced apologetically that there wasn't anything they could do—that is, nothing that they wanted to do. It was too cold to slide, and—

This favored her plan; so, taking a chair close beside the table, she asked:

"What do you say to a story?"

Her nephews were acquainted with Aunt Sue's powers of story-telling, and expressed themselves delighted with the prospect. The Town boys crowded eagerly about her, with the others; and, with one swift glance at their bright expectant faces, she began:

"This is to be just a short story of the days when your mother and I lived down in the village, with our parents. You know the house, boys—the brown one, where Mr. Rounds, the druggist, lives now. Yes, it was sometime before your mother was married, though we often saw Carlton Bliss," she added, smiling. "Well, just across the road from us, in the large white house with the woodbine running over it, then lived Doctor Drew, his wife, and daughter Mary."

"What! not our Mary Drew, the old maid, up here on the hill?"

"Yes, children," Aunt Sue replied. "Mary is but a few years older than I—"

"She looks forty years older," asserted Bert.

"And was," Aunt Sue continued, "at that time, a very pretty-looking girl."

"Humph!" from the boys, in accents of unbelief.

Their entertainer frowned, and the boys subsided.

"One spring, the fever broke out in the village. Patients were numerous and increasing alarmingly; doctors and nurses were few; and, one bright morning, we saw Mary Drew come out of the house and go quickly down the street. She went through the village and over to the improvised hospital, where her father was in charge. She told them there she was ready for her work. In spite of the tears and entreaties of her friends, she staid in the hospital as long as she was needed, and then attended several cases in the village. When your mother was seized with the dreadful fever, she called constantly for Mary until she came, and then would let no other hands do for her. She said Mary's step and touch were the lightest, her voice the lowest and sweetest. After the long weeks of watching by my sister, she at last took the fever, and came very near dying.

"She was ill for months; and, when she recovered, she found her father dead and the dear homestead owned by strangers. She was still very weak; but, with a steady purpose, she went to her work again. She took what remained of the property and bought the little place on the hill. As long as her mother lived, she made a comfortable and pleasant home for her. After her death, Mary worked on. She has never been well since her terrible sickness. And this, perhaps, is why she looks so old.

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It also makes her very nervous and irritable. The family had suffered great injustice before this, and the memory of that renders her distrustful, even of her friends. She has to depend on the products of her orchard and garden for a living; and that is a good reason, I think, for her never giving the children treats of fruit. She is fearful of coming to sadder want, and is too proud to accept assistance, even after doing all she has for others, that they might live and be prosperous."

Aunt Sue was rewarded by sighs of sympathy and loud assurances of the deepest pity and of gratitude to Miss Drew. Three of the lads were thinking soberly: What if she hadn't gone to nurse their mother? This made them very quiet. At length, the silence was broken by slow-voiced Ernest, suggesting:

"Maybe, Miss Miller, if Mary Drew had not gone to nursing and got sick herself, she would be now almost as sweet and pretty and young as you are."

This also furnished food for reflection, so Aunt Sue accepted the compliment in silence. Soon, she spoke again:

"On another street, up toward the seminary, lived a widow lady and her son. Her name was Mrs. Markham, and her son's name was John."

There followed sundry nudges, with confident nods of the head, and one or two looks which might be deemed guilty; but all these, the sweet-faced story-teller thought it wise not to notice.

"He was a very pleasant young man," she went on, "and was then about twenty years old. He was a favorite everywhere. No party was thought to be complete without him. There was no laugh so hearty or musical as his. He never overlooked us children, but had a word and smile for everyone. He worked hard, for his mother was very poor, and he was her only support. A little way from the village lived a sweet-faced golden-haired girl, Katie Wilson. Somehow John Markham came to find the way out to the pleasant farm-house quite often. He confided to his mother that there surely were never such fresh breezes and green grass elsewhere, and never such fruits and flowers. The baskets of these he brought to her were very nice indeed. The dear old lady ate the fruit and smelled the flowers with appearance of the deepest enjoyment, while John looked triumphantly on. The mother wondered, sometimes, if it were not more the sweet face and welcoming smile that turned his steps toward the farm; but, like a wise woman, she said nothing. During the winter, a brother of hers, whom she had supposed dead for many years, died suddenly in California, and left his large property to his only sister, if still living—and, if she were dead, to her children. The lawyers found out Mrs. Markham and her son by advertising, and wrote to John, urging him to come and attend to matters. The mother thought it best that he should go, so he started very soon for California, intending to sell everything there as soon as possible, and be at liberty to return to his mother and friends. He found things in such shape that it was impossible for him to arrange them until many months had passed. He was obliged to travel much between the large cities, and so it was seldom that letters from home reached him. It was a long busy year.

"He was very happy when he could at last turn his face homeward. He brought with him enough to insure for his mother and himself a care-free future. He had the highest hopes, and sweet anticipations kept him company through the long journey; but he reached home to find his little Kate dead—the sweetest blossom the dear old farm had ever held, hidden away forever from earth's seeing and knowing, under its drifting snow. John's best hopes and highest ambitions were laid in that grave, and there has been no summer for him since. He has never found anyone he can love so well as he did dear little Katie, so he is still unmarried. Now, children, when the boys laugh and jeer at him, and dub him 'old bach,' don't you suppose it makes his sensitive sorrowful heart ache? Tell me, do you think it is right to hurt his feelings by calling names or screaming after him?"

There were loud cries of "No!" "No, of course not!" "It's mean!" "I wouldn't!" "I did, but I wouldn't if I'd only known!" "We won't do it again, auntie; will we, boys?" and there was a united chorus of "No!"

She left them then and went back to the kitchen.

Mrs. Bliss exclaimed: "Why, Sue, what have you done with the children? Have you spirited them away?"

"No, indeed," her sister replied, laughing; "they are there yet in veritable flesh and blood, but sobered down some by some 'medicated' stories. I think it will do them good," she added, and beside, she thought: "I am sure now that they will not hurt poor Mary Drew's feelings, or John's, poor sorrowful boy!" The "boy" was nearly forty, but it did not matter.

None knew sweet Sue Miller's secret, kept as it was, so quietly and bravely. She had learned years before to know and love great-hearted

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John Markham. But fate had made his life not hers to comfort and bless—hers only to pray for and remember.

There was a long earnest conversation in the dining-room until dinner-time, when the five boys filed out, looking sober, but very wise withal. Things went on quietly until Monday evening, when the Town boys came over, bringing very carefully a large box. There was much loud whispering outside the door, and a few suppressed giggles. Finally, Rollin came close to Aunt Sue's side and asked her to come into the other room, "just a minute."

"We want you to help us a little," he explained.

She consented, and led the way. The box was quickly opened, and inside were great clusters of blossoms and fresh green leaves.

"Why, children, what is this?" she asked, and then the boys' plan came out.

"Why, you see, to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day, and we thought it would be a lar— be nice, I mean, to send some flowers to Miss Drew, and just a little bunch to John Markham; for we feel sorry for them both—don't we, boys? We can't send many, you see, for Auntie Marsh gave us every flower there was on her plants, and we knew you had only a few."

The patient listener answered that it would not be the number of the bright blossoms that would be thought of, she was sure, in either case, but the loving thought that prompted the gift.

The box for Miss Drew was soon arranged to the boys' satisfaction. The blossoms and leaves were laid on a bed of soft green moss, and, when the boys' card was laid carefully beside them, it looked—a gift sweet and fair enough to cheer the loneliest heart. The card bore in Aunt Sue's writing the few words:

"MISS DREW:

With best wishes of boys
Who live not far away,
These flowers come to you
On St. Valentine's Day."

Somehow it took longer to arrange the other box to Aunt Sue's liking. There were a few half-open buds on the rose-bush by the window, and these were added, together with moss and some of the clinging vines from the basket swinging near. At last, it was completed—the sweet messenger of love and peace. For this box, the card held these words, in boyish handwriting:

"MR. JOHN MARKHAM:

"These flowers are from some boys who send with them their best wishes, and hope you will forgive all the things they have done to vex you, and hope, too, that you may have a great many happy St. Valentine's Days."

This was fully approved by the interested assistant, and soon both boxes were set away in the cellar until morning. Then there was another solemn meeting, and fleet-footed Dick was chosen to carry the boxes. He ran up the hill to Miss Drew's, rang the door-bell without mercy, and, when he heard slow steps inside, laid the box quickly on the wide step, and flew away. He was out of sight in an instant, and Miss Drew saw only the box awaiting her. This she took up wonderingly, went in, and closed the door. The first wood-team that went to town in the morning had aboard the same happy Dick, who wore a most business-like air and held something very carefully in his cold little hands. He rang the bell at John Markham's; but, to his astonishment, that gentleman was just coming out, and, before poor Dick could even think of flight, the two surprised people met in the small porch. Dick reached out the box nervously, and said in a trembling voice:

"This is St. Valentine's Day; did you know it? This is for you; but, you see, we—us boys, you know—didn't mean you should know. I meant to run away. I hope it's pleasant! My father must be waiting for me! Ah, what will Aunt Sue say?"

The child paused to get breath, and, seeing John's wondering and rather amused look, went on desperately:

"We don't feel one bit as we used, we boys, and, oh! dear, I'm sorry it wasn't a surprise. Good-morning," and Dick scampered away, conscious that he had not made this visit a complete success.

John went back into the house with his mysterious box. Very soon he understood it all —or thought that he did—but I am not quite sure that he interpreted its inner meaning.

That afternoon, Mary Drew ran down to Mr. Bliss's for an hour's chat. There was a little glance of understanding between her and Sue, as she told of the sweet surprise and pleasure the unexpected remembrance had given her.

"Why, do you know," she said, with tears in her voice, "it makes the day beautiful to me. Such a little thing; but I do wish the dear children could understand how much comfort their little kindness has been."

As she went out of the gate, the boys were just coming in, dragging their sleds. They were shy and silent, but the brave woman would not let them pass until she had thanked them in a few sincere and very pleasant words.

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They were happy, indeed, as they flocked indoors.

A few evenings later, John Markham drove out, and passed a pleasant hour at the Blisses' fireside. During his call, he thanked the boys quietly but earnestly for their remembrance, speaking in particular of the kind-heartedness that prompted the sweet gift.

Rollin could not let this pass so, and burst out impulsively:

"But it wasn't all our goodness. Indeed, it wasn't! We have laughed at you for being so still and sober, and—and—I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for Aunt Sue! She—she—told us stories; there! and that's what made us better boys, and she put in the rose-buds and—"

Rollin's father came to the rescue with some casual remarks to John. He, poor fellow, knew so little what to say to the boyish outbreak. Sue said nothing. There was nothing to say. She could only blush and lower her eyes. It happened that John came several times after this, and, strangely enough, he failed even to inquire for the youngsters. He must have known they were in the house, for only in very rare instances did they fail to make this fact known. John must have been absent-minded. He was fast finding a brightness in Sue Miller's eyes that he imagined necessary to his path. Her welcome was the sweetest music he had heard since the golden season before the great blight. Her quiet sympathy comforted him more than volumes from other tongues could do, and so it came about that in the early summer these two left all the cares, the shadowings, and the dimmed visions of the past behind them for aye, and, hand in hand, turned their faces hopefully forward.

The boys held many a conference as to how it could all have happened so nicely, Dick stoutly declaring in every word-battle that he knew it was because he did not run away that morning.

A WINTER DANCE.

BY J. B. SKIDMORE.

Down from the soft gray silence
  Of the brooding clouds above,
Came a messenger swift and silent
  As the first pure thought of love.

A white-robed frolicsome herald,
  The first of a merry band,
Who would change in a magical moment
  This earth into fairyland.

And lo, as I watched the stranger,
  So daintily silvery fair,
His playmates, merrily dancing,
  Came whirling through the air.

And wherever they fell in their frolic,
  On tree-tops or frozen fields,
A strange white beauty lingered
  Like the glimmer of fairy shields.

All through the night did these gay little sprites
  Dance in bewildering whirl,
And the morning found, 'neath their twinkling feet,
  A ball-room of silver and pearl.

LINES.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

Lord, Thou art good and gracious,
  Thy care is over all;
Our very hairs are numbered—
  Thou seest the sparrow fall.

Thou sendest sun and showers—
  All blessed gifts are Thine;
Thou crownest earth with gladness,
  For Thou art love divine.

We know Thy care aboundeth,
  We feel it every day,
And bless the hand that guides us
  When clouds obscure the way.

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AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ISS Gertrude Ellery considered that, having arrived at the dignity of fourteen years with several months added, she was quite competent—indeed, the proper person—to act as mistress of the mansion and attend to the comfort of "poor dear papa."

This phrase she had caught from her maternal aunt, who had the habit of applying contemptuous adjectives to male humanity which is often observable in strong-minded spinsters.

Since Mrs. Ellery's death, this lady had devoted her talents to her brother-in-law and his daughter until a few months previous, when she had somewhat suddenly married a former lover. As he was a widower with six children, she probably considered that his claim must be made paramount to that of a bereaved husband who owned only one child.

Mr. Ellery had not been overwhelmed by her departure; but then he was a man who possessed a great deal of philosophy and was rather lazy besides. He had married, at one-and-twenty, a woman several years older than himself, and had allowed her full sway, reserving a certain amount of personal freedom; and when, in her last moments, she selected her sister to rule the house, he had submitted passively.

Mr. Ellery was an affectionate but by no means devoted father, and had never taken any part in his daughter's training. His wife's faith in her own judgment had been absolute, and she had early decided that her child would grow up a remarkable woman. The aunt shared this faith, which was also accepted by the old clergyman who directed Gertrude's studies.

The child possessed the unfortunate gift of precocity, and her rapid progress had always been cited by her mother and aunt as a proof of the superiority of private education. Mr. Ellery was amused and rather proud that, at ten, his daughter could read Virgil, study Greek verbs, and compute like a little lightning calculator. He warned Mr. Vicars not to overtax her, and there his part in the matter ended.

Gertrude's health did not suffer, but she became a terrible prig: believed firmly in her own genius, and now regarded herself as grown up. It was May when her aunt married, and the niece had spent a month with the newly wedded pair. Mr. Ellery was absent when she returned home; the old servants thought it would be more agreeable to have her hold nominal sway than to pass under the rule of a stranger; so, from the housekeeper to her own spoiled maid, the band elected to treat her as if she were mistress.

Mr. Ellery had intended to secure a governess at once; but he was a born procrastinator, and even in this important matter he displayed his usual dilatoriness.

He was one of those idle men who always think themselves too busy to attend to anything which involves trouble or demands prompt action.

He had inherited a large property, much of it within the limits of a fast-growing city in one of the Middle States, and his home was a lovely old place several miles distant. Within the last few years, some mineral springs in the neighborhood had attracted the attention of capitalists, hotels had sprung up, villas been built, and, besides the agreeable society and amusement this brought near, Mr. Ellery's fortune was greatly increased, as he had owned most of the land in the vicinity. Altogether, he considered himself a very busy person, and as Gertrude's were uninterrupted, there seemed no immediate need of an instructress, though he would certainly find one before long It diverted him to see the child play at being lady of the house, pour out his tea at breakfast, share his luncheon, and even join him at dinner. He enjoyed her vivacious conversation, though he noticed her priggishness, but consoled himself by thinking that a governess would very soon cure that failing, and a model one should be forthcoming early in the autumn.

Gertrude had inherited her mother's domineering spirit, but with much of her father's peculiarly charming manner, and she knew how to wheedle him, and appeared her best in his presence.

She was small for her age, but daintily formed, and exceedingly pretty. Her hair was beautiful: very thick and long, and she wore it either plaited in two heavy strands or lightly frizzed

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and hanging loose; she craved a knot and a comb, and once tried the experiment, but her father managed to prevent a repetition. His method was far more effective than any reproof could have been. He shrieked with laughter when she appeared with her head thus decorated.

After this, Gertrude submitted to "pig-tails," and, as she was devoted to white, never devised any striking or unsuitable costumes.

In August, Mr. Ellery was away from home; when he returned, he was taken aback to perceive how completely Gertrude had made herself the head of the house. Emboldened by power, she fairly patronized him; she did not only think of him as "poor dear papa," but treated him as such. He was both amused and vexed, but his conscience pricked sorely, for the governess was not yet found. However, this matter should be set right; in the meantime, it was useless to render life unpleasant to himself and Gertrude, by scolding or interference, and he did not see her at her worst.

A few days after his arrival, Miss Esther Channing came to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Dexter, who had that summer purchased a place near Silton Springs. Mr. Ellery knew the young lady well, and was more in love with her than he had ever been with any other woman. His daughter had met her often while visiting relatives in New York, and honored Miss Channing with her liking.

Gertrude was delighted to see her again, but the acute lady was not slow to perceive that irreparable harm would be done to the poor child's character unless a radical change in her bringing-up were speedily effected, and quietly strove to influence her and open the father's eyes. This last was not difficult, for Gertrude had grown so secure of her position that her faults showed more plainly every day, and, before a fortnight was over, culminated in proceedings which roused even her indolent parent to the necessity of prompt and stern action.

Miss Channing, her aunt, and two other ladies accepted an invitation to dine at Greenbank. Mr. Ellery had two men stopping in the house, and the old clergyman, who acted as Gertrude's tutor, was also invited.

That small personage took her dining at table so much as a matter of course, that her father shrugged his shoulders helplessly and did not interfere—of course, privately informing his conscience that the governess should be provided without delay.

The day of the dinner, Mr. Ellery was detained by a business engagement until so late that he hurried through his toilet, afraid the ladies might arrive before he could get downstairs. When he entered the library, however, he found only his daughter, the Reverend Mr. Vicars, and the two bachelor guests, both of whom had known Gertrude from childhood and always spoiled her abominably.

Presently, Mrs. Dexter and her niece arrived, and, immediately afterward, the two other lady guests and an additional gentleman.

Mr. Ellery led the way into the dining-room with Miss Channing, having asked Mrs. Dexter to sit opposite him and play hostess. To his horror, he saw Gertrude calmly lead her escort to that end of the table, and, in a flash, place Mrs. Dexter at the side, and herself assume the seat of hostess.

Mr. Ellery stared, dumb between astonishment and wrath—growing positively dizzy as he heard his daughter say sweetly:

"Dear papa, we need not trouble Mrs. Dexter—she has a headache, and you know I am used to playing hostess."

"And she does it well, too!" cried Mr. Travers, and the other bachelor and the clergyman echoed the sentiment.

Sweet old Mrs. Dexter nervously expressed her thanks to Gertrude for relieving her, and Mr. Ellery could only hold his peace—any approach to a scene was out of the question.

The dinner passed off sufficiently well, but, even with Miss Channing at his side—indeed, partly on account of it—Mr. Ellery was ill at ease. He could perceive that Gertrude was talking and laughing too much, urged on by injudicious Mr. Travers, who thought the child "great fun." During a general discussion about a new novel, Gertrude twice calmly added her voice, and, as the work was one which had caused much criticism by its peculiar social and religious views, it was not agreeable to be the father of the fourteen-year-old maid at that precise moment.

Mr. Ellery was heartily glad when the ladies rose, and, as soon as they had gone, grew alarmed lest Gertrude should still more unpleasantly distinguish herself in the drawing-room. While the host and Mr. Travers were talking, the other three gentlemen got into an argument about recent discoveries in the island of Cyprus, and Mr. Ellery referred them to books and plates in the library, and left them to their discussion.

"I'm going to have a cigarette before I join the ladies," Travers said. "You don't want to come, and I don't want you! Splendid eyes

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Miss Channing has! She is such a thoroughbred looking creature!"

He said this with a significant smile, which made Mr. Ellery feel that the shrewd observer had penetrated his secret, and his slight confusion thereat caused him to hurry off without bestowing on his old friend the lecture he had meant to administer in regard to the outrageous spoiling of Gertrude.

As Mr. Ellery entered the drawing-room, he saw Miss Channing standing near a table, and immediately joined her. Farther away on a sofa sat Mrs. Dexter and the other two ladies, and Gertrude was entertaining the trio, her back toward the door.

"Oh, dear papa would not know how to manage without me," she was saying, in her incisive tones. "And I prefer masters—I should not like school."

Mr. Ellery glanced guiltily at Miss Channing; she smiled, sorry for his mortification, yet secretly feeling that it was well he should see how much to blame he had been where the girl was concerned.

"You ought to go to school, though," observed Miss Wilmot, whose surface had been ruffled by sundry patronizing remarks from the precocious damsel.

"Ah, you believe in schools?" rejoined Gertrude, with a whole volume of cool impertinence in her voice. "Dear Mrs. Dexter, have you seen that article by Herbert Spencer in the 'Fortnightly'?"

"Good heavens!" Mr. Ellery ejaculated, under his breath.

He made a step forward, but Miss Channing's hand touched his arm.

"I would not interfere," she urged, gently. "Don't mortify the child—that will only make matters worse."

"I never dreamed she was such an appalling mass of conceit, priggishness, and impertinence!" he fairly groaned.

"Probably the trouble has not struck very deep," Miss Channing said. "Gertrude is at an unfortunate age—and you must remember that circumstances have fostered her defects."

"Oh, it's my fault—I deserve to be caned!" Mr. Ellery cried, penitently. "I am thoroughly ashamed of my procrastination! A governess she must have immediately, but where find one fit to cope with her? Gertrude has a strong will; perhaps a school—"

"Nothing better for the curing of certain faults," Miss Channing answered, hopefully. "Put her under good training and into contact with other girls, and in six months she will outgrow these follies; and she is very clever and exceedingly pretty."

It was pleasant to be consoled by Esther Channing's sweet voice and smile, and, as the gentlemen soon entered, and Mr. Travers took possession of Gertrude, the rest of the evening passed without any renewed shock to the father's susceptibilities.

Mr. Ellery carried his horror of scenes to an extreme which became morbid weakness, so he did not lecture his daughter the next day, though she unconsciously piled up fresh and more condemnatory evidence against herself.

A party of people drove over from the Springs; among them was a timid awkward girl of Gertrude's age, but fully a head taller, and it was a marvelous sight to watch little Miss Ellery's patronizing behavior toward her.

Before night, Gertrude had managed for the first time to get into difficulty with the old butler, who informed Mr. Ellery that: "Young Miss had threatened him with dismissal, and this was more than he could stand—go he must and would!"

Unfortunately for Gertrude, Mr. Ellery, while calling at Mrs. Dexter's, had been informed by Miss Channing that the principal of a boarding-school near Albany, in which she herself had passed several years, could receive Gertrude, although the autumn session had begun some weeks previous.

After listening to Saunders's report, and being forced to use a good deal of persuasion to pacify the invaluable old servant, Mr. Ellery descended on his daughter, thoroughly exasperated and determined to make short work of matters.

Go to school! Start within the week! Gertrude could scarcely believe her own ears; but when, in addition to this terrible verdict, she received for the first time in her life a lecture at once severe and contemptuous from the lips of "poor dear papa," she felt that the end of the world must be at hand.

She knew there would be no reversal of the sentence; she dared not even expostulate or plead. She could remember that, on the rare occasions when, in the face of some crisis, her father had been roused into pronouncing a fiat, neither her mother nor aunt had ever attempted opposition.

Mr. Ellery dined out, that evening, and the petted child was left alone in the first humiliation which had ever overtaken her. Long before bed-time, she had sunk into such depths of misery, that she was forced to seek a little comfort by confiding her woe to Lucy Crofts,

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her personal attendant—a mere girl herself, and nearly as much spoiled as her young mistress.

"I wonder if Miss Channing would speak to papa?" Gertrude suggested, inspired by some thought of that lady.

Then Lucy Crofts revealed the secret which had been burning her lips for several days.

"Laws, Miss Gertrude," she cried, "if all's true I hear, she would be the last person to help you. They told me, over to the Springs, about your pa bein' so sweet on that Miss Channing. Everybody's talkin' about his marryin' her. Why, this school-business is likely all her doin'."

For the second time within the last twelve hours, positive little Miss Ellery found it difficult to trust the testimony of her own ears; and, though Lucy stood stoutly by her theory and evidence, Gertrude, before she cried herself to sleep, was able to recall various circumstances which aided her to hope that she had no cause to fear this crowning affliction.

That same evening, Gertrude was much in Miss Channing's mind; for Mr. Ellery had called to give her an account of his morning's work. She knew the poor child must be suffering terribly, and longed to comfort her; for she deserved pity rather than blame—her faults were mainly due to the folly or neglect of her elders.

The next day, Miss Channing drove over to see Gertrude, at an hour when she knew the father would be absent from home. The small damsel flew downstairs to meet her visitor, excited by a hope that, in her, she might secure a champion. Her dignity failed utterly, and she melted into tears as she entered the room, crying:

"Oh, Miss Channing—do please try to help me! Isn't it too dreadful? Papa says I am to go to school—after letting me feel that I was to be head of the house and all! And here I am nearly fifteen! He should have sent me before, if he expected me to endure it."

There was truth and reason in this outburst; still, Miss Channing was forced gently to explain that she, like all Gertrude's well-wishers, regarded the father's decision as wise and necessary.

"And there are so many pleasant things about school-life," she added, with her sweet winning smile, before her listener could find voice to make known her disappointment at the verdict. "You will be so much happier with girls of your own age—"

"I hate girls!" Gertrude broke in, passionately. "I have studied and read on subjects far beyond their comprehension."

"Possibly," rejoined Miss Channing; "yet, in many other equally important things, you could learn a great deal from them."

"And to be ordered about by teachers—oh, it is dreadful! It isn't as if I were used to interference—I have been allowed my freedom, permitted to consult my own tastes; and it is cruel to torment me now!" moaned Gertrude.

Miss Channing put her arm about the child in a tender embrace, as she answered:

"My dear, I should prove myself a very false friend if I did not plainly tell you that you need the discipline of a school. The life you are leading is the worst possible preparation for becoming what I feel certain your ideal of a woman must be."

Gertrude's temper blazed up; she was as unaccustomed to contradiction or reproof as if she had been a small Eastern potentate whose instructors even were slaves. She drew herself away from the kindly arm and said haughtily:

"My mother and aunt are my ideals; they were both always satisfied with me, too."

"If you had either beside you, the case would be very different," Miss Channing replied. "Ah, my dear, use your common-sense and reason; you possess a large share of those qualities: try to look at the matter in the right light."

"I know that papa is cruel, cruel!" Gertrude exclaimed, with fresh sobs, that sprang from anger, not grief. "Oh, I don't believe this is his doing—somebody has set him on! Poor dear papa is easily influenced—my aunt always said so!"

"You should not speak in that way, Gertrude: it is terribly disrespectful—I cannot listen," Miss Channing said.

The case so plainly demanded a few firm words, that she could not hesitate about uttering them, though the reproof which she proceeded to administer was gentle in tone and language. Gertrude replied insolently, and, when Miss Channing persisted, flamed into such wrath that she lost all self-control.

"Oh, then, it is true! I was told so, but would not believe it!" she cried. "This is your work—you want me out of the way! Oh, I never thought papa would marry! I can't bear it—I can't!"

"Stop, Gertrude!" Miss Channing commanded, turning very pale. And there was a power in the low clear voice and the resolute eyes which forced the girl into silence. "I hardly know whether your rhodomontade is more silly or impertinent. Once for all, recollect that any

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woman who might consent to marry your father could easily dispense with your permission."

At this juncture, Mr. Vicars was announced, and Miss Channing immediately departed. Her aunt had gone out to spend the day and evening, and Esther took advantage of the solitude for long and profound meditation on a subject which had for some time demanded serious consideration.

The next morning, she went again to Mr. Ellery's house, and was received by Gertrude with a burst of penitent tears.

"It was very, very good of you to come, Miss Channing," she said. "Oh, I have been so ashamed of my rude speech—I wanted to write and apologize! But I am so obstinate, and—and I thought it would look as if I were afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes—that you might tell papa," Gertrude hurried on. "And it is not that. I am really sorry—oh, so sorry!"

"I knew you would be, when you had time to reflect," Miss Channing said. "Gertrude, I like you better at this minute than I ever expected to. I have great hope of you: a girl of your age who can achieve such a victory over herself deserves respect. Now, before we drop this subject forever, there is something I will tell you."

"Yes," Gertrude rejoined, in a choked voice.

"You need have no fear of me in any way," Miss Channing continued. "Your father never asked me to marry him—probably never will; but, were he to, I give you my word that I should not consent. I make this statement in order that your mind may be at rest."

"You—" Gertrude began, but Miss Channing checked her.

"Not a word more, please—that is done with! I am sure you would like to hear about Mrs. Kimberly and her school. She is a charming woman; I spent four happy years under her care, and I owe her a great deal."

Thanks to the conversation which ensued, and the fact of Miss Channing's wise counsels coming when shame and penitence were keen in Gertrude's mind, Mr. Ellery that evening enjoyed the agreeable surprise of finding his daughter not only submissive, but less martyr-like in looks and language.

Still, it was a terrible ordeal to the poor child, and the last day at home so dreary that she absolutely longed to have it over, though, before her father, she kept up tolerably well. In the afternoon, however, when she came in from a walk, and found her great trunk standing in her dressing-room, packed, corded, and ticketed, it seemed as if her heart would break.

She pushed her garden-hat back from her head and sat down on the box, her feet crossed before her, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, and gave way to grief too deep for tears, though the dramatic element in her was so strong that even at this crisis there was a dismal kind of comfort in the reflection that she was heroic in her submission and in picturing "poor dear papa's" remorse in case her health should fail through suffering and neglect.

Two days later, Gertrude's new life began under the supervision of a wise and estimable woman and in the companionship of young girls not inclined to permit any attempt at supremacy unless it were fairly earned by tact and talent.

The first months were hard to Gertrude; but she loved study, and this speedily recommended her to her teachers. Gradually, among her schoolmates she formed warm friendships and bitter animosities, and had the satisfaction of becoming a prominent figure in her little world. The close of the year was approaching, and Gertrude had begun to look forward to a brief return home, when she was surprised by a visit from her father. The news he brought was very dismal to hear: He had affairs which called him to Europe; he proposed sailing in a few days.

The "affairs," of which he spoke vaguely, were not connected with business. Esther Channing had refused to marry him, and he wanted to get away, in the hope that change and travel would help him to bear the keenest disappointment he had ever endured.

Gertrude's petulant expostulations certainly could not of themselves have led Miss Channing to her decision, yet they had borne fruit in that long vigil which I mentioned. When a very young girl, Esther had been engaged to a distant cousin, and through him she had suffered a great deal. She was seven-and-twenty now, and, though she could look back on her girlish dream with a pitying smile, its memory rendered her loath to let any man obtain sway over her heart.

She really loved Robert Ellery, but his indolence and lack of purpose in life had made her dread the declaration which her woman's instinct warned her was imminent. Then her own mother's unhappiness, through having married a widower with children, built up another barrier, and, when Gertrude's outburst came, it seemed a warning too clear to be disregarded. Probably, in any case, the pro-

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posal would have received a negative answer; but the refusal might have been less decided—even have allowed a loophole for hope—had not Gertrude's interference come at the precise moment when her doubts and fears were uppermost.

So Mr. Ellery took his bitterness and grief off to foreign lands; and Miss Channing, in her loving care for every creature near, found a tranquillity which offered a very fair substitute for happiness.

To Gertrude, time passed swiftly and pleasantly. When summer brought vacation, she spent a portion of it with her aunt, and the remainder in the home of a schoolmate whose parents had once been quite intimate with her father.

Gertrude was past sixteen; still a dainty little fairy, but growing prettier every day. Her manner was wonderfully improved; she had lost all her priggishness and much of her conceit, but she was terribly headstrong and impetuous, causing great anxiety to over-conscientious Mrs. Kimberly, who had grown warmly attached to her wayward, clever, and now winning pupil.

During her visit to Anna Beaumont, Gertrude met George Randolph, a young fellow barely one-and-twenty, handsome, bright, and even more impetuous and less disciplined than herself.

Of course, the pair fell in love, exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and arranged a plan by which they would be able to correspond without fear of discovery. Naturally, this secret engagement lent a new charm to Gertrude's daily life, and it was delightful, besides being in love, to appear a heroine in the eyes of her one confidante, Anna Beaumont. But the excitement, so far from hindering her studies, spurred her on to fresh effort. She was anxious to prove worthy of her lover's admiration, and also to shorten the season of tutelage and restraint.

Another winter elapsed, and Mr. Ellery still lingered in Europe, writing Gertrude beautiful letters, but quite content to leave her in Mrs. Kimberly's guardianship.

In the spring, a great misfortune befell all under that lady's charge. The widely esteemed schoolmistress died suddenly of heart-disease, and the establishment went into the hands of a stern unsympathetic spinster, whom few of the pupils liked, though her talent and experience induced most of the parents to leave their daughters with her.

The relations between this lady and Gertrude had always been what diplomats term "strained." Miss Gregory considered the girl sadly overrated; being herself tyrannical, she was constantly irritated by her pupil's imperious positiveness, and naturally the schoolmistress's ill-concealed dislike was returned with interest.

When she found herself doomed to the sway of this tyrant, Gertrude wrote heart-rending appeals to her father, which that gentleman treated in a very characteristic manner. He promised that she should be sent to another school—he was coming home, and would attend to the matter.

Unexpectedly, he decided on a trip to Norway, and put off Gertrude's affairs, always meaning to ask some friend in America to inquire into her report.

So the weeks slipped by; finally in desperation, Gertrude wrote to Miss Channing, but, to her surprise and grief, received no answer. The truth was that Miss Channing did write, and her letter miscarried. Meanwhile, Gertrude's position grew daily more unendurable, for Miss Gregory was a petty woman, and tormented her designedly.

Her father paying no heed; her aunt gone to California; Miss Channing silent, after all her promises to give aid and support if ever such were needed! It seemed to the rebellious hardly-treated girl that the whole world had deserted her save one true heart. She was at length driven to reveal her woes to George Randolph. She speedily received sympathy without stint; and, very soon, the impatient ill-guided pair determined that they were old enough to take matters into their own hands and that Mr. Ellery's neglect gave them the right so to do.

This step had been only vaguely contemplated by Randolph, and his proposal came so suddenly on Gertrude that she had no leisure to meditate, even if the flurry in mind and heart would have permitted.

Randolph went to Albany. He managed to let Gertrude know of his arrival, and a meeting for the next day was agreed on. Miss Gregory chanced to be confined to her room by that unpoetical malady, a swollen face; and the head-teacher, who pitied Gertrude, readily acceded to her request to spend the day in the town with some acquaintances whom she was occasionally allowed to visit.

So the lovers met; and the sight of Gertrude's pale face, her deep distress, and her tragic declarations that, but for his love and sympathy, she must have been tempted to put an end to her miserable life, drove her tender-hearted knight quite frantic. The resolve which for days had been lying half dormant in his mind sprang up, eager and all-powerful.

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"You cannot endure more—you shall not!" he cried. "Gertrude, there is only one way: we must be married at once—this very day."

"I cannot; it is impossible; no, no!" she pleaded, sorely frightened, yet with a great joy and yielding already brightening her beautiful eyes.

"If you love me, you will consent. This is the proof I ask. Gertrude, my darling, you will die here—I shall go mad!" George asseverated, wildly.

He poured forth a flood of plausible arguments: the step was forced on them; and oh! it would prevent the long waiting. He was twenty-two, his moderate fortune in his own control. He was about to start for Chili, to superintend a company in which he had investments; she could not let him go alone—he would not leave her in the hands of her pitiless enemy.

"And we can settle it all so easily," he continued, as she strove weakly to protest. "We will go to Voorheesville; a college-friend of mine has just become rector there: he will perform the ceremony. Oh, we can get a train in less than twenty minutes. Gertrude, come—you must! I will not leave you; it is my right to protect you—there is no other way.'

"Oh, how can we?" she sobbed, even in the midst of her mingled distress and happiness, seized by a purely feminine scruple. "My clothes— I—"

"Haven't you on that lovely white dress—just meant for a bride?" he urged. "And I will send a messenger for your trunks as soon as we are married. My darling! my own! Think—to be always together; and nobody can blame you. We know your father would not object to our marriage later. It is his fault that we are forced to take this step."

Ah, well, the upshot of the passionate pleadings on his side and the tears and hesitation on hers was just what might have been expected in a couple more romantic than is common among the youth of this generation.

A quarter of an hour afterward, the two left the great nursery garden in which they met and drove to the station. They had some time to wait before the train would arrive. George procured his tickets, then they went out on the platform, which was nearly deserted.

Suddenly a whistle sounded, and George said:

"That is the Western express. We may as well stand here—there will be nobody that knows us."

They stepped a little further back, as the engine panted up. There was a rush of passengers from the cars, met by people crowding out of the waiting-room to secure seats. A lady who had just left the train was pushed full against Randolph, who did not see her; but Gertrude did, and grew faint with dismay. It was Esther Channing!

She and Randolph began mutual apologies; and, as the young man turned his face in her direction, she exclaimed:

"George—George Randolph! What on earth brings you here? I never was so astonished in my life!" Then she caught sight of his cowering companion, and added: "Gertrude! Why, Gertrude Ellery! And not a bit altered! So you got my telegram and came to meet me? But George—why, how do you happen to know each other? Who is with you, Gertrude?"

Then she stopped; the confusion in their faces warned her that, whatever explanations the pair might have to offer, they would be too serious to give in this place.

"Who would have dreamed of seeing you, Cousin Esther?" George cried, trying hard to speak easily, but dismally conscious that his cheeks were far too scarlet to comport with ease or dignity.

"Then Gertrude did not get my telegram?" said Miss Channing. Another glance at the girl's white face filled her with pity; she kissed both cold cheeks, adding: "George, lead the way; get us out of this crowd. Find a carriage, please; we will drive to a hotel first. I started so early, that I could eat no breakfast, and am dying for some luncheon and a cup of tea."

"You shall have both," said George, gathering his wits together as well as he might, as he took the lead.

"I have not heard your voice yet, Gertrude," said Miss Channing, slipping her arm through the girl's. "So you were not expecting me? I wondered you did not answer my letter; but it is all right, dear. I have heard from your father; he has empowered me to take you away from Miss Gregory's tender mercies."

"You were—you were—" stammered Gertrude, suddenly conscience-stricken.

"Oh, yes! You did not suppose I would desert you? And to find you with George—you know he is my cousin?"

But Gertrude did not; nothing had ever brought up Miss Channing's name between the pair. The poor child burst into tears, and, as soon as they were seated in the carriage, the whole story came out. George made the explanations, taking all the blame on himself, and Miss Channing was too wise to lecture him severely before Gertrude.

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He heard a scorching review of his conduct, however, as soon as she could get him alone for a few moments, and, at the end of the colloquy, he was ready to submit to her decree with a tolerable show of patience.

Matters at the school were quickly settled, and, that very afternoon, Miss Channing and Gertrude started for Mrs. Dexter's villa at Silton Springs. George was permitted to accompany them part of the way, and Miss Channing gave the lovers an opportunity for a long tête-à-tête, smiling privately to think of the blame which many guardians of the young would have bestowed on such culpable leniency.

Three days later, George Randolph had sailed for South America, and Gertrude was enjoying a delightful visit with Esther. She spent two happy months there, and, at the end of them, she was a much wiser better-disciplined creature than on her arrival, though taught by example rather than precept.

Miss Channing's advice to young Randolph had been terse and trenchant.

"Don't begin by teaching the girl you love to practice deceit," she said. "Write like a man to Mr. Ellery—tell him about yourself, your prospects—ask him, if you do well, whether at the end of two years you may come back and claim his daughter's hand."

And George Randolph obeyed her to the letter, but the reply to his epistle had to follow him to Chili.

The advice Miss Channing gave Gertrude was equally sensible: "I do not ask you to tell your father about that folly I stopped: it was George's fault. I do not believe in confessions that only need e.sly mortify the giver and uselessly pain the receiver. Tell your father frankly that you feel you were wrong not to write him at once about your engagement; submit to his wishes, for I know that he will be unwilling you should consider yourself actually engaged until you are both older."

At the end of those two months, Mr. Ellery telegraphed his daughter that he had reached New York, and would be at Greenbank that evening. Of course, Gertrude returned home at once; the housekeeper had also received news, and was congratulating herself that some "mysterious warning" had made her get her whole domain in order only the week before.

Mr. Ellery arrived by an earlier train than he had expected, and the meeting between the father and daughter was full of happiness to both.

"You will be pretty some day, if you take care," Mr. Ellery said, laughing; "but you'll always stay a little dot!"

He looked as young and handsome as ever, and teased her in his old fashion; but about her love-affair he was sweetness itself, though noncommittal.

"It may come to something," he said; "that depends on you and Randolph. You are both mere children—I can't have you engaged: his letters must be sent through me; but, when the two years are up, we shall see. He comes of good stock—I remember him as a boy; had a look of Miss Channing—she is well, you say?"

"Oh, and more beautiful than ever!" Gertrude cried, enthusiastically. "Papa, she is the best woman in the world; you can't thank her sufficiently; no words can describe what I owe to her!"

These were praises of which Mr. Ellery could not hear enough; and many times, in the course of the evening, he set Gertrude on afresh.

Several days passed; the two saw a great deal of Miss Channing; but a hope which had sprung up in Gertrude's mind seemed unlikely to find fulfillment. The girl was preparing to start for the school which had been decided on, ready and willing to go, but broken-hearted at finding that her father proposed setting out on a new journey—this time to the Sandwich Islands and Australia.

"Why not?" he rejoined, in answer to her expostulations. "I shall come back within twelve months; by that time, you can have done with school. In the meanwhile, what could I do here?"

"Oh," cried Gertrude, despairingly, "if you would only settle down! Oh, papa, why don't you marry Miss Channing?"

"I?" he asked, with a mirthless laugh. "Well, my dear, that's a question so impudent it really deserves an answer."

"Oh, papa, I didn't mean— Don't be vexed—"

"Not a bit," he interrupted. "I don't marry Miss Channing for the best reason in the world—she won't have me."

"Oh, you've not asked. She could not refuse—a queen might be glad!" cried Gertrude, indignantly. "And I had an idea she cared for you!"

"So had I once," he replied; "but she refused me. Somehow, I always thought somebody had made mischief—but I don't know. You see, I am a dawdler, and Miss Channing is terribly energetic—but I don't know. There was some other reason in the background; it's no good wondering, though. She seemed to think a widower might better devote himself to his responsibilities."

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A sudden light dawned on Gertrude; she fell to wondering if her insolent outburst of long ago could have had anything to do with Miss Channing's decision. She was too honest to remain silent after the belief forced itself on her mind, and she told her father what had occurred.

"Nonsense!" he said. "She was not likely to care what such a child liked or disliked."

"But ask her again. Do ask her!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, if I were a man, I'd never give up, if I loved a woman, till she consented to marry me."

"Upon my word, you're a cool hand," said her father.

"And you love her, papa; and oh! I am sure, sure she would not say 'no'—"

"Miss Channing!" interrupted Saunders, flinging open the door.

Gertrude uttered a cry and darted forward; Mr. Ellery paused an instant, to recover himself.

"I remembered the commission you gave me, Gertrude," Miss Channing said. "I have just heard— Oh, Mr. Ellery, I did not see you."

"Ask her, papa!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, Miss Esther—darling, best Miss Esther! How could you refuse him? And he is so unhappy—he is going away again; and it was partly my fault—I know it was my horrible speech. And I want you to marry him; I can't live without you."

"Gertrude!" groaned her father.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; forgive me. Oh—"

And away Gertrude ran, more terribly frightened than she had ever been in her life, leaving the astounded pair together.

Half an hour later, Gertrude, sitting crouched in the window-seat in her own room, was startled by a knock on the door, and, in another instant, Miss Channing entered.

"Oh, oh!" moaned Gertrude. "Please don't be angry. I think I was crazy. I—"

"Gertrude dear!"

One glance at the beautiful eyes, the extended arms, and the girl ran toward her, crying:

"You have said 'yes'! you have said 'yes'!"

"My child, how could I possibly stand out when he had found such an unexpected ally?" rejoined Miss Channing, and then Gertrude was in her arms.

At the end of two years, George Randolph came back; and when, after the expiration of a few months, Gertrude consented to set a day for making him happy, she frankly told him there was one drawback.

"A drawback?" he repeated, incredulously. "What is it?"

"That I shall only have you to depend on," she replied, saucily, yet with a certain earnestness in her voice. "I believe you will make a tolerable husband: but oh, a husband can't be my blessed Mamma Esther!"

"WE ALL DO FADE."

ISAIAH lxiv, 6.

BY S. WHITE PAINE.

"We all do fade as a leaf"
In the breath of autumnal frost;
We turn from the mirror in silent grief
At the thought of a beauty lost.

Pallid and tuneless the lips
That mimicked the song-birds of yore,
When hued like the reddest red wine that drips
From the grapes of Levorno's shore.

Faded the brown and gold
From the once luxuriant hair,
And eyes grown dim read the story old
Of "Ichabod" written there.

Faded the rose from the cheek,
Its velvety bloom all too brief.
O mortal changes! that grimly speak,
"We all do fade as a leaf."

But look you again, and see,
Far away from the chastening rod,
Where fadeless youth shall forever be
Safe in the arms of God.

A MAIDEN'S EYES.

BY MARGARETTA LIPPINCOTT.

When first fringed lids reveal to you
Bright orbs that look in shy surprise,
You gaze in heaven through the blue
Of maiden's eyes.

Their depths betoken Paradise,
If bards and lovers have told true,
And you declare their words are wise.

Deep-hid and yet so clear to view,
What mystery within them lies?
Strange witchery, forever new,
Of maiden's eyes.

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A STORY OF A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

BY ADA MORELL.

It was a terrible winter; the snow had been falling for a night and a day, now covering the prairie with its soft robe until not a blade of dead grass showed dark above the surrounding whiteness.

The occupants of the few claim-shanties, scattered here and there over the prairie, fortified themselves against the cold by an unprecedented number of "hay-twists": for they knew that a blizzard might mean days of isolation, and, with the present accumulation of snow, a slight wind would render it unsafe to venture far from one's own door.

The precaution was well taken; for, as night again drew on, the rising wind not only piled the snow in great drifts, but sought every crack and cranny of the poorly-built houses. It was growing bitterly cold, too, and in many a cabin the fire must be kept up all night to prevent its occupants from freezing.

Ula Sharpe pushed back the curtain from the window and looked out into the night, but no object could be seen in the blinding storm.

"Oh, it is dreadful," she said to an elderly woman sitting by her, who seemed half servant and half companion, and who was, in fact, her old nurse, "to be all alone, so far from human habitation." She wrapped her shawl more closely about her, as she spoke, and drew nearer to the stove.

"Yes, dear," the other answered. "And I wish, as I have often told you, that we had never come on this wild-goose expedition."

"But this claim," was the reply, "was all I had left of what I thought a competence when papa died; and, unless we had come out, I would have lost the land."

"Well, well—it is too late now to cry over spilt milk. But how the wind shakes the window! I pity any poor soul that has to be out-of-doors, to-night."

For some time, Ula and the old nurse sat in silence. Meanwhile, to the excited imagination of the young girl, the wind often sounded like human voices calling for help. Perhaps, she said to herself more than once, someone might be freezing within a stone's-throw of the door. But what if anyone should come, asking admittance? Would they dare to let him in? She trembled at the thought: for they were two unprotected women, all alone by themselves, and there had been reports of a band of robbers that rendezvoused in the gulches of the hills, so close at hand that they could be seen, on clear mornings, less than twenty miles away.

The tramping of horses' hoofs and the creaking of a sleigh at the door confirmed her worst fears. Her heart beat violently. She looked anxiously at her companion. The sleigh seemed to stop for a few moments. Then it passed on, and she drew a long breath of relief.

"We could never let them in," said her nurse, catching Ula's eye; "they might be robbers or murderers."

A half-hour passed again in silence. Then once more they heard the neighing of horses; next, a rap at the door; and, directly, the voice of a man saying he was lost and would like to find shelter for the night.

Ula hesitated. Her heart was ever open to the cry of distress. But the old nurse shook her head. They could hear the man stamping his feet and slapping his hands together to keep them from freezing.

"You need not be afraid that I will harm you," he said, after awhile.

"Who are you?" faltered Ula, in spite of her nurse's look.

"I am John Burke," was the reply, "and live about a mile from here; but I cannot find my way in the storm. I thought my horses would take me home without guiding; but I fear it is useless, and I shall perish if I have to stay out all night."

A word from her nurse would have made Ula yield. She stood in an agony of pity. What if the traveler should freeze, when she might save him?

She whispered to the woman: "We know of him, dear."

But the nurse answered:

"It may be someone deceiving us to gain admittance."

Ula heard him, at last, jump into his sleigh and drive off. She was both sorry and glad.

Meantime, her old nurse began to prepare the fire for retiring. But, before she had finished, they heard him again.

The truth was, he had completely lost his way, and, in the blinding storm, had driven in a

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circle, always coming back to the place from which he had started. Thus, twice he had returned unconsciously to her door.

This time, he said that, if they would not let him in, he would come in anyhow. Suiting his actions to his words, Ula felt the frail door giving way before a succession of rapid blows. She looked at her nurse. The latter was wringing her hands and crying "Oh, we shall both be murdered!" The lock of the door finally gave way, and, with pale set face, Ula saw a stalwart figure, in a buffalo overcoat, enter.

The traveler's mustache was white with snow and frost, and, as he removed his mittens, his fingers were seen to be frozen to bursting.

Coming from the intense cold to the warm room made him sick and faint. He staggered. In fact, he sank on the settle, half unconscious. But Ula had presence of mind enough to rub his face with camphor until he came back to his senses, doing this in her womanly pity and in spite of her nurse's signs to let him alone.

By this time, Ula had lost all fear. She helped him to remove his overcoat and bound up with healing salve his frozen fingers. The touch of a woman's hand seemed to be a new and delightful sensation to him. It was four years since he had left his Eastern home for the rough life of a claim-holder on the prairies of Dakota. Hence, the fair-haired girl who was showing such kindness in ministering to him awoke all the latent home-hungering in his soul, that had been dormant so long.

He noted the extreme tidiness of the room: the floor, with its carpet of gunny-sacks; the cupboard, improvised from a dry-goods box; the neat-looking bunk in one corner, shut off by a curtain, so as to form, as it were, a separate room; the table or shelf of pine, nailed to the side of the shanty; the dainty needlework that lay upon it; the engravings on the papered walls; the shelf of books: all making a pleasant and homelike picture.

"You find it very lonely, living in this way," he said, at last, in a musical voice, very unlike that of an ordinary "claim-holder."

"Yes," she replied, "but it will not be for long. My claim is a pre-emption, and I shall prove up in the spring, and return, with my good old nurse, to the East."

Meantime, at a sign from Ula, the old nurse began to prepare some food. The aroma of the hot coffee soon pervaded the room. She filled a cup, and offered it to the traveler.

"Ah, this is delicious," he said. "Far better than driving around in the cold. But now," when he had drunk and eaten, "I must go and put my horses up in the shed I saw back of your cabin. They need warmth and food, too; and, luckily, I have some corn in the sleigh."

When he had gone, Ula turned to her companion. "Well, nurse," she said, "you see, after all, he isn't a robber. And I've no doubt he is really what he calls himself. I am so glad now he forced his way in. I should have been filled with remorse all my days, if I had heard, to-morrow, that he had been found frozen to death in the snow."

It was not long before the stranger returned. Sitting together by the stove, while the old nurse dozed in her chair, Ula and he soon became comparatively well acquainted. The hours passed swiftly—too swiftly, John thought; for, in a new country, a bright female companion has a charm even greater than in a thickly settled community. When the dawn broke, he and Ula were still conversing. He rose with reluctance, saying: "Ah, I must go; I can see my way now." But he found an excuse to come again, the day after, to have his "fingers dressed," he said; and then she seemed so helpless and dainty, that he discovered many ways to aid her; in fact, he showed so much thoughtfulness for her comfort, that she really felt sorry when spring came, and the time approached for her to leave the Territory.

He took her to the station, about thirty miles away, and said good-bye so very calmly that he wondered at himself, while her only thought was "He does not care."

Autumn had seared the grass to brownness, when John Burke was driving over the prairie, one evening. Suddenly, he saw a light glimmering from the window of Ula Sharpe's cabin.

"Who can the intruder be?" he said.

His low knock was answered by a familiar voice; and, as he announced his name, the door flew open, and Ula stood before him.

"You are not glad to see me," she said.

But, with a sudden impulse, he caught her to his breast and kissed her cheek.

"Forgive me, Ula," he said, as he released her; "but I could not help it."

"I do not want you to help it, John," she said, in a whisper.

"And you have come to stay?" he said.

"Yes. I was ill."

"But not alone, Ula. I cannot let you live alone. Oh, you will let me care for you always."

"If you wish it," she whispered again.

And so she staid. Nor has she ever regretted it. There does not live a happier couple than the two who were thus romantically brought together by that great Dakota blizzard.

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NICHOLAS CLEEVER'S MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81.

CHAPTER IV.

HAT Thaddeus would say was soon apparent. He burst into his sister's room without knocking, in a white heat of rage. His poetic temperament was apt sometimes to make him over-ride the petty decencies of life without hesitation.

"There is that driveling old idiot again! I'll not put up with it, mother. I must have peace in my own house. He was here last week. I'll insult him."

"No, Thaddeus, you will not," said Louise, quietly, as if she were speaking to a refractory child. "He is a gray-haired old man, not far from the grave. You will treat him with proper respect. I will go down, mamma, and meet him —dinner is ready."

Thaddeus threw himself on a chair sullenly, stretching out his legs.

"I'll not sit at the table with him—he wheezes and drivels! I suppose he has a new supply of impertinent questions: 'What are you at work at now, Thaddeus?' and 'How much do you make a week?' You can send my dinner up here by Prudy. I'll not go down."

"Oh, Thaddy dear—do be patient! I know he's dreadfully unpleasant. But—"

Mrs. Rawley's blue eyes grew rounder, and she caught her breath. She was not a mercenary woman; but if Cousin Nicholas, when he died —and he must die soon—would leave them but a few of his millions of hoarded dollars, poor Thaddy's genius would grow like a flower under a burning sun, Beesy would not have to sit up half the night painting miserable little menus, there would be new warm gowns and nice gloves and shoes— Her eyes fell on the patch on her worn boot; no blacking would hide it.

"Oh, Thaddy darling," she broke forth, "don't offend him! He shows such a disposition to be friendly, and he really seems to be looking round to decide what to do with his property. Goodness knows, I don't wish him dead, and I'm not covetous; but two millions, Thaddeus—two millions!"

"Stuff! I don't believe a word of it!" growled the young man, kicking the cat that was trying to climb upon his knee. There was a minute's pause, during which Mrs. Rawley watched him breathlessly. "Well, go down, mother," he grumbled, at last. "I'll be there presently. I don't want to offend the old miser—he's your relation, and he is old, as Eloise says."

When Thaddeus descended to the little dining-room, in his evening-dress, a rose in his button-hole, his face was radiant and his step airy—he beamed with hospitality.

"Ah, Cousin Cleever, how kind you are to your beggarly relations!" he cried, wringing his hand. "Most millionaires ignore poor devils like us. Sit down, sit down! Our fare is humble; but you are welcome."

The old man stood stiffly, holding his chair, scanning Thaddeus contemptuously from head to foot.

"Have you taken to play-acting, young man? There's something to be earned by it: but don't rehearse to me."

"Dear Thaddy, that's not the way!" Mrs. Rawley pleaded, in an agonized whisper. "Do keep quiet. Cousin Nicholas, do sit down. Will you have some of the meat-pie? I think it is nice; Beesy made it herself."

"And why shouldn't she make it herself? A healthy strapping girl! What d'ye want with that black wench in the kitchen, anyhow? That's what makes paupers of you."

"Prudy?" replied Mrs. Rawley. "Dear Cousin Nicholas, I don't pay her wages—the poor creature is out of the Orphanage. It's a charity to keep her. How do you find the pie?"

"He finds that he can't eat it, unless he has the stomach of an ostrich," Thaddeus broke forth, pushing his plate away.

Louise glanced from one man to the other, her eyes twinkling.

"It is very good," she said, calmly, helping herself to it; "crust light, meat tender. If you were as hungry as I, you would think it delicious, Thad."

But Thad was in the humor of a perverse child who must make an uproar, whether a whipping will follow or not.

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"I am not going to eat scraps," he said, loudly. "Here, Prudy: run down to the shop at the corner and bring home a couple of partridges that I saw there. You can broil them for Cousin Nicholas and me. Here's the money." He thrust his hand in one pocket and another, in vain. "Give the girl the change, Eloise."

Louise handed Prudy the two dollars out of her purse, with a worried yet quizzical glance at her mother, who talked fast and loud to Cousin Nicholas, hoping that he saw and heard nothing.

The birds were brought, cooked, and placed before Thaddeus. Cousin Nicholas glared at the one which was laid on his plate, in a silence so prolonged that Mrs. Rawley began to tremble.

"Will you not taste it?" she asked.

"Taste it? No! I would as soon eat money! Partridges at a half a dollar apiece! Dress-suits! Negroes kept out of charity!" The old man, who was long and lean, with a hawk-like face, stood up, leaning with both hands on the table, turning his beak and black eyes on each in turn, like a bird of prey. "Mary Rawley, that boy of yours has been dragging you down for years. But, this night, you have gone over the precipice. I've—I've—made up my mind. No, sir!" shaking off Thad's hand, which he laid appeasingly on his arm. "I've weighed and measured you! Where's my cloak? Hush! You need not talk to me, Mary. I've made up my mind. Partridges! Charity!"

"You are not going to leave us in anger, Cousin Nicholas?" cried Mrs. Rawley, trembling through all her plump body.

"Anger? What is it to me? Why should I be angry because you are fools? I am disappointed. Blood counts for something with me, fool that I am, and there's few of my kin living—"

"Yes, blood; that's it! We are your kin, dear Cousin Nicholas. Oh, Thaddeus, stop him! Don't let him go! Why do you sit there, Beesy, as if you were dumb? We are your kin—your dear cousins—"

"Stuff! Cousins! If that sham jack-a-dandy of a man were my son, I'd disown him! Good-night." He pushed past her to the door, and then, hesitating a moment, beckoned to Louise.

"Beesy, I've no complaint against you. You're not a sham nor a fool, except in so far as you let that fellow make a pack-horse of you. Come to my house on Saturday. I have something to say to you. But alone! Mind you, alone! I've done with these others."

He went out, banging the door after him.

"And a good riddance!" quoth Thaddeus.

"Oh, Thaddy, you have ruined us! Two millions! Two— And all for a nasty miserable partridge!" sobbed his mother.

"Not miserable at all! They're very fat. And Prudy, for a wonder, has cooked them to a turn. Try a bit, Beesy? No? Well, you're very foolish."

He began to dissect his bird with a jaunty air of indifference. But his hand shook so that he could hardly hold the fork, and the blood settled in purple spots on his delicately cleft chin and jaws.

After he had finished his dinner, he paced moodily up and down the hall for an hour, and then suddenly announced that he was going into town, and would not return that night. The smell of the meat-pie in the house nauseated him, he said, and his mother's red eyes were enough to make him swear, if he were a swearing man.

"He has no money. Where will he sleep, Beesy?" moaned Mrs. Rawley, watching her darling as he strode across the field.

"There is a very comfortable lounge in the studio," said Louise, calmly.

"I did not think he had built at all upon poor Cousin Nicholas's money. He feels the disappointment keenly. I can't bear to think of his going in there to be awake and suffer alone, dear boy!"

"A wakeful night may be good for him," said Beesy, whose patience was pushed to its farthest limit.

Mr. Rawley, however, did not spend the night battling with conscience on his lonely couch. He entertained a select party of friends in the studio. There was a delicious game supper with plenty of wine. The best caterer in town furnished it. He had already a long bill against the young artist.

CHAPTER V.

Louise Rawley kept her appointment on Saturday with Mr. Nicholas Cleever, going out to Media in an afternoon train.

When Louisa was a child, she had a habit of climbing up into a tree or on top of a post, and of sitting there reading a fairy-story or munching cake, while she looked down at the other children, who, headed by Thad, shook the tree or pulled at her skirts to drag her down. Her happiest moments were spent on these sunny perches. Now that she was grown, whenever troubled, she had the feeling that she was on a height in the sunshine, and that nobody should drag her down. She had heard, just now, that Thaddeus was leading a gay life in

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town, going to receptions and balls, and giving dainty luncheons in his studio to a few favored friends. Where was the money to come from to pay for all this? As she took her seat in the car, she felt as if she were being dragged down to misery by strong and cruel hands, and tried with a cheerful obstinacy to hold herself firm, by hastily remembering all the bright and pleasant things which she could summon about her. The tears came up to her soft brown eyes, but she shut her lips tightly and winked them back. "How well mother is, this fall!" she told herself. "Not a twinge of neuralgia! And Prudy—what a trusty affectionate creature she is!" And what a perfect day was this, the sun so clear, the wind strong. The golden-rod yet blazed a dull yellow in the fields, and all the trees and even the weeds in the stubble had put on their fall coloring—bronze and red and gold. When God sent such a day as this, it was mean and ungrateful to think of petty little vexations!

While she was manfully fighting her worries, she heard a gurgle of delight and a hearty voice behind her, and, at the sound, all her trouble vanished.

A shabbily-dressed old man, and a lad badly crippled, were coming into the car. They hurried to meet her, almost tumbling over the seats.

"Oh, Beesy—is it really you?" the boy said, holding her hand in both of his and snuggling down into the seat beside her.

His father found a place behind and leaned over her shoulder. He had a round boyish face, wrinkled by the smiles of sixty years, a fringe of white hair and whisker ridiculing the red cheeks and twinkling gray eyes.

"Well, well—you are coming out to stay with us over Sunday. What a surprise it will be for mother and the girls! Hey, Johnny? If we can get her up to the house now without being seen."

Beesy laughed and held their warm hands tight. Her worry vanished like a fog before their happy friendly faces. The Rantouls were poor hard-working people, with plenty of sickness and want under their roof; but she never came to them without carrying away enough happiness and comfort and fun to last for a month.

"Such luck that you're coming!" said Johnny. "Good things always come together. Dad and I got out of the works an hour earlier, to-night."

"And we have a little something extra for supper," whispered his father, beaming, in her ear. "A young goose, to tell the truth. Mrs. Rantoul had a barrel of apples sent her as a present, and we have had stewed apples for tea for three weeks. A delicious relish, I know—but monotonous. So, to-night, I brought a goose to supplement the sauce. When the girls see you and the goose, they will, no doubt, bring in one or two of the neighbors for supper, and we can have a dance."

"No doubt," said Beesy.

She knew the ways and manners of the Rantouls. It would be impossible for them to sit down to baked potatoes and salt without making a feast of it, and summoning some of their neighbors to help them eat it. Life itself, with their poverty and needs and diseases, was a long feast, with hosts of friends.

"But I did not come to visit you, this time," said Louise. "I have an appointment with my Cousin Nicholas."

"Poor old man!" said Mr. Rantoul. "That is the luckiest thing in the world. He is with us now."

"With you? Has he left his rooms over the bakery?"

"No. But he came to me, the other day, to know what was the lowest figure at which we would furnish him with supper every day. The other meals, he said, he would cook at home. I confess I did not like the idea. I never charged anybody for their bite and sup in my life."

"You have not taken him as a guest for the rest of his life?" said Louise, in dismay.

"No. He would not hear of that. He was able to pay a trifle, he said—a very small trifle. So it was arranged. He comes every night for supper."

Johnny's eyes twinkled.

"And, Beesy, he piles his plate up high just at the end of the meal and carries it over home, 'to finish at his leisure.' There he has the next day's breakfast and dinner."

"I am ashamed of you, John," said his father, refusing to join in their laugh. The train stopped at the moment, and they left the car, crossing the fields toward the little house hidden in trees.

"Mr. Rantoul," said Louisa, indignantly, "you must not allow Cousin Nicholas to impose upon you. I know that for years, with his complaints, he has induced Mrs. Rantoul to make his shirts and do all his sewing, without even a 'thank you' in return. But he shall not prey on you for his food. Why, the man is worth millions."

"I doubt it, Louisa. I doubt, sometimes, whether he is not as poor as he professes to be. I am a pretty shrewd man. It's not easy to hoodwink me," shaking his head with an air of

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prof and sagacity. "It is not possible that a man with any means should endure the privations which Nicholas Cleever suffers. He has no real estate. Nobody knows of any stocks or bonds owned by him. Where is this money? Who ever saw the two millions? No, I believe that he encourages this gossip about his vast wealth to secure attention and respect. He's deep and sly, but he can't hoodwink old Joe Rantoul! I believe the man to be penniless, and a fit subject for charity."

"There is mother!" cried Johnny, hopping along on his crutch.

Mr. Rantoul was bookkeeper in a large manufactory on the Media road. It was an unusual thing for him to reach home so early. When his wife and children saw him, they, according to the Rantoul habit, prepared to make a holiday of the occasion, and came swarming down the field, waving their handkerchiefs.

Beesy waved hers in return; if she had been a boy, she would have cheered. But she stopped short in the path, and, catching old Joe by the arm, said energetically:

"I am glad I met you! You always do me good! I was so worried before I saw you!"

He patted her hand gently.

"Well, well! It's early for troubles to come to my little girl! But, when the big weights drop in your way, pick them up, put them on your shoulder, straighten your back, and march on! It is astonishing how soon they grow light! You forget that they are there."

"You are all so merry," said Louise. "I never supposed a Rantoul ever had a care."

An odd change flickered over the little man's face.

"There have been some little drawbacks," he said, gently. "Johnny's trouble—you know."

"Yes, yes," cried Beesy, remorsefully. "I did not think. But he is so cheerful—"

"Johnny wanted an education. He has a different intellect from ordinary boys. If he could have become a scholar instead of a mill-boy—I should have liked that. If I could take mother and the children to a farm in Southern California—that was my dream for many a day. It would have added years to her life. This raw air is death to her weak lungs. I am a fruit-grower by trade—you know. I would succeed there. It would be a great chance for the boys, too— Well, well," shaking himself, "it isn't to be. God knows best. Don't tell mother that I spoke of this to you, Beesy. She thinks I have forgotten our old plans."

"Mother" was a roly-poly, homely little woman, bubbling over with delight and welcome, and the children were like her—short, fat, and jolly. The whole family bore an odd resemblance to an ugly merry party of Humpty Dumpties. They buzzed about Louisa until she broke away from them, saying:

"I must go to the rooms over the bake-shop, and I will bring Cousin Nicholas back to supper."

The Rantouls hurried home to cook the goose, lay the table, and make ready for their feast, and Louise slowly crossed the field and entered the wood, on the other side of which stood the bake-shop over which Nicholas Cleever lived. His rooms were, like the old man himself, scrupulously clean; but they were bare and cold, and stamped with the direst poverty.

He was standing now in front of the empty grate, sharply scanning a slight thoughtful-looking man who was eagerly turning over some old books. It was Doctor Parker; this was his second visit to his new-found kinsman.

"Yes, they're worth a great deal of money, on account of their age. I keep them because every year adds to their price. I don't read them—never cared nothing for books of any sort. I was always more for sociability. But, nowadays, people seem not to care for old folks. It wasn't so when I was young."

"You feel alone because you have no immediate family," said Alan Parker. "I am glad I discovered our relationship. I thought I had not a single living relation."

"Oh, you have some far-off kin beside me. There's one of them now—Louisa Rawley. I saw her coming across the field. She's well-meaning enough, but she has an infernal fool for a brother."

There was a light step on the stairs. Doctor Parker, startled at the thought of a new relative, looked up eagerly from his book.

The door opened and he saw—her!

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Cleever invited Doctor Parker to sup with him at the Rantouls'. The goose was well cooked; everybody, even to the old miser, was in a good humor. After Mr. Cleever had gone back to his den, there was music, and later a little dance. Miss Rawley sang "When the swallows homeward fly." She had a sweet chirpy little voice, full of happy gayety. The song did not suit it at all. Doctor Parker spoke to her but twice all evening, and then with a supernatural gravity. The Rantoul girls whispered their conviction that he was a great scholar, and Beesy kept out of his way. She

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was afraid she might make a blunder, and he would think her a fool; and she would not like that, for he really was wonderfully handsome. She staid over Sunday with the Rantouls.

That was the real history of the evening. In Doctor Parker's mind, that evening stood out distinct and clear from his whole life. Ten years later, he could have told you with a quicker throb at his heart of all that happened: of the Rantouls, a set of merry benignant angels; of some delicious nameless viands, food for the gods; of how he sat apart and watched her, finding her more fair and lovable than he had pictured her in his wildest dreams. She sang. Her voice had all tender cadences in it, all high aspirations, and, above all, it hinted of the love of a woman—that gift of God—which had never been given to him yet as to other men, even from mother or sister. Twice in two blissful dreadful moments, he was able to summon courage to speak to her. What he said, he never knew; but he was quite sure it was something silly and frivolous beyond measure. No doubt, he had disgusted her.

He staid overnight at a farmhouse in the neighborhood. He could not summon courage to call at the Rantouls', that day; but he sat in the back pew of the village church, and saw her. He had not the faintest idea as to what the sermon had been about—nor whether, indeed, there had been any sermon.

But she listened! She was at prayer.

On Monday morning, when Miss Rawley returned to town in an early train, she was surprised to see Doctor Parker in the back of the car. He did not speak to her. But, when she changed cars to go to Germantown, he did the same, and, passing down the aisle, bowed to her with as anxious solemnity as though they both had been mourners at a funeral.

"You go to Germantown too, doctor?" she asked, after a moment's desperate search for something sufficiently weighty to say.

"Yes; I sometimes go to Germantown."

His solemnity was portentous. She observed that he was paler than yesterday and that his chin twitched nervously. What was the matter? Could he be in distress?

With much hesitation, he took the seat beside her, but remained in profound silence.

Doctor Parker had been known to his class as the man of coolest nerve and courage among them. But now there was a lump in his throat; he could not articulate; his very heart seemed to tremble as it beat.

Miss Rawley chattered, after the manner of girls, of the color of the trees, the new stations, the Rantoul children. He listened, with a dangerous fire slowly kindling in his eyes. His courage came back, at last, sufficiently for him to smile feebly. But, before they reached Upsal Station, he was talking rapidly and eagerly, and Louise was listening. The subject was only the block-system of the railway; but Louise thought she never had heard anything of more absorbing interest. Doctor Parker alighted at Upsal and walked beside her to the gate of the old house. They walked at a snail's-pace; for they were now discussing air-brakes on freight-cars, and the subject was apparently of momentous importance. When they reached the gate, he opened it and lifted his hat.

"Will you—will you—" hesitated Beesy, timidly, "come in, doctor? Mamma will be so pleased—"

She did not look at him. But his eyes were fixed now boldly on her sweet blushing face.

"Not now. But may I come another day, and call on Mrs. Rawley?"

She bowed and smiled and said good-bye very civilly, but he went away with a wild fear and ache at his heart. She had not offered him her hand at parting! He had made so sure she would do it. He had watched the little hand in its darned glove hungrily, all the way. Perhaps it was not customary for gentlewomen to allow strangers to touch their hands.

He knew but little of social rules; but it was more likely that she disliked him—thought him trifling and stupid. What balderdash was that which he had talked about Erie stock? And he was sure he had made a mistake in his statements about air-brakes. He found his authority as soon as he reached home. No—he was all right on the brakes. What, then, could have disgusted her? If she had only held out her hand! If he could have touched it once! He spent a miserable day. The gray matter of the brain counted for no more, to him, than the mud in the gutter.

CHAPTER VII.

Doctor Parker called on Mrs. Rawley, again and again. He fell into the habit of calling on her two or three times a week. There could be no doubt as to their relations. It was a case of love at first sight between the tender-hearted old woman and the solitary motherless man. Louise, to him, was a mystery; there was a certain awe and passion and dread in his feeling for her. But, for the chubby gray-haired woman in the corner, he felt from the first moment a quizzical kindly devotion. In a fortnight, he was advising her as to groceries, fighting the

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gas-office, and ordering coal for her, and listening night after night to her stories of the dances and sleigh-rides and gossip of her youth.

Thaddeus he saw but seldom, and then the young artist treated him "de haut en bas," with a contemptuous patronage.

"Who is that fellow that mother has taken up?" he demanded of Louisa, one day. "Buys his clothes at a ready-made shop, evidently."

"At any rate, he pays for them," retorted his sister, with unwonted sharpness. "Doctor Parker is a cousin of Nicholas Cleever."

"Another claimant for the million, eh?" Thad roused himself anxiously. "I'm going to take the old man in hand, Beesy. I've been out twice. Couldn't get in. But I hear he likes a game of cards; I mean to take him out a pack. No money put up—no danger of his risking a nickel. But I'll play myself into his good graces. I'll win a big stake—when he turns up his toes."

"Thaddeus! how can you?" The tears rushed to her eyes; she caught his arm. "What is the matter with you, brother? You are not yourself these last days! What is it?" She looked into his eyes, which wandered uneasily from hers. He shook off her hold.

"Nonsense! Nothing ails me. But I am a practical man. Why should we let a fortune slip through our fingers because we will not close them on it?"

Thaddeus, after that, continued to besiege the old man; with what success, he failed to state. He now lived in town for days together. Bills from his creditors were shoved over to his mother for payment, when he was in a virtuously honest mood. At other times, he tossed them into the fire.

Mrs. Rawley had a horror of debt. She took her little income, with all that Louisa could earn, and trotted about from restaurateurs and florists to tailors, paying a little here and a little there, as she could, inventing pathetic lies as to "her son's illness," or the "coming sale of his pictures," which deceived nobody. As their demands grew more urgent, she sent one piece after another of her old furniture to pawn. The house each week grew more bare, to Thad's great discomfort. He complained to everybody about it, even to Doctor Parker.

"These women," he said, one day, "contrive to make my house look like an asylum for paupers. Hanged if I wouldn't rather sleep in the barn! That at least is picturesque."

Alan made no reply. He had a shrewd guess at the truth. His physician's eye, too, had told him, in the first glance at Thad's face, the secret which his mother and sister had never suspected, that he was becoming a confirmed opium-eater.

The artist borrowed a dollar from him, and flung out of the house. Alan, turning into the parlor, met Mrs. Rawley, a sheaf of bills in her outstretched hand. She had wholly lost control of herself.

"What shall I do? Look, look!" she sobbed, trembling violently. "I thought I could clear everything off this year. But I found these in the waste-basket. This man threatens to levy on the furniture—a dealer in fans. To think the very beds and tables must go—for fans. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Is the house held in your son's name?" Alan asked, taking her hand gently.

"Oh, yes. I thought it would please Thaddy. He is nominally the owner of everything."

"I will see him. It will all come right, Mrs. Rawley."

"Oh, poor Thaddy can do nothing. He has forgotten all about these bills. 'A few trifles he had given to the girls,' he said, were all the debts remaining. Fans at fifty dollars each; when Beesy and I— No matter. I don't blame him, Doctor Parker. The poor dear fellow does not think. He has the artistic temperament, you know."

"Yes," said Alan. "Do not worry, Mrs. Rawley. I will speak to him. It is a man's business. Leave it to me and to your son."

What woman does not like to rest her trouble on some man's strength? Mrs. Rawley gave the bills to him and dropped into a chair, her sobs subsiding into nervous yawns and shivers.

"If only they won't take the furniture, Doctor Parker! There is but a little left now. If Thaddy would finish a single picture, it would clear it off. He has so many begun. But he says the afflatus leaves him in the very middle of every picture."

"We will see what medicine can do for the afflatus," Alan said, laughing.

The laugh did much to restore Mrs. Rawley's confidence. She squeezed his hand in her own pudgy soft ones, and ran upstairs to wash away the traces of tears. Doctor Parker hurried into the little room back of the parlor, where Louise worked. Her usual seat was by the window into which shone the latest beams of the westering sun, and a low chair by her work-table had come to be regarded as Doctor Parker's seat, since he had fallen into the habit of rubbing her paints for her. While he rubbed them, he talked incessantly. Not that our young doctor was garrulous. But this was the first and only outlet for all the thoughts of

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twentyeight years. Miss Rawley was the first person who had taken an interest in his experiments. She seldom spoke except by her sparkling eye and the changes on her face. But she remembered every syllable, and would remind him, when weeks had passed, of some detail which he had nearly forgotten. She alone knew of the great discovery which he thought he had made in the treatment of epilepsy. He was trying his new method of treatment on two patients in Blockley Almshouse. Next week, he would perform the surgical operation upon the brain of one of them which would determine the truth or fallacy of his theory.

When he sat down beside Louise now, and she looked up eagerly, saying "Well, how are they?" he knew that she meant these patients. How delightful it was to pour out all his fears and plans and doubts to somebody! He spoke of them to no one in town. In all his days, he never had had a confidant. It seemed as if he had been silent all of his life before.

But to-day he could not keep his mind on his two old paupers. He noted how thin Louisa's cheek was, and that it had the pallid tinge which comes from lack of proper food. Her eyes were heavy from loss of sleep. Doubtless, she worked at night to pay this scoundrel's debts! Doctor Parker rose nervously and paced the floor. If he could pick her up and carry her off to a home where want should never enter!

He! Why, he was poorer than she! Had he not been a fool when he gave himself to researches in obscure diseases, with the vain hope of advancing science? If he had set himself to hunting up patients, like his neighbor Potts, he would have been able to marry now.

Louisa looked up at him anxiously.

"Have you made no progress? Is the operation postponed?"

"No. We shall have it on Wednesday. C—— and D——" (naming two famous specialists from New York) "are coming over to be present. I had no idea that so much interest would be felt in my work."

"Interest?" Beesy's eyes kindled. "Why, if you be successful, you will give new life to every poor soul who has that terrible disease!"

Alan halted in his impatient walk.

"I would rather give a little comfort and happiness to one woman than life to them all!" he broke forth. "I never have cared for money. But I want it now—money, money!"

Beesy dipped her brush in the carmine with shaking fingers.

"We poor mercenary wretches need money," she said. "But you, with your aims—you are above it."

"I have no aim but one." He came up to the table, his face pale with excitement. "It is to care for you."

She started a little, and held the brush motionless. The silence once broken, the words flowed from him in a passionate torrent.

"Why, I loved you the first moment I saw you! I used to follow you like a dog; happy to look at you, never hoping that you would ever see or speak to me. Now that I know you, I cannot be satisfied without more—without all that you can give. I want your love. I want you to be my own—my wife. Don't shake your head—don't speak for a moment. Hear me. I am a poor friendless fellow. I have neither position nor money—not even a home to offer you. But give me the right, and I will conquer all for you. My love shall keep all want—all trouble far from you—" He stopped, hoarse and breathless, watching her.

Beesy did not look up, but she dropped the brush, making a great red blot on the paper, and her hand crept into his.

An hour later, Doctor Parker stood on the old porch with Louisa. They had said good-bye several times, but she whispered one more question:

"You are sure you never loved a woman before? Sure?"

"Never. Whatever is in my heart, you have it all—all."

He parted from her with her kiss on his lips, and, crossing the road, stood face to face with Victoria Walker.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TOGETHER.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

It's we two together, in all kinds of weather.
What though the north winds blow,
Bringing the cold and snow:
Storm cannot sever those bound forever—
We two together, defying the weather.

On through the storm we go, on through the drifting snow,
On through the summer's heat,
Guiding each other's feet
Over life's slippery ways—on till the end of day,
We two together life's roses gather.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HINTS ABOUT THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

It is fortunate in these days, which have seen a more general development of artistic taste than any previous era, that furniture and adornments which appeal to such cultivation are to be found at prices that bring them within the reach of the narrowest purse.

Nowadays, if a woman's personal surroundings are ugly, it is her own fault. A ten-cent milk-jug can be had so good in shape and tone, that it is pleasing to the eye, and this possibility goes through every detail of household furnishing.

The guest-chamber must always be a subject for earnest consideration, though we do not imitate our grandmothers, and modestly accept a second-best apartment for ourselves—any more than we keep, save on state occasions, the drawing-room or parlor sacred and awful in brown holland shrouds.

Of course, those fortunate mortals who can afford to spend money lavishly may provide their elegancies without trouble. But many housekeepers are obliged to exercise economy even while the gratification of esthetic taste is an absolute necessity to peace of mind. Naturally, such individuals must not only devote a great deal of thought to the subject, but do a share of hard work, before the guest-chamber at all realizes the early vague conception.

The first matter to take into consideration is the situation of the room. A chamber that faces north needs to be brightened up even in the heat of midsummer, and one which enjoys a southern aspect will, at that season, suggest purgatory unless warm colors are sparingly employed in hangings and covers.

The wall paper of a bed-room should have no gilt hieroglyphs or many-tinted flowers to torment a nervous person when trying to doze. Some nearly neutral tint with an unobtrusive design will prove a comfort to the eyes, and form an admirable background for the etchings, prints, and photographs which nowadays are both cheap and good. A similar rule should influence the selection of a carpet. Choose no large pattern or decided colors, such as have too long borne glaring evidence against the bad taste of the Western hemisphere. To make a bright spot here and there, depend on the judicious distribution of rugs, which can be moved about or hidden away at will. A carpet should not have too dark a ground, else every thread dropped on it will show plainly.

The chair-covers, window, mantel, and toilet draperies may display shades of the same color as the carpet, or form a direct contrast—only, in either case, it is imperative to preserve harmony of tone. This can be violated when using different shades of the same hue, and it may be preserved even while complete contrasts are employed.

Cretonne is a good and cheap material: beside the long curtains looped back from the windows, sash-curtains are required, of figured China silk, Madras, or simple schrim. These are tied close to the sash by a bow of ribbon and finished at sides and bottom with a narrow tasseled fringe. For the mantel, stuff like either of the window-draperies may be used. A straight piece may go across and hang down on either side, or the material may be gracefully draped and looped and trimmed with tasseled fringe.

The bed may have a fancy or white counterpane. The sheets and pillow-shams should be elaborately stitched or embroidered. Coverlets and shams of guipure lace, laid over colored sateen, can be bought in sets, with bureau and toilet covers to match.

Do not cumber a bed-room with little tables and similar stray articles for strangers to tip over, the first time they cross the floor in the dusk. By the bed, place a table large enough to hold reading-lamp, pitcher, and glass, and put your other tables in safe corners.

Hanging shelves or an étagere will serve for books. Choose a few works of standard poetry, sundry novels by favorite authors, modern essays on subjects ranging from hints about dress to lay sermons; and be sure to remember a volume or two of short stories.

The bureau, of course, should have the best light in the room, and, if there is no gas, a candlestick holding at least four candles should stand on either side of the mirror. One's ideal chamber would have a full-length glass—every woman knows what a necessity it is.

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A commodious writing-desk or table should stand in a favorable light, amply furnished with excellent ink, pens, sealing-wax, paper, envelopes, and, never to be forgotten, a box containing postage-stamps. A prettily-lined waste-basket should stand close to the table.

A shelf or table should hold a work-basket, containing thread and sewing-silk of various hues, a pair of sharp scissors, and a liberal supply of needles and buttons. A whisk-broom and a brush for velvet, protected by covers, must hang in plain sight, as should button and glove hooks. True, a lady visitor might be expected to bring these articles; but, though one could forgive her forgetfulness, neglect on the hostess's part is unpardonable. It is scarcely less of a crime to omit a clock. Do not buy a huge thing that will fill up half the mantel nor a loud-ticking monstrosity, but get a little round or fancy affair, and tie a bow of ribbon through the handle—if it has one. These tiny clocks keep excellent time, and can be moved without risk.

If possible, place an easy-chair or rocker in each of the windows and by the hearth, taking good heed that the indispensable tables are within easy reach but in secure positions. If the size of the chamber will admit, do not fail to provide a comfortable couch or lounge. Just so long as the present fashion prevails of dressing a bed up as if it were meant to stand on the stage of a theatre, just so long any woman who values her guest's comfort will make provision for a daylight siesta without the necessity of undoing and rearranging that elaborate sleeping-couch.

No matter what other window-hangings you have, unless there are inside shutters, put up roller-shades. These are easily kept out of sight, if desired; but many a person with weak eyes, after passing a few nights in a chamber that could not be darkened so much as habit demanded, has been ready to forswear visiting forever.

When the house will allow only one spare room, a woman who has leisure and taste for needlework can vary her furniture-covers to suit either change of season or inmate.

I had once been admiring the guest-chamber in a neighbor's house. It was all blue and white; the materials simple, but tasteful in color and make. It looked just the nook for the pretty girl who, the next day, began a fortnight's occupation of it. Soon after her departure, I learned that my neighbor was to entertain a male visitor, and I condoled with her on the probability of his carelessly treating those dainty belongings. Some days later, she took me upstairs; for a moment, I absolutely thought I was in another chamber. The long curtains were gone from the windows, the blue and white covers had been exchanged for corduroy, bound with red—very pretty they were, too—and the lace bed-spread had given place to a Persian-patterned counterpane. The room looked the picture of comfort still, but it was a bachelor's apartment, complete even to a stand with tobacco-box, ash-tray, and taper.

"Very little trouble," said my friend. "I made the two sets of covers on my machine, and the set not in use is kept in a chest in the hall closet, ready to bring out at a day's notice."

Sometimes a special reason for wanting to beautify the guest-chamber will arise to women with limited means, just when business is dull, or the crops have failed, or some other accident has happened which must temporarily close the husband's or father's purse. In this case, ingenuity, good taste, and the ability "to turn one's hand to anything," which is a common gift in this country, will enable the ladies of the house to have a pretty room ready for the desired visitor in spite of discouragements.

The wishing-rug of the Arabian Nights might as well be demanded as a new carpet; but matting, or the best breadths of the old one, can be used for the sides and ends of the room, or the floor may receive a wide border of oak or walnut stain, while a large square of Egyptian-red or olive-green baize will make a showy rug for the centre. Pretty wall-paper costs the merest trifle, and a few trials will teach any moderately intelligent person to put it on neatly.

The decoration of the bed cannot prove a difficulty, for to-day a lady, in the country, who lacks a handsome "crazy-quilt," is an anomaly, and does not deserve to have a friend to invite. A common deal table can be turned into a dainty toilet, by means of a cretonne or muslin cover, and similar draperies about the glass.

If no easy-chairs can be bought, select the oldest-fashioned rocker in the house—it is sure to be the most comfortable—whether a cane-seat or Boston, and make cushions for it, to match the bed-quilt or mantel-cover. Cut down the legs of two kitchen-chairs, so that they will be just high enough to sit in and put on one's stockings, and hide them under covers; of course, first comfortably cushioning the seats.

A home-like place will result from the exercise of ingenuity and well-directed labor, while a warm welcome and an appetizing table will do the rest toward insuring a visitor's comfort.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Nos. 1 AND 2.—We give here the front and back of one of the new winter long cloaks. It may be made of either plain or shot cloth.

No. 1.

The back is plaited and drawn into the waist by an inner band. The over-fronts, which form the sleeves, are bordered by a thick pinked-out ruche of either the cloth or silk to match. Directoire hat, with velvet front and soft crown of the same cloth as the cloak. A bird or wings placed at the back form the trimming. From four to five yards of cloth will be required for this model.

No. 3—Is a mourning-costume, of black

No. 2.

Henrietta-cloth and English crêpe. The plaits on the front, in this costume, are mounted upon

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the foundation-skirt, over which the skirt opens, and is trimmed by broad folds of crêpe. The sides and back-drapery fall straight, as seen in illustration. The bodice has revers of the crêpe, opening over a full-plaited vest, half of crêpe and half of the material. Cuffs and collar to match. Ten yards of Henrietta-cloth and three yards of crêpe will be required. Small bonnet of crêpe, with long veil to match. This model will be suitable for any self-colored cashmere

No. 3.

or Henrietta-cloth, using moiré or corded silk for trimming in place of the crêpe.

No. 4—Is a girl's granny-cloak. It is simply a circular cape in fawn-colored Angola-cloth, speckled red and blue. The fronts open on a simulated under-cloak of dark-blue velvet

No. 4.

or velveteen. The yoke is of blue cloth, striped red and blue; or it may be of blue velvet, to match the under-cloak. The cape is gathered on to the yoke and tied with a mixed cord,

No. 5.

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No. 6.

tipped with chenille pompons. Ruche around the neck.

No. 5.—Girl's Russian blouse. Myrtle-green serge cloth, with velvet cuffs and bands. A strip of fur is carried round the neck, the sleeves, and down the front to the waist, where it meets a belt in basket-woven braid, finished off with fur tassels.

No. 6—Is a house-dress, of velvet or velveteen and cashmere or camel's-hair. The underskirt is perfectly plain and of the velvet. The tunic and back-drapery, of the cashmere, form a long apron-front much draped, while the back is only slightly puffed and then falls straight. The round waist has a full crossed over-front over a velvet vest. Turn-over collar of the material. Plain coat-sleeves. The cuffs may be of velvet, if preferred. The velvet is faced upon the foundation, about half a yard deep. Four yards of velvet and seven yards of fortysix-inch-wide cashmere will be required.

No. 7.—Dress for a little girl. It is made of any pretty self-colored cashmere. The edge of the skirt is bordered with four rows of plain or mixed braid. The little polonaise has a few tucks at the shoulders. The fronts are bordered with the braid. The back is cut to fit like a basque, and the fullness comes in the box-plaits at the waist. Full sleeves with cuffs. At the waist in front, a pointed band buttons just below the waist-line.

No. 7.

WILD ALTHEAS, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a bunch of altheas with leaves and stems, to be done in outline-stitch. The bunch is suitable for sofa-cushion or corner of table-cover. Linen-floss, wash-silks, or crewels may be used for the work, on a foundation of China-silk, pongee, linen, or Bolton sheeting. This design would be pretty for a blotter-cover.

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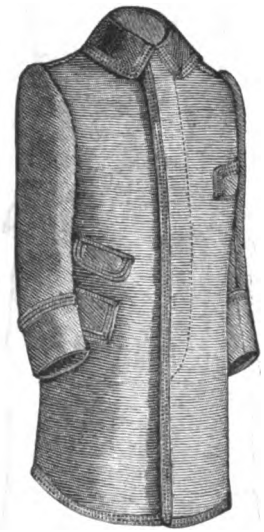
BOY'S PALETOT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern for a Boy's Paletot. It consists of six pieces:

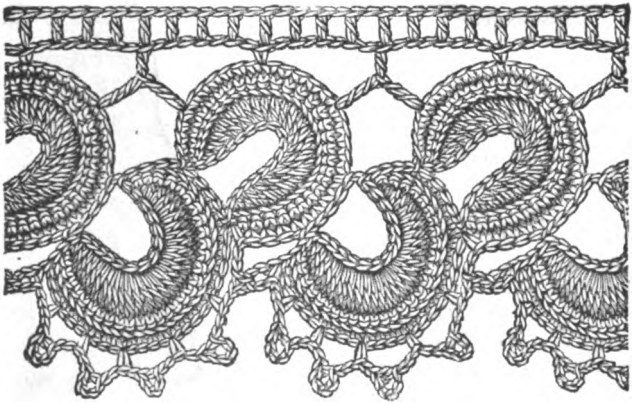
1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Half of Collar.
4. Pocket.
5. Breast-Pocket.
6. Sleeve.

The notches and letters show how the pieces join. The piece for the breast-pocket is to be placed where the dots are drawn. The same piece forms the little pocket over the large one; this is optional.



CROCHETED LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border is useful for various purposes: for tidies, use coarse cotton; for lace, use fine cotton.

Make nineteen chain, and in these work twentythree long stitches; turn on the reverse side, and work a row of double crochet, increasing to thirtyone stitches; turn again, and work another row. Fasten off. Make a number of these crescent patterns, and sew them each to the other, as seen in the illustration.

To connect the pattern with the outer edge, first make a row of chains, turn back and work one long, one chain, one long into second chain, then make one double crochet into that part of the pattern where one double crochet is seen. Then, after making five long stitches, with one chain between each, unite with needle and cotton. For the picot edge, make nine chain, unite in fifth loop; double crochet into third stitch of the double crochet, and repeat. This pattern makes a pretty edge for a dresser-cloth.

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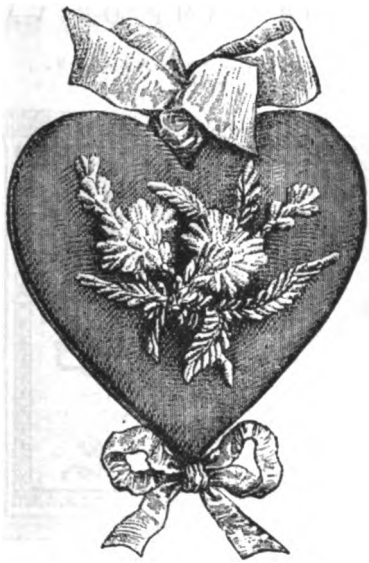
THE HEART NEEDLE-BOOK.

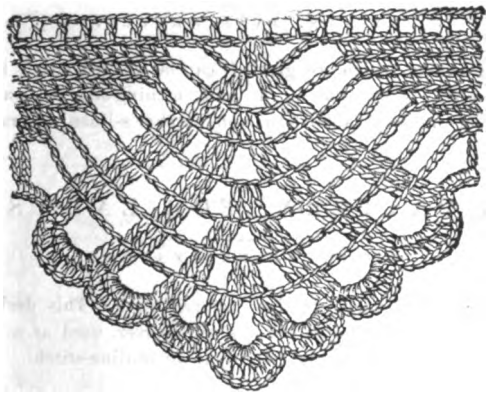
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The embroidery in done in chenille on a red velvet ground. The flowers are pale-pink, the stalks brown, and the leaves brown and green. The bows are of red satin ribbon.

CROCHETED EDGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This edge is very readily copied from the illustration. No description is necessary. It may be made out of knitting-cotton, crochet-cotton or Saxony wool.

BABY'S BOOT.

On the Supplement, we give the full-size design for a baby's boot and the two sides. The boot is made of white cloth, cashmere, or fleecy piqué, and the little sprays are worked in white, baby-blue, or pale-pink washing-silks. Tie with ribbons the color of the embroidery.

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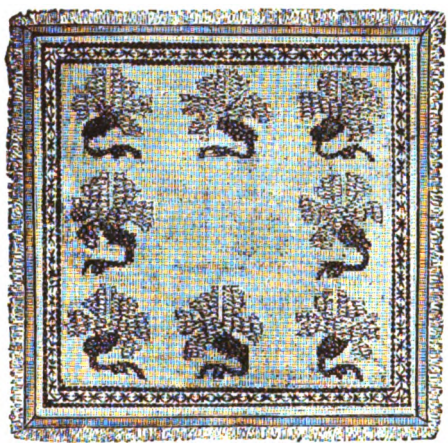
MAT FOR LAMP OR VASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In the front of the book, we give the design full size. These bluets are worked alternately in rose-colored silk, and blue silks in three shades. The stems and calyxes are in Havana-brown. For the border, work in Havana-brown, and cross the stitches with gold thread. Mount on a foundation of card-board, covered with satin. Add a silk fringe one inch wide, for the edge.

DESIGN OF SWANS, IN OUTLINE-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our colored design of swans, which we give in the front of the number, is suitable for a splasher, end of towel, or nursery table-cloth. It can be worked either in French working-cottons, etching-silk, or wash-crewels, in outline, on butcher's-linen or crash.

BRAIDING-PATTERN, FOR LADY'S JACKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a very effective design in braiding, for a lady's jacket or paletot, to be done in black worsted braid upon self-colored cloth. This design will also serve for a table-cover, used as a border all around and done in outline-stitch.

DESIGN FOR TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give something quite new in design for a tobacco-pouch. The cigars and pipe are done on chamois-leather in outline-stitch, with tobacco-brown embroidery-silk. The pouch is easily made: a simple bag, rounded or slightly pointed at the bottom and drawn at the top by strings of brown silk cord. A most suitable birthday present.

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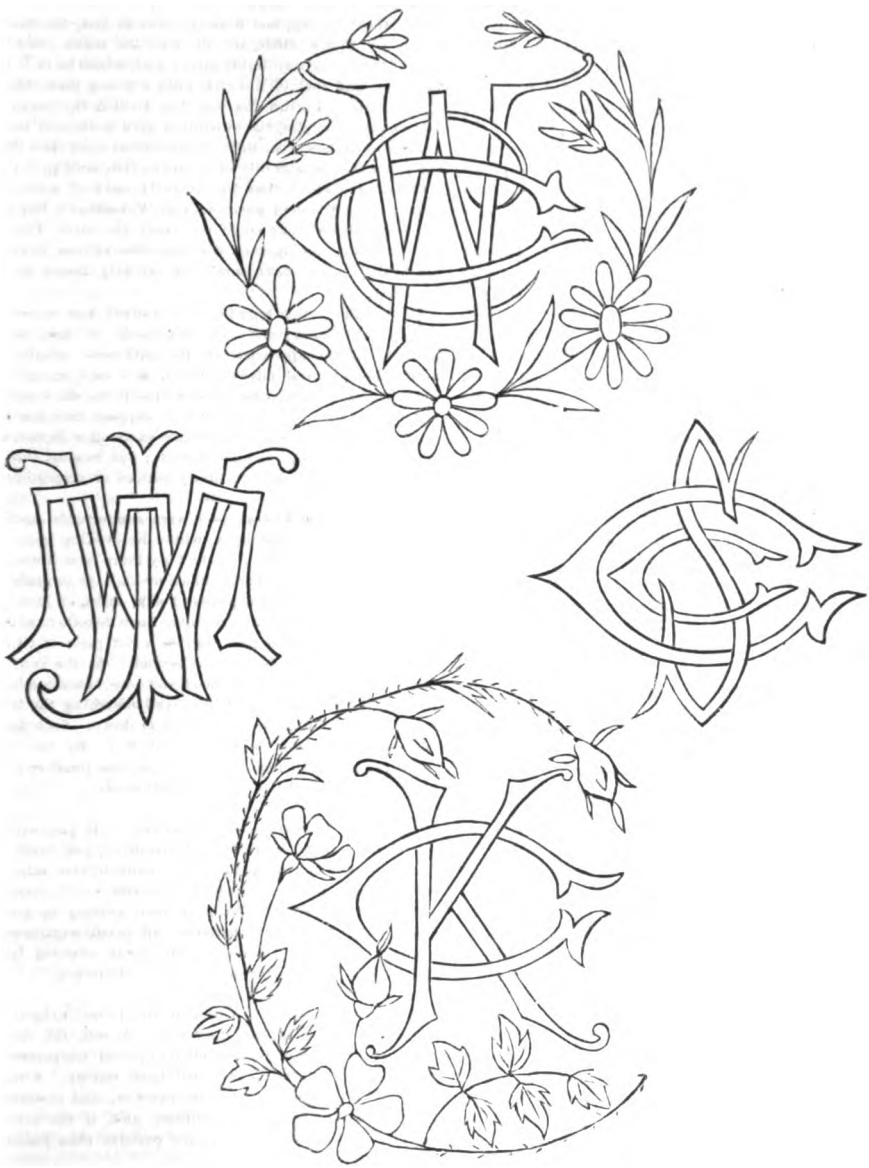
MONOGRAMS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here two monograms, surrounded by a wreath of small flowers. The letters should be embroidered solid and the wreath in outline-stitch.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

St. Valentine's Day.—The origin of the peculiar observances of Valentine's Day is undoubtedly pagan. It was the practice in ancient Rome to celebrate the festival of the Lupercalia about the middle of February. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who, by every possible means, endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women.

They appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same day, and was originally instituted in memory of Valentine, a Roman priest, who was persecuted for assisting the Christians, and beheaded in the third century, under Claudius II. The greater part of his remains are still preserved in the church of St. Praxedes at Rome, where a gate was formerly named after him, Porta Valentini. In many provinces of France, the valentine lottery for boys and girls was drawn on the festival of "brandons," or bonfires, round which the young people used to dance on the evening of the first Sunday in Lent.

In England, during the Middle Ages, the festival was considered of great importance, and is mentioned by Chaucer and Shakespeare. In Pepys's Diary, that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II, several notable allusions to this old custom occur. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party. He also first mentions the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names. From another entry, it appears that very costly presents passed in these days between valentines. "The Duke of York," he states, "did give Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, who was her valentine the year after, a ring of about £300." Pepys himself presented his wife, on Valentine's Day, 1668, with a Turkey stone set with diamonds, and in 1667 the following entry is put down in his Diary: "I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out, if we had not been valentines."

These presents were undoubtedly given in order to relieve the obligation under which the donor was placed by being drawn as valentine. But, notwithstanding this practice of paying the obligation, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some kind of chance of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock, if eligible.

The fancied connection between St. Valentine's Day and marriage is alluded to in Donne's epithalamium on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine—the marriage which gave the present Royal family to the English throne—and which took place on Valentine's Day, 1614.

Far into the last century, a very general observance of the day was kept up in England, and a French traveler thus writes of the ceremonials then practiced there:

"The young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; they write their true or some feigned names upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl, whom he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man, whom she calls hers. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

Certain old chroniclers in the early days of American history make frequent mention of St. Valentine's Day and its sports, though one could not fancy the stern Puritan fathers countenancing such frivolous observances, however much they might have suited the worldly tastes of the Cavaliers.

In our time, the long-honored festival has ceased to possess any significance. The approach of the day is heralded by the appearance in the stationers' windows of numbers of pictorial missives, which, as a rule, in spite of the labor that must have been bestowed on them, show neither taste nor humor. It is reasonable to suppose that many of these gilded and painted sheets are exchanged between a large class of young men and women; but, beyond this, in our generation, the day is scarcely noticed or remembered.

A Comfortable Cushion.—A very comfortable cushion for a weary head to rest upon, while the evening paper or an interesting book beguiles the busy brain from thoughts of the day's work, is shaped like a melon. It is made by cutting out half a dozen pieces of silk, satin, or cretonne into a long oval shape and running them together, with a piping of some contrasting color or a flat piece of ribbon covering the join between each section. At the end, the pieces are narrow enough to meet and join beneath a large full "cabbage" bow of ribbon or cord matching the trimming. The stuffing can be feathers or down. Such head-cushions should not be too fully stuffed. By the way, if the intended user pomades his hair, a loose pinafore cover of artistic muslin that will wash is advisable.

The Most Admired.—A lady writes: "If you were to attend the fairs in all parts of the country, you could not fail to recognize your patterns in a considerable majority of the shams, tidies, splashers, table-scarfs, etc." Another correspondent writes: "We have been getting up a fair, and we have found your patterns and needlework-designs invaluable. Without exception, the most admired fancy articles were made after designs from 'Peterson.'"

Character in Chins.—A pointed chin is said to be a sign of craftiness, wisdom, and discretion. A soft, fat, double chin indicates sensuousness and an indolent temperament. A flat chin is the mark of a cold hard nature. A small chin shows weakness, want of will-power, and cowardice. In a retreating chin, we see silliness, and, if the brow is shallow, imbecility. A square and massive chin indicates strong and determined will.

Never Too Late to get up clubs for "Peterson." Back-numbers can always be supplied. We state this in answer to inquiries whether clubs can be formed after the first of January.

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To Keep a Bouquet of Flowers Fresh.—A queer way to keep a bouquet of flowers fresh, but a very striking and effective one, is thus described: In a vessel of water, place a plate, and, on this, stand a bouquet of flowers, weighted at the bottom so as to stand upright. This being done, the bouquet is covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly the flat part of the plate; the bell glass should be entirely filled with water and without the least air-bubble. Then raise all together—bell glass, plate, and bouquet—and place on a table, leaving on plate, around the base of the bell glass, a little water, to keep the air from entering. The flowers in this situation will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselves to the leaves, looking like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water that it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss, in which are set some flowers. A bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect, especially in the evening.

To Wash Flannels.—A good housewife tells us that, in the washing of woolen materials, there are just two or three things to remember, to keep them soft and elastic: First, use a lather made of white soap and tepid water—never hot; it spoils wool—rain-water, of course, if you can get it. Use two waters—one to soap them in, and one for rinsing; and let this last be done thoroughly well, shaking the garment in the water. Second, never wring knitted things—it pulls them out of shape. Squeeze between the hands as dry as possible, and then hang them to drip—out-of-doors, if you can, or before an open window, placing a cloth for them to drip on to. Third, don't place them before the fire until they are fairly dry. Let them dry slowly—rapid drying before a fire makes them shrink dreadfully. Keep the fire as a finishing-stroke.

A Hanging Case for Shaving-Materials is easily made and very useful. Get a shelf about a foot long from the carpenter and neatly cover it with plush, a strip of plush strengthened by leather forming a back to nail on the wall. A loose plush pocket at either end hangs down from the shelf, one end taking brush and comb, the other a folding mirror, while the soap-dish and razor-case stand on the shelf.

All Say the Same.—A lady writes: "I have been a subscriber to 'Peterson' for a number of years, and think it gets better and better. I could not do without it. No other magazine can take its place, and my neighbors and friends all say the same."

In Error.—She who imagines she can do without the world deceives herself much; but she who fancies the world cannot do without her is still more mistaken.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

It appears from statements in the English papers that the Dutch Cocoas, and the imitations of them, contain a considerable percentage of chemicals which are deleterious to health. They are introduced for the purpose of making the mixture more soluble and to give color and apparent strength to the decoction. The use of chemicals can be readily detected by the peculiar odor from newly opened packages, and from a glass of water in which a small quantity of chemically treated cocoa has been placed and allowed to remain for several days. The Chocolate and Cocoa Preparations of Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. are absolutely pure and free from chemicals or other deleterious substances.

Pond's Extract is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen. Members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people—have sent their personal experience and thanks for the last forty years, until their letters have filled volumes, testifying to the wonderful cures of all kinds of Pain and Inflammation, effected by Pond's Extract. *Avoid imitations.*

Catarrh Cured.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Quick or the Dead? By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This story, from its having attracted much attention when first published in the pages of a magazine, has been so extensively read and criticized that further mention of it seems almost superfluous. It is now issued in book-form, and is reported already to have nearly exhausted a very large edition. The author's preface will be found of interest. She tells the reader that she did not intend to represent a noble woman in her unconsciously selfish and hysterical heroine, and indulges in a little very natural indignation toward certain critics who chose to imagine that she was depicting her own character in that of Barbara Pomfret.

Eating for Strength; or, Food and Diet in their Relation to Health and Work. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.—This admirable book cannot be too highly recommended. It is based on the theory that cookery ought to be both a science and an art, and its object is to make the most recent scientific discoveries available for daily use. Fortunately for humanity, a knowledge of the principles of diet has in this generation become a matter of great importance, and the present volume is rich in valuable practical suggestions on every branch of the subject.

One of the Forty. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Remington Bramwell. New York: Continental Publishing Company.—This story depicts the career of one of the forty members of the French Academy, whose name of the "Immortals" has, in our day, so often been held up to ridicule. The tale is written in Daudet's most fascinating manner, and the translator has done his work in admirable fashion. The sale of the book in France has been unprecedented, amounting to something like a half-million of copies, and there is little doubt that it will prove exceedingly popular in this country.

Cruel as the Grave. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here another of this popular author's works which the publishers are bringing out at the almost nominal price of twenty-five cents. The story ranks high among Mrs. Southworth's productions for its characterization and the dramatic interest of its plot. The publishers have also issued in this edition "Tried for Her Life," by the same author, a companion story to "Cruel as the Grave," and fully its equal in every respect.

This Wicked World. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—Mrs. Cameron's name on the title-page of a book is always an assurance that one will find an interesting and well-written story. The present is a tale of modern English life; the characters are well drawn, and the descriptive portions display the author's usual talent in the difficult art of word-painting.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XIII.—Summer Diarrhœa of Infants.

This is an old hackneyed subject, yet, in behalf of the thousands and tens of thousands of infants prematurely perishing every summer, we beg leave once more thus early in the season to call mothers' attention to some facts, and point out the two chief causes of the malady which specially exist in our cities. These are dietetic and atmospheric.

That a high degree of heat does not alone cause the diarrhœa is evident from the fact that, in the country, with the same intensity of heat as in the city, cholera infantum seldom occurs, and, when it does, it is not of that malignant type which characterizes it in cities. It is evident, therefore, that the disease is rather caused by noxious effluvia with which the air becomes polluted, than by high temperature, and this constitutes the chief morbific agent.

Decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, under the influence of prolonged high heat, taints the air and gives rise to diarrhœa as well as to typhoid and other low forms of fever.

The air in country-dwellings, it is true, may also become foul or poisonous from neglected drains, decayed vegetable matter in cellars or even in adjacent fields and gardens, and also from refuse of kitchens, bed-chambers, and out-door water-closets. But here the tainted air becomes largely diluted, so to speak, is not confined, and hence it is far less noxious.

Disinfectant agents, as Platt's chlorides, chloride of lime, solution of copperas, etc., should be freely used in all infected places, and lime whitewash wherever possible.

The impurities of the atmosphere may be of a gaseous nature, as sulphureted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, etc., or of organic matter carried to and fro by the winds. Monads, bacteria (minute organisms), fragments of animalcules of various kinds, orders, etc., can often be found floating in the air.

These low organisms not only enter our systems through the air which we breathe, but reach our stomachs also on our daily food; and in imperfectly nourished children these organisms are developed in great numbers, and set up in the alimentary canal irritation, fermentative digest, and diarrhœa.

Though heat and atmospheric pollution are more prolific sources of disease in cities than in the country, yet improper food quickly undergoing fermentation is alike the cause in all situations or localities.

The mother's-milk of a woman in ordinary health is the only proper food for an infant under twelve months. But in cities there are vast numbers of mothers (and a few in the country—wives of drunkards, and very poor women) who are poorly fed or are overworked, whose milk is often most unsuitable in quality and inadequate in quantity, and other foods have to be sought for. These artificial foods should most nearly resemble the mother's milk. The cow has always been resorted to, to fill the bill, though this animal's milk is widely dissimilar from the human, to say nothing of the inferior product of the former from improper pasturage, feeding, etc.

Lactopeptine should always find a prominent place in the treatment of cholera infantum, supported by Carnrick's Soluble Food, Lactated Food, Imperial Granum, etc., etc., as nourishment, to the exclusion of milk or of milk foods.

Further remarks about milk and a milk diet will be concluded in a subsequent number.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

A Good Way of Dressing Cold Fish.—This recipe is suitable for dressing cod, haddock, etc. Remove the skin and bones from the fish, and break it into flakes. Have ready two or three hard-boiled eggs, some white sauce made rather thick with milk, butter, and flour, a little salt and cayenne, also some well-mashed potatoes. Take a hot flat dish, and place a bank of mashed potatoes two inches high round near the edge of it, lay the cold fish evenly over the middle of the dish, cut the eggs in quarters, and place them on the top of the fish, then pour in the sauce, which must be quite hot, fill to nearly the top of the potato bank, and put into a brisk oven to brown.

Oysters à la Crème.—Open a dozen oysters carefully and save the liquor; take a half-pint of milk, add to it a piece of butter the size of a walnut, thicken with flour, and simmer ten minutes. Add the oysters with their liquor, and seasoning to taste. Have some nicely browned slices of toast, take up the oysters carefully, lay them on the toast, pour the mixture over, and serve.

Broiled Oysters.—Many invalids who object to native oysters in the shell can eat them with relish when cooked in this way. Drain the oysters from their liquor and dry them in a napkin. Heat and well butter a gridiron, season the oysters well, lay them on, and brown both sides. Serve on a very hot dish, with melted butter.

Salt Fish with Onions.—Soak the salt fish well, and parboil it, letting it drain. Slice up some onions and fry them in butter a delicate brown. Remove all bones from the fish, season with pepper, mustard, and a dash of vinegar. Mix with the fried onions, and serve hot.

Steamed Oysters.—Lay them in a potato-steamer over boiling water, cover with a plate to keep the steam in, and cook for ten minutes. Then serve quickly in the shell and on a very hot dish, with fried brown bread and lemon or vinegar.

VEGETABLES.

To Stew Carrots Brown.—Take six large carrots, wash and scrape them well, put them into boiling water, and let them boil for half an hour; then take them out, drain, and cut each carrot into as many round balls as it will make; put them into the stew-pan with a pint of gravy, flavored with a little pepper, salt, mushroom ketchup, and Worcestershire sauce; let them simmer for twenty minutes, then take them out, pile them in the centre of the dish, thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter, pour it over the carrots, and serve.

Potato Chips.—Wash and pare off the skins of two or three or more large potatoes, and, when you have done this, go on paring them, cutting them as thin and as evenly as possible, in ribbons nearly an inch wide; throw these into boiling fat, let them take a nice color, drain them well before the fire, and serve immediately (or they lose their crispness), piled high on a napkin.

Fricassee of Parsnips.—Boil in milk till they are soft, then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce made of two spoonfuls of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt. If the parsnips are first thoroughly boiled and then daintly prepared, this fricassee makes a most appetizing and delicious dish. It requires to be served the instant it is cooked.

DESSERTS.

Batter Pudding.—Mix one-half pound of flour in a basin with half a teaspoonful of salt; break in two eggs, mix well, and gradually add a pint of milk, mixing it all the time. Should there be any lumps, they should disappear in the moistening. Let it stand a short time to rise, butter a

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pie-dish, pour the batter in, and bake in a quick oven; it ought not to take more than half an hour to bake; it should have risen very high, and must be served at once, before it has time to fall. For boiling, butter a pudding-basin, pour the same batter into it, tie down tightly with a cloth, and put it into a saucepan of boiling water. It should be moved about for a few minutes after it is put into the water, to prevent the flour from settling in any part. It will take rather more than an hour to boil; turn it out, and serve at once, with either wine sauce or sweet sauce round it in the dish.

Brown Bread Pudding.—Six ounces of stale brown bread-crumb, six ounces of fresh butter, four eggs (the yolks and whites whisked separately), one-half ounce powdered cinnamon, one-half pound coarsest brown sugar. Cream the butter, then mix well with the sugar till quite smooth, add the well-beaten eggs, and stir in gradually the other ingredients. Steam the pudding for two hours or even more (it cannot be too much done). When turned out, pour melted cherry jam over it, and serve hot.

Cheese Pudding.—Take four tablespoonfuls of finely-grated breadcrumb, the same quantity of grated cheese, and two eggs, mustard, pepper, and salt to taste. Butter a pie-dish, then put in the breadcrumb, cheese, mustard, etc.; beat up the two yolks with a small cup of milk, and put into the pie-dish; beat the whites into a froth, and put them in with a good-sized lump of butter. Place the dish in a quick oven for twenty minutes, and serve very hot. Enough for four or five persons.

CAKES.

Cakes may be made rich and expensive, or plain and economical; but, to insure their being wholesome, to say nothing of taste, all the ingredients used must be fresh and of good quality; for, if one article used in the making of a cake be in the slightest degree tainted or musty, the whole will be spoiled and uneatable. The condition of an egg which has to be introduced into a cake is perhaps the most important of all the numerous ingredients used. A plan I always find advisable to adopt is to break separately into a cup each egg, and always to remove with the blade of a knife the speck or the thick stringy substance, which, when broken carefully, is usually detectable.

Particularly in cakes, the whites and yolks of eggs should always be beaten separately; for, by so doing, one egg will not only be equal in quantity to three unbeaten, but the quality of the cake will be better, in that it will be much lighter. Currants should not, if possible, be washed, but can be cleaned by being placed in a cloth well sprinkled in flour and rubbed. If the currants are very dirty, it usually shows that they are of an inferior quality, and more suitable for puddings than cakes. Candied peel should be freed from the sugar, and cut into thin slices. Of course, all raisins should be stoned and chopped very fine. I prefer them to sultanas, as they contain much more flavor. Pounded and sifted loaf-sugar should be used instead of moist. In pounding almonds, they should be mixed with a few drops of rose-water. Swiss milk is, in my opinion, preferable to cream; it is so much less expensive, mixes better, and does not turn sour so quickly; of course, when this is substituted, less sugar is required.

Cakes should always be placed in a quick oven at first, and, when they have risen, the heat gradually lessened. To know if a cake is sufficiently done, insert a steel knitting-needle (the hole will not be perceptible) into the middle: if it comes out clean, it is done; but, if any particle of the dough adheres, replace the cake into the oven. Cakes should be turned out of the mold immediately they are sufficiently baked, placed on the top of the oven to dry, and laid on their side to cool; by so doing they are rendered lighter. Icing is made by whisking into a thick froth the whites of eggs, and mixing in finely powdered white sugar (suitable sugar is sold for this purpose at confectioners'). When the icing is meant for ornamenting cakes, puddings, etc., it should be laid thickly and evenly on with the blade of a knife. The fanciful patterns are produced by squeezing the icing through the small end of a little cornucopia, which can be made by rolling a sheet of writing-paper into a similar shape to those used for holding sweets, only leaving a hole in the bottom though which the icing is forced. The icing can be colored red by cochineal or beet-root juice, green by spinach-greening, and yellow by saffron; very little is required, or the taste of the coloring will destroy the flavor of the cake. When two colors are required to be blended, see that the first color is well dry before placing on the second, or they will run into each other. Any cake can be ornamented by displaying a little care and neatness with a very small amount of artistic knowledge. When colored designs or inscriptions are to be used, trace the shape with a knitting-needle on the plain icing before adding the coloring material.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PURPLE VELVET AND GROS-GRAIN SILK. The petticoat, vest, and revers of this costume are of the silk, in the color given on the fashion-plate—a sort of a shrimp-fawn. The foundation-skirt has a box-plaited ruffle on the edge. The full vest and draped front are cut in one. The polonaise, of velvet, has a jacket-front opening over the vest. The points of the jacket, in front, and the revers on skirt of polonaise, are faced with the same silk as the petticoat is made of. The back of the polonaise hangs in straight folds. Close coat-sleeves. Standing collar of velvet. Small bonnet of velvet to match, trimmed with the silk of the costume.

FIG. II.—MORNING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA CASHMER over a petticoat of gray peau-de-soie. The petticoat h a full box-plaited ruche around the edge of the skirt, across the front and side gores. The overdress is cut in a polonaise, with full fronts on the bodice, opening over an under-vest of a darker shade of velvet. The fronts of the polonaise and the revers on the bodice and cuffs are braided, as seen in illustration. The long pointed tabs which fall over the petticoat are finished by a passementerie ornament. Sleeves full at the shoulders. A jabot of lace finishes the front of the bodice.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK PEAU-DE-SOIE. The side-panel and vest are of ivory-white corded silk, braided or trimmed with a handsome passementerie in black. Cuffs to match. The white braided vest opens under an under-piece, V-shaped, of black velvet—to which is attached the standing collar, as seen in illustration. The drapery of the skirt is straight at the back, with full much-wrinkled front.

FIG. IV.—DIRECTOIRE WALKING-DRESS, OF RED AND GRAY CLOTH. The coat is of the red cloth. The bodice forms a point in front and is double-breasted, having two rows of cloth-covered buttons to match, two similar buttons ornamenting the waist at the back. The neck opens in front, to show a vest of gray cloth, and has a turned-down collar and square revers of plush, rather darker. The skirt of the coat is arranged in the usual Directoire style, with open front and full back-plaits, and should be lined with silk. The vest, collar, and petticoat are ornamented by a bold design in black and silver embroidery. Hat of red felt, the brim lined with plush. A plush band encircles the crown and keeps in place a plume of red feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN, WITH HUSSAR JACKET OF BLUE CLOTH. The skirt of the dress is laid in large kilt-plaits all around, and, on the left side, ornamented by a double row of buttons. Full-pointed apron-front, back-drapery slightly looped. A plain round waist completes the dress, which has a vest braided on blue cloth, to match the jacket. The jacket is braided with black

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worsted braid. Small turban of the striped material, with blue velvet brim, trimmed with wings and loops of ribbon to match.

FIG. VI.—LONG WRAP, DIRECTOIRE STYLE, MADE OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. It opens on the bodice, over a vest of the same. The rolling collar, terminating in revers in front, is of velvet, either of a darker shade of green or of black; cuffs of the same. Very large buttons of crocheted silk, or fancy metal ones. Bonnet of velvet to correspond, trimmed with standing loops of velvet and ribbon combined, together with an ornament of jet or steel.

FIG. VII.—COAT, FOR LITTLE GIRL OF THREE YEARS, OF SOFT GRAY CLOTH, braided with white worsted braid. Cap of white cloth, trimmed with bow of white gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—DIRECTOIRE BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, lined with moss-green velvet. The feathers are black ostrich and sprey and the strings-and-bow of black moiré ribbon.

FIG. IX.—BOW, OF GROS-GRAIN RIBBON, with poppies arranged on a hairpin, as an ornament for the hair.

FIG. X.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF SELF-COLORED CLOTH. The skirt opens in front over a simulated petticoat of velvet to match. The jacket is double-breasted, with wide revers of velvet. Cuffs and collar to match. A fur boa and muff are worn with this costume. Hat of felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with a band of fur and bow of ribbon in front.

FIG. XI.—CAP FOR LITTLE GIRL, of velvet to match the coat, trimmed with loops of ribbon and wings.

FIG. XII.—RUSSIAN OPERA-HOOD, OF TURQUOISE-BLUE CASHMERE, lined with quilted blue satin and enriched with a coronet of Oriental embroidery, gimp, or Persian ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—VELVET WRAP, trimmed with blue fox-fur. Muff to match. Hat of velvet, trimmed with ostrich-feathers to correspond with the fur trimming.

FIG. XIV.—HAT WITH VEIL. The hat is of red felt, with a straight wide brim, trimmed with loops of ribbon and black ostrich-feathers. The large veil is tied under the chin, by having a narrow ribbon run through the meshes of the lace. This is a new and popular style.

FIG. XV.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE. Velvet and silk.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-COSTUME, TAILOR-MADE STYLE, OF DARK-GREEN BROADCLOTH. The skirt is plaited, front and sides, and slightly looped at the back. The jacket opens over a vest of tan-colored cloth. Hat of green felt, trimmed with wings and loops of ribbon to correspond with the costume.

FIG. XVII.—DOWAGER-CAP, OF BLACK LACE, ornamented with some sprays of gilt or silver wheat-ears.

FIG. XVIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF A MARIE-ANTOINETTE FICHU, in either cream-white silk muslin or lace, edged with a plaiting of trimming-lace. These becoming fichus are again coming into fashion.

FIG. XIX.—MODERNIZED EMPIRE GOWN, FOR EVENING WEAR. Gown in pale-maize China silk, bordered with a wide pinked-out silk ruching in absinthe-green faille, like the belt, which is fastened with a long gold buckle. Two ends, in silk or gauze, appear to be the continuation of the crossed drapery of the bodice. They fall in front of the skirt, and are tipped with a series of balls in two shades of silk. Egyptian jewelry.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have not adopted, as yet, the very short waists of the First Empire, but they are very much shorter than they were; and, for evening, they are almost as short as Josephine wore them. Elderly ladies especially, who cannot reconcile themselves to short waists and yet will not appear too old-fashioned, boldly adopt historic fashions which they copy from old paintings. Steels are still worn at the backs of dresses; but they are very much smaller than those of six months since. A little pad is sometimes added.

Bodices, on the contrary, are as full as they can be, whether high to the throat, or crossed in front, or opened from neck to waist, over a full chemisette. Only tailor-made jackets and costumes are made with plain bodices, and even these are opened in front over an under puffed chemisette or waistcoat.

Hats.—The large and straight-brimmed hats, covered with long ostrich-feathers, which form a fringe over the brim, are worn; and next to these comes the Amazon hat, trimmed with two long feathers or a long scarf veil. This is the favorite hat of the Orleans princesses. All hats, except the Amazon, are cut short or turned up at the back.

Boas are the rage, in fur, in feathers, also in lace and ribbons. The lace boas take between seven and eight yards of lace, about four or five inches wide, and are made by gathering the lace, sewing it round a fine silk cord of the length required for the boa, and fastening the ends by a bow of ribbon.

Buttons.—The greatest luxury exists in buttons. They are made of all sizes and materials; the most fashionable are in antique style, in oxydized silver, some of them as large as a half-dollar. They are worn to fasten Directoire coats and jackets at the waist. Three are used for the fastening itself and three as ornaments—just six in all, no more.

Turbans of sealskin have round soft crowns, full as velvet or cloth crowns. They have a border of beaver or otter. Both long and short furs are very much used for trimming both costumes and jackets, being introduced as vests, cuffs, collars, and bands upon the petticoat of the costume. Black furs are much used upon green, blue, and red cloth wraps and long coats.

More lingerie is worn again, linen collars with embroidered chemisette attached, are made to wear with house-dresses, where the bodice opens to display the chemisette. Cuffs to match.

A wide belt or sash, either draped around the waist with long ends, fringed, or finished with a crocheted ball, can be added to any costume. Sometimes, the sash comes from under the arms, being sewed into the side-seams under the arm, about six inches high from the waist-line, and then drawn down to the waist-line and tied in a knot.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—CLOAK WITH CAPE, FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS. The cloak is made of plaid camel's-hair. Skirt and waist in one, and plaited into the velvet yoke. The straight cape is lined with surah of some one of the plain colors of the material. It is attached to the yoke by being laid in small box-plaits. A ribbon or cord, finished with silk balls, ties the cape and also the waist. Hat of felt, faced with velvet corresponding with the yoke of the cloak and trimmed with ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF STRIPED WOOLEN, FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF SIXTEEN. The skirt is plain and opens over the underskirt, upon which the front breadth is laid in side-plaits meeting in the middle. The jacket is double-breasted, with rolling collar and revers, opening over an inside bodice, as seen in the illustration. Hat of felt, bound with velvet and trimmed with loops of ribbon and ostrich-tips.

FIG. III.—SUIT FOR LITTLE BOY, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The collar and band of the cap are of black Astrakhan, either the skin or cloth.

FIG. IV.—CAP, OF CLOTH, for boy, trimmed with a band of beaver-fur.

FIG. V.—HAT, OF RED FELT, for little girl, trimmed with a band of black velvet. A large windmill bow of black gros-grain ribbon is placed on the left side.

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Painted by Luke Fildes R.A. Engraved & Printed by Ullman Brothers.

THE VENETIAN FLOWER GIRL.

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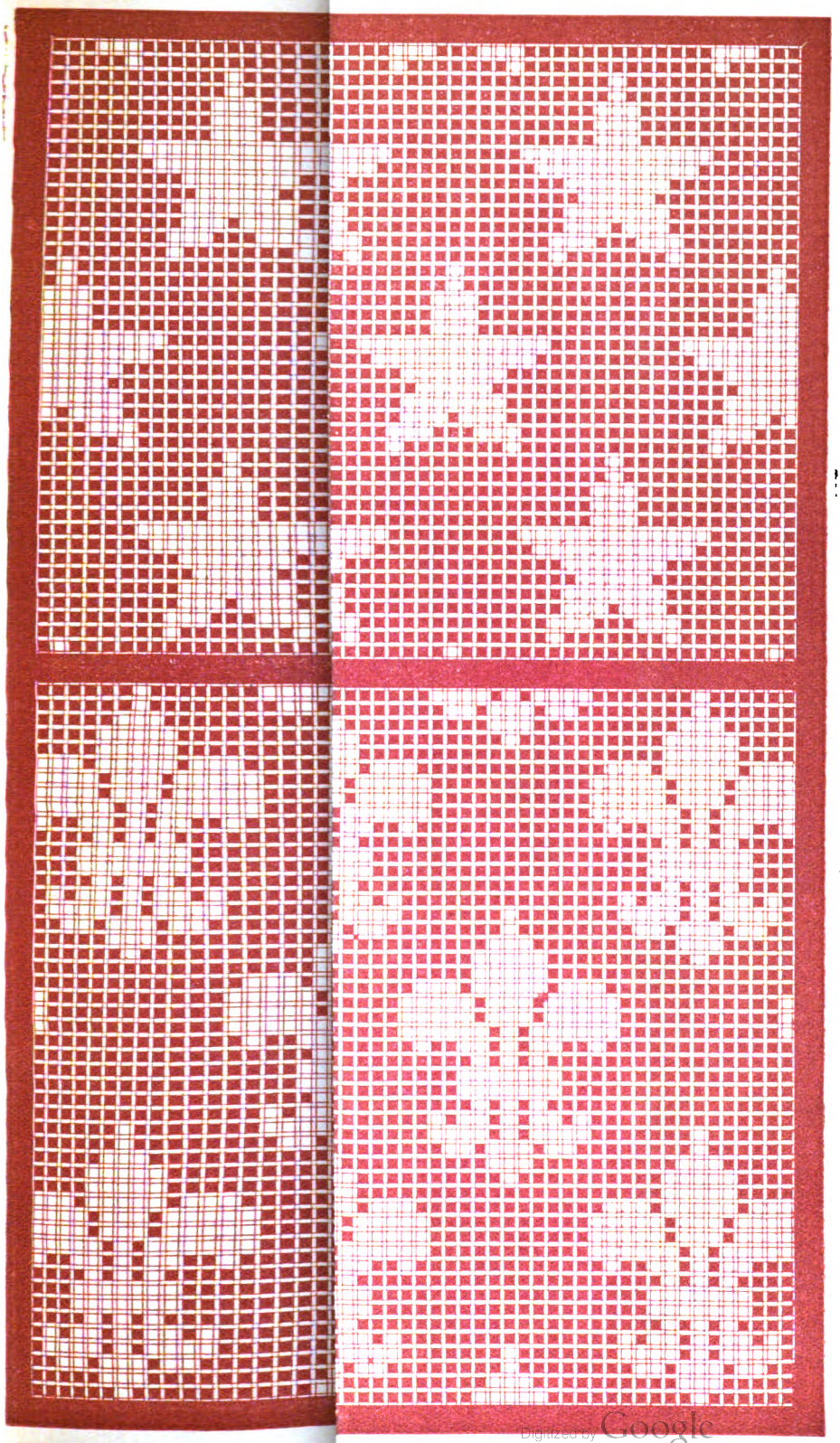
PETE MARCH, 1889



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WASHING-DAY.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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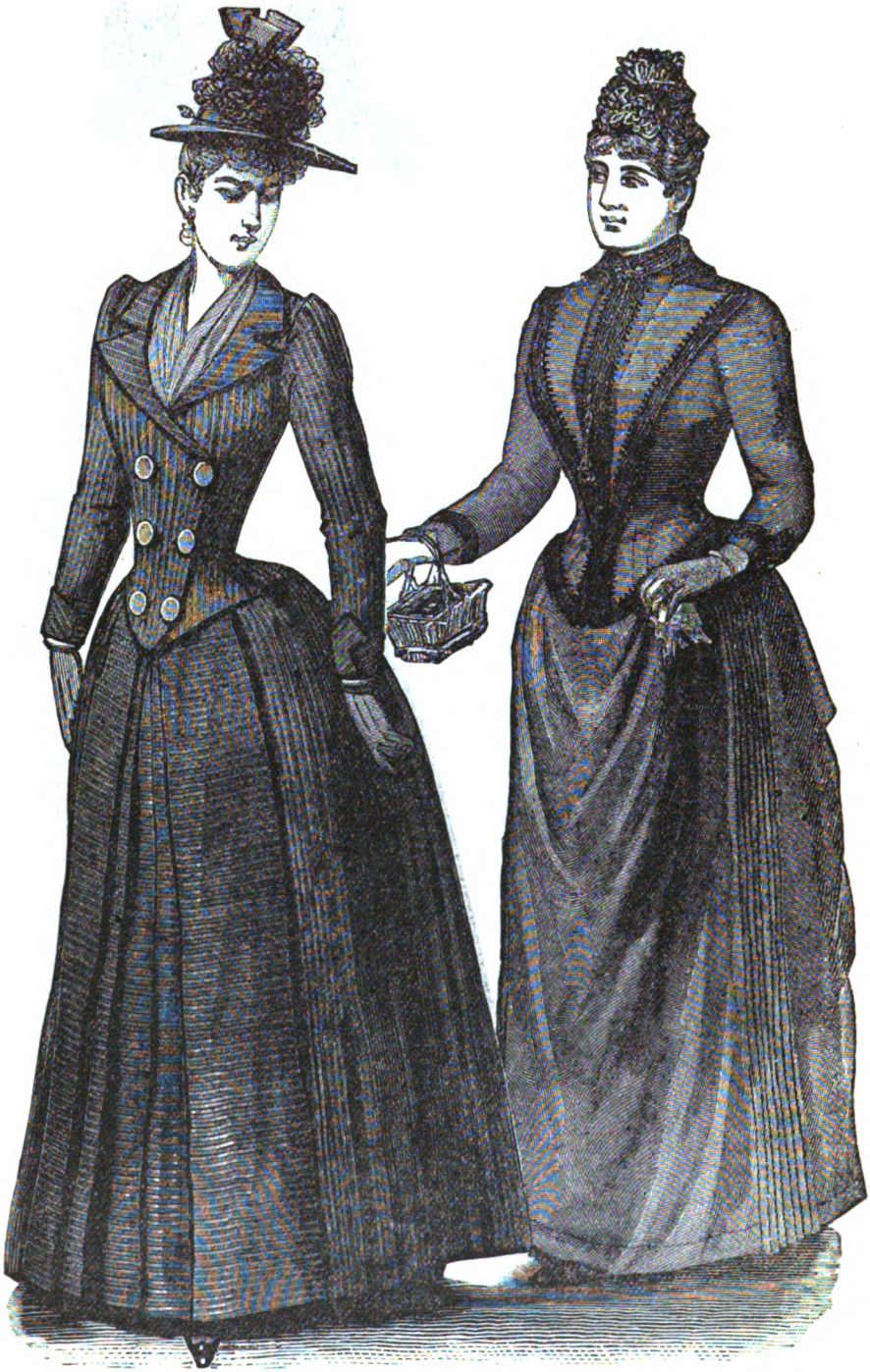

WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS FOR ELDERLY WOMAN.

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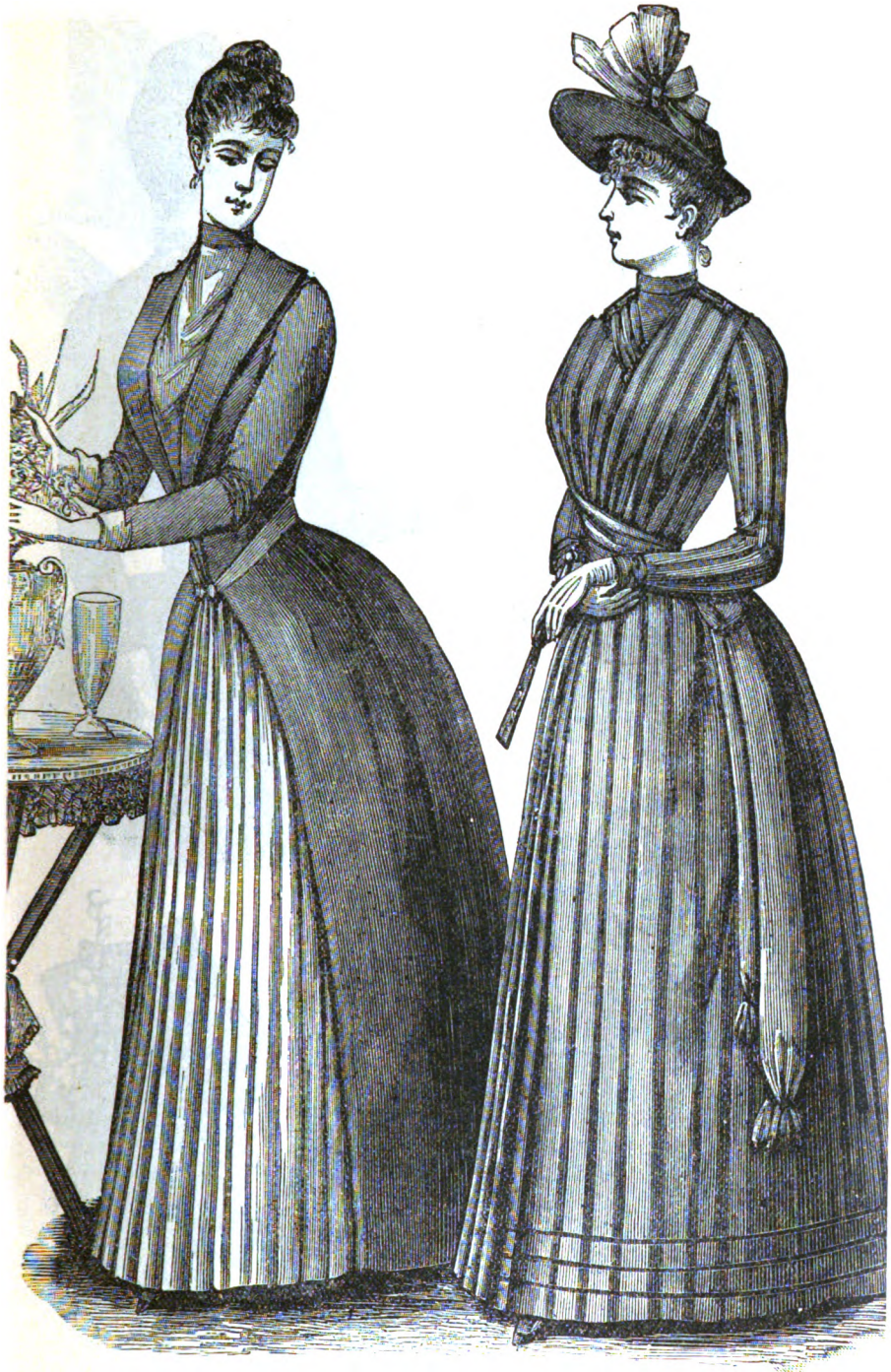

HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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BRAIDED JACKET. HOUSE-DRESS. MOURNING-JACKET. BOW FOR BONNET.

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NEW-STYLE HAT. VEIL. SLEEVE. VELVET BODICE.

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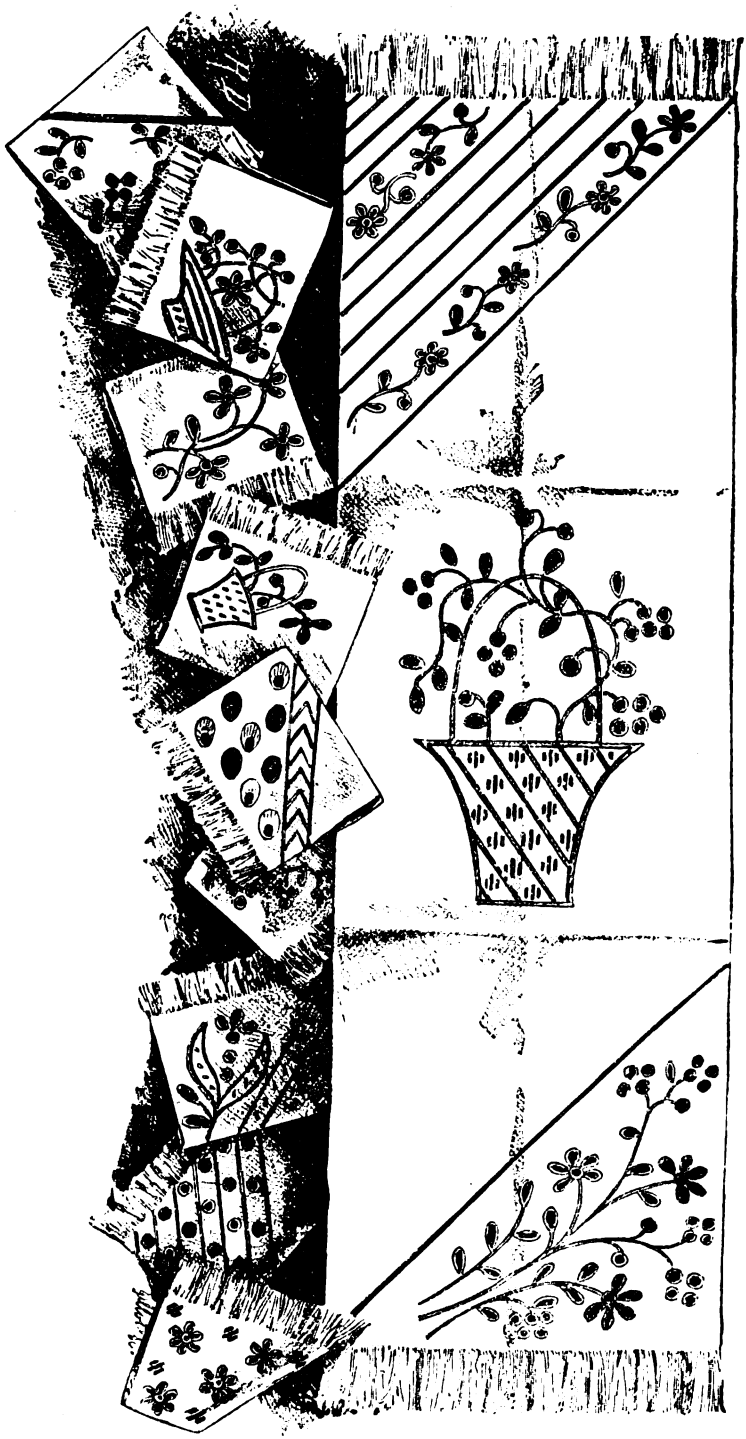

VARIOUS DESIGNS FOR NAPKINS.

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A SUMMER BED-QUILT.

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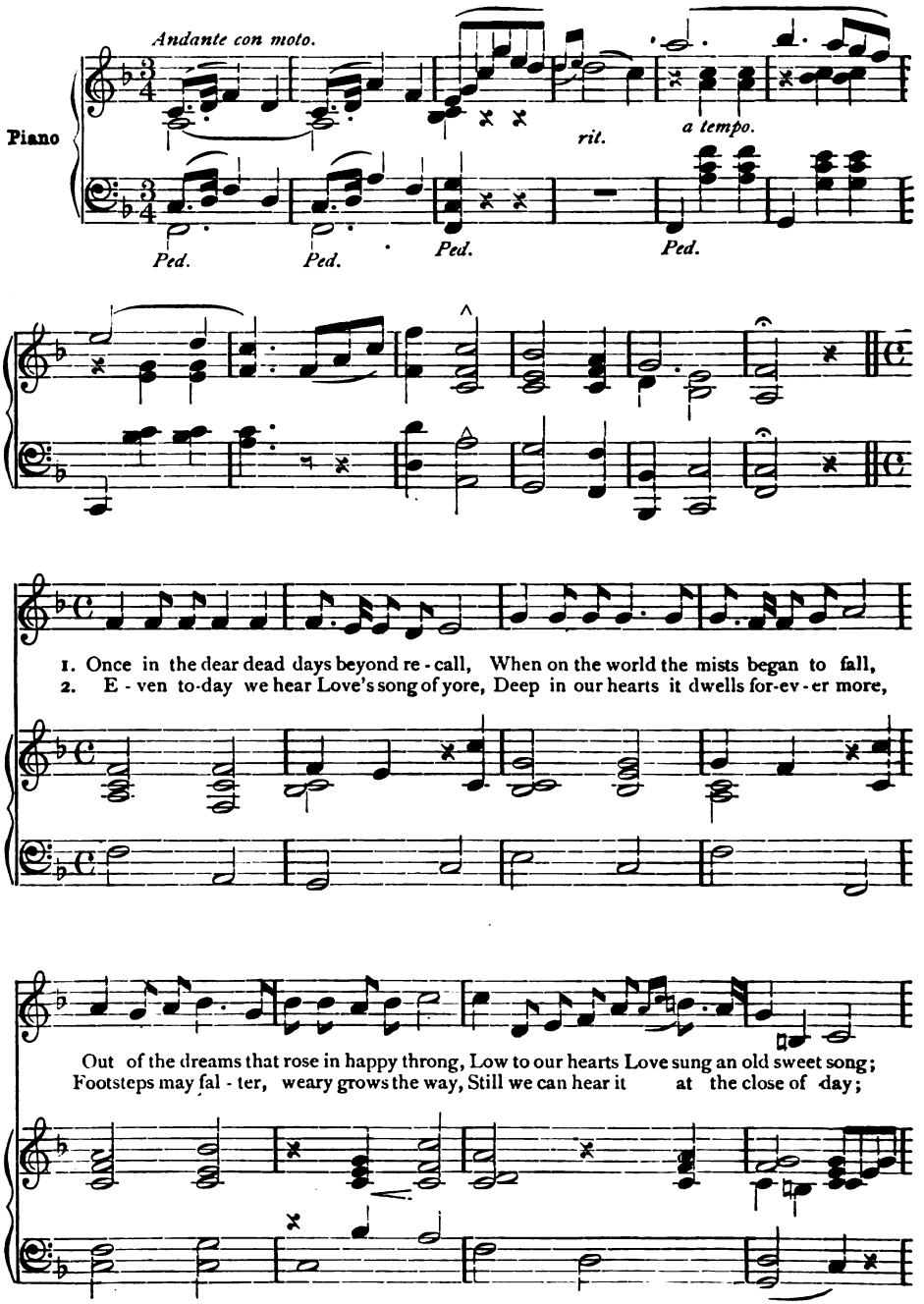
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by J. CLIFTON BINGHAM. Music by J. L. MOLLOY.



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And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove itself in - to our dream.
Still to the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

rit.

p a tempo.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

p

f

softly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

mf

rit.

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

f *rit.*

sempre Ped.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR FANCY DRESSES.

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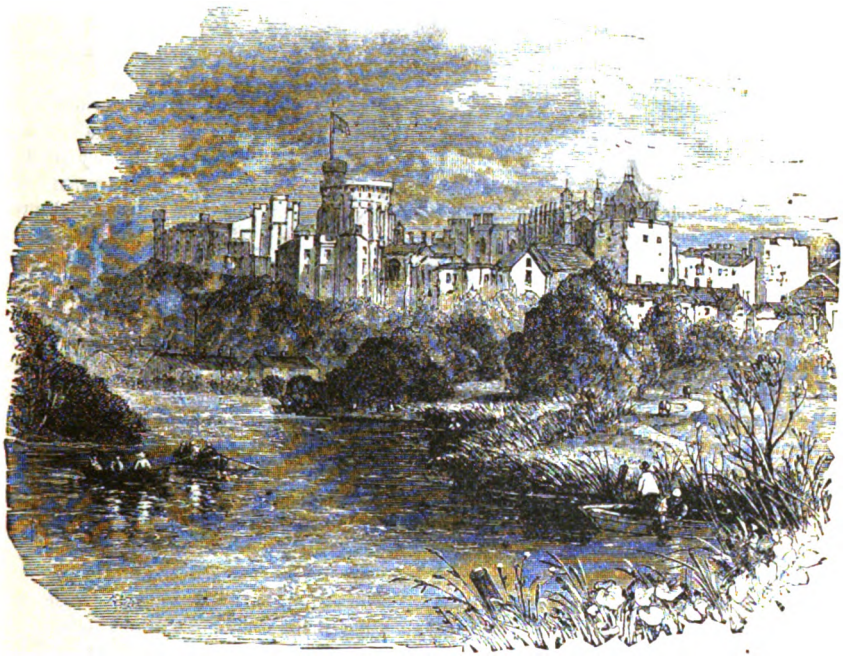
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1889. No. 3.

THE THREE VICTORIAS.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE stately castle of Windsor, frowning so arrogantly on its precipitous height, is always a place of special interest to the American traveler in England.

So many historic and romantic legends, read in childhood, cluster about the old pile, that the very name brings up reminiscences of every English sovereign from William the Conqueror, whose life has held enough of dramatic interest to be chronicled by novelist or poet.

For, ever since the Norman usurper first built a castle on the picturesque hill, Windsor has been the favorite residence of the long line of succeeding monarchs. Of course, everybody learned in school-books, though nearly everybody who may glance at these pages will have long since forgotten, that, of William's structure, there only remain the three towers at the western end. Henry I enlarged the castle, but magnificent Edward III tore it down, with the exception of the towers, rebuilt it, and added St. George's Chapel.

Edward's manner of procedure deserves to be remembered. He did not offer contracts or wages to builders and workmen: he simply ordered a levy, as he would have done had he wanted an army; but, instead of soldiers, he demanded a certain number of masons, carpenters, and other craftsmen to be furnished by each county throughout England.

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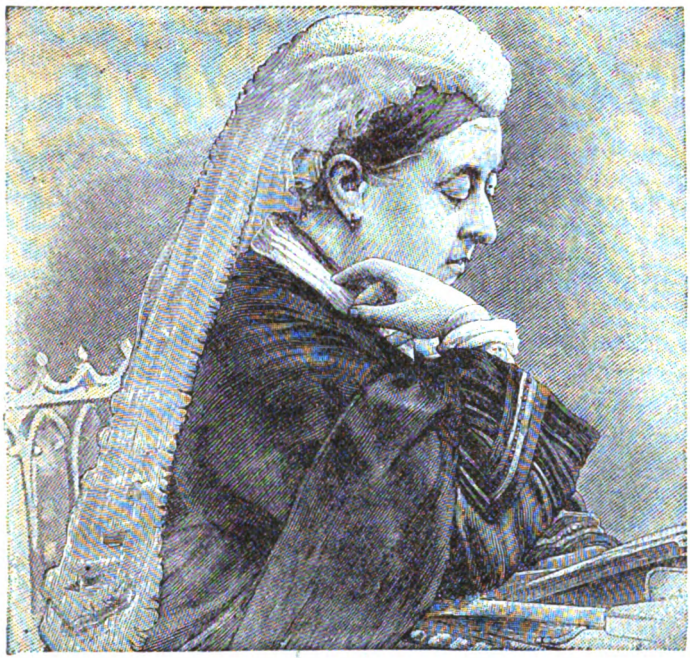

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Several later rulers made additions or alterations—including Queen Bess, who could never let anything alone, and who was very fond of her Windsor terrace and slopes; but, since George IV, no outward change has been attempted.

Queen Victoria, though devoted to the residence she has built in the Highlands, and fond of the Isle of Wight, is well known to be nearly as much attached to Windsor as was Elizabeth herself. With her liking, historical and romantic associations have doubtless much to do; for, though an eminently practical person, this royal lady possesses an under-current of romance in her nature, which neither age nor the cares of state have ever lessened.

She has proved in numerous instances that she can sympathize with a love-affair, and is ready to help it to run smoothly in defiance of all the creeds which the centuries have so deeply ingrained in royalty and nobility in general.

It is not very long since that, in spite of opposition in her immediate family and the angry protest of numerous German relatives, she aided the very plain but worthy daughter of the late ex-King of Hanover to marry a man who had held the position of the blind monarch's secretary.

But the Princess Frederica had learned from the daily intercourse of several years that, though her lover might be only a baron, and, from a worldly point of view, no fit mate for royal blood, he was a kind-hearted well-principled man, who had shown her unfortunate father the tenderness of a son. Being a resolute damsel, she clung to her purpose, and finally appealed to Victoria with such effect that she was invited to England, married in the queen's presence, and given a home in Kensington Palace.

The whole world has read the queen's own love-story in the book of personal reminiscences which provoked so much criticism nearly two decades since. But whether or not the publication of the volume was inconsistent with regal dignity, nobody can read its frank spontaneous pages without feeling deep sympathy for the bereaved woman. When the husband so dearly loved, the counselor so highly prized, was suddenly snatched away, the very greatness of her position left her alone in an awful solitude, out of which she sent that record as at once an excuse for what her people deemed a selfish grief and a testimonial to the worth of him she mourned.

The letters of the young couple to their mutual uncle, the King of the Belgians, describing the progress of the wooing, are really delightful. Royal etiquette rendered it necessary that the queen should make the proposal, and, from the prince's account, she acquitted herself of the difficult task with a mixture of queenly dignity and girlish shyness which he found fascinating in the extreme.

The married life of the royal pair was a proof that neither ambition on the part of the prince, or youthful fancy on that of the queen, had brought about the union which the English generation of that day ardently desired. Yet, with the odd inconsistency so common in the Anglo-Saxon race, much as it prides itself on its ability to know its own mind and to rest firm in its convictions, the nation in many ways seemed to make it a reproach to the Prince Consort that he was a foreigner. No man ever had a more

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difficult role to enact, but he filled it from first to last with infinite tact and a consummate ability not appreciated during his life.

This journal of the widowed queen showed the man in his true light—kind, firm, wise, and cautious—and the English people learned that, in many instances, measures which had relieved the country from a delicate position or tided

DOWAGER EMPRESS VICTORIA.

over a crisis were due to his counsels instead of the policy of this or that minister, to whom the sole credit had hitherto been given.

The marriage of the Princess Royal to the heir of the Prussian throne was an alliance which gave Albert much satisfaction, and met with more approval in England than at the Court of Berlin, where Otto Von Bismarck had already made great headway in that career which culminated in an almost despotic sway.

The married life of the Crown Prince and Princess has been public property since the beginning of the lingering illness which carried off that best and noblest of the Hohenzollerns

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so soon after he became ruler of Germany. Those enemies of privacy and peace, the daily newspapers, proved themselves more than usually coarse and intrusive in the discussion of the matter.

It is well known that, in spite of certain disturbances early in their married life, the pair were as devoted a couple as could easily be found in all Germany. The Dowager Empress Victoria is not only thoroughly educated and accomplished, but undoubtedly a very clever woman. The gift of tact, however, seems woefully deficient in her catalogue of talents, and many of the troubles which make one sympathize with her have risen out of that lack.

It is not many weeks since Windsor became the scene of the first reunion between the mother and daughter since the latter's widowhood. The newspapers told us that certain family affairs were to be discussed, and that there was a romance to occupy the royal grandmother, growing out of a love-affair between the Empress Frederick's second daughter, Victoria, and Alexander of Battenberg.

For a brief while, only a few years back, Prince Alexander was one of the most prominent figures in European politics, and the centre of those troubles which at various crises since have threatened to bring about a war between Russia and Austria. Everybody did know at the time the whole story; but in these days, when event after event follows with dizzying rapidity, we all forget so easily that a brief recapitulation of his career may not be out of place.

He is the second son of the late Prince Alexander of Hesse, who was the favorite brother of the wife of Alexander II of Russia. This Hessian prince was for many years in the Austrian service, and during that time he married the daughter of a Polish noble, named Haucke, who was at one time an Austrian Minister of War.

Now this union, though morganatic, was what morganatic marriages are not always—perfectly legal. The lady was created Princess of Battenberg, and her sons were to receive the title of prince.

These boys were placed in an odd situation; while their father's sister shared the throne of the Russian Czar, one of their maternal uncles was executed for participation in a Polish revolution.

Alexander was educated in Prussia, and became a lieutenant of dragoons in the Prussian army. He was only twentytwo years old when, on the 29th of April, 1879, he was unanimously elected to fill the throne of Bulgaria. Of course, this election was the work of the Emperor of Russia.

The Princess Victoria of Prussia was only thirteen years of age when Alexander assumed the leadership of Bulgaria, and was still in the school-room when all Christendom learned, through the newspapers, that a future marriage between the pair had for some time been contemplated by her parents. During the later portion of Alexander's reign, the rumor spread that he was about to be betrothed to the princess, and received credence for awhile.

Then it became known that the redoubtable Bismarck had set his iron will against the scheme, and not long afterward everybody learned that, as usual, the chancellor had had his way—the match had fallen through. One must do the minister the justice to say that his opposition was the result of his far-sighted perspicacity. He foresaw the prince's downfall, and he had no wish to see a princess of the German Empire the wife of an exiled ruler—a fate which, to the wise statesman, must have already looked near through the clouds so rapidly rising on the Russian horizon of Bulgaria.

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

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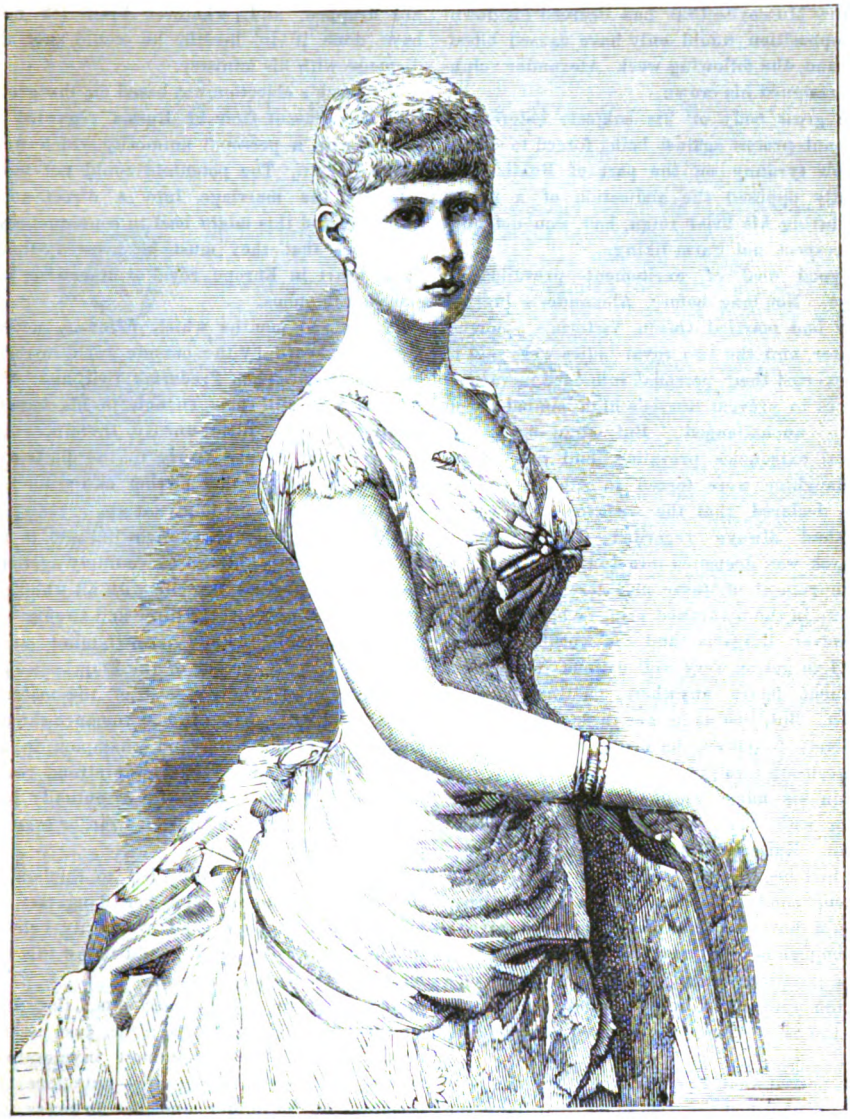

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

After the murder of his uncle and the accession of Alexander III, the prince's position grew much less agreeable. He was a wonderful favorite with the people, but showed more and more plainly that he had no intention to be Russia's passive tool. Events followed "fast and faster." In September, 1885, the two Bulgarias were united, and, less than a year later—in August, 1886—Alexander was suddenly made a prisoner in his palace by a regiment traitorously acting for Russia. He was forced, with a revolver at his head, to sign a paper hastily scribbled by one of the conspirators, on a leaf torn out of a note-book, and it was called his voluntary act of abdication.

He was hidden; reports of his death spread, but gained little credence. Meanwhile the provisional government—which, in spite of the conspirators, had been formed—was trying to discover the place of his imprisonment.

He suddenly appeared at Lemberg, on the Austro-Polish frontier of Russia, and a few days later he entered Rustchuk, and made his way through Bulgaria amid the wildest enthusiasm.

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But the Muscovite Czar had decreed his downfall; opposition would only have caused bloodshed, and, the following week, Alexander voluntarily resigned his crown.

The great body of his subjects entered an indignant protest against being forced to submit to such tyranny on the part of Russia, and violently opposed the abdication of a prince who, during his brief reign, had won not only their respect, but warm liking.

A good deal of excitement prevailed in Europe. Not long before, Alexander's brother Henry had married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, and the two royal ladies were said to have exerted their personal influence in various quarters to prevent Russia's high-handed action passing unchallenged. But state-craft and political exigencies prevailed, and the mother and daughter were forced to submit, though gossip declared that the disfavor with which both had always regarded Gladstone and Bismarck was deepened into downright hostility by the refusal of these obstinate old men to interfere in the dethroned prince's behalf.

However, Bulgaria, and the world at large, seemed to get on very well without his being a prominent figure anywhere on the political horizon. But, just as he was in danger of being completely forgotten, he made another rocket-like ascension into public notice.

Again his name became prominent in connection with that of the imperial family of Prussia. Kaiser William was dead, and Frederick had begun that brief reign which lasted just long enough to show what a grand career it would have proved, had time been given: just long enough to make every heart which honors goodness lament, every mind which desires the uplifting of humanity feel, that in his death the cause of progress suffered an indefinite delay.

It appeared that Frederick and his wife had never relinquished the wish to see their daughter united to Battenberg, and now a new source of interest was added in the fact that romance had become linked with the plan. Victoria, the princess, had learned to know the deposed prince, and he had won her heart.

Frederick was fully determined on the match, and at length informed Bismarck that the betrothal would shortly take place, and that he proposed to elevate Alexander so that he would rank with royal princes.

Everybody knows the result—the Emperor was dying, and the Iron Chancellor opposed the alliance more vigorously than ever. He threatened at once to resign his post if the matter was not dropped, and, whatever Frederick might have done if in health, he could not then dispense with his minister.

Bismarck's objection was based on the ground that the present Czar of Russia regarded the prince with a personal animosity which would never die out. The potentate could not fail to construe the marriage into a direct act of hostility, and this might lead to consequences so disastrous that they must be averted, though every heart in Europe, royal or otherwise, were smashed to atoms.

In the sad months which followed, nothing more was heard by the outside world in regard to the matter. Then Frederick died, and, while his son was still new enough to his imperial position to be a little uneasy therein, rumor declared him deeply averse to the Battenberg alliance, but added that mother and sister were by no means disposed to give it up.

This young lady of exalted lineage, though not exactly pretty, has an exceedingly agreeable face, and is a great favorite with all who know her. She is now nearly three-and-twenty—old enough, therefore, to know her own mind—and it is said that she is the one of the Empress's three daughters who inherits most of the maternal energy and will. Cling to her romance she did, and, as she had a second champion in her English grandmother, there was strong reason for believing that she would eventually have her own way in spite of Kaiser, Czar, or even the Iron Chancellor himself.

After many delays, the visit to England by the widowed Empress and her daughters was allowed to take place, and everybody believed that some decisive result would follow this conference between the Victorias.

According to present accounts, the affair appears definitely arranged; for, just as this article goes to press, that most inveterate of gossips—the ocean telegraph—announces the betrothal of Alexander and the princess, and adds that the marriage will probably shortly take place at Windsor.

Let us hope that the assertion will prove correct, and that the hero and heroine may be very happy—it is pleasant, occasionally, to have a romance in real life end as fortunately as it does in a really artistic novel.

Then, too, when a hundred years hence the next century's historians dispassionately review the records of our age, the triumph of the three Victorias over potentates and politicians will make a chapter so delightful, that, though one may not expect to read it, one wants at least to feel sure it will be written.

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UNTIL DEATH US DO PART.

BY W. W. BLACK.

I

Oh, the inexpressible dreariness of this late December afternoon!

The aspect of the sky, and the cold north-easterly wind that blows remorselessly, indicate a heavy fall of snow before many hours are over.

It is almost five o'clock when the London express stops at the little station of Briarly and deposits two passengers. The first is a young girl. As she descends from a second-class carriage and apparently has no luggage, the porter gives her only a passing glance and hurries on to the assistance of a tall man struggling to extricate numerous rugs and gun-cases from under the seat of a first-class carriage. The man is remarkably handsome. He is broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and has a strong clear voice to correspond.

The porter, taking possession of his traps, carries them to a smart dog-cart which stands near by, while their owner walks leisurely down the platform, and, after nodding to the station-master, enters the small waiting-room. The dusk is gathering, and everything is of a cold gray color, both cheerless and discouraging, while the bitter wind howls and whistles round the small station.

The girl who had got out of the train is talking earnestly with the station-master.

"How far is it to Corston Rectory? Can I walk there?"

Her articulation is very distinct.

"Well, it is a good seven miles," rejoins the man, good-naturedly, "and the road is mighty dreary."

The girl's face for one moment is turned toward the fire, and on it is an expression of absolute despair. She looks slender and frail and little fitted to face on foot the piercing wind and cold. Jack Carrington's face shows no interest whatever. I doubt if he has listened to the conversation. He begins to draw on his gloves, having observed through the window that the porter has all his luggage stowed safely away in the back of the cart.

"I suppose they did not think I could get here so soon, and they have not sent for me. What shall I do? I do not know the way, and my father is dying."

Mr. Carrington pauses and darts a quick glance toward her. The accent is despairing, and she sat down, clasping her hands in mute agony, but her great dark eyes are tearless.

For a moment, the station-master regards her pitifully, and his faded blue eyes begin to grow somewhat misty. She is so young and helpless.

Then he says, hesitatingly:

"This gentleman is going on to Corston Park, three miles farther. Perhaps he wouldn't mind giving you a lift. He passes right by the rectory gate."

Carrington meets the gaze of two large sad eyes, which turn to him as the station-master finishes his speech.

"Yes, yes, I'll take her," Carrington says, abruptly. "Have you any luggage?" lifting his hat slightly, but scarcely looking at the girl.

"Nothing but this," she says, rising and laying her hand on a small traveling-bag, "and, if it will inconvenience you, I can leave it behind."

"Oh, no!" he says, calls the porter, and hands him the bag.

The groom, who has been kept waiting so long, betrays more surprise than a perfectly trained servant should, on seeing his master escort a lady out of the waiting-room and help her into the dog-cart.

As they drive away through the dusk, Mr. Carrington looks well at his companion's face for the first time. He sees that the features are small and finely cut, and almost like marble in their pallor. It is a beautiful face.

"Aren't you cold?" he asks, at last noticing she is thinly clad, and his deep voice startles her into looking up.

"Yes," she says, and shivers. "I came away in a hurry, and brought no shawl."

He turns to the man behind.

"Hand me a couple of those rugs."

Without any demur, she lets him wrap one around her shoulders, and cover her feet with the other. Then again there is total silence.

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On and on they drive through the desolate country. The man's ruddy complexion becomes blue from the intense cold, but the girl's pallor never varies. There is no hurry, no impatience about her; and yet she is going on an errand of life and death. Most women would be full of anxious eager inquiries as to distance and time, but this girl does not ask a single question.

"You have only one mile more," he says, at length, moved by pity to break the silence. A quick glance from the grave eyes, and a quiet "Thank you," are the only answer.

Some minutes later, Carrington draws rein at the rectory. The groom springs to the horse's head, and Carrington lifts her down.

The small gate is opened by a stout maid-servant, who takes possession of the lady's bag.

"I thank you very much for your kindness," she says, and the gate closed after her slight form.

Carrington, springing back into the cart, gathers up the reins and drives rapidly on in the heavy gloom of the winter's night.

II.

ALTHOUGH it is still early in March, fashionable people are already beginning to assemble in town. Mrs. Wickham's husband being an M.P., she has come up early to the great house in Belgrave Square, and this year, contrary to her usual custom, she has brought the children with her.

It is Sunday afternoon. The rays of the setting sun gleam through the windows of the great drawing-room and linger lovingly on the little group gathered there. The two oldest girls are making tea for Mrs. Wickham, and she watches them with an indulgent smile wreathing her beautiful mouth. Uncle Jack has come in, and papa will surely appear in a few minutes.

"Dorothy is having tea with Miss Vernon. She is quite too young to come downstairs yet awhile," Eva remarks, with great complacency, giving the fire a vigorous poke with the tongs.

Jack smothers a laugh and gets up to lean his elbow on the mantel.

"And who is Miss Vernon, Eva?"

Mrs. Wickham answers from the depths of her easy-chair:

"She is the new governess—I told you about her. She is a charming girl. Her father and mother are both dead, and she, poor thing, is left to make her own way in the world. Her father died lately. He was a clergyman in the South of England, and her mother was an Italian."

The door opens at this moment, and Mr. Wickham makes his appearance. Both little girls bound toward him, and he is installed with great ceremony in the largest arm-chair in the room.

"What is this Margerite tells me about the yacht being made ready for you? You are surely not going away again, Jack?" asks Mr. Wickham.

"No, no, Uncle Jack," chimes in Eva's shrill tones, "you mustn't go; all fashionable people stay the season in town. Don't they, mamma?"

Here they all laugh, and Mr. Wickham at the moment makes no further mention of the projected departure. He turns to his wife.

"Where's Miss Vernon, Margerite? Haven't you had any music yet?"

"I was just thinking I would send for her. But you know she is so very shy, and she always tries to avoid meeting any stranger. Perhaps I'd better go, instead of sending one of the servants," and Mrs. Wickham rises and leaves the room.

Presently the door is pushed open by a beautiful child of five years of age, who runs quickly in, leaving it ajar. Mr. Carrington, glancing beyond, sees Miss Vernon, and a surprised look dawns in his handsome eyes. The new governess and the companion of his drive to Corston that cold night three months ago are the same. She does not glance toward him as he stands on the hearth-rug.

Looking at her employer, she says, in the clear distinct voice Jack remembers so well:

"Mrs. Wickham sent me down to sing."

"Miss Vernon, my brother-in-law, Mr. Carrington," says Mr. Wickham, with a wave of his shapely hand in the direction of the fireplace.

She bows without looking at the face of the gentleman named. Seating herself at the piano, she sings some quaint old hymns with words of her own setting. Then, after striking a few heavy chords, she sings passionate songs of the South, songs her mother taught her when she was a child.

Her voice is wonderfully clear and true; Mrs. Wickham has returned to the room, and, in the dusk, stretches out her hand and touches the governess's shoulder.

"You are tired; thank you, that is enough."

Jack Carrington crosses the room and stands by his sister's chair. When he speaks for the first time, Miss Vernon starts, and, lifting her eyes, looks full at him. Is it a quick look of recognition which flashes across her face, or only a shadow from the flickering fire?

Presently a servant brings lights, and Miss Vernon and the children withdraw.

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After the closing door has shut out the slender black-robed form and the happy-hearted children, Jack tells his sister how he drove Miss Vernon that winter evening to the rectory at Corston.

III.

It is very hot in the school-room this summer afternoon. Miss Vernon has sent the children out with the nurse to walk under the trees in the garden of the square, and is reclining on the wide sofa in the half-darkened room. The noise in the square seems to increase, and the sun beats with intense heat down on the closed Venetian blinds. Her temples throb tumultuously, and her hands are dry with a burning fever. It is so very warm. "Come in," she says, in answer to a knock. She does not open her eyes, thinking it is a servant with some message. However, as no words are uttered, and the door is gently closed, the heavily fringed eyelids are slowly lifted. Seeing it is Mr. Carrington, Marion rises in some confusion.

"I beg your pardon," she says, hurriedly.

Jack draws a chair near the sofa, and sits down.

"I dropped in to lunch, and heard you had a headache. You will excuse my coming up, will you not? My sister said you would not mind."

"Oh, no; how can I mind, when people are so very kind to me?" and the dark eyes of Marion meet the blue ones of Jack, but they gave no answer to the mute question portrayed so plainly on his face. There is silence for a few minutes, except for the drowsy hum of voices below and the buzzing of a fly on the window. Jack draws his chair farther behind the sofa, where he can only see his companion's face in profile.

"Miss Vernon, I have something I wish very much to tell you, and I am going to ask you to decide a question on which all my life's happiness depends."

For one moment, her serious eyes are turned toward him. All his life's happiness depends on her answer! Whatever it may be, God help her to decide justly!

He continues rapidly:

"You have never heard that I was married?"

Marion starts, and her hands clasp each other tightly.

"I suppose it is scarcely the sort of story to tell you. I was married for almost six years, and then the woman I called my wife ran away with my most intimate friend." After a slight pause, during which neither moves, Jack goes on: "Of course, I am a free man now; free, in the eyes of the world and the eyes of the law, to marry again. This is the first chapter in my life," he says, bitterly. "A while ago, it is not so very long—" Jack pauses again, and his voice trembles for the first time—"I met someone whom I believe I love as honestly and sincerely as man ever loved woman."

Surely, Marion Vernon's face alters strangely. Her hands are tightly clasped still, and her slender form is perfectly upright; but her mobile features assume the rigidity of stone, and her breath comes fast and quick as though her panting young heart would burst its bonds. Jack does not see, for his eyes are fixed on the gray wall opposite, fit emblem of his barren life.

"Miss Vernon, I dare not tell her that I love her. I think she is a woman who would say that the words spoken at the altar, 'Till death us do part,' are words which no earthly tribunal can set aside. Will you tell me what you think?"

The question is very quietly put, but there is a strange light in Jack's eyes. The clock on the mantel ticks loudly, and some children playing in the square shout with laughter.

"Mr. Carrington, I am a strange person to ask; but I will tell you what I think. Does the woman you love know you have a wife living?"

Surely any child would have understood the emphatic look and tone.

"Yes, I have told her."

"And she loves you?" What a world of regret in her low voice!

An expression of intense pain crosses the stern face of the man.

"I do not know that she loves me. She has never shown it in any way."

"Then," cries Marion, and her young voice sounds clear as a bell through the still room, "never tell her that you love her. If she did love you, now that she knows your wife is living, she will crush down her love and keep her self-respect. Yes, 'Till death us do part' is the way a good woman understands marriage."

Jack's heart is torn with anguish, but he is not even tempted to upbraid her for her seeming cruelty. There is a look of infinite sweetness and pity in her dark eyes as she adds:

"I am sorry for you; oh, so very sorry! Perhaps it will all come right some day, and you can tell this woman of your love, and it will not be a reproach to your manhood."

He cannot, he dares not, look at the sweet face turned toward him; and she, rising quietly, leaves the room.

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IV.

After dinner, Mrs. Wickham sends for Marion to come to her dressing-room.

"My dear, I sent for you because I am quite alone. I declare, it is too trying for anything to be the wife of an M.P. One might almost as well be a widow. But what do these mean? I thought you said your headache was better." With a gentle and caressing hand, she touched the dark rings under the girl's eyes.

Miss Vernon, from the seat she has taken at Mrs. Wickham's feet, makes some inarticulate reply and softly smooths the plump white hand of the kindly woman.

"Marion, Jack tells me that he has told you all about his troubles, and you have opposed the wish dearest to my heart. Child, you are extremely cruel; you do not know what a true heart you have sent away from the woman he loves. He is going off in the yacht next week, and we never can tell how long he will be gone."

Marion is silent, motionless. Mrs. Wickham continues:

"If you knew what a life he has led from the time he was married—and yet, poor fellow, he has always been so patient. If you could know him as I do, then, indeed, you would pity him. Child, what did you say to him?"

The girl's head is proudly erect, and the low voice is clear and firm:

"No doubt I was wrong. The woman whom he loves may think differently from me. Yet I told him what I thought was right, because he asked me. But, even if this woman does not marry your brother, it may make her happier to know that he loves her—yes, I am certain it would, and she would understand—"

Marion does not see a figure pause in the half-open doorway, for her eyes are turned toward the distant sky, and she is wondering vaguely if it were a possible thing to overcome and live down a great love.

Jack speaks from out the twilight:

"Marion, it is you I love!"

What a world of sadness and yearning in the words! Swiftly she looks toward him, and a beautiful light shines in her eyes. Coming toward her as she rises from her chair, Jack folds her passionately in his strong arms, and turns her sweet face up to his.

"Say good-bye," he pleads, and in his voice there is a great despair.

Marion's glorious eyes, radiant with emotion, gleam like stars.

"I did not know—I never could have thought that it was I you loved!" and then the sorrow in his face wrings her heart, and, passing her slim hand lingeringly, lovingly, over his eyes, she adds:

"You have told her that you love her—she understands; yes, understands thoroughly."

Marion shrinks out of his arms; and he, kneeling beside her, bids her a farewell for years of which she is happily unconscious.

V.

The wind is just as keen, and the clouds just as leaden and gray, and the little station of Briarly just the same as it was in December three years ago. Marion Vernon thinks it must be all a dream, as she descends from the London express which discharges the Wickhams and their luggage. They have come down to Corston to spend Christmas, and have brought with them the three children, maid, nurse, and French governess. Jack's letter of invitation has included the whole family, but without making any allusion to the past. Jack has been in England since early in the autumn, but has not visited his brother-in-law's house.

In November, the newspapers announced a death which left Jack free, but Mrs. Wickham has never told Marion, leaving her brother to arrange his affairs in his own way; but Jack has made no sign, and Miss Vernon is still ignorant of the truth.

Marion is scarcely altered since we saw her last. The grave sweet smile and earnest eyes are just the same, while, perhaps, her manners are less shy.

They are hardly landed on the platform to-day, when Mr. Carrington comes through the door of the station. Again Marion thinks it all must be a dream.

Is it only her fancy, or has he greatly changed—grown happier, younger, with a look of life and hope in his face, such as she has never seen there before? His voice thrills her and brings quick tears to her eyes, as he utters a hearty "Welcome, everybody." He recognizes Marion and mademoiselle with a courteous bow, almost too formal, and Marion returns it with a very slight inclination of her proudly set little head. This is how they meet after a long separation. He might have given her a warmer greeting. She turns away from the happy family group with a heavy heart.

It takes some time to settle the nurse and children in the carriage; then Mrs. Wickham suddenly discovers that one of her traveling-shawls is missing.

"Marion dear, will you just look for it? It must be in the waiting-room."

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Marion goes to look for the missing wrap, and comes back with it almost directly; but, in her absence, the carriage has become too full to hold her. As she hands the shawl to Mrs. Wickham, that kind but artful little woman apologetically says:

"You won't mind driving home with my brother, will you, dear?"

Marion casts a surprised look toward Mr. Carrington, who is very busily arranging some rugs.

"Will you go inside to the fire until I am ready?" he asks, and there is a queer glint in his blue eyes as they look down into hers.

She watches him through the window while he unrolls great fur rugs and settles everything comfortably, wondering vaguely why he takes so much trouble. At last he opens the door, saying curtly:

"I am ready," and she, gathering her wraps about her, goes outside. Mr. Carrington helps her into the phaeton and carefully wraps the furs about her.

"You can go home in the cart with the luggage," he says to the groom, as he gathers up the reins.

The silence is unbroken for some time, though Jack glances frequently at his companion's face. Finally, leaning slightly toward Marion, he says:

"Do you remember the first time we drove over this road?"

"Yes," she falters.

Jack boldly passes his arm about her. She looks at him with a frightened piteous pleading in her eyes that goes straight to his heart.

"Darling, I have the right to tell you now, for that—I am free. I made you drive with me to-night, because I wanted to ask you to be my wife. I have loved you so long without any hope, child. Are you changed, and have you nothing to say to me?"

At first, she shrinks from him; but, as he speaks, she yields herself to his arm. She does not utter a single word, but looks up at him with a pure and holy light on her face, and Jack bends his head and presses his lips to hers, tenderly, reverently.

So, under the cold December sky, they plight their troth; and, as he draws Marion close to his side, Jack says gravely, while his eyes are radiant with happiness:

"To love, honor, and cherish thee till death us do part."

THE TRUTH.

BY MAUDE S. PEASLEE.

What will it matter, by-and-by,
Whether the skies have been dark or clear,
Whether your heart or mine was true,
Whether my eyes have a smile or tear?

I do not say that my love will last
Through the weary years I must walk alone;
I only know there was a time
My love and life were all your own.

When the fair blue sky took a brighter hue,
If I could but feel your presence near;
And my heart kept time to the happy thought
That spring, with its sweet bright hopes, was here.

But time sped on, with its changes sure.
Does it pain you too, to recall the past?
You need not grieve—I never wished
To hold a love that could not last.

You need not blame yourself alone;
I can touch your hand with never a sigh.
The fault was in nature. We might have known
That you would change—and so would I.

AWAKEN!

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND.

"Life is real," sings the poet,
Life is earnest, life is strong;
Grasp the truth and learn to know it,
Hold it as you march along.
Not in drifting, not in dreaming,
Is the good of life attained;
Not by shadows, not by seeming,
Is the truth of life maintained.

'Wake from Lotos-eaters' sighing,
Leave the amaranth and palm;
Let not priceless moments, flying,
Find you mildewed thick with calm:
Strike the note of high endeavor;
Sound it with exultant youth;
Make its chords to ring forever,
Vibrant from the harp of truth.

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A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, AUTHOR OF "A LEGAL FETTER," "LUCK OF ASHMEAD," "A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER," ETC.

PART I.—THE WAGER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was very still in Mr. Myrick's library; the sun shone in long rays across the room, upon the rows of books, reflecting light from the polished furniture. Even Mr. Myrick's dry old law-books caught a portion of the sunny smile on their dusty backs, and not a little of the merry beam shone on the bright curling brown hair of Laurence Owen, as he bent over his desk. But he did not raise his head or move his papers, the glare from which must have dazzled him. His pen scratched on, as if his task were deep and serious in its nature.

Probably much of his conduct may be explained when it is added that, well out of the sunlight, perched on the highest step of the library-ladder, sat Miss Ruth Myrick, watching him with furtive glances, while she made a great pretense of looking over a book. Her glance betrayed so much mischief, that it was not hard to decide that a sharp battle had preceded this ominous silence.

Ruth Myrick—or "Rue," as she was usually dubbed—knew she had no right in her father's sanctum, tormenting this young law-student, and still less had she authority to be poring over Dumas, George Sand, and Balzac in that forbidden corner.

Mr. Myrick's office was in his private residence; but he certainly never intended that, with all of the elegant mansion at her command, his pretty daughter should thus invade his domain. But there is an old adage: "When the cat is away, the mice will play"; and Rue Myrick, her black eyes dancing and every feature brimming over with mirth, was a truthful illustration of the maxim. She was evidently enjoying the situation, and had utterly routed the enemy—Laurence Owen, the young law-student—in the late encounter. She had a method in the maddest flights of frivolity, and, to-day, the solving of her problem was no more to be found in Balzac or Dumas than in the French dictionary. She had ere this translated Mr. Laurence Owen into plain English, and she felt she could rule him with a thread of silk. She came. to-day, to turn her influence to account.

To be sure, the hot discussion on the propriety of her reading George Sand seemed a doubtful preface to her hopes; but she was a stanch little soldier. She knew the value of an unconditional surrender later. Suddenly, she dropped the volume she held; she gave a little exclamation, then said:

"Mr. Owen, won't you pick up my book?"

No reply but the pen's busy scratch on the paper.

"Mr. Owen—please! I cannot get down and come up the ladder again."

"I do not wish to be disobliging, Miss Myrick, but I certainly shall not pick it up, except to restore it to the shelf." He spoke quickly, as he raised firm gray eyes to meet her glance.

"Oh, dear—why should I not read French novels? Have you read them all, that you know so much about them?" in an artfully pensive tone and pouting childishly, as she gazed down at the book.

"I have read enough, and know that of which I speak."

"Did you read in French?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, then," delightedly, "you must have got the very worst of them. I'll tell you something, if you will promise not to scold me. You are so cross to-day."

"I am exceedingly busy, and have little time to trifle."

"Then I will not tell you, if I have to sit here all night." And Miss Myrick stamped her small foot on the step of the ladder in sudden wrath.

"I am not too busy to help you out of temptation if you wish to descend," he said, smiling; and the radiance completely changed his fair young face.

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"Thank you, Mr. Owen. You read French, then?"

"Yes."

"I do not know one word of French," she drawled, slowly.

He flushed up to his forehead.

"These books are all in French," she continued, with a mocking glance, "and I could not read a word if I tried."

"Why, Miss Myrick—"

"Now, I am not so very naughty—am I? Do hand me up that dusty old book, and then you may help me down."

"But, Miss Myrick, for half an hour you have led me to suppose that you wished to read—"

"Have you not learned what a frivolous creature I am? 'Shure, I was only tazin',' as your countrywomen have it, Mr. Owen."

He looked a little bewildered as he stooped to get the book, and his youthful face took on another rosy glow at her reference to his Irish blood. His youth and blushes gave but slight index to the strength of purpose and character he possessed; and, alas! he was indeed as wax under the hands of this bewildering little damsel. She loved to call the color to his face and watch the play of emotion on his features.

"Confess," she said, as she slid the volume into place and glanced down at him, "you would like to know what brought me here if my motive was not mischief."

"If it is your pleasure, mam'zelle, I should be glad to know," he replied.

"I came because I knew papa had gone to South Walsingham and would not be here. I wanted to see you—alone."

At this audacious statement, Mr. Owen looked more amazed than before.

"Don't stare at me that way—it is not polite," she said, a little sharply. "Besides, your nose is not Grecian enough to make a good curve with your chin at that angle."

"I beg your pardon—I will not look at you. Though, how can I help it?" in a despairing tone.

"I made the book an excuse to test your mood. If you had been good-natured, I should have preferred a request; as it is, I shall not dare to do so."

"Miss Myrick, I am as serene as a summer day and devoured with curiosity," he replied, eagerly.

"No; I am completely cowed by the fire of your eye, just now, when I referred to your native land."

"Miss Myrick, if you do not make known your request at once, I positively refuse to help you down."

"As if that mattered in the least! Goodness, was that the office-door? Someone coming in here?"

"It is more than probable. I have been expecting Mrs. Loder from Avon all the afternoon. Your father is trying to get her a pension."

"Oh! let me down. Help me, quickly. She must not find me here; she is the greatest old gossip in the county."

"Will you tell me what you wished me to do?"

"That is not fair. She is coming—Laurence, please help me, or I shall fall."

He laughed right merrily.

"You are too late. Sit still; I will throw something over you, and, if you keep quiet, you are so high she will never see you."

He caught a cover from a side-table as he spoke, and threw it over her just as the door opened and the lady in question entered. She was a slight female, clad in black, with a countenance indicative of curiosity. She evidently felt a certain stir in the atmosphere of the room, and looked about a little suspiciously. But Mr. Owen was calmly at her service, making Mr. Myrick's absence understood and explaining the details of her affairs very clearly. Mrs. Loder was rather dense in comprehending, and Laurence, moreover, was so polite and patient, that she became interested in him and prolonged her call. Finally she arose to depart, and Rue drew a long breath of relief; the visitor had not even glanced her way.

"I presume," said Mrs. Loder, "Mr. Myrick has gone to South Walsingham about that will of old Mr. Morris's. Seems as if men couldn't die nowadays without doing strange things by their own children." She spoke with a whine.

"Mr. Myrick is the executor of the Morris will, but I do not know why he went to South Walsingham."

"I heard that old Morris left every cent to his second wife, and his son Eric won't have a stiver."

"Ah!"

"Well, Providence's ways are queer and not accordin' to straight lines—more inclined to cross-cuts and biases," said she, piously. "But it does seem hard to cut off his own son, and leave a legacy to Mr. Myrick, his lawyer. Folks is talkin' of it at Avon, and the 'Brompton Courier' has an article of two pages on it. Did you see it?" scanning the youth's face closely.

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"Eric Morris is a dear friend of mine. I cannot discuss his griefs quietly; yet I do not think he will strive to break the will," was the reply.

"They do say he is engaged to marry his step-sister, Kate Gifford."

"That is true."

"Well, it does beat the Jews, the way some folks manage. Lettin' girls engage themselves to whipper-snappers without a cent. But catch Lawyer Myrick lettin' his daughter throw herself away, if he has to fix it all up, like old man Myddleton did, over to Avon. I hear Miss Myrick is to be married to Captain Leland in June."

"I am sorry to hurry you, Mrs. Loder," said Laurence Owen, hastily, seeing a dangerous movement on the ladder, "but I am very much engaged just now—upon—"

"A—ca—chew!"

It was a clear resounding sneeze, and it came from the ladder, but little smothered by the folds of the table-cover. At the same moment, Rue Myrick threw aside the cloth and descended the steps. Mrs. Loder gave a great start.

"For lands' sake! Ruth Myrick, what do you mean by scaring folks so? How came you up there on that high-falutin' ladder?"

"I have been there all the time, Mrs. Loder," was the demure reply, enjoying the situation. "I heard all you said of papa and of me!"

"How did you come there?"

"I came to hunt a book of reference. We are studying the thought totality of the empirical finite in our literary class. Mr. Owen was directing me to a fruitful source of information on this subject."

"Ruth Myrick! I never should have supposed—and your grandmother a good Quaker. Well, this earth is aquiver with depravity. The idea of those heathen things you talk about, and sitting on ladders discoursing to young men. How does the captain like that?"

"Captain Leland has no control over my actions at present. To prove this to you, I do not mind telling you I am going to the concert to-night with Mr. Owen."

A light broke over Laurence's face. This was the request she was about to make, to ask him to share Mr. Myrick's seats at the concert that night. What was her motive? Dearly as he loved her, he felt she had some reason other than her pleasure in asking him. He did not glance at her; but, while pride whispered caution, hope was rampant in his heart.

"You be careful, Rue Myrick, or you will pick up a crooked stick at last," said Mrs. Loder. "Good-day, Mr. Owen; thank you for your kindness. You are as perfect a gentleman as I ever met, and some day I hope to see you with a good steady wife, and none of these fluttering, fizzling butterflies of girls. Good-day!"

And Mrs. Loder departed.

"I hope you will profit by her advice, Mr. Owen," said Rue.

"Thanks. But why did you perpetrate that unrighteous sneeze?"

"I was afraid she would say something dreadful about me. Besides, I wanted to frighten the old thing. Talking in that manner, as if papa expected to sell me to the highest bidder!"

"I confess I feared the old lady might annoy you by further comment, so I tried to hasten her. But tell me: why do you wish me to go with you to-night?"

"It was a favor I longed, yet feared to ask."

"You only feared because you thought I would question your motive in asking me. I can only consent, provided you tell me why I am chosen."

"Do you ask the wind whence it blows?"

"No, we know that acts according to natural laws."

"And I?"

"You are a law unto yourself, and often remind me of an evil wind that blows nobody good."

"Thanks! you are complimentary. Let me pass, please."

She made an effort to do so, but he placed himself in her way.

"I was rude—pardon me," he said. "I would be glad to go with you to-night, but I entreat you to tell me—"

"I can tell you nothing more than I have already told you. You are exacting, and refuse me my one request. Let me pass!"

At this moment, Rue's maid opened the library-door.

"Your father is home, Miss Myrick, and Miss Gifford is with him."

"Very well, Fanny. I will come."

As the servant disappeared, she turned to Laurence again.

"And you refuse me, Mr. Owen?"

"No, no! no matter how unfairly you win my consent, I would count the world well lost for your sake, willful lovely little woman that you are!"

His voice sank to a whisper, and he kissed passionately her dimpled hand. At the same

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moment, the door opened and Mr. Myrick appeared on the threshold.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Myrick kept his stand, a merry twinkle in his eye as he beheld Laurence's blushing confusion. But Rue went up to her father, raising her face for his kiss, and meeting his glance with one of equal amusement.

"What are you doing here, may I ask?" demanded Mr. Myrick. "Helping Laurence conjugate verbs, instead of following the delights of Blackstone?"

"I came in pursuit of knowledge, and then we were just rehearsing the scene of a little play we have in hand," explained Rue, demurely.

"Humph! 'An old way to pay new debts,' I suppose. But it may terminate in a 'School for Scandal.' I met Mrs. Loder just now, and she informed me Mr. Owen said he was very much engaged, and she presumed it was to my daughter, since Miss Myrick was in the library looking up total finances." Mr. Myrick spoke good-naturedly, but with covert sarcasm. His keen eye read Laurence's face like an open book.

"Oh! the miserable old creature!" cried Rue, and she forthwith related the adventure.

"Well, go to Kate now," said Mr. Myrick, after listening and laughing. "Poor girl, she is completely unstrung by her troubles. It is a sad thing to have mother and lover at variance. Run along, little sinner, and do not let me hear of your trespassing again," and he kissed her tenderly and held the door open. She flashed one bewildering glance upon Laurence, and departed.

Speeding down the hall, she entered a large reception-room, and embraced rapturously a young girl who stood awaiting her.

"Kate, dear Kate, how glad I am you came back with papa. I have so much to tell you, and—but I forgot!" and Rue paused, touching her friend's black dress, and growing suddenly grave.

"Oh, don't!" cried the other, with a shrug of disdain and distress. "I cannot help it—I do not feel any great grief. I wear it because I must, for mother's and Eric's sake. But I hate it. He was not my father."

"I know it, Kate dear; but, if you love Eric—"

"True, true, Ruth; but, when I think how, after apparently forgiving Eric what he chose to consider his past offenses, and after Eric's devotion up to the moment of his death, to make a will bequeathing everything to my mother, and leaving Eric penniless—it was too hard. I was dependent enough on mamma's whims, and now I am utterly at her mercy, and Eric powerless to save me. You know what mamma is."

"Come, Kate dear, suppose we go to my room, where we can talk undisturbed. The black is very becoming to you, Kitty, if that consoles you any," and Rue glanced with admiration at the fair face, with the shining hair, rendered more striking by the sombre garb.

"You see, dear," Rue continued, as on reaching her dainty boudoir she gently removed Katharine's bonnet and wrap, "if your mother were not your mother, and one of nature's freaks besides; and Eric were not your step-brother as well as fiancé; if the late Mr. Morris had not been your mother's second husband, and a very irate tantalizing old gentleman, I might be able to talk of them to you more freely. As it is, I naturally feel a little delicacy—"

"Rue! you are as incorrigible as ever. You know I do not care a rap what you say about any of them."

"Not if I said Eric was a 'perverse young idiot to fall in love with you'?"

"You will please not quote the late Mr. Morris!" said Kate, smiling.

"Tell me all about it, Kitty," and Rue settled herself comfortably in order to listen.

"It was bad enough when Eric's father disinherited him. An only child—and having committed no offense worthy of such severe condemnation. I loved him then, poor boy! Three months before Mr. Morris's death, he recalled Eric, even forgave his engagement to me, and all seemed peace and serenity. But, when your father read the will, after the funeral, we found Mr. Morris had only added a codicil to the old will, in which he left my mother every cent he possessed, except a large legacy to your father. The codicil left Eric the picture of his mother that always hung in the east bed-chamber, Eric's old room, at 'Elland.' It makes mamma's fortune immense. A hundred and eightyfive thousand, besides all my own father left her. Your father's legacy, of course, did not amount to much, taken from such an estate."

"Papa did not tell me—" began Rue, then stopped, remembering Mrs. Loder's peculiar tone when mentioning this legacy.

"Of course, Eric feels very sore over it, but was endeavoring to make the best of it, when mamma referred, without any tact, to former trouble existing between Eric and his father. A rather unpleasant scene occurred, and I took

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Eric's side. Mamma then said that, if I persisted in clinging to him in his poverty, I need expect no consent or aid from her in the matter. Consequently, although in the same house, we have not spoken for days."

"Delightful! I am glad I have no mother," said Rue.

"Oh! don't say that," cried Kate, tears filling her eyes; "all mothers are not like mine, nor did mine use to be like this. She loves me, but she hates Eric. Oh! Rue, sometimes I feel nearly heart-broken," and she hid her face and sobbed aloud.

"Kate dear, forgive me," cried Rue, remorsefully. "I always sympathize too much or too little."

"To crown it all, Eric goes abroad, to be absent a long time."

"No!"

"He had the position offered him before he knew of his father's illness. His late professorship has fitted him for filling a post on a Government expedition. He can carry on his newspaper work with it. It is a splendid thing for Eric."

"When does he leave?"

"In ten days. I wonder you have not heard about it, because Eric has been wild to have Larry Owen go with him, as there is a place under Eric still vacant."

"'Larry' Owen!" repeated Rue, with an odd little smile. "You must know him well."

"Oh, yes! he was Eric's most intimate friend at school and college. I used to meet him every summer, when we went to join Eric. Then he was several times at his aunts', the Misses Owen—but you happened always to be away. He is a dear boy—I wondered a little at his being in your father's office."

"Papa told me that, though a relative of the South Walsingham Owens, he was dependent on his own exertions; poor as a church mouse."

"Why, he is the nephew of the two old ladies—Miss Jean and her sister. He is the son of the brother who ran away with a governess before they came to America. His mother died when he was born, and I fancy his childhood was rather a checkered one. His aunts fairly worship him, however," Kate concluded.

"Do you think they adore him to the extent of leaving him their fortune?" Rue asked.

"I had a confused remembrance, from something Eric told me, that Larry was really Arthur Owen's heir," rejoined Kate.

"Nonsense!" cried Rue, with decision. "Papa said that was only a foolish report. The old ladies may love him, but they never forget his mother's blood. The Owens are very proud. By the way, Kate, I must leave you this evening. I am engaged to go to a concert with Mr. Owen. You will not think me rude?"

"I would not interfere for the world. Besides, Eric is coming, and for the first time in a week we will have an undisturbed conversation. It was good of your father to ask me to visit you now, because he knew Eric would be in Brompton until his departure."

"Papa is a brick," said Rue, cheerfully.

"Rue!" Kate spoke, after a silence during which her hostess had been adjusting a miniature piece of court-plaster near the dimple in her chin. She started at the abrupt sound of her name, crying:

"Oh! Kate, you made me jump, and I have got it all on one side. Why will you startle one in that fashion?"

"Rue, I hope you are not flirting with Laurence Owen," Kate went on, regardless of the expostulation.

"No, I am not. He is flirting with me. 'My heart's most broke wid him,' as Biddy used to say."

"Because," continued Kate, "he is as innocent as a lamb about women. Eric fancied he was a little altered when he last saw him, and I have heard your names coupled very often of late."

"He is an unsophisticated babe," said Rue, pensively. "Kate, I have three varieties in admirers at present. Captain Leland—all boldness and dash; Oliver Murray, sedate and middle-aged; and Laurence Owen, young, foolish, and enthusiastic."

"And you, Rue—you care for—"

"I do not care for any one of the trio. They are amusing; still, they bore me at times! I could have any one of them, and I will have none."

"Naughty Rue! Eric says you overestimate your power."

"When did Eric Morris say that?" demanded Rue, frowning.

"He was speaking of Larry's case. I said you were a sad flirt, and he laughed and said you always overestimated your power of captivating"

"Did you believe him, Kate?" she asked, quickly.

"Ah, you little fury! The truth is out; you do care for Larry, then?"

"Not I," Rue spoke, almost harshly. Then, assuming a rich Irish brogue, she added: "Och, it's meself that would have a foine name—Mrs. Larry Owen. Do you think I want the loikes of that?"

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Kate laughed in spite of herself.

"Wait until you are asked," she said, recovering her gravity.

"No, I won't," rejoined Rue, coolly. "I will prove to you this night that Laurence Owen loves me. I will wager you a box of French candy against anything you and Eric will offer, that, before I retire to-night, Laurence will ask me to be his wife."

"Nonsense, Rue. He has nothing to marry on, and he is not a fool."

"Nevertheless, I will win my wager. Do you accept the terms?"

"You are not in earnest," Kate exclaimed, in a puzzled tone.

"I look on Eric's speech as a challenge! I am very much in earnest, I assure you!"

"Rue, it would be wicked!" pleaded Kate.

"Gloves against candy—I need a new pair!"

"Gloves, then; but I know you will lose."

"Thank you! And now, it is almost dinner-time. Shall we go down?"

CHAPTER III.

Even from the little the reader has seen of Miss Ruth Myrick, it will not be hard to understand that she was willfully in earnest regarding her wager. Never having known a mother's care, she had lived a "law unto herself" for the nineteen years of her life. Her father, a shrewd lawyer, idolized his pretty daughter, and, as she grew in grace and beauty, flattered himself she also had the same imperturbable heart as his own. He was a man who reached for what he wanted, and, if his hand failed to attain it in one way, he did not hesitate to compass his end in a more adroit manner.

He had the reputation of being a scrupulously honest lawyer, however, and was said to be very wealthy, albeit there had been ugly rumors at one time of heavy speculations terminating in losses. This legacy from the Morris estate would prove a windfall certainly, sweeping away some of the difficulties that had recently beset him.

He was proud of Ruth's conquests, and felt not a whit of sympathy for the rejected suitors; least of all did he regard Laurence Owen: he was so young and penniless as to be out of the question. Mr. Myrick did not take into consideration the fact that, under her worldly exterior, Ruth had a truthful heart, inherited from that sweet mother who had left friends and luxury to join her life to that of the then struggling briefless lawyer.

Kate was not long in imparting to Eric Morris Rue's venturesome wager. Rue was dressing for the concert when Eric arrived; and, after the first rapturous greeting and joy in thus being free to meet alone had passed, Kate laughingly told him. Eric was very indignant, however.

"I thought Rue had more good-sense than to suggest such a thing. I shall warn Larry."

"No, you must not say anything, or you will betray me. Rue is more remorseless than ever, I think."

"Do you know, Kitty, that Miss Jean owned to me, last week, that it is Laurence for whom they hold the Owen estate in trust? He is as yet in ignorance of his large fortune, but his education has been such as to fit him for the position. Miss Jean and her sister have annuities, and, on Larry's coming of age, he will assume control of the property."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. But not a whisper of this yet: she told me in confidence. But Laurence will probably know it now, before a great while; for they want him to go abroad with me."

"Strange! Rue was talking of Larry to-day, and she said he was poor as a church mouse."

"Well, perhaps she was not named 'Rue' in vain," returned Eric. "Larry is so true and so earnest, I cannot bear to have him suffer. He will fall into her trap, I know, poor lad. I am very fond of him."

"You are not willing he should buy his experience. You are very soft-hearted."

"Treason, Kate! Yet I am glad you did not say 'soft-headed.' And now, sweetheart, do you realize that I must leave you for a long while, in just ten days?"

"Eric, I cannot bear to think of it—it breaks my heart."

And then their conversation became so personal, that it would hardly be fair to place it on record.

Rue came into the room, after carefully lingering in the hall and giving a long low whistle of warning.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Eric, as she came in, smiling mischievously.

She was clad in rich velvet and handsome furs, and she looked more distractingly lovely than ever.

"Was I considerate in my approach?" she asked. "It was not just good-breeding to whistle, but I thought you would be grateful. Besides, since the fashion of portières, the conventional rattle of the door-knob is a thing of the past. How well you are looking, Eric."

"Thank you. I may return the compliment. But I hear you are still seeking new fields of conquest."

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"No," she said, demurely; "I overestimate my power. I am in despair, ready to say with Rosalind: 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.'"

Eric laughed, while Kate looked a little shocked.

"Kate has told you of our wager?" she asked.

"Yes. And Rue, if you will permit me—"

"But I will not. And here is Mr. Owen."

True enough, Laurence Owen had just been admitted; and, making a mocking bow to Eric and smiling at Kate, Rue departed with him.

It was an evening of rare pleasure for young Owen. He had already lost his heart. To-night, he bade fair to lose his head also, he was in a delirium of such hope and delight. The music-hall was crowded. Across the intervening seats, Rue felt the glare of Captain Leland's glance, and knew she had attained her purpose in further enraging his jealous heart. It added new zest to the game she was playing and brought a more brilliant light to her beautiful eyes.

On their return to the house, Laurence accepted her invitation to enter, and followed her as one in a dream.

Eric had made his adieu at the traditionally proper hour of ten. The reception-room was deserted. Rue led the way to a cozy apartment beyond, where the fire burned low on the hearth and a soft light from rose-tinted shades shone on a table spread with a dainty tête-à-tête set. Rue tossed aside her wraps and touched a small bell.

"You will have a cup of chocolate with me, Mr. Owen?" she said. "Papa usually awaits my return, and we have it together. I think we must be late, since he and Kate have both retired."

"So late, I think I had best depart," said Laurence, reluctantly.

"No, you must stay. I cannot drink my chocolate alone."

At this moment, the maid entered, bringing the chocolate. Laurence drank his as if it had been ambrosia, because Rue's white fingers dropped the sugar in the cup, as she smiled at him.

"I am actually contemplating going abroad with Eric, Miss Myrick," said he, finally, as he put his cup down.

"You are?" returned Rue, rather absently, remembering her wager.

"I think it would be of untold value to me to see more of the world. Only one hates to leave friends and home for so long."

"We should miss you," she said, softly, glancing at him, then letting her long lashes veil her eyes, while her white teeth caught her lip in momentary embarrassment. The picture was perfect in its way, and none of the effect was lost on the impassioned youth.

He drew nearer, as he said:

"Miss Myrick, make the regret personal—will you not?"

"You wish me to say 'I will miss you'?" she asked. "Yes, it is true: I should miss you very much."

"Thank you," he responded, fervently; "those words mean a great deal to me. Will you consent to say something still more gratifying?"

His voice trembled.

Rue clasped her little white hands over each other, raised her great eyes a moment, and looked at him. The glance spoke volumes more than was in her heart. Alas! that the windows of the soul should serve as a loophole through which are forced our false desires!

"I will try to please you," she murmured, gently.

"Tell me you wish me to stay," he said, earnestly. "For weeks and months, you have been the ideal of all that, to me, is good and beautiful. I see in you the pure soul that aspires to higher things. Oh, Rue, be true to that better self; your words have weight to make or mar my future."

"Mr. Owen—Laurence—I beg—" began Rue, impetuously; for she felt a sudden shame at the part she was acting.

"No, Rue—you must hear me now: In your keeping lies the happiness or misery of my life. Young as I am, your love will give me strength and courage to win fortune and position, for your dear sake. Rue, I love you—the purest holiest feelings of my heart are all yours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAITH.

As the rainbow that brightens the west
Gives pledge of a beautiful morrow,
So the faith that His loved ones find rest
Casts light o'er the heaviest sorrow.

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A STORY WITHOUT A PLOT.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

Poor Kate West! How could she grind a story out of her weary brain that night, when she had already written steadily for many hours? And yet she must try, for writing meant bread and butter to her. She knew too well how difficult it is for a comparatively unknown author to find a sale for his productions, to venture to refuse any opportunity, even though it were not a very profitable one.

Languidly she re-read the open note which she had just received. It was from the publisher of a weekly paper, who occasionally employed her to write sketches on any subject which happened to strike his fancy, and who, from the short time which he allowed her, apparently supposed that she kept ready-written articles, on every imaginable topic, constantly on hand. His present demand was as follows:

"Dear Miss West:

"Please send me by the early post, to-morrow, a short sketch of two or three columns. You can choose your own subject, only let it be something bright and interesting—suitable for warm-weather reading. Respectfully,

"G. N. Sothern."

"Choose my own subject! How very definite!" muttered Kate, sarcastically, as she tossed the note aside. "The earliest post! Then it must be done to-night! And I haven't an idea, nor the ghost of one! I have worked all day on the translation of this French book, because I hadn't energy enough to think of a plot; and now, when I am tired out, I must try to concoct a story!"

"Let me see what time it is," she continued, rising and going to the window, which looked out on a church clock. "Half-past six! Well, I will bathe my face, brush my hair, and take a walk, and perhaps, by the time I come back, I may have something to write about." So saying, she commenced her simple toilet, and was soon ready to go out.

But a walk through crowded city streets is not especially conducive to rest, and Kate returned little brighter than when she started. Sinking into a chair by the open window, she dreamily watched the passers-by or noticed listlessly how one after another of the dark houses looming up on the opposite side of the street would shine out suddenly as the gas was lighted in their various rooms. Gradually she grew interested in watching the house directly in front. A little wistful face had long been pressed close to one of the parlor windows, which was closed, notwithstanding the heat. Kate had noticed the child, and wondered what made her look so sad and lonely. Now, in the dusk, the little creature still stood watching. At last she left the window, and in a moment appeared on the steps, looking eagerly up and down the street.

After a few minutes, however, she went in, and, as she left the parlor-door open, Kate could see her movements by the light which shone from the hall. Going to the mantel, she took something from it, then, by the aid of a chair, she climbed to the centre-table. In a second, she had struck a match, and, standing on tiptoe, was endeavoring to light one of the burners of the chandelier above her head. This she succeeded in doing; but, unfortunately, as she stepped back into the chair, it tipped over, and the child fell backward to the floor. Breathlessly Kate leaned from the window to see if anyone in the house had heard the fall, and would come to the little one's assistance; but, after waiting a few moments, and finding that no one appeared, she sprang from her seat, rushed downstairs, across the street, and up the steps of the house she had been watching. Fortunately the child had not fastened the door when she re-entered the hall, and it yielded readily to Kate's impatient hand. In another instant, she was bending over the senseless form on the floor. The child had been stunned by her fall, and, as Kate lifted her and laid her on a sofa, she was struck, not only by her beauty, but by a strangely familiar look in the features, though she could not recall whom they so strongly resembled.

Kate saw a glass of water standing on a small table. Some of this she sprinkled on the child's face, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the large blue eyes unclose, and a little hand stole up to her face with a sweet caressing motion. But the next moment it was withdrawn, and the child burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

"What is it, dear?" asked Kate, bending over her. "Have you hurt yourself? Does your head ache?"

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"No," sobbed the child, "it isn't my head; but I thought, when I woke up, that you were my own dear mamma come back, and that I shouldn't be lonely any more."

"Where is your mamma?" asked Kate. "And what made her leave you here by yourself?"

"Hush!" said the little girl, in a whisper. "Don't speak so about my mamma: she is in heaven, and can't come back, or I know she would when her little Nellie wants her so."

Tears dropped on the golden curls that Kate was tenderly stroking, and, presently, she inquired softly:

"But who takes care of you, Nellie dear? Surely, you don't live here all alone."

"Oh, no," answered the child, smiling. "My papa lives here, only he has to be gone all day and leave me with Maggie. Maggie is the cook, you know, and she is kind to me. But, to-day, she heard that her brother was ill, and she cried so hard; and, by-and-by, she asked me if I should be afraid to stay alone while she ran home to see him, and I thought I shouldn't. So she left me some cakes and a glass of water and lighted the hall-gas, for she said it might grow dark before she came. I played with my doll a good while, and then I watched for papa ever so long; and then I thought he wouldn't like the house so dark, and I tried to light the gas, and I suppose I fell down and went to sleep. But what made you come?" she continued, presently, as if the fact that Kate was a stranger had just entered her head.

"I saw you fall, Nellie," Kate replied. "I live just across the street, and was sitting at the window, and, when you fell and no one came to help you, I ran over."

"That was very kind," said the little girl. "Papa will come home presently, and he will thank you for taking care of me."

"I ought to go back," began Kate, doubtfully, as a thought of her unwritten story crossed her mind; "but I cannot leave you alone. I'll wait until Maggie comes."

"And papa too!" pleaded the child. "Papa will be very glad to see you again, I know—because he is so fond of you."

"So fond of me?" echoed Kate, in surprise, and secretly wondering if Nellie's fall had affected her brain. "Your papa does not know me."

"Oh, yes, he does," answered Nellie, confidently. "I know he does: because, one day, I went to his room to call him to dinner, and he was looking at a picture, and, just as I went in, he kissed it and said: 'Darling Kate! Shall I never see you again?' And then I spoke, and, as he turned round, he dropped the picture. I picked it up, and it was a picture of you."

Kate heard as if in a dream. The child's innocent words had brought back the romance of her life. She knew now of whose face Nellie's had reminded her, and memories that she had thought trampled down and buried forever came rushing back in wild confusion. Once more, she was the promised bride of Edward Farrington, and listened to his vows of love and devotion. Once more, something—what, she had never known—suddenly drove him from her; and, since that hour, she had never heard of him, although she had seen a notice of his marriage in the newspapers.

So completely absorbed was she in these thoughts, that Nellie's gentle touch failed to rouse her.

But a few moments had passed, however, when a quick manly tread was heard on the steps and in the hall; and, springing from the sofa, Nellie flew across the room, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa, come here and see the lady whose picture you have upstairs!"

Mr. Farrington caught sight of the visitor, and hurried forward with a cry of joy.

Maggie returned before Kate half understood how another lover had made the mischief between her and Mr. Farrington, hoping in this way to gain her himself, or how Edward had married, out of pity, a poor friendless orphan, who had been dead two years.

So much was to be told, that they knew not where to begin, and Kate was almost glad to escape to the quiet of her own room and have leisure to think over the strange events of the past hours. Her heart thrilled still with her lover's words, as he left her at the door:

"Remember, it will be your last lonely evening. We have waited too long already. To-morrow must make you my wife and give my little Nellie a mother."

As Kate entered her chamber, her eyes fell on the note from Mr. Sothern. Could she write this evening? She could no longer complain of a lack of ideas, but to arrange them in anything like order seemed impossible. Still, it would quiet her even to sit and hold her pen as usual; and, dropping into her chair, she began writing—with no plan, no plot, simply the outpouring of her happiness.

Yet never had Mr. Sothern expressed such approbation; never before had she so compelled readers to appreciate her as by her STORY WITHOUT A PLOT.

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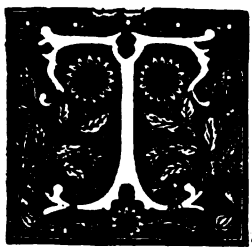
WAYNE HOUSE.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.



THE tale I am about to relate concerns a part of my life that I remember with the shuddering horror which possesses us when we recall and re-experience, in memory, a terrible soul-haunting dream.

My husband was many years my senior—already a middle-aged man when we were married—but so tender and tolerant of my whims and caprices, so ready to sympathize in all my youthful follies, that I never felt the difference in our age as a barrier in my pleasure; and, in my sorrows, surely it was a rock of strength against which my weak childish heart could lean in security.

We lived in a thriving manufacturing town, where my husband had established already a large and exceedingly remunerative practice; so that, at the time of our marriage, he was able to surround me with a considerable degree of luxury. Our home was beautiful, and, as the years passed on, and three lovely children came to grace it, I grew almost arrogant in my pride and happiness.

One afternoon, I had returned from paying a round of visits, when my head-nurse came to me. "Mrs. Carteret," she said, in a grave tone, "would you be pleased to step up to the nursery and look at Master Harold? He don't seem quite himself, and I feel kind of worried about him."

I remember that I was singing the conclusion of an air I had caught from a street-organ when she addressed me, and I finished it gayly as I preceded her to the nursery, even repeating the refrain as I entered the room—so careless was I of any danger that could threaten my darlings. They were all grouped together in the further end of the large apartment, and, near the window, sat the young under-nurse in her white cap and apron, sewing. I can see the picture vividly, even now. It is not strange. It was the last time my eyes ever gazed upon the world through that glamor of perfect unalloyed bliss that had so long veiled them from all trouble.

Harold, the eldest, was lying on the floor; his curly head supported by a pillow; his eyes half closed, and his manner quite listless and unlike its usual buoyancy. By his side stood Rob, his babyish features dignified and absurdly matured by the addition of nurse's spectacles, peering gravely into his brother's languid face, and giving wise and careful directions, in a childish counterfeit of his father's tone, to little Marjorie, my three-year-old daughter, who, with sweet young eyes, half laughing, half serious, looked, in partial comprehension of the nature of the game, from one to the other of her brothers.

I saw at a glance that something serious ailed my boy, and had him carried to my own chamber, apart from the other children, and there put to bed. It needed, however, the grave startled look in my husband's eyes, as they rested upon his oldest son, to awake my apprehensions.

After giving some directions, minute and impressive, to nurse, he beckoned me to a farther window, took me tenderly in his arms, and gazed pityingly into my face.

"Love," he said, "do you know what the lad's illness is?"

"No," I replied, fighting against my vague foreboding. "A heavy cold and fever—nothing more, is it, Paul? Tell me it is nothing else."

He shook his head and was about to speak, when suddenly there came a soft rushing sound, which I knew well—the pattering of small feet—and, forgetful of all else in my usual fear lest the swift-coming heedless little legs should trip over the few low steps that separated my dressing-room from my chamber, I called aloud, warningly, as was my custom:

"Take care! take care!" Instantly, and before my husband could hush my voice, I repented the words, for they had reached and disturbed the wandering brain of my boy. Raising himself in bed, he turned in my direction, and cried in a hoarse muffled voice, horribly unlike his usual clear tones:

"Don't worry, mother dear. We're not coming—we're going out."

Let me not linger over this sad preface. It is enough to say that the relentless Azrael had, under the guise of diphtheria, entered our happy home, and, not contenting himself with one victim, had known no satiety until he had destroyed our entire flock.

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My grief was thoroughly selfish and morbid; I lost all interest in the affairs of life; grew irritable and so intensely nervous that the slightest unusual sound seemed a disturbance greater than I could bear. I caused the nursery to be closed, and everything pertaining to my little ones to be disposed of by others. I grew to hate the house and neighborhood, so associated was it with my children's presence. Of my husband's equal sorrow, so nobly and undemonstratively borne, I was utterly inconsiderate, and his life, at that time, could have been little short of martyrdom. Finally, at the end of his resources, he proposed that we should go abroad; and, as I gladly seized upon any plan that should relieve me of painful associations, he arranged that a professional friend should assume his practice, and for a year we sought distraction in constant motion. Alas! it was only distraction—not healing; and, when we found ourselves upon the steamer that was to carry us home, the enforced idleness brought a renewal of bitter memories, and my husband recognized that his attempt had failed.

Yet one good effect our journey had produced—it had opened my eyes to the selfishness of my grief and had awakened me to a recognition of the sad havoc silent sorrow had wrought in my husband.

I never shall forget the night we passed in New York, prior to the day fixed for our home-going. Its agony grew so unendurable, that I felt a need for some physical exertion that might relieve the mental pressure. I arose softly, donned my clothes and outer garments, and laid my hand upon the door-handle, to open it quietly. Unhappily, it creaked in turning, and, with a start, my husband awoke and discovered my absence. With a stride, he reached me, and grasped my arm.

"Louise," he cried, with a great fear in his voice, "where are you going?"

I suffered him to lead me back into the room, and, as I sank inertly into a chair, I burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

"Paul! Paul!" I cried, "it is useless—I cannot go back there! Oh, God! what shall I do?"

He knelt beside me and gathered me into his strong arms, stroking my head soothingly, as it lay on his breast, with his large comfortable hand.

"What is it, love?" he asked, gently, as one would coax a child. "You cannot go back to our home?"

"Home! The word is a mockery. There is none for us! Oh, my children! my babies! Paul, I want them so; I cannot live without them."

"Louise, would it be a relief to you never again to go back to Elsboro? Shall we make a new home for ourselves in a new place? We can do so, my darling; you are young yet, and I am strong enough to begin again."

"Paul, love, do you mean it? Could we do it?" I cried.

"Certainly," he assented. Then compunction smote me.

"But your practice," I exclaimed: "your splendid practice! You could not abandon that!"

"Easily, dearest," he replied. "All the men, women, and children in Elsboro are but shadows compared with my wife. For her happiness, I would willingly make a holocaust of the whole lot."

So it was settled.

My husband proposed that, in order to give our new life a complete alteration from the old existence, we should shun towns and establish ourselves on the outskirts of some city, where, if patients sought him, he could attend them. This we accordingly did, and were soon settled in a rather lonely but beautifully rural neighborhood.

We had discovered a house which charmed us, both from its quaintness and the air of antiquity—an unusual property in our new land—which hung about it. It bore a certain neglected appearance, which we easily caused to be remedied, and was attractive to us for the very reason that made it unwelcome to others: namely, its old-fashioned build, which was so unlike our late modern dwelling and the modish Queen-Anne mansions that were so rapidly springing into surprising and marvelously-decorated shapes all about us. It was a rambling wooden structure, built of solid beams and massive timbers, approached by a double stoop, and surrounded with gardens diversified by overgrown, weed-encumbered, box-bordered paths. The interior of Wayne House—as it was called, from the name of the family who had built and long occupied it—was a series of inconvenient surprises, and there was only one point of resemblance in its whole structure to the once loved house in which I had spent so many happy years: this was in the situation of the room Paul and I had selected for our chamber. It was connected, as was my former bed-room, with a dressing-room which was reached by descending three steps; the same short flight on the opposite side had, in our other house, led into a passage to my children's

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nursery: here, it gave access to a small dark closet, from which a queer long-disused—and, I should have supposed, useless—flight of steps led down into some remote region, which, for a long time, we did not investigate. The closet we kept locked, giving the little room but one outlet—that through our chamber.

The employment of arranging our Lares and Penates in this abode so occupied me, mind and body, that, on its completion, I felt so much more like my old self, that I regarded the place as a means of salvation, and already felt a love for its quaint picturesque ugliness spring up within me. It was a great joy to me also to note the pleasure with which my husband regarded my altered demeanor, and the beneficent effect of healthy employment had given me strength to subdue, in a measure, the hysterical melancholy which had so long dominated me.

We had entered our new home in the spring, and by the autumn had become quite rooted in our transplantation. My husband's reputation had preceded him, and the hope that I had indulged of having him more constantly with me was frustrated by the many demands made upon his skill. I should have felt a regret that we had moved so far from the city—as his absences were thus more prolonged—had it not been for the promise of a tender and ardently longed-for companionship which, ere another spring should bud, was to be granted me.

I was sitting over my needlework one beautiful afternoon in late September. I had sewed steadily all day, and was a little weary and drowsy in consequence. Indeed, I had lost myself once or twice in dreamland, which was, as ever, peopled by my lost darlings, when suddenly there came to my ears a soft, familiar, but long-unheard sound—the swift oncoming of small childish feet. Still half under the spell of my dreams, I started up and cried warningly:

"Take care, dear ones! Take care!"

The sound instantly ceased, even as my words awoke me to full consciousness, and for a few moments I succumbed to a fierce attack of my old grief. Determined that my husband should not discover its traces, I resolutely washed them away and went for a long walk in the garden, which proved so effectual a remedy that he failed to find anything amiss on his return. Not so easily, however, could I rid myself of the cause of my overthrow. That peculiar pattering rush of hurrying steps haunted me. So vivid and real had it been, that I could not believe it the imaginative re-creation of a dream; and yet, well I knew that such it must have been. I tried to put its memory from me, and had well-nigh succeeded, when, early one morning, before we had risen, I heard it again. I had just waked and my husband was yet sleeping, when, from the direction of my dressing-room, came that unmistakable sound. In the half-dazed condition that follows close upon long deep slumber—the past was the present, intervening months had rolled away, and my children, as was their wont, were rushing heedlessly from the nursery in a merry rivalry as to which should first reach mamma's bed.

"Take care! Take care, little ones!" I cried. My words at once roused my husband.

"What is it, Louise?" he asked. He looked at me in surprise. "What ails you, dear? You are pale as death and trembling like a leaf. To whom were you talking, love?"

"To our children, Paul. Did you not hear them coming from the nursery? Hark!" I laid my hand on his arm to enforce silence, but alas! the sound had died away, and, nervously excited, I rose and opened the door leading to the small dressing-room.

I was not surprised to find it tenantless. I expected nothing else; but, as I stood on the topmost step, peering into the blankness, was it fancy or reality that made me think I heard a gentle pitiful sobbing near by? I said nothing of this, knowing, by his manner, that my husband was becoming alarmed at what he considered my vagary, and, for a time, was enabled to quiet my quivering nerves; but an incident that happened not long after made him, if not share my superstition, at least sympathize with its cause.

We had come in from a beautiful country drive about six o'clock, one afternoon, and had gone to our chamber to make some alteration in our toilets for the evening. As we entered the room together, something—perhaps the gentle flame of the wood-fire on the hearth—reminded me forcibly of my children. I shivered and glanced at Paul. He was standing by the mantel, looking sadly into the crackling fire, and I saw that the same memory had occurred to him: a recollection of the custom which used to prevail with us, when three little white-clad figures would rush jubilantly into our room, at this hour, to say their prayers at papa's knee, and scorch their pink toes by the ardent blaze.

The quick tears sprang to my eyes, but, before they could fall, I noticed my husband give a violent start, and at the same instant came that strange weird sound. So natural did it seem at

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this hour, and so absorbed had I been in reflections of the past, that I did not pause to consider our changed circumstances, but again called involuntarily as so often before: "Take care, sweethearts, take care!" For the first time in my life, I saw my husband unnerved. Sinking into a chair that stood close beside him, he covered his face with his hands, and his strong frame shook with uncontrollable emotion. Then it was that I learned how deep and undemonstrative his sorrow had been. Allowed no vent, it had grooved fierce channels in his soul, which time and hope had not—as in my case—bridged with new anticipations.

The next day, he returned earlier than usual from his visits, bringing with him a carpenter. Intuitively I understood his purpose in fetching him hither, and accompanied them upstairs to our dressing-room. The closet door, of which I have spoken, my husband unlocked, and the man made a thorough investigation as to its construction.

"I see no loose boards or cracks here, Dr. Carteret," he said, at last. "Will you describe the noise again?"

Paul glanced at me apprehensively. I divined that he forbore putting its significance into words that should distress me, and was turning away when—patter, patter, patter, came a sound as of eager little feet approaching in ardent impetuous haste. I started forward. "Take care—" I began, but did not finish the caution, for my husband's touch again awoke me to the futility of my words. Still holding me closely, he turned to the man, and, with great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, said hurriedly:

"I need not describe the sound; you have heard it. Discover where it is."

The fellow, who appeared to be of more than ordinary intelligence, looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Beg pardon, sir; I have heard nothing."

My husband let his arm drop from about me.

"Heard nothing?" he repeated. "Did you not hear a sound like—like—like the hurrying steps of little children?"

The man shook his head.

"Not I, sir."

Paul gazed at him, with a strange suspicion dawning in his eyes.

"Gooding, you stood between my wife and me. You heard her speak, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, did you not hear any sound, just before?"

"Nothing, sir."

My husband put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of despair, then he moved closer to Gooding and laid it heavily upon his shoulder.

"Think again, my good fellow," he said, urgently, almost persuasively. "You must have heard some sound, else you would have wondered that Mrs. Carteret should speak as she did."

"I didn't notice what the lady said, sir, thinking she was speaking to you; but I'm certain I heard no noise."

Paul drew a long breath, and tried to turn the subject by alluding to the staircase to which the closet gave access, and soon he and the carpenter were discussing its probable outlet. I was completely upset by the continued repetition of that inexplicable mystery, and, throwing a shawl about me, descended to the garden, to try and regain, in the pure fresh air, the self-control which I felt slipping from me. But, try as I would, my thoughts lingered about the subject, and that suggestion of a new and horrible idea, which I had read in Paul's eyes as the man disclaimed all comprehension of our agitation, recurred to my tortured mind. Was it possible that he feared that our brains had become touched by trouble? I had read a shadow of the expression before, when I knew that he feared for my sanity: but, from the fact of our being the only listeners to that haunting and constantly recurring sound, did he argue that grief had affected us both?

As I strolled up and down, I was arrested, when near the garden-gate, by the sight of an uncouth figure leaning on the rustic bars. The man gazed at me with sombre mournful eyes. He was miserably clad in ancient and shrunken garments, and his whole appearance was wretchedly poor and unkempt. Straggling locks of yellowish-gray hair fell about his lean and pallid face; and, as he attempted to address me, his utterance was broken by a hollow and racking cough.

"Madam," he said, raising his rusty felt hat with a graceful though tremulous courtesy, "are you the present owner of Wayne House?"

"My husband bought it about six months ago," I replied.

"I am addressing Mrs.—" he asked, suggestively.

"Mrs. Carteret," I supplied.

"Thank you. I am Philip Wayne. My fortunes, you see, are somewhat fallen since I owned the house."

I bowed my acknowledgment of his introduction; and, compassionating the ill-luck which had brought the former owner of the property to this low estate, I opened the gate and invited

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his entrance, just as my husband issued from the house and approached us. I knew of Paul's great abhorrence and impatience of beggars, and had not time to prevent the words which, as I expected, he greeted me with.

"Louise dear," he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the tatterdemalion, "I would not admit beggars."

As he spoke, my protégé drew himself erect, and I shuddered at the fierce malignancy of the glance he shot, from beneath his overhanging yellowish-gray eyebrows, at Paul. I hastened to explain matters.

"Nay, Paul," I said; "this is a gentleman who formerly owned Wayne House. Mr. Wayne, allow me to introduce my husband."

Paul immediately held out his hand, in welcome to our unbidden guest. Like all great physicians, his heart was ever open to the appeals of real distress and misfortune, though intolerant of mendicancy; and, when he heard from the unfortunate creature's lips the causes which had brought about his present miserable condition, no prince in all his state could have received more courteous and sincere overtures of hospitality than did the forlorn wretch who had by his own telling been the buffet of fortune.

This was the tale he told us amid the shadows of the falling night, as we stood in the garden that had been his heritage:

"My grandfather was an Englishman, who, marrying an American, conceded to her homesick fancies to the extent of banishing himself to a strange and uncongenial country. Here he built this house and became a large landowner, fashioning his life and that of his family on English models, among which, as you may naturally imagine, the law of primogeniture and entail held high rank. His will was drawn up in accordance with these principles, a further extension of which was rigidly enjoined upon his heir. Thus it was that, when my father, his only child, died, leaving two sons, Eugene, the elder, came in for everything, while to me, the unimportant Benjamin, was left a blessing and my mother's insignificant fortune.

"My brother was already forty years of age, and, as he had remained thus far unmarried, there was every probability that he would die a bachelor. He was liberal to me—exceedingly so: let me do him that justice—and I confess that, being rather gay, I made considerable demand upon his generosity. Money, to me, was utterly valueless save for momentary gratification, and, feeling quite sure of my inheritance, I recklessly squandered what I could coax from him, and made large drafts on future probabilities. Without vanity, I may say that, being good-looking, witty, and popular, I found easy means of involving myself in debt.

"At last, I came to an end of my resources—credit failed and money-lenders looked shy at my security. I was meditating a clean confession of my liabilities to Eugene and an appeal to his mercy, when, one morning, a letter from him dashed my hopes to the ground. It announced his approaching marriage to a young and attractive girl, the daughter of his clergyman.

"I can recall, as if but an hour had intervened, the crushing effect of that blow. At last, I remembered my former plan. Why should I not carry it out even now? If I succeeded, it would at least be a temporary relief to my overwhelming embarrassments. By the next train, I was on my way hither. Before night, I had made a clean breast of my condition to Eugene; and, the next morning, I departed from Wayne House, with a check for fifty thousand dollars in my pocket and my brother's words ringing in my ears:

"'Here is a free gift. On its income, you can live comfortably, if you choose to do so I make, however, no conditions or suggestions as to its use: only remember that, having paid your debts twice and supported you entirely for ten years, it is the last cent I shall ever, under any circumstances, give you.'

"Time passed; I paid part of my debts, dissipated the sum Eugene gave me, and acquired fresh liabilities. I seldom saw my brother, but heard from him at intervals. I knew that his wife had died, after presenting him with two children—a boy and girl—two living obstacles to my inheritance. By this time, I was miserably poor, my friends had deserted me, and ruin stared me in the face. I was beginning to see the folly of the life I had led, and to wish ardently for a chance to start afresh, when I received a telegram from my brother's steward, announcing that Eugene had been stricken with paralysis and desiring my immediate presence. I went to his bankers, and represented that I had not sufficient money to defray my traveling-expenses. This they supplied me, and, just about this hour in the evening, I entered that gate. I found that not only sickness, but death, had been before me, my brother's seizure having been occasioned by the sudden loss of his eldest child, a girl of six years.

"Eugene was very ill and unable to speak; but he recognized me, I think. The physicians gave slight encouragement as to his recovery,

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and to me the whole household looked for directions. There never had been much love between my brother and myself, and, naturally, I felt little actual grief at his condition—but I never wished him dead."

The speaker's voice sank here, and I motioned to Paul to invite him into the house. This he did; but the old man seemed not to hear him: he sat motionless on the garden-seat upon which he had sunk at the beginning of his recital, and, with his dim far-away gaze fixed on the distant horizon, appeared quite oblivious of us, his auditors. We, deeply interested, said no more; and, presently, he resumed in a low muttering tone, quite unlike his former speech, and so indistinct that we had to hold our breath to catch it. Heretofore, he had certainly been speaking to us, now he apparently addressed himself:

"No, I never wished Eugene would die; I rather hoped he'd live, because it seemed to me that his heart would be softened by illness and that he might help me again, recognizing my devotion. But he did not—he died, and I was appointed administrator and guardian over property that ought to have been mine, and would have been but for an obstacle; and it became mine when the obstacle was—died. Did you speak, madam?"

His manner and tone changed as he asked the irrelevant question; he had shaken off the dreamy haze that seemed to obscure us from him, and, at my exclamation, was immediately alert and self-possessed.

"No," I answered; "I said nothing."

Neither had I. The sound that had disturbed him had been merely an audible involuntary shudder of distrust and repulsion evoked by the peculiar accent with which he spoke of "the obstacle." He seemed at a loss as to where he had left off, and my husband supplied the cue:

"You mean the other child—the boy—died?"

The old man nodded and continued:

"I, of course, then inherited the property; but, from the moment of my taking possession, things went wrong. I did not care to live in such a quiet place, and went abroad, entrusting my affairs to an agent. I was absent five years, living luxuriously and getting all I could out of life My dividends were paid regularly, with no abatement, and I congratulated myself on possessing a man so well qualified to manage and rid me of all care. Finally, I grew weary of travel, and decided to return to America. I notified my agent to expect me; but, when I reached New York, I found that he had absconded with every cent of my property which he could realize. You may imagine the shock this was to me. Nothing remained but my real estate; little by little, I sold it, living upon the proceeds until it was all gone. Then again poverty stared me in the face, and this time there was no escaping it.

I have sunk, sunk, until you now behold me, once your equal—and, perhaps, superior—in wealth, debased to the level of a pauper. Have I tried to work? Aye, have I—but to no purpose. Bred in idleness and luxury, and debilitated by indulgence, I had no strength to work. Often have I sought to end my weary existence; but—God help me!—even for that I lack sufficient courage. I feel that death is upon me: all the length of my journey have I felt him pursuing me. But I have accomplished the end I had in view—to return once more to this house; not from love of its associations, but because I felt that I must visit it once more. Now my tale is ended. Will you grant me shelter?"

My husband hesitated—the first time I had ever known him backward in yielding to the claims of hospitality; still, I did not blame him. There was something eerie and repellant about the former master of Wayne House, that had developed with his story and made me feel that he was an undesirable guest. Still, a refusal would have been impossible under the circumstances, and Paul tried to make his welcome cordial. No half-measures were ever possible with him; and so, that night, Philip Wayne found himself ensconced in our best guest-chamber, comfortably fed and prescribed for, enjoying a luxury to which he had long been unaccustomed.

When we discussed our strange visitor, that evening, Paul acknowledged that the old man had diagnosed his own case correctly; his strength and vitality were spent, and he was rapidly nearing his end. For some days he lingered, and we did all in our power to alleviate his condition. He was very grateful, and seemed to become quite attached to me. I found employment for all my spare time in ministering to him, and was able to forget those weird, ghostly, and inexplicable sounds which had disturbed my tranquillity. There had been no recurrence of them since the day on which old Philip Wayne had been discovered at our gate, and my husband and I began to believe that, indeed, we had been laboring under a hallucination.

Our visitor had been with us about a week when, one afternoon, Paul, after making his usual professional visit to him, came to me and said gently:

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"Louise dear, he seems very low; I should not wonder if he passed away in the night. I think I will have Kelly sit up with him." I assented; and it was arranged that our coachman should watch in an adjoining room, and be ready to call my husband in case of a change.

I was wakeful that night. At last I fell asleep, but my slumber was restless; I would doze and wake again repeatedly, until, after many unsuccessful attempts, I finally fell into a heavy unconsciousness. It must have been about two o'clock when a familiar sound waked me. I had been dreaming that my little ones were with me.

I fancied that it was early morning—too early, I thought, for nurse to allow them to rise; and, glancing at their still sleeping father, I quietly slid from the bed to prevent their awaking him. Noiselessly I stole through the gloom, beckoned by the night-lamp that always stood in the dressing-room. I reached the door in a moment, with my usual warning yet unspoken on my lips, when a sight met my eyes that paralyzed my utterance, save for a short sharp cry.

There before me, kneeling in front of the three steps leading to the closet, with his haggard countenance revealed by the faint rays of the lamp, was Philip Wayne, engaged in a most curious occupation. He was literally tearing the wood-work away with his long shriveled fingers. His back was to me, and so absorbed was he in his work that he failed to hear my cry. His ebbing strength must have flowed back in a superhuman tide, for he had already worked great havoc with the wooden steps. The carpet had been torn aside, and the débris that surrounded the bent and quivering figure showed that his energy had already accomplished much.

My husband, roused by the sharp sound of my voice, had stolen to my side, and together we watched in amazement the weird worker.

Finally there came a pause; we moved a step forward, the better to observe his movements.

All the planks had been removed, and now the man crouched low over something that we could not perceive; then we saw the white hands stretched forth until they caught and clung to the invisible object. As we watched with bated breath, suddenly, upon the still night air, there came a terrible sound, half-shriek, half-moan, a convulsive movement of the crouching figure, and the next moment my husband was supporting the lifeless form of Philip Wayne.

I pressed forward; in the casing of the lowest step lay a little dress, still retaining its shape and texture, while about it were strewn some tiny white bones. I remember only this; the fainting-fit which followed ended in brain-fever, and when I recovered we had again become homeless.

Fearing lest painful associations should aggravate my malady, Paul had me carried at once to a hospital, and never again have I beheld or heard aught of Wayne House. A few explanations of that terrible scene were given me. Kelly acknowledged that, being unaccustomed to watching, he had fallen asleep.

Perfectly acquainted with the plan of the house, its former master had reached the dressing-room by means of the private staircase, which, investigation proved, led to the lower hall, into which issue was obtained by means of a small door that was scarcely discernible in its obscure position under the staircase. He had been able easily to enter the room, as, after the visit of the carpenter, Paul had neglected to relock the door. How the dying creature had managed to grope his way through the dark passage is a mystery we shall never comprehend—unless we believe that remorse for the terrible crime which he must have committed endowed him with supernatural strength, great enough to support him until he should satisfy the craving to revisit the scene of his guilt.

I am now a happy woman. Children again gather about our hearth-stone, and gladden our ears by the dearest of all titles; but never have I heard the quick patter of their tiny footsteps without a shudder, caused by a vivid recollection of the echoes of Wayne House.

A SHORT STORY.

BY MAUDE S. PEASLEE.

A GLANCE or two
From eyes so blue,
A gentle pressure of my hand;
A fragrant flower,
A pleasant hour,
A stroll along the sand.

A fairer face,
A sweeter grace,
Another hand is clasped;
A kiss or two,
A promise true—
My dream of love is past.

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BARBARA MORELAND'S CHOICE.

BY FANNIE LOUISE WEAVER.

"I HOPE, Miss Barbara, you realize fully what you are throwing away. It would be a pity if you were to come to your senses too late," and John Hammond rose from his chair and walked nervously up and down the room.

He was a man of about fifty, of medium height and good figure. Judging from the resolute cast of countenance, a thoughtful observer would say that he was a man to succeed in almost any undertaking by the power of his will, but that he would very likely miss the best kind of happiness that life affords, through lacking the gentler qualities of mind and heart. However correct such a judgment might be, it is very certain that the world looked upon John Hammond as an eminently successful man.

Never, perhaps, in his whole life had he felt so sure of success, as the day he went to ask Barbara Moreland to be his wife. By his own library-fire, he had deliberated long on the subject. It had been no hasty matter with him—that was not his way. He weighed carefully the pros and cons, and decided that, in view of all the circumstances, the result could not be otherwise than the one he wished.

The circumstances, briefly stated, were these: Barbara's father had died insolvent a year before, and Mr. Hammond held the mortgage on his fine house and elegant furniture. He had been Mr. Moreland's trusted friend for years, and had helped him out of financial straits over and over again. But it was all of no use; affairs became so hopelessly entangled that at last the poor man's brain yielded under the strain, and he gave up the struggle. John Hammond had been a frequent visitor at the house, and had watched the eldest daughter with silent admiration for some time. Mabel, three years younger, was considered the prettier of the two; but Barbara's attractiveness lay deeper than outward beauty.

There was enough fine feeling in Mr. Hammond's composition for him to realize that, with Barbara's somewhat independent nature and romantic tendencies, the very fact that he held the family in his power might work against him. But whatever doubts came up in his mind were quickly dispelled by an interview with Mrs. Moreland, who received his proposal for her daughter's hand with unfeigned gratification and relief, adding to her own consent the assurance that she knew it would also have been her husband's wish. .

To be sure, she said to herself, after he had gone—he was twentyfive years older than Barbara, and a widower, and girls sometimes had notions about "first love," and all that; but Barbara was really sensible, and would see, of course, what a splendid thing it would be for them all for her to marry him.

It was not strange, therefore, that the practical well-meaning self-confident man was taken completely aback when the slender girl before him quietly but firmly declined the honor of becoming his wife. For a moment, the world seemed to stand still. He could scarcely believe that he had understood her words aright.

"But, Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you cannot have considered the matter in all its bearings—your home—your mother and sister—"

"Oh, hush, please," she said, hastily, with an imploring gesture. "Indeed, I have thought of everything, and I cannot do any differently," and the brave brown eyes looked straight into his, with an earnest entreaty for him to spare her. She knew only too well all the points of the situation.

But John Hammond was not to be silenced very easily. He drew his chair nearer to hers and leaned forward, fixing his keen eyes on her. Never before had she looked so sweet and lovely to him, as she sat there trembling a little, yet struggling proudly with herself to appear composed. His mood softened, and he began another train of argument.

"Barbara, I do not want you to think about the business arrangement. Of course, that is a secondary consideration. I want you to think only of the love and protection I can give you. You must have known that I have long admired you, and now I only ask that—"

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"I am so sorry, Mr. Hammond, but I cannot let you go on. It is all useless, and will only give you pain. I feel very grateful for your kindness to us, and shall always esteem you as my dear father's friend, and mine also, if you will let me; but any other relationship between us is utterly impossible." She rose, walked to the low mantel, and rearranged some of the ornaments.

"But why should it be utterly impossible?" he asked, following her with his eyes. "I should like to know your objections."

Her pale face flushed. Then, with an effort, she replied:

"It is because I do not love you, and I never can marry anyone whom I do not love with my whole heart."

"Ah, I see—you believe in a 'grande passion.'" And all traces of his softer mood vanished. He straightened himself in his chair. "Come, Barbara—those ideas will do very well for sentimental schoolgirls; but, for a sensible woman like yourself, they are absurd. Just look at the whole situation, the bare facts of the case. We all have to face realities sooner or later in this world, and, the earlier we learn to accept them, the better for us. Think what I can do for you and your family, before you foolishly put the possibility out of your reach. Your mother has given her consent, and, from certain hints your father dropped in his last sad days, I feel sure he would have approved also."

"Do you think it is kind to bring up these things?" cried Barbara, drawing her slight figure to its full height and turning on him with burning indignant eyes. "My father never, never would have wished me to marry against my will, whatever depended upon it. And, as for my mother and Mabel, I am ready to make any sacrifice for them but this, which is impossible. They have no right to ask it. Oh, Mr. Hammond, can't you understand? We must be true to ourselves, as well as to others. There are sins against the conscience which everyone can understand; but there are sins against the heart also. No, no; you may call it romantic and sentimental, or whatever you please, but these are the 'facts of the situation' to me; and I dare not go against what I feel in my inmost soul to be true and right."

John Hammond was touched, although he could not appreciate her feelings as a finer nature would have done; they seemed decidedly overstrained. However, they had the effect of making him realize that it would be useless to urge his suit any longer. He felt disappointed, baffled, and his life was not accustomed to such experiences.

After a few moments of sullen silence, he rose, saying coldly:

"I hope, Miss Barbara, you realize fully what you are throwing away. It would be a pity if you were to come to your senses too late."

"I shall never regret anything, Mr. Hammond, but the pain I have caused you," Barbara answered, in a low voice.

He walked back and forth a few times, nervously gnawing his gray mustache. Finally, he paused in front of her.

"I will come again, after you have had a chance to talk it over with your mother—after you have had time to consider my offer calmly in all its important aspects, as regards the other members of your family as well as yourself. I shall come one week from to-day, for my final answer."

"I can never make it any different from the one I have given you to-day—" Barbara began to say; but, before she had finished her sentence, he had bowed politely and left the house.

The week that followed was a hard one for the poor girl. Sometimes, it seemed as if her strength must give way before the overwhelming torrent of tears, reproaches, arguments, and selfish supplications poured forth by her mother and sister.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she said, one night, "you cannot know what you ask of me, or you would not—" And then she broke down utterly.

"My child," and Mrs. Moreland's voice was very calm and meant to be convincing, "I only ask of you what is for your good. It is the most natural and the most sensible thing, anyone would say who knew all the circumstances. Mr. Hammond will make a very kind indulgent husband, and you would be far happier, as his wife, than you will struggling to earn your own living in some narrow pinched way. You have been brought up in luxury, and haven't the faintest idea what it means to be actually poor."

"I wish I had been the one," said pretty worldly Mabel. "He would have met with better success if he had tried for me."

They were sitting by the library-fire, after dinner. There seemed to be, in these days, only one topic of conversation.

"I have thought, sometimes," Mrs. Moreland continued, "that possibly you may have imagined yourself in love with Stuart Turner, your penniless young artist-friend. But I cannot believe you would let such a foolish fancy weigh against a substantial offer like Mr. Hammond's."

Barbara started as if she had received an

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electric shock—and then her heart stood still. She sat gazing into the fire, stunned and motionless. By-and-by, among the burning coals, definite pictures took shape. She saw herself dancing with Stuart Turner, at one of Mrs. Danforth's elegant balls. She had on her lovely blue silk and white lace dress for the first time, and wore pink roses at her waist. After the dance, they walked through the brilliant rooms, and then went into the conservatory, to rest and talk. There, among the flowers, he told her he was going to Europe, to lead a Bohemian artist's life for the next few years, study the old masters, and see if he could not paint something worth while. He took both her little hands in his as he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"Will you promise not to forget me, Barbara—though I should not see you again for years?"

And she, with her eyes held captive by his, had answered in a voice wholly new to herself, yet scarcely above a whisper:

"I promise never to forget you, Stuart."

That was all. And it was two years ago that it happened. She had not received one word from him during that time—but she had not forgotten. Her mother surely did a very unwise thing for her own side of the case, to call forth those vivid pictures in the fire-glow. They brought comfort and strength to Barbara's sorely-tried heart, as nothing else could have done just then. She had not thought of seeking help in his memory before this. Ah, what help it was! Now she could think and act. She would not break down again. She got up presently, saying she was too tired to talk any more, and went upstairs to her room.

A new idea had seized her. Other memories had followed close. Her happy summer at Jefferson, after that winter, all came back to her, and on her way upstairs these words kept ringing in her ears:

"If the day should ever come when you stand in need of a friend, my child, I hope you won't forget old Kingsley Jacobs."

Upon the hotel piazza, facing the grand restful mountains standing in the moonlight, he had said the words the night before she came away. She could see just how he looked, sitting in his wheeled chair, wrapped in his ulster. An accident had happened to him in his childhood, which crippled him for life. A queer crabbed cross-grained man was what the majority of people found him in his old age, but once in a while someone would succeed in getting below the crust of moroseness, to find a deep well of lovingkindness and gentleness. Barbara, with her earnest truthful nature and sweet winning ways, was one of the few who found instinctively the key to his higher self, and there sprang up between them, that summer, one of those rare true friendships which are as improving as heart-satisfying, in which great difference in age does not matter, the congeniality depending on inner rather than outward conditions.

To this friend, she decided to turn in her trouble. For the first time in weeks, she slept soundly. The next morning, she quietly told her mother that she was going to Orange, New Jersey, to see Mr. Jacobs. That she meant to try and get pupils there, something to do by which she could support herself. She urged her mother to accept their Uncle John's generous offer of a home, which he had extended to them when first he knew the shape his brother-in-law had left his affairs. If only her mother and Mabel would go to him till she found out what she could do. Then perhaps in a year or two they might make a home together somewhere.

Mrs. Moreland was struck dumb with amazement at her daughter's plans.

"Barbara, you are crazy," she shrieked, when she found her voice, and would not listen to anything she proposed.

Poor Barbara did what packing was necessary, left a short decisive note for Mr. Hammond, who was to come the next day for his final answer, and departed with a sad but brave heart.

To old Mr. Jacobs, her coming was like a ray of sunshine let in on his gloomy life. He lived alone in a large stone mansion, cared for by a faithful old housekeeper and devoted servants. He had no near relatives left, and he opened his heart and his doors to the brave beautiful girl who would not make a mercenary marriage. It gratified him beyond measure that she had chosen out of all the world to turn to him. If she must try her wings a little, he would aid her plan; but secretly he determined not to part with her for any length of time. So, to please her, he found her a home with two elderly ladies who kept a small boarding-house in a pleasant street. Before long, she obtained a few music-pupils, and also a position as organist at a little church close by, where she had taken a Sunday-school class. It had never been able to pay for music before, but she was waited on by a committee who stated that a fund had been raised, and they would like to engage her services at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. They did not tell her that the sole contributor to the fund was Mr. Kingsley Jacobs—and Barbara never knew.

Every day, she spent an hour or two with her kind benefactor, reading to him, and trying in

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various ways to make his life brighter and less lonely. She wrote a long joyful letter home after she was fairly into her work, but it was six weeks before she received a reply. One came at last—a brief cold note informing her of Mabel's approaching marriage to Mr. Hammond.

A year passed quickly, full of usefulness and happy content for Barbara. But Mr. Jacobs was growing feeble, and he depended more and more on this bright young life which had become closely entwined with his. He could do without her no longer. She must come and comfort his few remaining years. So Barbara gave up her teaching and went to live at the great stone house, and became a loving devoted daughter to the old man who had never been blessed with wife or child.

Two years more elapsed, when, one day, a tall young man, with blonde hair and mustache and a head set proudly on his square shoulders, strode up to Mr. Jacobs's door and asked for Miss Moreland. He was shown into the parlor, and then a very strange thing happened: Barbara came running downstairs, with shining eyes and trembling lips, hesitated an instant on the threshold, then rushed straight into the outstretched arms of the visitor, whose face and eyes were eloquent with love's longing.

Stuart Turner had great difficulty in reconciling Mr. Jacobs to his wishes. Barbara had become so dear to the invalid, he could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight. And did this young jackanapes expect he was going to give her up for the asking? Why didn't he come for her before? Why did he stay over there in Europe, daubing pictures, when the poor child was turned out of her home? And so he went on. But gradually his wrath subsided and he could listen to the lover's story. After a long talk, they came to an understanding, and matters were arranged in this wise:

The young artist was to marry Kingsley Jacobs's adopted daughter and heiress. He was to open a studio in New York, but the pair were to live at the great house in Orange; and Barbara was never to be separated from the kind old man, the light of whose life she had become.

"I should hardly have dared to come, darling, if I had known you were an heiress," said Stuart, when everything was happily settled and he and Barbara were talking over together all that they had lived in the years that had passed since the night they parted, and she promised not to forget him.

"You know, it was your wealth and position that kept me back in the first place. I couldn't face your father and ask for you, in my poverty; so I had to go without a word. But I determined, as soon as I could scrape together ten thousand dollars, to take the next steamer home. And now here you are, richer than ever. I suppose, really, I ought to have gone right back to Europe as soon as I heard of it." And he smiled down into her eyes.

"Oh, Stuart! and you would have left me to mourn for you all my days?"

The only answer she received was a shower of kisses upon her upturned face.

FIRST LOVE.

BY GERTIE V. GUERNSEY.

It has come to all of us once,
Sometime in our beautiful youth—
  So subtle and sweet and fine,
  So wonderfully divine,
It is more like a dream than truth.

And it passes away like a dream,
Like a bow from the clouds of morn,
  Like a rose from the vernal bough,
  And all that is left to us now
Is the noontide heat and the thorn.

Yet still we keep in our hearts
A thought of the things that are past—
  So strange that they seem unreal,
  So pure that they grow ideal—
And we almost doubt them at last.

To think that the touch of a hand
Or accents tender and low
  Have thrilled with a rapture above
  All joy that a later love
In its fullness could bestow!

Ofttimes, in the poet's lay
Or the singer's plaintive tone
  Is a spell that conjures the ghost
  Of these things that we loved the most
And makes them again our own.

And tears come into our eyes
For the sweetness we did not win.
  Ah, why should the things most pure
  Be the things that seldom endure
In this world of trouble and sin?

And well for the favored few
Who have won and kept their own,
  The prize of a love like this:
  For theirs is the truest bliss
That the world has ever known.

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NICHOLAS CLEEVER'S MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 184.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALAN!" She advanced with both hands held out. They were thick red hands, covered with black lace mittens, rings shining on the fingers, bangles dangling from the wrist. She was a large-framed fat young woman, with a hook nose, and black eyes that bulged and peered aggressively at the world. Sham rubies glittered in her ears; a sham gold necklace hung from her neck; sham pearl buckles fastened the nodding white plumes in her Gainsborough hat.

Doctor Parker would have smiled at this apparition had he met it unknown in a crowd, but it was dreadful to him now. It was the ghost of his shameful youth. Could anything be more shameful than his boyish fancy for this gross creature? When Louisa was in the world and coming to him, the purest whitest soul on earth!

"Alan! Don't you know me? Victoria—little Vicky, you used to call me."

"I remember you very well, Miss Walker. I have not forgotten a single friend in Perryville," Alan replied, as she seized his hand and shook it tenderly, still holding it when the shake was over, looking into his eyes.

"And you class me with all Perryville? 'Miss Walker'! It was not so you called me once!" She heaved a portentous sigh and shook orris-root perfume heavily into the air.

Alan made no answer, but hurried on. Great heavens! If Louisa should see this woman holding his hand and peering into his eyes! She turned and walked with him, keeping step. "Ah, you have gone out into the great world! You forget the woods and the fields and the poor neglected violets by the wayside!"

Alan shot an amused glance over the stout flower beside him.

"I have no time to gather violets in town or country, nor money to pay for them," he said, quietly.

"Money? Ah, how mercenary you city people are!" she cried, in a shrill lisping falsetto. "Now, in the country, flowers and friendship and—love are given away."

Love? Doctor Parker shuddered with disgust. That she should profane the word to him! He stopped short.

"I must bid you good-bye, Miss Walker," he said, resolutely. "I am on my way to the train."

"You mean to leave me without a word—of the past? Alan!"

"There can be no tie in the past to bind us together. We were but children when we knew each other, and we have both altered much since then. We should find no common ground on which to meet now."

The woman blenched a little, daunted by his decisive manner; but, when he turned away, she followed him, simpering and dropping her eyes coyly. "I—I have a claim on you, Doctor Parker."

"No claim! No ghost of a claim!" he cried, turning on her savagely.

"Oh, yes, I have! Very good in law. No! You may thank your stars I let you alone so long. I've been here in Philadelphia a month, waiting to see you. Now that I've found you, I'll not let you slip so easily. You can go now. I'll call at your office and prove to you that I have a claim. Good-evening, sir."

She bowed down to the ground with a flourish, which caused two passers-by to halt and watch her curiously. They thought her mad, and Alan, as he hurried down the road, had the same thought. Could she be crazy—or drunk? The woman had no claim upon him. The letters he had written her were those of a school-boy of fourteen. Ten years had passed since they had met. What could she gain by tormenting him? No doubt she could find some young lawyer who would bring suit for breach of promise for her. She had plenty of money to pay for it, and such cases were full of amusement to the lawyers. "But, if she sued for a thousand dollars, I have not as many cents to pay her,"

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he thought, grimly. "Not the less could she ruin my life, if her story comes to Louisa's ears."

He boarded the train and rode into town, his head dropped heavily on his breast, and his eyes closed. He could summon courage to fight ordinary trouble. But this intangible, ridiculous, hideous misery clutched him as the soft slimy devil-fish does the sailor before it drags him under the waves.

Miss Walker took the horse-car into town. She began a flirtation with the conductor, exchanged jokes with him, and nodded familiarly when she left the car at Rising Sun.

"Fine bouncing girl, from the country," he remarked to a passenger. "There's no harm in a dozen like her. I know her sort."

Alan did not know the genus of young women to which Victoria belonged, and hence overrated her viciousness. She was not cruel nor murderous, like the jelly-fish. She had really no definite ideas as to what she would do to him. Marriage and a suit for breach of promise floated dimly before her: either would be an adventure, and it was adventure for which she pined. Her father had left a small fortune: she did not want money. She had read thousands of cheap novels; but the only gleam of romance which had come into her own monotonous life in the bake-shop had been her flirtation with the boy who was now a learned and famous man. She meant to "work it up"—to bring some passion and excitement out of it. It was but scanty material, but she had no better.

A young man, with long hair and light staring eyes, was waiting, like herself, at the Rising Sun Station. He wore a reddish corduroy waistcoat, which at once attracted Victoria's admiration. This must surely be one of the leaders of fashion. She began a conversation with him concerning the car, and in ten minutes they were intimate friends. There was a secret congeniality of soul between Victoria and Thaddeus—for it was he—which rendered conventional forms absurd between them.

"And what has taken this Jersey lily to Germantown?" Thad inquired, after they had paced up and down a few times. "A young man, I'll warrant. Take care! Young men are all deceivers, except myself."

"Right you are—it was a young man; and there's his name," flourishing a scrap of paper before him.

Thad's face changed. He caught the paper.

"'Doctor Alan Parker. St. Alban's Place.' I know that fellow. But he does not live in Germantown."

"No; but the girl does, that he wants to marry. He goes out there every day; I followed him."

"The girl he wants to marry?" Thad repeated, a new comprehension dawning in his eyes. "Oh—oh! I understand! And what have you to do with it?"

"I mean to block his game."

His game? Their game? Louisa and this fellow Parker, who was old Cleever's cousin, meant to unite their forces and to cheat him out of his share of the miser's money? Nothing could be plainer. He stood twisting the paper thoughtfully a moment, and then turned to Victoria.

"So you can block his game? Well, I'll help you. But you must tell me all about it."

And, as the car came up, just then, they hurried into it, and, seated side by side, talked low and earnestly all the way into town.

CHAPTER IX.

In order to reach Nicholas Cleever, Thaddeus fell into the habit of visiting the Rantouls two or three times a week. That merry gang, who would have welcomed Mephistopheles himself to their green-goose and apple sauce, and, with their good-humor and hospitality, have made an honest good fellow out of him, were always made uncomfortable by Thaddeus. His moods and tragical habit of thought struck a false chord among these sincere simpe folk. He, on his part, thoroughly despised them, and made no effort to hide his impatience and contempt. But, for Beesy's sake, he was kindly treated by them.

"The lad," said Mrs. Rantoul, "I fear, is a spendthrift, and, should he get the old man's money and scatter it, there would be a kind of poetic justice in it."

"Nonsense, my dear. There is no money to scatter," her husband said. "Nicholas Cleever is as poor as we are. As for Thaddeus, there is a wild desperate look in his eyes, to-night, which I don't like. I fear the boy has taken to drinking—or to opium."

Thaddeus had cause for his excitement: his creditors had pressed him hard, that morning, and threatened, unless they were paid, to levy on the contents of his studio and to send his pictures to auction. Now, the one strong genuine thread in the flimsy woof of Thad's nature was his belief in his own genius. Death itself was not so terrible to him as the prospect of seeing his pictures in a cheap Eighth-Street auction-room. He had come out to Media, prompted by Victoria, who was now his intimate ally, resolved to ask help from the old man.

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"I'll put the matter to the test, and end it one way or the other," he told her.

When supper was over, therefore, the Rantouls were surprised to see him go boldly over to the table at which Mr. Cleever had seated himself for his usual game of solitaire, and speak to him in a prolonged vehement whisper. Mr. Cleever listened in silence, his eyes twinkling. Then he rapped on the table.

"Sit down, young man. So you're in fear of the sheriff, hey? And you come to tell me about it? Lord, I've known the whole story for months! I've watched every step you took. Now, I'll speak plain to you. I know you're watching me close, hoping for my death. Stop! Not a word. I'm no fool. I see what I see. You hope to inherit a slice of that million with which I'm credited. You never will. But your sister may. I haven't made up my mind. There are four ways in which I may leave my money: One is, to your mother and sister, in which case you'll have your pickings out of it, no doubt, though I'll bind it up as tight and fast as I can; another is, to my cousin, Alan Parker; the third is, to the Grand Army of the Republic—I always was patriotic," chuckling and shuffling the cards; "and the fourth is—a charity in which I am interested—say a home for old men. Now, one day I think I'll leave it to your mother, the next to Alan; then the Grand Army is the favorite, or the home. You see, as I can't take the money with me, I don't really care so much what becomes of it."

"Nor do I!" cried Thad, grandiloquently. "All I ask is a trifle now to keep me from ruin. As for your great wealth—"

"It is a heavy weight for a dead man to carry," grumbled Nicholas, flipping the cards impatiently. "If I could take it with me—but to go empty-handed! It's rough — rough! I don't care a curse what becomes of it when I'm gone!" He threw the cards down on the table impatiently and leaned back, scowling. Thad stood before him nervously, leaning first on one foot and then on the other. The Rantouls, seeing that something was wrong, were huddled in the other end of the room.

"What are you teetering that way for? Can't you stand on your feet like a man? By George! I've got it!" thumping the table. "The cards shall decide who shall get the money. And you shall play them!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Thaddeus.

"Just what I say." The old man's face grew pinched and sharp with excitement. "Sit down, I tell you! Here you, Tom Rantoul! Here's a game goin' to be played worth watchin'! You can all look on. There are four claimants for my money when I die. Diamonds represent one of them, clubs another, spades the third, and hearts the fourth. Our friend, Thaddeus here, will play a game of solitaire, and the first suit which he will build up shall be the winner."

"But which—"

"Which is yourself, or your mother? Aha, Master Thaddeus, what would you give to know? I know. And I will abide by the game, I solemnly swear. Go on. Take the simplest game you know of—solitaire—what does it matter? The decision will be known the sooner!"

Thaddeus took up the cards and dealt them with a shaking hand. The Rantouls gathered behind him, whispering, frightened. There was something awful, to them, in this disposal of millions by a chance turn of a card. Nicholas Cleever bent over the table, grim and silent, watching every motion of Thad's fingers intently. Nobody doubted that he meant to abide by his promise, that the decision of the game should be final. At times, he scarcely breathed, so intense was his watch.

At first, the club suit was built up rapidly. Thad, as each card was added, looked up keenly into the old man's face, but it was impenetrable. Then he fancied that spades represented his mother, and began piling up that suit. He stopped, clenching his hands together.

"It's a damnable thing to do! I may be ruining myself for life, and I don't know it!" he almost shouted.

"And you may be ruining a fortune for life, and not know it. Go on," Mr. Cleever said, in a low sharp tone, that showed as much agitation as the young man's.

After that, the game progressed in silence. The falling of the ashes on the hearth was heard in the stillness. Three of the suits—hearts, spades, and clubs—were finished, except one card. Thaddeus held the three kings in his hand, ready to put them on. He stood up, in his excitement. The Rantouls crowded close.

"Now—now!" cried old Nicholas. "Decide, decide!"

"For God's sake, sir, give me a hint," whined Thaddeus.

"This much I will say: that your mother's fortune lies in one of those three suits. Not a syllable more."

Thad stared at them each in turn, pale and trembling. First he held out one king, then another, withdrawing them quickly. At last, he laid the king of hearts down.

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"Wrong," said Nicholas, quietly. "Spades would have taken the money for you. Well, that is over. I'll say good-night, Mrs. Rantoul. I've had a very pleasant evening."

CHAPTER X.

DOCTOR ALAN PARKER stood beside his office-door, holding it open. "You must go," he said, resolutely, to the woman within.

The woman, who was Victoria Walker, crossed the floor slowly, with a smile and tess of her dimpled chin. "Certainly, I'll go! But the day will come when you will rue sending me out of this door. I will enter suit for breach of promise to-morrow; damages, thirty thousand dollars."

"If my property is worth so much, you may levy on it now." Alan glanced around at the pine table and rag carpet with a forlorn smile.

"I can take something from you that is worth more than chairs and table. Louisa Rawley is not likely to marry the man who wrote these letters, after they are read in court."

She was gone at last, and Alan dropped into a chair. She would carry out her threat far enough, at least, to make him the laughing-stock of the town. He would never cross Louisa's path again. And why should he ever have done it? She loved him, and God knew what his love for her was. But what a weak helpless fool he was! She was in debt and misery, and he had not money enough to buy her food if he married her. He had given his life to science, and this was his reward!

He glanced out of the window, and saw his rival, Potts, bowling past in his buggy. Potts was wise. Why had he not begun by hob-nobbing with the grocer and the policeman's wife, instead of meddling with the gray matter of the brain, or trying to cure unknown hordes of epileptics? At this thought, he went hastily into his closet, and, taking out a microscope and some pulp in a bottle, began to pore over it, and soon, I fear, forgot everything. except that his great theory was to be put to the test to-morrow in the operation at Blockley.

In the meanwhile, Victoria hurried back to young Rawley's studio. She had been gone for several hours, and had left him in a condition of dumb despair. There was no longer any hope of relief from Nicholas Cleever; his creditors refused to advance a single meal or pair of shoes, and his pictures had been carted away to auction. Victoria had her purse stuffed with bills. But she was not the woman who would part with one of them unless to her husband.

She hurried back, however, to Thaddeus, hoping to amuse him by an account of the torture which she had brought to bear on Alan. When she entered the studio, she stopped amazed. Thaddeus was stretched on a lounge, his guitar in hand, a velvet smoking-jacket falling open from his shapely figure, while he caroled: "Hark! hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings!"

"Hello! Queen Vic! Come in and sing pæans with me! We have met the enemy, and they are ours! I will pay every dollar I owe this day."

"Have you sold a picture?" cried Victoria, her lips parted with admiring delight.

"No, no, you little goose—" Thad scanned her face sharply, pausing in the middle of his sentence. He had known this woman but a few weeks, yet she had acquired an extraordinary power over him. She was the only person living who believed heartily in his great genius. Hence she was, in his eyes, wiser and more trustworthy than any other living being. "I have not sold a picture. Sit down, Victoria." He sat down beside her with a portfolio in his hands. "I have drawn a likeness. It brought me in a good bunch of these," filliping a roll of bank-notes in her face.

"A likeness of what? I did not know you could paint portraits too."

Again he shot a quick doubtful glance at her face, then boldly opened the portfolio. "A likeness of a name—Nicholas Cleever. A crooked scrawl, eh? But I've done it pretty well."

The woman glanced at the sheet of paper covered with the same name a hundred times repeated.

"Forgery!" she exclaimed, staggering to her feet.

"That's an ugly word." He closed the book coolly. "I am only taking my share of the millions. It belongs to me—justly."

CHAPTER XI.

THADDEUS scattered happiness about him with his money. He paid every dollar of his debts that day; with feverish haste he brought back his pictures to the studio; he bought costly presents for his mother, Louisa, and also for Victoria, who refused them.

"I'm no receiver of stolen goods," she said. "No, of course, you don't like me to talk in that way. But it's the truth. You have a queer code of right and wrong, new to me. It's esthetic, I suppose. But I prefer the commandments."

Mrs. Rawley was radiant with delight. "He

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will be a different man, Beesy, now that good luck has set in!" she said, the joyful tears in her eyes. "He sold a picture for two thousand dollars cash, yesterday. so that has enabled him to pay all his creditors."

Louisa listened uneasily. This was not the explanation which Thad had given her of his sudden wealth. It came, he told her, from a check which Cousin Nicholas, unsolicited, had sent to him. But it was like Thad, to make a mystery and romance of a plain fact! She did not ask him any annoying questions. Whether the money came to him as a gift or payment, it had paid his debts and lifted a terrible burden from her mind.

She had another anxiety which held her in breathless suspense. To-day the operation was to be performed at Blockley. She had a little note from Alan in the morning, promising to come out as soon as he knew the result. She sat down to her painting with flushed cheeks and wet eyes, her heart full of prayers and thankfulness. Thad, going out, stopped to leave an airy kiss on her forehead. His conscience, long asleep, was gnawing angrily—or was it only Victoria's startled cry of "forgery!" or the terror of prison, that gave him this inward pain? Whatever it might be, he tried anxiously to quiet it. Had he not paid off his debts honestly? Had he not bought Beesy a gown? Who could say he was not a good fellow—honorable and affectionate?

In the train, however, as he came into town, were two policemen, who sat at the end of the car. Thaddeus kept his eyes fixed on their backs, until it occurred to him that his watch might attract notice, when he turned and looked out of the window. There was a sickening choking in his throat: his heart seemed to have stopped beating. They rose at last and came toward him. He stood up, his chin quivering and his light round eyes distended until they had passed. After they were gone, he had a short relief, and began to hum a tune and joke with the conductor. But on Chestnut Street he passed the prison-van rattling down to Moyamensing. Thaddeus climbed the steps to his studio, trembling as though he had been struck with palsy. It was a gray drizzling day; the fire had gone out in the grate; the pictures stood about in dreary disorder; the window-panes were grimy. This discomfort was as terrible to Thad as the terror which followed him. He sank in a heap on a lounge. His luck was down. He had always been a poor half-starved devil, and now he was to end his days in gaol because he had taken money which was justly his own. Where was Victoria? She promised to bring some terrapin for lunch. They had delightful luncheons, cooking little messes over the fire together. Victoria's coarse strength and jollity were precisely the support needed by this poor creature, who had been born without any moral back-bone.

There was a step in the hall outside, and a knock. It was she, no doubt. He opened the door. A young fellow with a trim black mustache, whom he had met at Rantouls', stood outside, smiling and bowing.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rawley. You don't remember me? Tartar, of the bank. We met at Mrs. Rantoul's, last week. Don't you recollect that delightful waltz?"

"Yes. You dance—you dance very well," gasped Thaddeus. His mouth was dry. "Come in. Take a seat. I'm in disorder here; my man has not cleared up, this morning."

"Oh, I'm sure it's a charming room. Never saw an artist's studio before. It's very interesting."

The youth stared eagerly around. The artist and man of fashion, Rawley, was a lion of much magnitude in his eyes.

Thaddeus could not sit down; he held by the mantel-shelf, to keep himself from falling.

"Did you wish to see me on any especial business?" he said.

"Oh, a trifle. The cashier is bothered about a check sent in yesterday. It is signed by your cousin, Nicholas Cleever, and made payable to Ezekiel Pettigrew, and endorsed by Pettigrew in your favor. The money was drawn by you at your bank in the city?"

He looked up interrogatively.

Thaddeus nodded; he could not speak.

"The cashier is worried about the signature. It is like Nicholas Cleever's—extremely like; but— Who is Ezekiel Pettigrew, Mr. Rawley? He is not known to any of the officers of the bank. When we saw that he had paid this check to you, we knew he must be dealing on the square, as you would know your uncle's signature."

"Oh, yes; I know Mr. Cleever's writing. I thought the check was all right, or I should not have taken it from Pettigrew," replied Thad, alertly, rejoicing secretly in his foresight that had erected this man of straw between him and detection.

"But who is Pettigrew? Mr. Smith asked me to get accurate information from you. There is certainly something queer about the signature."

Thaddeus was fluent enough when only a lie was required:

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"Pettigrew? He's a Western man. St. Paul or Grand Rapids—which is it? Exporter of wheat, enormously rich. At least, so he led me to infer. He told me that he attended to Mr. Cleever's Western property—hence the check. He paid it to me for a picture: rather nice thing—Portia and Brutus. It is packed up and gone."

"And Mr. Pettigrew is gone also?"

"Left for Chicago on the Limited, last night."

"Then he can easily be caught. Sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Rawley. You will probably be subpœnaed as a witness, if there is any trouble."

"Oh, see here!" muttered Thaddeus, faintly: "that check is all right. Did Mr. Cleever deny signing it?"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Cleever is very ill. His physician will not let him be disturbed—a stroke of paralysis. But, now that you have given us a clue, the officers of the bank will, no doubt, telegraph to Chicago, and have Mr. Pettigrew arrested."

The young man then wandered about the studio, loudly admiring the pictures, and at last took his leave.

Thaddeus heard the door shut behind him. A mad unreasoning terror seized him. In an hour, the officers would find Pettigrew to be a myth, and he would be arrested. He did not think of flight; he had not the courage for that. Nothing but the blank horror of a prison-cell was in the future. He, Thaddeus, with a shaven head, in a convict's striped dress, making shoes in the Eastern Penitentiary! He sobbed like a child, as he thought of it. Suddenly, his eyes fell on the bottle of laudanum.

Ah, there was escape! Sleep, at least. He poured out the brown fluid into a goblet and drank it to the dregs.

CHAPTER XII.

Doctor Parker arrived at Mrs. Rawley's door at dusk, that evening. He was met by Louisa, who threw it open before he had time to knock.

"Well, Alan, well?" she cried, breathlessly.

He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her rapturously.

"Victory, Beesy, victory!" he shouted, in a way very unbecoming the learned physiologist who had just won the respect of the whole medical world. "The operation justified my theory entirely. Oh, Beesy, I have dreamed and worked for this for so many years! Why, what are you crying about, child?"

"Nothing. I am so happy. Come in to supper; you must be faint with hunger. I know you have forgotten to eat since morning."

"That is true. How could I stop to eat? One more kiss, my darling."

When they were decorously seated at the table, Louisa said: "We are quite alone. Mother was summoned by telegraph to Cousin Nicholas Cleever. He is dying at Mr. Rantoul's. They will care for him tenderly."

"Poor old man! Is Thaddeus with him?"

"No. A man named Tartar has been here twice this evening for him. He says the studio is locked, and no one apparently within. But now tell me all about the patients, Alan."

When the story had been told and discussed in every possible point of view, Louisa said: "Oh, by the way, I saw an old friend of yours this morning."

"Of mine?"

"Yes—a woman. Victoria Walker."

He sprang up as though death had suddenly faced him.

"You have seen her? And she told you—"

"Everything she had to tell."

Louisa probably knew all that her lover suffered in the silence that followed, and for one minute she allowed him to suffer it. So much he deserved for his unfaithfulness to her when he was fourteen years old. Then she said, with a laugh:

"That boy who was in love with Miss Walker had a peculiar taste. Quite unlike yours, Alan."

He tried to speak, but kissed her instead. It is probable the subject never would have been broached between them again, but for the incidents which followed that night.

An hour later, Prudy, being summoned to the door by a ring, found a messenger-boy with a letter. It was addressed to Miss Rawley, and ran as follows:

"I did not tell you to-day, in our conversation about a mutual friend of ours, that we have another tie. I have been acquainted for some time with your brother. We found each other congenial—in short, we loved each other. He has been in sore trouble, no matter what. If you had exerted yourself to keep him from want, he never would have fallen into this trouble. He did fall into it, and, to escape, took laudanum to-day. On going to the studio, I found him pretty well on the way to kingdom come. Fortunately, he had taken too much, and was sick. Besides, I knew how to work against it. So he pulled through. He was in a desperate strait, as to body, money matters, and—other dangers. We decided that the best thing to be

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done was to be married, and to leave Philadelphia. I am now his wife. We go in an hour —no matter where—to Brazil, France, Oregon. You will not have our address. I am rich, thank God, and Thaddy shall want for nothing. Your affectionate sister, VICTORIA RAWLEY.

"If you choose to wear my cast-off shoes, you are welcome to them."

Scarcely had they finished reading this epistle, when the postman left another. It was a brief note from Mrs. Rawley.

"Dearest Beesy: The poor dear old man is at rest. I am sure he is in heaven, for he really was well-meaning. He would take no medicine, but knocked the spoon out of my hand, and kicked every time. It would break your heart. Under his pillow, he had a paper which he kept hunting for all the time. It turned out to be his will. He left all he had to the dear Rantouls, and goodness knows they deserve it, for they are the kindest souls! The poor dear old man is to be buried on Wednesday. Come to-morrow, and bring my best crape veil. You and Thaddeus must wear mourning. Tell Alan to have crape put on his hat. You can do it for him. Use black pins. Your loving mother, E. C. RAWLEY.

"It wasn't millions after all, only about six thousand a year. As we or Alan did not have it, I'm glad the Rantouls did. They will go to California and start a fruit-ranche.

E. C. R."

As Alan rose to go, and had said good-night for the twentieth time, still another messenger-boy attacked the door.

This time, the letter was for Doctor Parker. He read it in silence, and then, with a pale face, turned to Louisa.

"It is from one of the New York surgeons who was here to-day. The position of professor of Physiology is vacant in the medical school of which he is trustee, and he writes to offer it to me—"

Then he did a thing which would have surprised the venerable New York physician no little. Catching Beesy in his arms, he waltzed wildly around the hall with her—when he stopped for want of breath, crying: "We will all go. Mother and Prudy and all! I can buy you bread now! Bread with butter!"

The officers of the bank could not find Mr. Pettigrew; they could not find Mr. Rawley. Nicholas Cleever was dead. So the matter was dropped for want of proof.

Doctor Alan Parker is now one of the foremost specialists on cerebral diseases in this country. He and his wife, with Mrs. Rawley, live in a quiet home on the Hudson. They receive ecstatic letters occasionally from the Rantouls in Southern California. From Thaddeus, they hear nothing. There is a Monsieur De Rallé who has a magnificent estate near Los Angeles, and who has made a fabulous fortune by the recent boom in real estate. One of the Rantoul girls met him at a ball, and declared that it was Thad. But his wife, an imperious woman, in purple velvet and diamonds, swept him away. So the matter is still uncertain.

MY BOY STILL.

Do you think I've forgotten the day
  I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then;
  But I think that I loved him best—
For he was our first-born child, John—
  And I have not the heart or will
To love him less: whatever may come,
  He's my boy still!

I remember, when he was a little lad,
  How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
  Of his wit and his mimicry;
And i know quite well he's a man now,
  With a wild and stubborn will:
But, whatever he is to you, John,
  He's my boy still!

He was just like sunshine about the house,
  In the days of his happy youth—
You know we said that, with all his faults,
  He had courage and love and truth;
And, though he has wandered far away,
  I'd rather you'd say no ill—
He is sure to come back to his mother:
  He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
  And I can remember to-day
How often he went with me apart
  And knelt at my knee to pray.
And the man will do as the boy did—
  Sooner or later, he will—
The Bible is warrant for that: so
  He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
  She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
  I shall certainly get my wage:
And, though he has wandered far away
  And followed his wayward will,
I know, whatever, wherever, he is,
  He's my boy still!

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CLOSE BY SAN MARCO.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

VENICE lay drowsily basking in the gorgeous sunlight of an afternoon early in June. In the great square of San Marco, the cathedral and the doge's palace began to cast long shadows across the pavement, in which groups of the world-renowned pigeons gossiped and coquetted near knots of the equally famous beggars, who lay stretched out at full length, too lazy even to talk.

The Moors in the clock-tower beat four strokes to tell the hour, and, at the last sound, the pigeons rose up in a body and flew away in a hurry suggestive of an important engagement; but the beggars only turned over on the other side and began to doze again.

Priests, veiled women, men of all ages and conditions, and of all nations nearly, crossed and recrossed the square, and, presently, Peppino Romaldi, the very handsomest young gondolier in Venice, passed along in his turn.

He made his way into one of the narrow streets which stretch from the square like so many not over-clean ribbons blown crookedly out by a high wind. Presently, he reached a place where the "calle" met two other streets still narrower, the three forming a tiny triangle. In the middle, stood a pedestal, surmounted by a medieval conception of the devil, in rusty bronze, with menacing horns, long claws, a forked tail, and wings like a bat. In the opposite wall was a shrine containing an image of Saint Mark, the city's patron. A lamp burned before the niche, from behind which the saint frowned at his Satanic majesty, who leered impudently in return, with his bifurcated tongue thrust out as far as possible. The base of the triangle was filled by a flower-booth, and in it, surrounded by odorous blossoms, stood the proprietress, Zinetta Garolo.

Even in Venice, the flower-girls are usually ugly; but Zinetta was a beauty. She had scores of admirers, among whom handsome Peppino was the most favored and worst persecuted, holding a firmer place down at the bottom of her rebellious young heart than he ventured to hope or she fully realized.

Zinetta was something of an heiress, too, as well as a beauty: her father had left her a house and several gondolas, which latter she had disposed of so well that their price had established her in business. She owned her stall, bought her flowers at wholesale, and had a keen eye for a bargain, impulsive and uncalculating as she was in other matters.

When Peppino caught sight of Zinetta, she was standing with her face half averted, talking to an old woman, who looked as sly and wicked as the demon on the pedestal. Perceiving Zinetta's companion, Peppino stopped short and frowned as darkly as San Marco in his niche.

After a few instants' hesitation, he strode on; but, before he reached the stall, the visitor had passed down the nearest street, and Zinetta was leaning against the side of the booth, apparently so absorbed in the contemplation of a flower she held that she was entirely unconscious of the young man's approach.

She looked bewitching in her quaint costume, the short skirts showing the pretty feet, the well-assorted colors bringing out her beauty to great advantage.

Arrived within speaking-distance, Peppino exclaimed abruptly:

"Oh, you need not pretend, Mistress Zinetta: you saw me well enough."

"Santa Maria—how you frightened me!" cried the girl. "Pretty manners indeed, Master Peppino!"

"It was that horrid old cousin of Cecco Fantoli," grumbled Peppino. "Enough to make a man forget his manners! And you promised

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you would have nothing to do with him or anybody belonging to him!"

"Blessed Peter and Paul!" cried Zinetta. "If I am to turn away customers to please my friends, I may as well shut up my booth!"

"Customer indeed!"

"And a good order too, let me tell you! A rich American lady has taken an apartment in the house where Tonia helps the porters. And didn't she ask Tonia to recommend a person to send her, every day, bouquets as big as cart-wheels, of the costliest flowers? And didn't Tonia recommend me? And isn't it good of her to put a regular little fortune in my way? And who are you, to order me to turn my back on earning honest money?"

Zinetta poured out this volley with such rapidity, that Peppino had no chance to interrupt; but, as she paused to breathe, he said in a tone that showed his anger was by no means appeased:

"And she took the opportunity, I'll be bound, to talk about that red-headed fiend of a Cecco—"

"She had to, when I asked especially for him," broke in Zinetta. "And why should I not, pray? And as for red hair—my own is near enough that color to make me like it."

"You've the handsomest hair in Venice—and you know it!" shouted Peppino, gesticulating with hands, feet, and elbows till it seemed as if he would shake himself to bits. "You only say that to infuriate me!"

"You infuriate yourself, it seems to me. Oh, but you've a hot temper—milk doesn't boil up quicker—and all for nothing."

"For a good deal, I say! When I know that villain has been after you ever since his wife died! When you promised me that you—"

"You've said that already, and it wasn't true; repeating a thing doesn't make it any truer," cried Zinetta.

Peppino groaned aloud and flung up his hands.

"Well, if I did let you tease me into some sort of nonsense—not a promise, though—" pursued Zinetta, "I was a fool for my pains, since you come here to accuse me of lies and drive away a rich American customer. And I won't endure it, and so I tell you. And why should I? Am I my own mistress, or not? Did I ever engage myself to you? Do I care about you? Well, I shall not long, if you make life a burden by your persecutions."

The reason she gave for Tonia's visit was true enough, so far as it went; but, as Peppino suspected, the old woman had taken the opportunity to speak a few good words for her kinsman. Cecco Fantoli had several times been the cause of misunderstandings between Zinetta and her youthful admirer. After one of these hot quarrels Zinetta had more than half admitted that there was hope for Peppino, and had agreed to have nothing more to do with Cecco, who was given to drink.

"He is an assassin, a drunkard, and a gambler," vowed Peppino. Then, goaded into fresh passion by Zinetta's sneers, he unwisely added: "It is a disgrace for any girl who wishes to keep respectable to be seen with him."

"I'll dance with him to-night, at the Toldi ball!" cried Zinetta, quite beside herself. "Not respectable! I— Oh, Peter, Paul, and Saint Mark! You dare to say it! Go your way! Don't speak—I've done with you!"

Then she shrieked like a maniac till a little girl whom she employed came hurrying up. The small maid was left in charge of the booth, and away sped Zinetta, followed by her lover; but not a word would she answer in return to his entreaties and expostulations. When she reached her own house, she slammed the door in his face, and he, having work to do which could not be put off, had to go his way, nearly frantic between anger and a strong sense of injury.

So the young pair had managed to make each other exceedingly wretched and get up a fierce quarrel out of very slight materials, as youthful lovers of every degree and country are much given to doing on the slightest pretext, never reflecting that the results thereof will not lie within the compass of their own wills, but must prove trifling or momentous, as fate shall decree.

In this instance, fate was not inclined to be lenient, and selected some very black threads with which to weave the unlucky episode of that sunny afternoon into the devious meshes of her crooked web.

Cecco Fantoli was not at the dance, that night; but, though her special design for punishment failed, Zinetta contrived to torture Peppino by her coquetries with sundry new admirers, until, after trying to quarrel with them, he followed the old-fashioned plan of flirting in his turn. He selected Zinetta's chief enemy for the display of his talent, and found the young woman quite ready to meet him half-way.

The next morning, poor Peppino was wretched enough to try the effect of prayers and penitence, and foolishly wasted time which he could not afford to lose in order to meet Zinetta in her rounds among the houses where she regularly left flowers.

Just before she saw him, Zinetta had felt sufficiently miserable to be almost ready to take

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some step toward reconciliation; but the sight of her rueful-faced lover roused a desire to show her power and have satisfaction for her own pain: he got unmercifully snubbed, and the breach was made wider than ever.

Then, of course, the rival threw herself in the young man's path, and old Tonia gossiped, and friends interfered, and, by the end of three or four days, the young couple were desperate.

Then came a grand festa; Cecco Fantoli was several times Zinetta's partner in the dance, and, before night, had an altercation with Peppino. The pair were quickly separated, and no harm came of the encounter, only it was remembered afterward, as was the fact that Peppino had been the aggressor.

Only a few days later, old Tonia stopped by Zinetta's stall, as she was passing the corner of the street.

"Blessed San Marco, but I am tired!" she exclaimed, by way of salutation. "The people at our house have all been wanting commissions done at the same time, and all in forty different directions. And the American signora wants white flowers for to-night—all white. Don't forget! They are to be at the house by eight o'clock."

"So they shall," returned Zinetta, without looking up from her odorous task of bouquet-making.

Tonia gave a long sniff, expressive of dissatisfaction: probably she thought the flower-girl's manner wanting in cordiality, for she proceeded to administer a little reminder of her own kindness.

"I flatter myself I found you a good customer in the American," said she, "and you will do me the justice to own it's not the first one I've brought you—and, please the saints, it shan't be the last. Go, go—when Tonia Daschi is a friend, she's so in earnest."

"I never denied it," Zinetta replied, looking up with a sudden flash in her eyes; "and nobody can say it's losing time to recommend me. There are silver pieces to be made by it; don't forget to say so, if you hear any ill-natured person doubt it."

Zinetta's tongue was too keen a weapon lightly to encounter, and, besides, Tonia had numerous reasons for not wishing to offend the girl. She perceived that she had let a moment's irritation carry her too far, and hastened to atone.

"Don't I say it in square and church and on the bridges?" she cried. "You're the noblest girl in the world, Zinetta—and nobody knows it better, or says it oftener, or is prouder of your friendship than I."

"Acquaintance is one kind of bush, and friendship is another," quoth Zinetta; "I've acquaintances enough—"

"Yes, indeed! You speak like a book!" cried Tonia, ignoring the slight. "As you say, it's not easy to have real friends. And that reminds me: Who do you think has gone to Padua?"

"Your news is as stale as old Mother Brigitta's roses," said Zinetta. "As if I hadn't heard, three days ago, that Maria Ravelli had gone to see her aunt; and an ugly pair of noses met, too."

"Yes, yes," tittered Tonia. "But, last night, who should go but Master Peppino, as large as life? And they were saying, in the baker's, that the aunt means to make a match between them."

"Do I care?" broke in Zinetta, with such violence that the old woman retreated a step. "Let them marry! He knows I will never have him, and everybody else knows it's not for lack of coaxing."

"No, no!" cried Tonia, wrinkling her face worse than ever and striking her hands hard together. "The whole city knows that!"

Zinetta picked up her bouquets, summoned her handmaid, and prepared to depart with scant ceremony. Tonia coolly asked where she was going, and, having been told, declared that one of her multifarious errands required her to take the same direction. The information was received in silence; but, in no way disturbed thereby, Tonia trotted off at the girl's side, looking as unfit a companion for the delicate lovely creature as a short-legged pug-dog would look for a gazelle.

"Blessed Madonna, but the weather grows warm!" panted the old woman. "It is bringing the strangers early, though—which is a blessing. That cross-eyed daughter of the old tailor was over at the Lido, yesterday, and she said there were people enough to make you think it must be the middle of July."

"The laziness of that scissors-and-yardstick girl is a disgrace!" cried Zinetta, by way of a little vent for her nervous excitement and trouble.

"It is! it is!" Tonia averred, then added: "It is you, my Netta, who will be coining money over at the shore, before long—indeed, you might now."

"I am going, later in the day; I made up my mind yesterday that it was time to take my flowers over," Zinetta answered.

She had not thought of it—the idea was just born out of her restlessness, and Tonia knew it;

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but, far from hinting this, she loudly applauded her companion's industry and business-talent.

"You could not wait till to-morrow?" she asked.

"No: I shall not have time then. I shall go by the five-o'clock boat; I must stop at Tito's and see about a new basket."

Tonia saw the purchase made and heard Tito's boy engaged to take it to the steamboat; then she went her way content, having accomplished exactly what she had promised Cecco Fantoli to try and bring about.

The tiny steamboat set out on its half-hour's voyage as near the appointed time as anything Venetian, animate or inanimate, can ever be expected to do, and Zinetta was among its passengers. The Lido is a long strip of sand which forms a natural bulwark between the Adriatic and the islands on which the city is built, and is well provided with restaurants and bathing-houses, and, during the summer season, is thronged day and night.

Pretty Zinetta was one of the sights of Venice, and could have sold twice as many flowers, had her big baskets been able to hold them. She laughed and talked with friends and strangers, but her saucy speeches were an effort, and what had always been a pastime proved such hard work that she felt heartily glad when the last bouquets were disposed of, and she free to depart; she was far too good a business-woman to go before, in spite of weariness or heartache. Harder to bear than even these pangs, was the jealous rage which Tonia's gossip in regard to Peppino and her rival had roused, and several persons whom she met had added fuel to the flame by showing themselves aware of the young man's having followed Maria to Padua, and indulging in jests or more insupportable words of sympathy.

So, when crafty Cecco Fantoli approached her with a fine show of meekness and civility, Zinetta was near enough insane with pain and jealousy to be ready for any wild freak, which, at another time, she would no more have committed than she would have promised to marry the big, stalwart, dangerous-looking man.

A strain of Austrian blood on his mother's side was very apparent in Cecco, and had helped to make him unpopular from boyhood. But he had pleasant manners, and would have been handsome, but for the evil expression in his blue eyes and the marks of dissipation in his face.

"I wish you would take a row in my new boat, Zinetta," he said; "she is a beauty, and it will be lovely on the water— But you wouldn't go with me—though I know two or three of your friends are here that would join us—but, I suppose, Peppino—and there's his cousin Giulia yonder, to repeat—"

"I'll go, with pleasure," Zinetta interrupted; "I don't want anybody else—it would only make the rowing hard work. Tonia told me about your handsome boat—yes, I'll go."

When sunset came on, they were out seaward, and a curve in the shore completely hid the cafés and bathing-houses. Cecco had let her be silent when she wished—he had sung in his rich baritone voice, he had told her amusing stories, and managed artfully to make her forget how time was passing, or how far they had gone. When she did rouse up to the fact, he said:

"Just round this other curve—from there you can see the brig I was talking about."

"Since it will only take a few moments," she said, indifferently.

Cecco rowed on, and presently called:

"There she lies—doesn't she dance like a fairy?"

The man's breath was coming quick and fast—his blue eyes burned like flame—the force he had put on himself for this long hour had only added to his internal excitement. He had been drinking deeply for several days and nights, and his love for Zinetta was the maddest passion he had ever known.

She was not noticing him. She sat with her head turned toward the vessel, her hand shielding her eyes so that she could look more closely at it. Suddenly, she felt the boat rock with such violence that she uttered a little cry of fright—then Cecco was half kneeling by her side, and gazing into her face with his burning eyes.

"I love you, Zinetta!" he fairly gasped. "I love you—oh, you know it—I have told you!"

"And I have answered—always the same no," she exclaimed, growing angry at having been startled. "You promised never again to talk like this—it is very rude and mean to do it after my coming out in your boat!"

Zinetta was so accustomed to ruling her adorers, that even now it did not occur to her to be afraid of Cecco, and she flashed her black eyes at him with audacious scorn.

"I can't keep silence!" he cried. "You just drive me mad—you play with me—you torture me! Oh, if you think you can make me a cat's-paw, so that you can revenge yourself on that deceitful fickle Peppino, you are mistaken!"

"Take up your oars this instant, Cecco Fantoli, and row me to shore!" cried Zinetta, pushing him away. "I was a fool to trust you—"

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"No, Zinetta, no!" he cried, still kneeling before her. "I love you so—no man ever can love you half so dearly—I would sell my soul for you!"

"I can live without depriving you of that valuable possession!" she laughed, beginning inwardly to quake, but bravely keeping up her air of assurance. "Row to shore—that's the only favor you can do me just now!"

"So you still care for that miserable traitor—I thought you had more pride!" Cecco sneered.

"Look you, Fantoli!" cried Zinetta. "If Peppino were as bad as you want to make him out, he would still be worth twenty like you! Row me to shore, I say—if you don't, I'll jump out and swim!"

In an instant, he caught her in his arms, though she fought like a young tigress, and shrieked at the top of her voice.

"Promise to marry me, or we both go overboard!" he cried. "I can't live without you—at least, you shall die with me!"

The two struggled; the boat drifted on; Zinetta wild and blind with desperation, and Cecco crazed between drink and fierce passion. Once more, Zinetta's voice rang out in a shrill scream, as Cecco dragged her forward, exclaiming:

"Promise, or over we go! Only say yes—I love you so—I love you!"

There was a quick blow against the stern from another boat, which had rounded the curve unnoticed by either. With one terrible maledicition, Peppino sprang at Fantoli, who was forced to release his hold of the girl.

The two men fought in the bottom of the boat like demons—a sudden lurch of their bodies caused the craft to capsize. Peppino saw Zinetta fall into the water.

The gondolier dealt Cecco another blow, shook him off, and swam to Zinetta's side just as she was sinking. Supporting the unconscious girl with one arm, and swimming with the other, he managed to reach his boat. He got his insensible burden into it, and rowed toward the shore—too busy watching her to remember his enemy. As they neared the beach, he had a quick glance of a man swimming round the curve, whom he knew must be Cecco.

As he ran his boat on the sand, Zinetta recovered consciousness, and was soon able to sit up and answer his eager inquiries.

"And you saved me, Peppino," she cried, beginning to sob. "Oh, I thought you were in Padua!"

"Yes, I know," he answered; "I heard that lie—how could you believe it? Oh, my girl, don't you see that old Tonia has been working for Cecco—trying to separate us? Padua—I! Don't think I was following you—I couldn't work, so to-day I came over to the Lido—I hired Scaldi's boat to go fishing—I was just coming round the point when I heard you scream—oh, Zinetta!"

"And you knew my voice?" she sobbed.

"Of course, I knew it!" he answered. "Oh, I lived a hundred years in those minutes—Zinetta, Zinetta!"

He sat down on a bit of timber and covered his face with his hands, shaking from head to foot. Suddenly he felt Zinetta's lips on his fingers. She drew away the hands from before his eyes, and, kneeling by his side, looked at him with a beseeching glance.

"You might forgive me," she whispered, "if—if you love me still; but—but—"

Then she was clasped in his strong arms, and, before either remembered this mortal world again, the full moon had risen out of the waters, a broad disk of gold, in whose light the sails of the brig glittered and waved, as she courtesied gracefully to the Adriatic, and set forth on her shining path.

"And at last we are to be happy," were Peppino's words of farewell, that evening, as he prepared to leave Zinetta's house.

"At last," she echoed, and he folded her once more to his heart. "But it is thanks to your patience and bravery—I shall never forget that—never."

So they parted, each to pass a night of such sweet peace and blessed repose as neither was to know again for many terrible weeks.

The pair had been seen by numerous acquaintances before they left the Lido, having gone to one of the cafés, where they dried their garments, and Peppino gave as concise a statement of what had happened as the curiosity of his questioners would permit.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. Zinetta was early at her stall—that is, early as morning hours go in Venice, where everybody is late. Peppino had promised to look in on her about nine o'clock, but he did not come.

As the moments passed, Zinetta did not grow vexed at this lack of punctuality, as she would have done a week before; she told herself that he had some good reason, and made up a dainty little bouquet to pin in his buttonhole.

Ten o'clock pealed out from the bell-tower in San Marco's Square, and, before the musical tones had fairly died away, Zinetta was startled by the hasty approach of several of her girl friends, all crying out at once news so impossible

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in its horror that at first her brain refused to grasp its import.

"Peppino choked Cecco to death in the water! Oh, nobody blames you, Zinetta—you had fainted—but he murdered Cecco—he has been arrested."

These sentences contain the gist of the broken exclamations and cross-fire of assertions and negations which sounded like the roar of thunder in Zinetta's ears.

"It is a lie!" she cried, wildly. "Let me go—where have they taken him? I can testify—I—"

"Oh, the officers are coming for you!" interrupted several voices. "There is to be the opening examination at noon! Tonia gave the alarm—she found somebody who saw the fight!"

With one wild cry, Zinetta sank on the ground, and for awhile a blessed insensibility shut out her woe.

The story was only too true, and, before night, Peppino was shut up in prison on the charge of having murdered Cecco Fantoli. The fisherman's boat had been found drifting bottom-upward not far from the shore, but no trace of the man himself could be discovered.

The enmity between Peppino and his presumed victim had long been notorious; their altercation a few days previous, which had so narrowly escaped some fatal result, was, of course, brought up in the evidence. Zinetta's testimony was only an additional proof against her lover, for the last she had seen of the two men, before losing consciousness, they were struggling in the water, Peppino uppermost.

There was no hope of finding the body, for it would have floated away with the tide; but there was evidence enough to show that, if Peppino had not killed his enemy outright, he had left him to drown while insensible from his hurts.

The accused was urged to make a full confession—friends and lawyers alike assured him that his sentence would be lighter, if he would avow that, in his frenzy, he had strangled Zinetta's assailant; but this he refused to do.

"I saw him swim round the curve," he persisted. "I did not kill Cecco Fantoli; but I would if I could! He would have drowned Zinetta, if I had not saved her—he was mad with drink! That is all the truth!"

But, if he confessed, his advisers urged, he would escape with ten, or maybe only five, years' punishment; otherwise, his sentence would be the galleys for life.

"I can only tell what happened; if I must suffer for speaking the truth, then justice is an odd thing—we might as well be under Austrian rule still," was Peppino's invarable response.

But, before the time set for his trial, the luckless young fellow lay very ill in the prison hospital. He had struck his head a severe blow against the edge of the boat, as he and Cecco fell into the water, and, between that neglected hurt and his despair, he was seized with a violent fever, which left him at death's door for weeks.

Three entire months had passed since the day of Peppino's arrest, and, though he had begun to mend, he was still so feeble that his trial had to be again postponed.

It was just at this time that an American artist, Edgar Pierson, returned to spend a portion of the autumn in his beloved Venice. He had been there two years in succession, and had always employed Peppino as his gondolier. He admired the young fellow's honesty and industry, and was well acquainted with his love for the beautiful flower-girl.

Pierson had made numerous sketches of the young couple, singly and together; and a full-length portrait of Zinetta, standing in her flower-booth, had, that spring, been exhibited at the Paris Salon, and later in New York, and had added new lustre to his rising fame.

He had just returned, after a visit to America, and had come straight from Paris down to Venice, having telegraphed to secure his favorite suite of rooms in the old palace which had been his abiding-place during his former visits.

It was late at night when he arrived, and, as he went downstairs the next morning for an early stroll, one of the first persons he met was Tonia, who had just entered, laden with packages for some of the lodgers who employed her to do commissions.

Pierson never forgot a face; he remembered the old woman at a glance, and was greeted with such exaggerated expressions of delight, that every lounger in the court knew the foreigner must be lavish with his money.

"You are just the person I want, Tonia," he said, slipping some coins into her hand. "I have a new servant who doesn't know his way about Venice. First, I want you to tell Zinetta she must fill my rooms every day with flowers, and you must go to Peppino—"

"Oh, the murderer—the assassin—that killed my precious cousin! And the signore did not know!" howled Tonia.

She poured out the whole story with ear-splitting cries and such maddening repetition, that, just to get rid of her, Pierson sent her to summon a gondola, while he hurried in to

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find the proprietor of the house and gather a more connected account of the tragedy.

When he came out to the front steps again, the gondola was already there; but Pierson had changed his mind, and ordered the boatman to go in search of Zinetta: she was to come back in the barca and bring all the flowers she could spare. He wanted to hear the girl's version before he applied for permission to visit Peppino, which he meant to do that very day, being about as warm-hearted and impulsive a young man as could easily be found in this age of realism and disillusion.

It was a terribly changed Zinetta who appeared before him, half an hour later; he could scarcely believe the pale emaciated creature was the blooming beauty whose portrait had been the admiration of all the picture-lovers in two great cities so short a time back.

She told him the story more quietly and collectedly than anybody had yet done, and no personal grief had ever caused Pierson's heart so sharp a pang as did the agony of those despairing eyes.

"And it was my fault—all mine!" she said, drearily; for she had shed no tears. "If I could bear the suffering; but it must all come on him—for I shall die. I'm a poor weak thing; I've done all the harm I can; and I shall die very soon, and he will live and live—a galley-slave. Oh, I think God never punished a human being as he has me!"

Pierson was glad that, at this moment, his servant entered with a telegram which required an answer. He sat down at a table to write, and Zinetta, taking up her basket, passed into the next salon, to arrange her flowers in the vases.

Some moments passed; Pierson had sent his man away with the dispatch, and was wondering if any means of help for Peppino would be possible, when he was startled by a cry from Zinetta.

He ran into the next room, and found her kneeling on the floor, her eyes fastened on an open sketch-book that lay on the table.

"What is it, Zinetta? Are you ill?" he cried, in alarm.

She rose slowly and turned her white face and pathetic eyes toward him, still keeping her hand on the volume.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Pierson," she said. "It was silly of me to cry out like that; it was only seeing his picture."

"Whose picture?" asked Pierson, moving toward her. "There can't be any face you recognize in that book."

"Oh, yes—Cecco Fantoli!" she replied. "You said you did not remember him! You had forgotten—since here is his portrait. But maybe you did not know his name."

Pierson was beside her, bending over the page on which was an almost life-size head in water-colors—a strong crafty face, with fiery eyes and a curling red beard.

"Who do you say that is?" demanded the artist.

"Cecco Fantoli, of course!" she replied. "Did you paint it last autumn? Maybe before, since you had forgotten. But no: it is Cecco, just as he looked three months ago."

She dropped in a heap on the floor and began to sob piteously, though not a tear bedewed her eyes.

"Stop, Zinetta—don't!" pleaded the artist. "Stand up! Listen: I made that sketch less than a fortnight since—in New York!"

"Oh, the Virgin be praised! I knew he was alive—I knew it!" cried Zinetta. "But he will not come back—he will let Peppino go to the galleys. Help him! only help us! Dear sir, you are so good—you can do anything! Only help us!"

And then poor Zinetta sank forward, and lay still and white among the fragrant blossoms which had fallen from the table.

Space is so nearly annihilated in our age, that, of course, before the sun set that evening in New York, the police had found Cecco Fantoli and established his identity by means of the chalk drawing that Pierson had left in his studio—the sketch from which he made the water-color picture he had brought with him.

Master Cecco had feared that he might suffer disagreeable consequences if he remained in his native city, and speedily decided on a plan of escape. He got back to his house, took his small sum of ready money, a bundle of clothing, and started by that night's train to Naples. An Italian steamer was about to leave for New York, and, as extra hands chanced to be needed, Fantoli was able to work his passage to that port. He proposed to remain in the New World, at least till time should have softened the wrath of Zinetta and Peppino.

When he found that a full confession would obviate the necessity of his being carried home, he made it with a good grace in the presence of the Italian Consul, by whom it was duly forwarded to Italy.

So, when the inevitable delays were ended, Peppino once more came forth into the sunlight a free man, and heaven seemed to open before him and his penitent Zinetta.

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A VERY SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

ONE evening, I went home to my wife with some wonderful news. I had just learned from the lawyers that an old uncle of ours, over in Jersey, from whom we never expected a dollar, was dead, and had left us the bulk of his property, including the country-house where he died.

There was another nephew who had always lived with Uncle Si, and expected to be his heir; but he was a thoroughly bad fellow, given to all sorts of evil ways, and the old man, after trying in vain to reform the sinner, cut him off with a few hundred dollars, and, to our great surprise, made me the heir.

When I reached home and told Sue, she could hardly believe the good news.

"Oh, Charley!" she cried, "if it is true, we can stop this endless paying rent, and have a home of our own at last!"

"It certainly is true," I replied. "I've gone over all the business with White and Humphreys, and we can take possession of our country-seat as soon as we like. There is only one small drawback."

"'No rose without a thorn,'" quoted Sue, laughingly. "Well, what is it, Charley?"

"It's a ghost, my dear!"

"A ghost? What do you mean?"

"There's a report that the house is haunted."

"Haunted? Nonsense!"

"The neighbors declare that, ever since Uncle Si died, strange lights have been seen in the house, odd noises heard, and a white-robed ghost known to wander about the premises."

"How absurd!" cried Sue.

"You know I can't give up my city business, and, if we do go there to live, you and Sarah will be left much alone, and—"

"I'll answer for Sarah," declared Sue, interrupting me without the least regard for courtesy. "She is not afraid of the world, the flesh, nor the—other fellow! Neither am I, when she's around."

Sarah was our servant, a grim old maid from 'way down East, ugly as sin, but possessing all the spirit and energy of her stout-hearted progenitors.

"I don't doubt Sarah's ability to scare anything mortal," I remarked, dryly. "But, when it comes to a ghost—"

"When will you take me to see the place?" inquired Sue, interrupting me without mercy a second time, and not condescending to notice my observation.

"Whenever you please. To-morrow, if you like," I answered.

"The sooner the better," decided Sue. "We'll go to-morrow."

So, over to Jersey we went, the next day, and drove out to our new inheritance. It was really a fine property, but sadly out of repair. We concluded to take possession at once, and, on our way home, stopped in the village near by to engage workmen to put things in order.

We heard stories of the ghost from all of them. One said he wouldn't live there if they'd give him the farm; another refused to go at all unless he had company; and the third was sure that bad luck would attend anybody who tried to stay in that house.

I was rather sorry that Sue should hear all this; but she, like a sensible girl, advised that we should not be influenced by any such silly stories. Besides, she added, if these things really were seen and heard, there must be some natural cause for them, which we would try to discover and put an end to.

I praised her for being such a brave little soul, and promised to buy her a revolver with which to defend herself. "I don't know that you could shoot a ghost, if you saw one," I laughingly remarked, "but it will be handy to have, anyhow."

"I will use it, rest assured, if his ghostship appears to me!" returned Sue, in the same spirit.

Just as we drove away from the shop where we had engaged a carpenter, a well-dressed man with a handsome wicked face passed by, and gave me such a scowl, as he glanced at me, that I asked Mr. Jackson who he was.

"That's your rival, the nephew old Si Hascomb threw over," he answered. "Joe Hascomb is a hard case. I'm afraid you'll find him your enemy when you come here."

"But it's no fault of ours that he lost the property. I shall not interfere with him unless he bothers me; in which case, he'll be apt to wish he hadn't."

"Charley, I'm afraid he will do you some

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harm," said Sue, anxiously, as we drove on. "He has such a wicked countenance."

"Nonsense!" I replied, laughing at her fears. "Why, you dread him more than the ghost!"

"Oh, yes, indeed I do!" cried Sue. "A bad man is something tangible, and a ghost isn't, you see."

"We're in no danger from this one," I returned. But I believed, myself, that, if ever that fellow found a chance to injure us, he would do it. And it was more the recollection of his evil face, than any thought of the ghost, which made me keep my laughing promise to buy Sue the revolver. One didn't know what might happen, and I was sure, if it became necessary to use it, she would do so.

The workmen had the house ready for us very soon, and we went into our new quarters quite merrily, despite the ghost. For a few days, nothing disturbed us. Then, one night, the lights appeared and the noises began. We saw flashes of light at several windows and heard groans and cries; but the most rapid and thorough search could not discover their source.

One evening, as Sue and I came home rather late, we distinctly saw a white figure in the path before us; but it vanished when we drew near. Sarah saw the same figure twice—once at the front door, once at the corner of the woodshed; all three of us saw it looking in at the dining-room window, as we sat at supper, one night; but, when we rushed out, we were only greeted by a hollow mocking "Ha! ha!" as if the ghost were deriding our futile efforts to catch him.

I expected to hear Sue ask to go back to the city; but, when I ventured one day to say so to her, the plucky little woman declared that she was not going to be driven from a lovely home by his ghostship: but, if he wanted to wander about for amusement, he had her permission to do so to his entire content.

"You're a jewel, Susie, my dear," said I. "But I wish we could get at the bottom of this business."

That, however, we could not do. It was impossible that any of the neighbors could be playing us tricks; indeed, no one could have a motive for disturbing us, unless it were the man whom the uncle had disinherited—and he had left the neighborhood just before we moved. There seemed to be nothing to do except to bide our time and wait until the mystery had an end of some kind—as, in the nature of things, it would have before a great while.

One evening, when matters had been unusually quiet for several days, Sue and I were chatting, seated in our cozy sitting-room, when she chanced to remember some orders which she had forgotten to give Sarah at suppertime.

Sarah was finishing her ironing in the laundry, a small building a short distance from the dwelling. Sue threw a zephyr scarf over her head and ran across the yard without a thought of fear.

She had hardly been gone a moment, when I was startled by the report of a pistol, then a groan and a heavy fall. I sprang up and rushed out, calling in alarm:

"Sue! Sue! Are you hurt? Where are you?"

"Here!" promptly responded her clear voice.

And I flew toward her, just as Sarah came running from the laundry with a light.

"What is it, Sue? What has happened?" I demanded, quickly.

"Nothing; only I've shot the ghost," exclaimed Sue, coolly. "It came upon me, right in my face, as I was coming back from the laundry, and I fired before I thought."

"You did just right!" I cried. "Here, Sarah—bring your light."

As Sarah came near, I stooped over the white-robed figure lying at Sue's feet, pulled aside the disguising drapery, and revealed the wicked face of our enemy—Joe Hascomb!

We carried him to an upper room and laid him on the bed; the two women watched beside him, while I rode for a doctor. His wound did not prove serious, at which we rejoiced, but he had a tedious fever, through which we nursed him faithfully.

He rose from that bed a changed man. He confessed himself the author of all the late disturbance: being determined that, if he lost the property, we at least should not enjoy it.

Having his own keys and a perfect knowledge of every nook and corner of his old home, a little ingenuity made the rest easy to him. When he got well, we offered him a thousand dollars with which to begin a new life. He thankfully accepted it, and went away. We have never heard of him since, nor had any disturbance about our home: so we conclude the "ghost" is "laid" forever, and we may live in peace.

MORE AND LESS.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

A sound can quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the heart's best play.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

Hints on household economy are valuable in proportion to their practicability, and the latter, of course, can only be determined by actual experiment. The merit of the suggestions which are offered here lies in the fact that they have been successfully tried by those who found it necessary to practice the closest economy.

Numerous dyeing-establishments are to be found everywhere; and, when a woman goes into mourning, she generally sends at least a part of her wardrobe to them. In these days of cheap dry-goods, however, the expense of dyeing a dress is nearly, if not quite, as great as the cost of a new one; so that one is apt to hesitate over investing one's money in the former way. Still, there are times when to change the color of some garment would be very convenient; indeed, in the case of light hues, it seems an absolute necessity. To be independent of the dyer, or, in other words, to be able to dye things at home, at merely a nominal cost, is a triumph which may be achieved by any woman who has the time and care to bestow on the work.

It was quite by accident that we discovered the possibility of using Easter-egg dyes for coloring garments. The colors, red and purple, had been purchased merely to beautify the children's eggs, when one little girl, the possessor of many ribbons and sashes, used the coloring liquid left to dye some of these articles. The result quite surprised us. We did not think much about the matter, however, for a long while afterward. I was the owner of a cashmere shawl, whose history is worth repeating: When new, it was a lovely pale-blue; but, being inexpensive, one summer's exposure to the sea-air faded it to a sickly hue. The following summer, it was carefully washed without bluing, and boiled for a long time. While still damp, it was carefully ironed, and lo! I went away with a cashmere shawl, the envy of my friends, white being the fashionable color for wraps that season.

A white garment soon soils, however, and, the next summer, we decided that the shawl must be dyed. The price asked was from seventy-five cents to a dollar for the smallest article of the kind, so, as shawls were so inexpensive, we decided it would be cheaper to buy a new one. In the meantime, a sudden inspiration occurred to us—the Diamond dyes! Happy thought! It was an experiment worth trying. An eight-cent package of beautiful scarlet was bought, and the directions carefully followed. It was nearly a morning's work, but the result was highly satisfactory. The shawl was washed in soda and partly dried, then dyed exactly according to the directions given on the package. When well dipped, the shawl was hung in the open air, and then pressed while still damp. A great deal depends on the careful pressing, and one thing more must be remembered: select a clear day for the operation, else it will not succeed, as the articles can not dry fast enough. It is now nearly a year since, and the shawl is as bright as ever, while, even in the strongest daylight, nobody would suppose that it had been dyed.

Our success in this first experiment emboldened us to try another garment. A dark-red rough coat, or rather little jacket, tufted with black, fashionable two or three seasons ago, had not only lost its original freshness, but tired my eyes, and I longed for a new one. This was out of the question, so we bethought us of the dye. A navy-blue was selected, and, after ripping off the buttons and washing it, a work of some trouble, the jacket was dyed. Two packages were necessary to accomplish this successfully, the coat being heavier than the shawl. Now it looks just as well as one belonging to a friend who paid the dyer seventy-five cents.

A white albatross-cloth, of very inferior quality—its original cost only fifteen cents a yard—had made one of the girls a pretty gown for three summers, but had become too soiled for wear. The draperies were ripped apart, the buttons, black velvet trimming, and whalebones taken off the basque, and the braid from the skirt. After washing it, the dress was dyed a beautiful bright-red, and soon put together again. As there was very little, if any, wool in the texture, and the skirt was a muslin sham, two packages were needed, and even then we feared the result. The chintz, naturally, did not take the dye well, but the goods assumed the desired hue, and, in the winter evenings, the

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owner of the gown made a bright spot of color among us, while we all pined after a red dress.

In the case of anything really worth it, such as a white flannel too soiled to wear, but costing two dollars and a half to clean, and three to dye, we would advise the whole suit's being ripped apart, and made up new. It will pay for the added investment of time and labor, particularly if you can make your own clothes.

Remember one thing in ripping garments to be dyed, and that is to pick out every thread left from the former sewing. Every one missed will streak your stuff.

Red, of course, is the most satisfactory color, but other dyes may be used with good results. Black is the most unsafe of all, and needs a practiced hand. Experiment on small things before you undertake a large or really nice garment. A light-brown or écru check, part wool, has been colored seal-brown, and, this spring, I expect my last year's traveling-suit to make me a neat costume, out of which I shall certainly get more than sixteen cents worth of comfort! A light-blue knit jacket, soiled and faded by two years' wear, will be dyed crimson by next summer, and will, I expect, beguile my friends into thinking I have a new sacque.

Not long ago, a young lady friend called at the house for a short visit, and just loosened her wraps. She disclosed a fancy basque of cream-colored cashmere, trimmed with woolen lace. A beautiful garment, but alas! getting soiled. Once washed, white woolens do not keep clean so long as when new. I told my friend of our experiments, and she has now a basque of a delicate blue, which, as such light colors soon soil, will probably next winter be scarlet or crimson, the lace, of course, dyeing as well as the goods.

I have one little nephew, whose mother now dyes all his neckties; but we have never tried silk or velvet, though, judging from ribbons and ties, the former material could be managed by the exercise of great care. Directions accompany each package of the Diamond dye, for the coloring of both wool and silk. A card containing samples of all the different shades to be found among these dyes may be examined at the shop where you make your purchase, and you can choose the tint you prefer. Even in the smallest country towns, these Diamond dyes can easily be procured; for, if the druggist should not have them in stock, he can send for them.

Of course, the dyer's hands will be stained, and, as one does not care to wait till the stain wears off, she can remove it either by the use of pumice-stone soap, or, what is still surer, a solution of oxalic acid. A pair of rubber gloves, such as women use in gardening, will however, obviate the difficulty altogether.

While on the subject of dress, let me suggest that no prettier, and, in the end, more serviceable, trimming can be bought than ribbons. I will tell you my experience: Three yards of brown satin ribbon made the bows for a silk dress, four or five years ago. After wearing them in this way for some time, they served as a waist-ribbon with different gowns, and, last spring, after pressing, trimmed a little écru straw bonnet. The strings of that pretty little head-gear are now used as an inside belt for a brown ulster, which, otherwise, would have needed new ribbon.

A Roman sash, which had belonged to one of us when children, has just made a Fedora vest and cuffs, to brighten up a dark-blue dress for evenings. As the fancy front is so basted in as to be removable, the costume can be restored to its accustomed soberness at short notice.

Velvet is another material which, with care, will serve for many purposes. The blue velvet which covered a bonnet for two years made the cuffs and collar for a new gingham dress, by means of steaming and judicious cutting. Nowadays, when plushes and velvets are so much cheaper than they used to be, the knowledge that they will serve so many purposes renders them comparatively inexpensive, but certainly very pretty, dress-trimmings. Velvet ribbon is usually dearer than any other sort, but it will bear repeated steaming, and can be made to answer many uses. A pair of black velvet ribbon-strings, after being used on a winter bonnet, were made into a belt for a batiste dress, and, after serving this purpose one summer, were used as strings on a black straw bonnet. After being worn as a bow at the neck, last season, its career of usefulness seems over, and it will, I think, be allowed to rest in peace in the scrap-bag, though it may end its days in a crazy-quilt.

In these times of change, when nobody wants a dress to last a lifetime, and then be handed down to its owner's descendants—who wouldn't feel at all thankful therefor—we can do many things which our grandmothers would have thought foolish. To put velvet or silk on a twelve-and-a-half-cent frock would have scandalized them; but nowadays cheap dress-materials are so pretty that they only require to be properly made up and effectively trimmed to furnish stylish and often expensive-looking costumes.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a promenade-costume, of fine pin-striped woolens. The underskirt is kilted, and the tablier is long and square; the back drapery

No. 1.

is carelessly looped. The pointed bodice has full fronts, and a jockey-basque at the back. Triple cape, each one finished with a cord, and tied in front with a cord and tassel. Tight coat-

No. 2.

sleeves with deep cuffs, edged with cord. The hat may be of felt or cloth. The brim is faced with soft silk fulled on. Trimming of ostrich-tips, with loops of ribbon at the back. Eight to

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ten yards of double-width material will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a spring ulster, of camel's-hair or light-weight cloth, in any dark self-color, or in

No. 3.

mixed tweed. It is cut princess in front, with box-plaits at the back, below the waist-line. The garment has an inside vest, which buttons to the waist. A pointed belt finishes the front. Coat-sleeves with plain cuffs, ornamented by two large buttons. Larger buttons ornament the belt, and are set on at the back. Small turban bonnet of velvet, with a feather edge, and trimmed with standing loops of ribbon.

No. 3.—Walking-costume, of striped tweed, light weight. The front and sides of the skirt are laid in deep plaits, the material being used for this part of the costume on the cross-way, as seen in the illustration. The remainder of the skirt is simply plaited on to the waistband, hanging in long straight folds. The jacket is double-breasted, with revers and wide collar finishing the neck. This opens over a full vest of soft surah to match. Tight coat-sleeves with pointed cuffs. From eight to ten yards of double-fold material. Hat of felt, faced with velvet, and trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

No. 4—Is a simple model for either a house or walking dress. The material is checked gray and black spring suiting. The skirt is mounted

No. 4.

upon a foundation of cambric, faced on the outside with the material. The front is plaited to form a long tablier, reaching to the hem; then the sides and back are kilted in deep plaits,

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No. 5.

with a slight puff over the tournure, which is very small. The pointed bodice is double-breasted, lapping at the throat over an inside vest, with high collar of the same material, or the vest and collar may be of white piqué or

No. 6.

linen, embroidered. Plain coat-sleeves. Eight yards of fortysix-inch material will be sufficient for this costume.

No. 5—Is a pretty model for a little girl of four to six years. It is made of electric-blue serge, adorned at the edge of the skirt with numerous rows of black braid. Full bodice, and sleeves arranged in fine tucks, as seen in the illustration. Belt, collar, and cuffs of black velvet. Hat of black felt or straw, trimmed

No. 7.

with electric-blue ostrich-tips, and bands of blue velvet around the crown.

No. 6—Is a garden-blouse, for a small boy. It is made of marine-blue flannel or linen, and braided with a treble row of braid of the same color in a darker shade. Bone buttons fasten the cuffs, and the blouse at the back. Leather belt. Such a blouse is most useful over a nice dress during play-time, and in warm weather it is complete as a home-dress.

No. 7—Is a traveling-costume, for either a boy or girl of four to six years. It is made of navy-blue

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flannel. The skirt is in box-plaits upon a petticoat waist. The blouse is sailor-fashion, with full sleeves, braided collar and cuffs. Straw

No. 8.

hat, trimmed with blue and white plaid ribbon and two quills.

No. 8—Is a blouse of nainsook, for a girl of five to seven years. It is trimmed with guipure embroidery. The neck, waist, and sleeves are

No. 9.

shirred by several rows of small tucks, which are gathered up to fit the neck, etc. A ribbon bow finishes the blouse at the back.

No. 9.—A little Lord Fauntleroy suit, of black velvet. Collar and cuffs of crocheted guipure. Sash of cream-white surah or China silk.

VARIOUS DESIGNS FOR NAPKINS AND A TEA-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the book, some new designs for tea or lunch napkins, also a tea-cloth. Work on fine linen, with either wash-silks or linen filoselle. The designs are in outline and satin stitch. The edges of both napkins and cloth are fringed out.

SUMMER BED-QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of book, a design for a summer bed-quilt, which is intended for a single bed. Size, two and a half yards long, by one and three-quarters yards wide. For the quilt, Bolton sheeting or coarse linen will be the best. The border may be of colored twill, if preferred. The design may be worked with either wash-crewel or linen flosses in one color, or in shades of the same color, or in any number of well-selected and harmonious colors. The form and character of the design must be retained, but great liberty may be used in the kind of stitches. The design is carefully chosen, as giving a wide scope to the skill and ingenuity of the workers, and, the greater the variety of flat, raised, and seeding stitches used, the better the effect.

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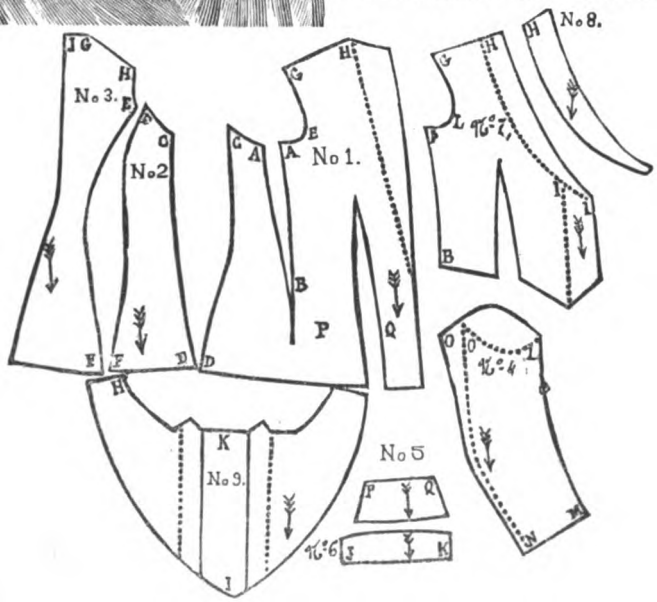
JACKET WITH VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

For our Supplement, we give the entire pattern for a Jacket with Vest. It consists of eight pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Half of Side-Back.
4. Half of Vest.
5. Full Front of Vest.
6. Revers of Vest.
7. Sleeve.
8. Pocket.

The standing collar we do not give; it can easily be supplied. The letters show how the pieces are joined. The dtoted lines show the darts, and, on No. 1, the front, show where the collar rolls over. The jacket is made of cloth. The revers of vest, pointed waistband, edge of sleeves, and full front are of striped velvet or plush.

REDUCED DIAGRAM OF JACKET WITH VEST.



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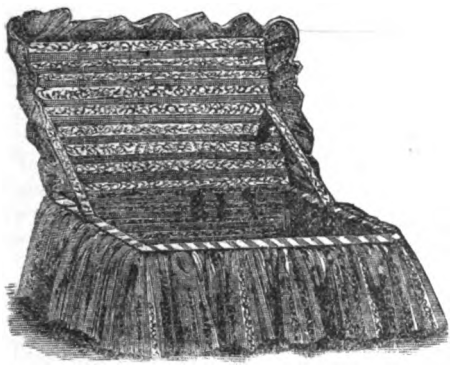
COMB-AND-BRUSH BOX, FOR THE BUREAU.

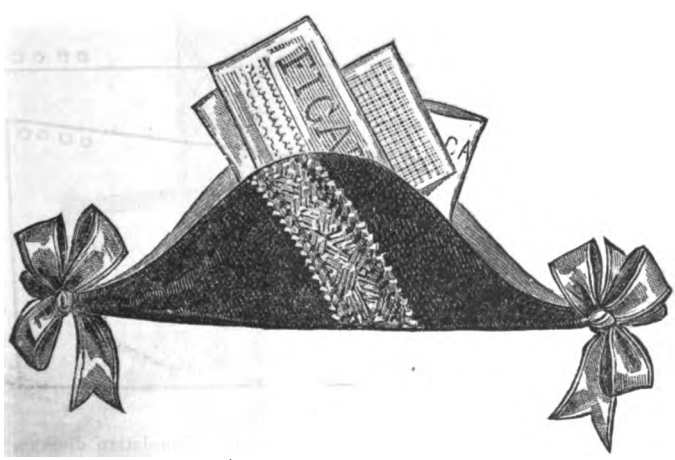
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give both the outside and inside of this pretty and useful model, combining pincushion and comb-and-brush box. The top of the box is stuffed with wool and covered with striped lace or muslin over a pretty-colored satin; the inside of the box is covered to correspond. The plaited ruffle may be of trimming-lace or some of the material made into a knife-plaiting, and then arranged as seen—one frill around the box, and the second one upon the lid: only care and neatness of finish in the work are required. Light twilled muslin may be used instead of satin.

THE BOULANGER NEWSPAPER-RACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model of a general's hat is composed of two curved pieces, covered outside with black velvet and crossed diagonally with a band of gold galloon, or the band may be embroidered with gold thread and braid in a rich pattern. The inside, slightly padded, is lined with old-gold twill silk, and the two pieces are connected at each end with loops of tricolored ribbon.

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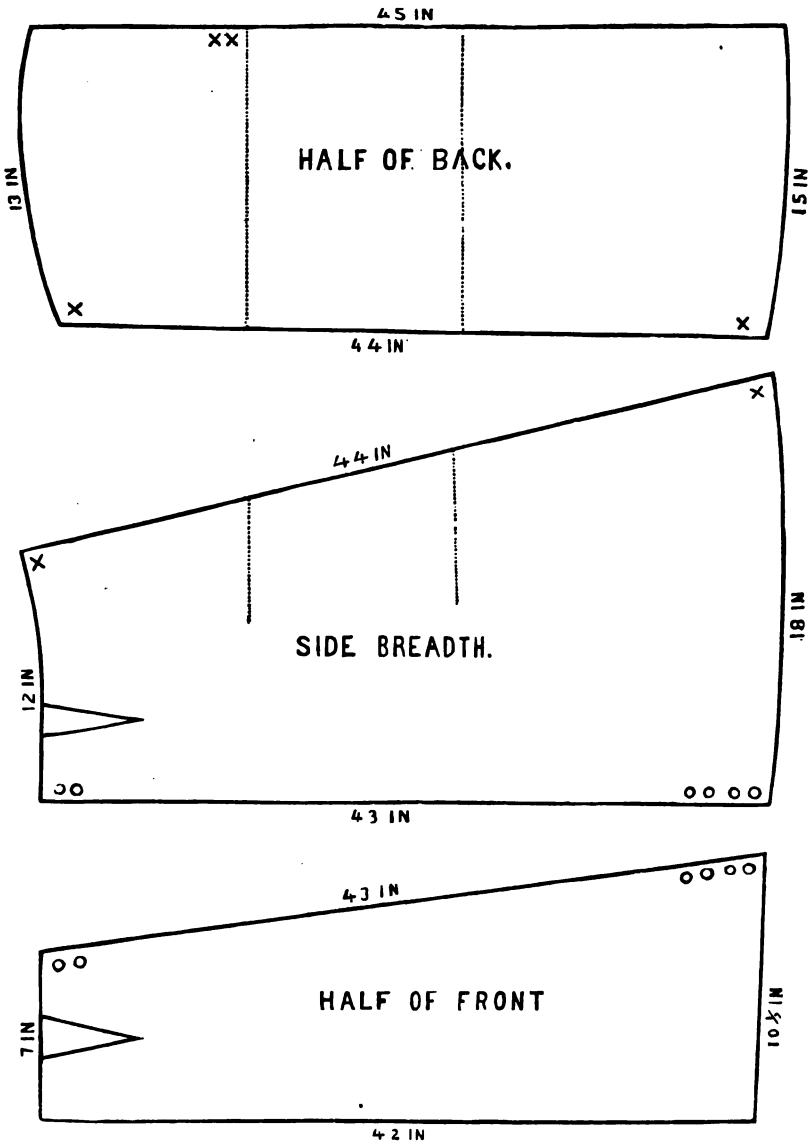
DIAGRAM FOR FOUNDATION-SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Material required: five yards, twentyfour inches wide. Allow all seams.

Join pattern by corresponding marks. The dotted lines across the back and side breadth show where the steels are to be placed.

We give this foundation diagram because the foundation of skirts is cut now with wider side-breadth and narrower back. An extra steel can be placed above the upper dotted line and the waist, forming enough bustle, either with or

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without the small hair pad at the waist. The simplest and easiest way to add the upper steel is to make a separate lining from waist to the top dotted line here given, and gather the top to a narrow band, supplied with strings to tie around the waist before the skirt is hooked. This bustle-piece is attached to the upper dotted line and then left loose, so that the skirt opening may not be hindered. Bustles are worn quite small.

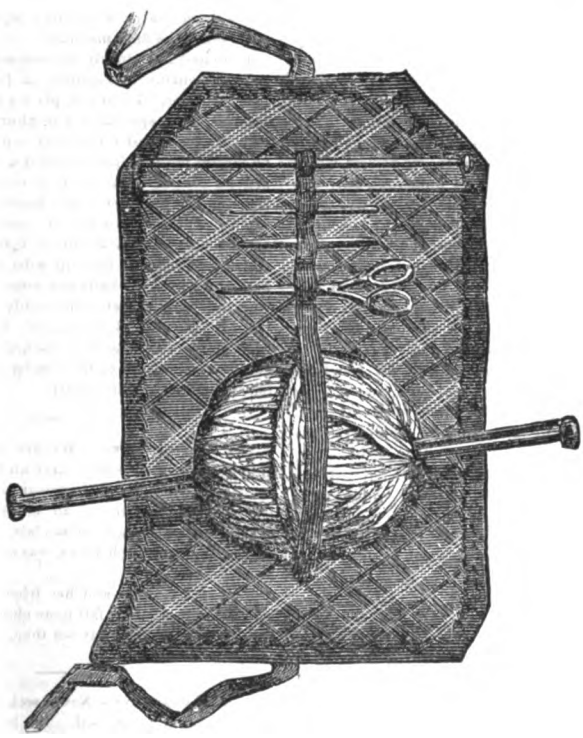
WATER-LILY, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design of a Water-Lily, to be done in outline. It is suitable for curtain-border, piano-scarf, chair-stripe, or for any article where a straight stripe is desirable. The leaves are to be done in shades of green, the lilies in cream-white, and the centres in yellow. Either filoselle or colored embroidery-cottons may be used.

KNITTING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model for a knitting-case will be found most useful. It is of olive-green plush, lined with peach-colored satin, quilted. The edges are finished with a flat ribbon of olive-green satin, herring-boned on with peach filoselle. The ribbon strap for holding the knitting-pins, scissors, etc., is also of olive-green; also, the strings of the same olive-green.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Bulbs in Doors and Out.—March is, "par excellence," the season of bulbs; within doors, they flourish in every variety of tint and form and sweetness; out of doors, they peep through the brown earth at every favorable moment—that is to say, when the soil is not bound up by frost or covered with snow. The more advanced the growth of the bulbs in the outer garden, the more urgent it becomes to keep them protected from frost and cutting winds. A change of weather may occur at any time, and genial air and spring sunshine woo the spring flowers to bud. If these warm spells were sure to continue, all would be well. The most likely thing to occur, however, is that mild days will be alternated with cold ones, and northeast winds up to the time that outdoor tulips, hyacinths, narcissi will have done blossoming, so they will require shelter from cutting winds during their entire period of bloom. At this season, within doors, the flowering bulbs are in full beauty, and a pretty and suitable collection, if obtained in early autumn, costs so little money, and entails so little trouble on the cultivator, it seems a pity that we do not see a greater number of houses with a good display of early flowers.

A correspondent writes: "I obtained from a florist, last autumn, a number of bulbs. By way of experiment, I planted them in a little wooden box—a chocolate or soap-powder box—from the grocer's. Filling the box, after putting a few small stones for drainage, with ordinary garden-soil, I planted my whole collection. At the present moment, there are two beautiful hyacinths in full flower in the centre, and about fifty or sixty blooms of crocus. I have already cut off some thirty or forty crocus-flowers which had faded. The snowdrops were not numerous, only two blossoms are yet out, but they came very early. The anemones are in bud, and one or two narcissi are coming up. The crocuses have begun to bloom, and will continue to do so for some time to come. Placed in a basket, with the sides of the box and the surface of the soil covered with moss, these plants make a beautiful ornament, and really involve very little trouble. I only put the bulbs in at the beginning of November. Next year, I shall put them in during October. When I had planted them, I covered the surface of the soil with a slight layer of fibre, and put the box away in a dark cupboard for three weeks; I then brought it into the light and warmth of the kitchen window, and, when the crocuses began to show color, placed it in an ornamental receptacle, and covered the earth with moss. I reduce the trouble and untidiness of watering to a minimum, by taking the box into the kitchen and giving it a bath once a week. I set the box in a tub of water for an hour or two, then take it out, and, when it has drained thoroughly, I restore it to its place in the sitting-room.

Foes to Peace.—Five great enemies to peace dwell within us—namely, avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; and, if those enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perfect peace.

All Want "Peterson."—A lady writes: "My club for 1889, though much larger than those of previous years, has been got up with less trouble than ever. My friends all want 'Peterson.'"

Look Out For Moths.—The stowing away of winter clothes is one of the most fatiguing of all the home events. Take the early morning hours to do the work, and have the clothes-line put up in the yard to make beating and inspection easier. Let all garments be perfectly dried, shaken, and brushed in every fold before they are put in papers. Turn out the pockets, turn over the collars and cuffs. Remove everything that looks like a bit of white dust or end of thread. Wherever there is a film, like a bit of cobweb, that means mischief. Lay a clean dampened napkin over the spot, and press heavily with a hot iron. The steam penetrates all the fibres, and kills whatever of life is hidden there. It is perfectly useless to put away woolens in cedar chests, or tar paper, or peppered, if the moth "nits" are in them. They will eat their way out and make the hole, whether the creature dies with the pungent odors afterward or not. Newspapers are much liked for wrappings, but do not trust them in a bureau-drawer; the moth will usually find its way through some opening. A newspaper first, and then a covering over all, of either brown holland, shiny silesia, or glazed cambric, sewed firmly, is the safest, because the mother moth does not fancy smooth slippery surfaces. She takes the finest woolens first, for some strange reason. If a costly cashmere and a flannel skirt lie side by side, the chances are that she will choose the finer material.

If a chest has already become infested with moths, wash it with benzine or naphtha, or fumigate with sulphur or insect-powder. To do this, place a dish of coals inside, and, before closing, sprinkle the sulphur or the powder over the fire. Leave closed for several hours. If sulphur is used, be careful not to inhale the smoke. In the meantime, take articles contained therein to a small close room, and treat them to the same process. Replace them with a liberal supply of insect-powder or camphor-gum. To guard against an attack of moths on upholstered furniture, tack tiny bags filled with insect-powder or camphor between the backs and seats of chairs and sofas. To prevent them from working in a carpet, thoroughly cleanse the floor, and paint it with coal-oil or benzine. Dust the floor along the edge of the carpet as it is tacked down. Camphor-gum may be used instead of the powder, or tarred paper may be placed underneath the border.

The Empire Dress.—We are again assured that the Empire style of dress is to carry all before it. The sarcastic inventory of a lady's trousseau at the end of the last century, as consisting of an unlimited number of head-dresses, as many pairs of sandals, double that amount of dresses, and twelve chemises, was not so ridiculous as might be supposed.

Madame Récamier and her friends used to dampen their robes, that they might fall more closely to their shapes; but, perhaps, rheumatism was not then, as now, the fashionable complaint of the day.

About Amusement.—Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it, the slightest word wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But, if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh.—*Ruskin.*

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AN IMPERIAL DRESS.—The Empress of Russia has recently ordered a lovely dress from Worth, in Paris. The robe is of Polar-blue and Sèvres-blue brocade, trimmed with blue fox, with a waistcoat and skirt of turquoise-blue moiré, with stripes of fur. The bodice is cut square, and bordered with fur. The train is of brocade, eighteen feet long, and trimmed with fur. There are no sleeves, but the gloves are very long; they are of gray skin, sewn with blue silk, and also edged with fur. Their gold fasteners are studded with sapphires and turquoises. Of ornaments to be worn with this dress, may be mentioned a broad comb, also studded with sapphires and turquoises, with four bracelets; necklace long enough to go twice round the neck; brooch and earrings to match. The shoes are of Sèvres-blue moiré, edged with fur, and embroidered with turquoises. The fan is of Polar-blue gauze, with ivory frame; the handle is ornamented with the Empress's name as Princess of Denmark, viz.: Dagmar, with the Imperial crown, set in turquoises and sapphires.

THE VALUE OF APPLES.—Professor Faraday says: "There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Let every family in autumn lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary supplies. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is baked apples. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread, and without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe, and luscious—for the pies, cakes, candies, and other sweetmeats, with which children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctor's bills, sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock of this delicious fruit for a season's use.

BATHING.—The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood-vessels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood-vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath, or ought to follow it, the free respiration, and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush, or a towel. The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean; for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and, if it is clogged, the lungs must do the work, and they will be overburdened. As a rule, the more rapidly a bath is taken, the better will be its effects.

CHILBLAINS.—One of the common annoyances from winter weather is that form of local congestion known as chilblains. They result from chilling the feet beyond immediate repair, and both skin and subjacent cellular tissue are in a high state of irritation, which often becomes so serious as totally to disable the sufferer. One of the best remedies is to use *sulphurous* acid. Not sulphuric acid—that is worse than useless, for it destroys stockings almost instantly. The acid should be rubbed on, night and morning, with a small sponge, giving time for each coat to dry, and repeating the application three or four times. Using once will relieve pain; two or three times will ordinarily cure.

THE SECRET OF PERFECTION.—To attain perfection, it is not necessary to do singular things, but to do common things singularly well.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FROM EVERY QUARTER.—The New York Times says: "'Peterson,' for January, is one of the very finest of the month's magazines." The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune says: "'Peterson' fully deserves the title of the model family magazine." The Portland (Or.) Oregonian says: "The January number of 'Peterson' is a capital specimen of this admirable periodical." The Boston (Mass.) Globe says: "'Peterson's' excellent literary matter and beautiful engravings make it welcome to the most refined taste." The Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal says: "'Peterson' is undoubtedly the best lady's-magazine in America." The Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette says: "'Peterson' is pre-eminently a family magazine, and its never-waning popularity attests its value." The Buffalo (N. Y.) Express says: "'Peterson' is essentially a household periodical, possessing elements of interest for all." The Cleveland (Ohio) Press says: "No wonder 'Peterson' has been a success for half a century." The Providence (R. I.) Bulletin says: "As a literary magazine, 'Peterson' ranks very high, and it has no equal where fashion and the household are concerned." The Omaha (Neb.) Bee says: "First-class fiction, fine engravings, the latest fashion-news, useful information on household matters, etc., make up 'Peterson's Magazine.'" The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch says: "'Peterson' well merits the title of 'the lady's favorite,' for it caters admirably to their needs."

THE LEARNED AND EMINENT SCHOLAR, Andrew D. White, Ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., writes under date Dec. 2, 1884: "Long experience has taught my family to prize POND'S EXTRACT very highly, and to regard it as one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Such testimony should induce all families at least to try POND'S EXTRACT; an invaluable remedy for all pains and hemorrhages.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Masterpieces, Edited by H. S. Drayton. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.—This is a capital volume of selections, uniting in a convenient and attractive form a number of the masterpieces of literature. Special thanks are due the editor for Milton's "Comus," a gem too little known by the rising generation. Pope's "Essay On Man" has a place, as well as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" by Goldsmith. To these are added Æsop's Fables with numerous illustrations and excellent notes. The book is well got up in a decorated cover, and at a remarkably low price.

Wickley's Woods, by H. W. Taylor, M.D. Chicago: T. S. Denison.—This is an interesting story, the characterization is good, and the leading features of the plot are really very original. The scene is laid in Indiana, and the local coloring is faithfully rendered. There is a great deal of action in the book, verging at times on the sensational; but the author never oversteps the limit of naturalness or good taste.

Ayers' Almanac for 1889. Lowell (Mass.): J. C. Ayer & Co.—This is a novelty in the matter of almanac-making, being a prettily bound volume, printed in ten different languages, besides giving specimens of eleven others. It makes a reliable book of reference; the calculations are the work of a practical astronomer, and the historical and other information has been tabulated with great care.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Fried Oysters.—For this dish, choose the finest and fattest fish, and drain from them their moisture. Dip them carefully in egg and breadcrumb as for filleted sole; have the frying-pan quite hot, and plenty of butter in it—enough, that is, to cover the oysters. Fry very quickly and delicately, browning both sides. This makes a very nice entrée, or a good garnish for other fish.

Stewed Oysters.—Take a pint of milk, thicken with a dessertspoonful of cornflour, and stir in an ounce of butter; season well, add a dozen oysters, and stew gently for half an hour. When serving, garnish the stew with sippets of bread soaked in lemon-juice and fried in butter.

To Bake Small Rock Fish.—Split and cut them in chunk pieces; chop parsley and a little onion very fine; pepper and salt; sprinkle them with butter and a little flour between each layer; then add some rich milk, and put it in the oven to bake. The fish is to be boiled first.

MEATS.

Boiled Turkey with Oyster Sauce.—Grate a loaf of bread; cut up twenty oysters, one-quarter of a pound of butter, pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and three eggs; stuff the turkey with these ingredients, and make into balls, and boil what is left; sew up the turkey; dredge it, and put it in cold water enough to cover it; set it over the fire; let it boil slowly for an hour; take off the scum as it rises; then take off the kettle, and cover it closely; if it is a middling size, let it stand in the pot for half an hour; the steam being kept in will cook it enough and keep the skin whole or very white. When you dish it, pour on a little oyster sauce; lay the balls around the turkey; serve the rest of the sauce in a boat. Let the turkey be put on in time to stew as above; it cooks it to perfection. The turkey should be put on the fire and heated before it is served.

French Steak.—Take a piece of rump-steak three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly, and beat it with the cutlet-bat; sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it, after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it often till done. Eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt, and serve with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter placed over or under it, and fried potatoes round it.

Hashed Mutton.—Slice an onion in rounds, lay them in a saucepan with plenty of butter; when they are a light-brown color, put in the slices of mutton, carefully trimmed, and pepper and salt to taste, and moisten with a little English tomato sauce, *i. e.*, made with vinegar. Toss the whole on the fire until quite warmed through, and serve.

CAKES.

Sally-lunns.—Put a pound and a half of flour into a bowl and mix a pinch of salt with it. Put three-quarters of a pint of milk into a stewpan with four ounces of butter and let it remain till the butter is melted. The milk should not be much more than lukewarm. Dissolve the yeast with a little sugar, add the milk gradually, and stir both into the flour and also two well-beaten eggs. When quite smooth, divide the dough into four parts, place each of these in a well-greased tin, cover them over, and let them rise till they are about three times their original size. Bake in a quick oven. Sally-lunns are, it is well known, split into three portions before being toasted and buttered.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF THE DIRECTOIRE STYLE. The underdress is of figured silk, laid in plaits. The vest is of black silk, embroidered, and is worn with a wide loose belt; it has wide revers, which open and show a jabot of fine muslin edged with white lace. The Princess dress is of black-and-white striped silk, made quite plain. Sleeves loose at the top and high on the shoulders, with cuffs of black silk, which are embroidered. Large hat of black straw, lined with black silk and trimmed with black ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CASHMERE. The front of the dress is of silk, finished by three groups of narrow tucks near the bottom. The overdress is trimmed down the front on either side with pointed rows of braid, of the color of the dress. The bodice opens with revers, faced with silk, over a straw-colored cloth vest. Silk cuffs. Hat of felt of the color of the dress, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and a green bird.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DIAGONAL-STRIPED WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is perfectly plain, and laid in full plaits at the back. The jacket is of fawn-colored cloth, cut away in front to show a white piqué vest; it has a large collar, and is finished with a row of machine-stitching. Straw hat, trimmed with loops of surah to correspond with the colors of the dress.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED ALBATROSS. The bottom of the skirt, the sleeves, and bodice are bordered with a trimming woven in the material. The skirt is slightly raised at the side by long loops of rather narrow corded ribbon; this ribbon comes from right side just under the arm and crosses the waist to the left side. The bodice and sleeves have lengthwise plaits. Hat of black straw, trimmed with black ribbon and ostrich-tips.

FIG. V.—TRAVELING OR WALKING CLOAK, OF LIGHT CLOTH, IN SHADES OF BROWN WITH NARROW BLACK STRIPES. It is but slightly full at the waist in front, and is fastened with ribbons, which come from under the arm. The back is rather close-fitting, and is made to come forward to the front, forming coverings for the arm. Hat of black straw, trimmed with red and black satin ribbons.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN, IN DARK SHADES OF BLUE AND RED, with shot-silk stripes of the same colors. The redingote dress is plaited in front; the panels are of the reverse way of the material. The double-breasted bodice opens over a shot-silk fichu, and is fastened with large metal buttons, the same appearing on the bodice below the waist-line at the back. Coat sleeves fulled at the shoulders. Hat of felt, trimmed with ostrich-tips and standing loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR ELDERLY LADY, IN BLACK OR ANY SELF-COLORED CASHMERE OR HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The foundation-skirt is of alpaca, faced with the material on the outside and finished with a narrow plaited ruffle on the edge. The long drapery in front is simply ornamented on the left side by several rows of narrow braid or a group of fine tucks. The corsage-bodice has the revers, the fronts, and edge all trimmed with rows of braid, sewed closely together and finished on the upper row with a little picot pattern done with the same braid. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs to match. Velvet or moiré ribbon may be used upon the skirt and bodice, in place of the braid, if preferred.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-RED CASHMERE OR CAMEL'S-HAIR, Princess shape, opening over a petticoat of red surah to match. This petticoat is laid in accordeon-plaits across the fronts and side-gores, and mounted upon a foundation-skirt. The full vest is of the surah; cuffs to match. The belt comes from the side-seams under the arms and fastens in front.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED BLUE AND BROWN WOOLEN. The plain skirt has three rows of braid or velvet ribbon on the bottom. The full round waist opens over a plain vest of one of the prevailing colors. The sash begins under the right arm-seam, is wide, and crosses to the left with loop and two long ends, which are gathered at the bottom to make a finish. Full coat-sleeves at the shoulders,

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tight at the hand. Directoire hat of felt—the outside in one color, and inside faced with the other color, of the costume. High standing loops of gros-grain ribbon in the two colors.

FIG. X.—BRAIDED JACKET, IN LIGHT HAVANA-BROWN, braided Hussar-fashion in black braid.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR YOUNG GIRL, IN PLAIN AND BROCADED SILK. The skirt is of the brocaded silk, laid in large kilt-plaits in front and on the sides. The back is simply gathered. The Directoire waist opens over a full vest of soft silk to match, which is folded across the bust, as seen in the illustration. A lace cravat completes the costume.

FIG. XII.—MOURNING-JACKET, MADE OF HENRIETTA-CLOTH, CAMEL'S-HAIR, OR LADY'S-CLOTH, and trimmed with revers of English crêpe, opening over a vest of the same. We give also the back view, so no other description is necessary.

FIG. XIII.—MILLINERY BOW. The high fan-shaped folds are made in China silk or silk muslin, and interblended with a bunch of lilac or other small flowers, the stalks of which are hidden under loops of narrow Ottoman ribbon with fancy edge.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE HAT, OF IVORY-WHITE OR LIGHT-GRAY FELT. Both inside and outside are trimmed with loops of moiré ribbon—leaf-green, golden-brown, or black being the most popular.

FIG. XV.—NEW-STYLE VEIL, of dotted black or white lace, with edge.

FIG. XVI.—FULL SLEEVE, with cuff.

FIG. XVII.—VELVET BODICE, FOR YOUNG GIRL, worn over a white nun's-veiling, surah, or silk muslin, for evening-dress.

MASQUERADE OR FANCY DRESSES.

FIG. I.—MARGUERITE DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE CASHMERE OR NUN'S-VEILING. The band on edge of the skirt, trimming on the bodice, sleeves, and chatelaine-bag are all of brown velvet. Cap of brown velvet edged with white, which is embroidered in gold thread. The under-petticoat, of white cashmere, is also embroidered with gold thread.

FIG. II.—QUEEN-ELIZABETH COSTUME. The petticoat has a front in quilted satin—old-gold, white, or pale-pink. The overdress is in antique brocade, the pointed waist in velvet corresponding with the brocade. The sleeves are satin, under a latticework of gold braid. The high Elizabethan ruff is of gold lace, plaited, and stiffened with wire to keep in place.

FIG. III.—LADY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV. Large hoop and paniers. The dress is of rich satin and velvet combined. The bands across the front are of velvet or plush, the long-pointed bodice to match, ornamented by numerous bows of satin ribbon. Elbow-sleeves, with ruffles of deep lace. Head-dress of muslin and lace.

FIG. IV.—COSTUME OF HENRIETTA MARIA, wife of Charles I of England. Dress of plain satin. Full skirt, with long train. Pointed bodice, with trimming of lace and muslin. Full sleeves, ornamented with loops-and-ends of satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—DRUIDESS COSTUME, OF WHITE CASHMERE OR NUN'S-VEILING, over a cashmere petticoat edged with green velvet. Edge of the bodice, wreath for hair, and other trimmings of ivy-leaves. The long flowing sleeves are edged with the green velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Notwithstanding the cold and high winds, the shop-windows have been filled for weeks past with the newest designs in challis, zephyr-cloths, ginghams, sateens, etc. Ginghams are in medium-sized plaids and bars, dark-blue being largely in favor. The other materials are in flowers, large and smaller spots, irregular Japanese marks, etc. These goods come early, as they are made up leisurely at home. Of course, the straight falling lines, so suitable for the heavy cloths, the cashmere and other woolens, are not appropriate for the thinner summer gowns, so a little more drapery will be used for the softer materials, yet the straight effects will be retained as far as possible, skirts will be narrower, and the tournure or bustle will be very small indeed.

Bodices have all some fullness on the shoulders, or forming a kind of vest; looser sleeves are worn, and the round waist, with band or belt of some kind, helps to finish the new thin summer dresses.

Draped skirts, forming puffs at the back, of thicker goods, yet suitable for spring wear, are not seen, though nun's-veiling, albatross, and materials of that kind need some little drapery. It is, however, not bunched, but falls simply in straight folds.

The true short waist gains ground slowly, for many dresses are made with the quite long bodice, and then sashes, wide belts, etc., are worn to give the figure the slender appearance with a shortened waist. This is a good compromise; the very short waists are not graceful, and the very long ones no more so, for they give a stiffness to the figure which is quite unnatural.

Skirts are narrow, close-fitting on the hips, and define the figure quite closely, the steels or cushions at the back being very small.

Trains are once more worn quite generally for those dresses reserved for house-wear, but the trains are not long, and, for simple dresses, are not trimmed; they are narrow, and cut with rounded points at the bottom, and put on in wide plaits at the waist.

Bodices, of silk or woolen stuffs, have usually collars, or revers, or fullness of some kind; in fact, a plain bodice plainly buttoned from neck to waist, as in the old "tailor-made dress" days, is seldom seen. In fact, it is in the bodice that the wearer shows the wit, and never was there so much variety and oddity displayed in this matter before.

Accordeon-plaited skirts are fashionable for gauzes and thin woolen materials, even black and white laces being laid in these plaits, which are usually very narrow, like narrow kilt-plaiting, only that it is done by machinery and is not caught across by tapes beneath.

Mantles are short at the back, but have long narrow ends in front; jackets are short, and spring cloaks or ulsters are quite long.

Wraps of medium length are not fashionable. Summer cloths of light weight are used for these wraps, and, with pongees, will be very popular for traveling-purposes.

Bonnets are close to the head at the back, not very high in the crown, and are as popular when small and rather close to the face, as of the Directory style, with a large scoop front, which is usually very unbecoming.

Hats are lower in the crown, but of wider brim than those worn for the past four years, and many large irregular-shaped hats are worn; these are picturesque, but not suitable for women of middle age.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We have just got used to the graceful and becoming boa when we are enjoined by fashion to substitute in its place the deep-pointed fur collar or the long flat tippet so long in vogue with our grandmothers. Not that ladies will cease to wear boas for a good while to come—that fashion, having returned, has come to stay; but some of the ultra-fashionables will adopt the new styles of throat-covering in fur as a matter of course. There is also talk of reviving the gigantic muffs of past generations; but, so far, this project has not advanced beyond talk, and the lady who would make her appearance in public, carrying one of those huge articles, would simply look absurd. It is not well to be too far in

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advance of a fashion, any more than it is to be too far behind it.

The most decided innovation of the season, in the matter of coiffure, has been the adoption of the long looped braid at the back of the head, in place of the figure-of-eight twist at its summit. The new coiffure has the advantage of making the wearer look much more youthful, and also of admitting of the introduction of false hair, thus giving a greater look of dressiness and amplitude to the wearer's tresses. The fringe on the forehead maintains its popularity; and certainly it takes a brow of exceptional perfection of form to stand being left entirely bare. This fringe is never left straight, but is curled into soft rings reaching half-way between the hair-line and the eyebrows. The looped braid at the back may be clasped with a broad brooch in tortoise-shell, which holds the loop securely in its place and is very ornamental. Blonde tortoise-shell is worn by brunettes, and dark shell by fair-haired ladies. These brooches are repeated in Rhinestones, for full-dress wear. A more elaborate style of coiffure for balls or soirées repeats the Marie-Antoinette fashion, with a round group of highly-frizzed curls in the centre of the raised roll of hair just above the forehead. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair except the brooch aforesaid. The favorite of these few is an aigrette composed of a bow of ribbon, in the centre of which is placed one or two long pen-feathers of the same color as the ribbon or a cluster of the fine filaments of the heron's crest. This is worn at the left side of the head.

Walking-dresses continue to present the same aspect of severe simplicity that characterized them at the beginning of the winter. Skirts made with large flat plaits from waist to hem, or slightly draped back and front, and parting at the left side to show a braided panel, continue fashionable. Sometimes, the short cloth skirt is finished with a very wide band of fur, the short jacket being bordered with narrower bands. Beaver and black Astrakhan are extensively used for these trimmings. The first-named fur looks well on black, or brown, or dark-blue, and the Astrakhan shows to advantage on marine-blue, brown, dark-green, or dark brick-red. A very tasteful style for a house-dress is to have the corsage made in the jacket-form, of velvet; with the vest in crape, of some bright contrasting hue, laid in flat crossed folds; and the skirt in armure silk, or peau-de-soie, or sicilienne, in the same color as the jacket, but two shades lighter. One toilette in that style which has been shown to me had the jacket in sapphire-blue velvet, the vest in gold-colored crape, and the skirt in electric-blue sicilienne. Another had the jacket in dark-green velvet, the skirt in willow-green faille, and the vest in pale rose-pink crape. A pretty combination is two shades of terra-cotta with black velvet.

For young ladies with very slender figures, the Figaro or Spanish jacket, set on the corsage of a dinner or reception toilette, is advantageous, as giving breadth to the bust and shoulders. This jacket is sometimes simulated in crape, starting from the side-seams of the corsage. But this fashion, like that of the wide Directoire sash, is impossible for any lady having a tendency to stoutness, while a finely-molded form is concealed by it.

The fashion for plain tailor-made suits has almost entirely passed away, and cloth dresses are now elaborately trimmed with passementerie, or are covered with a delicate pattern in hand-embroidery, which makes the costume as costly, if more durable, than one in velvet would be. Velvet walking-costumes—or, rather, carriage-dresses—are composed of plain and stamped velvet, in combination and in the same shade and nearly equal proportions. One of these, lately prepared for the trousseau of an American belle, was in dark emerald-green plain and stamped velvet, and having girdle, cuffs, and collar in gold passementerie.

Tea-gowns are very elaborate and elegant articles, nowadays, and may no longer be termed "morning-wrappers": there is a wide distinction between the two. It is contrary to all the laws of Parisian etiquette for a lady to receive callers in a morning-wrapper, and it is the height of elegance and propriety for her to do so in a tea-gown For this last style, one can choose between an Oriental jacket in velvet, bordered with gold braid, and having a train in brocade and a skirt-front and full shirt-vest in crape, all in the same shade of golden-brown or young-leaf green, or a Princess-cut dress in electric-blue brocade, made with a vest and skirt-front in crevette-pink crape, and having a shower of crevette-pink watered ribbons falling over the skirt at the left side.

For morning-wear are shown soft flannels in wide alternate stripes of cream-white and dark-blue or crimson, made up with cuffs and collar of velvet to match the colored stripes. Then there are matinées in cream-white cashmere printed with scattered pink roses, and made up with ruffles of wide white lace and innumerable loops-and-ends of moss-green and pale-pink faille ribbons. These are worn over skirts of the printed or of plain cream-white cashmere.

For wealthy purchasers and for very grand full-dress toilettes, hand-embroidery in pale-hued colored silks intermixed with gold thread is the adornment that is universally preferred. Side-panels and skirt-fronts in cream-white peau-de-soie, embroidered all over with a device of scattered field-flowers or carnations, are used to decorate ball-dresses in velvet or brocade. The Queen of Portugal has ordered, in Paris, a great many embroidered dresses. One of these was a carriage-dress in old-rose faille, the long polonaise and the skirt bordered with many-tinted carnations, worked in floss-silk in subdued shades. The bonnet, ordered to match this exquisite dress, was in old-rose tulle and gold lace, nearly covered with clusters of artificial carnations.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF STRIPED AND DIAGONAL SERGE. The knickerbocker pants are of the diagonal serge, trimmed with two rows of narrow worsted braid; three buttons. The blouse is of the striped material; the fullness laid in tucks at the shoulders; back and front, forming a loose blouse from shoulders, which is held in place by belt and buckle. Loose coat-sleeves, and turn-over collar.

FIG. II.—PALETOT, FOR GIRL OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS, OF PLAID CLOTH. The garment is cut with loose fronts; tight-fitting back, to waist-line. The fullness of the skirt is put into two wide box-plaits. The waist is defined by a wide belt of the material. A shoulder-cape turns back with revers in front on the lower cape. The upper one fits under the revers of the other. High standing collar.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA CASHMERE, for young girl. The underskirt is laid in fine kilt-plaits. The full waist is plaited into a yoke, over which is worn a small yoke-shaped collar, edged with embossed velvet; cuffs to match. The sleeves are full. The pretty tunic is looped on the left side, and ribbon belt with loops-and-ends finishes the costume.

FIG. IV.—COSTUME FOR BOY, OF DIAGONAL CLOTH OR SERGE in any self-color. The skirt is kilted on to a petticoat waist. The under vest is composed of velvet to match, separated by bands of fancy worsted braid. The upper part is of the material, plaited. Standing collar of the braid. Open jacket, simply stitched on the front edges. Cuffs and pockets.

FIG. V.—HAT, OF FELT, for boy of six years. It is bound with gros-grain ribbon to match, has a band of same ribbon around the crown, tied in bow at the left side, and ornamented by two short quills.

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LUCY'S NEW BONNET.

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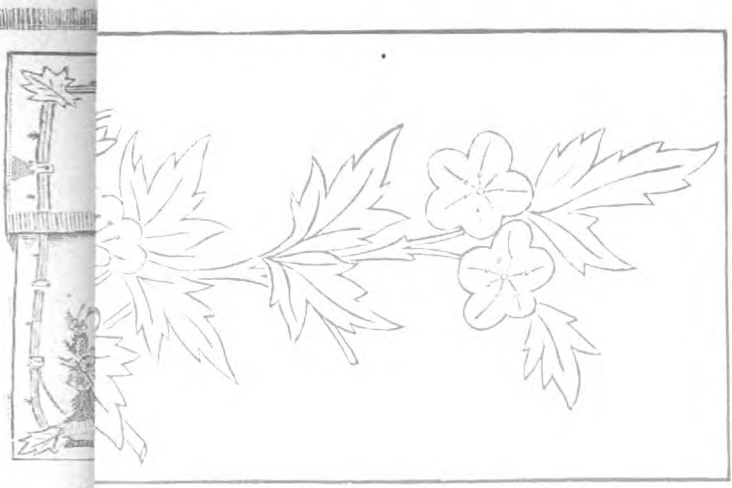

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MRS. HARRISON,

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

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WATCHING THE BIRDS. [*See the Story, "What Stood Between."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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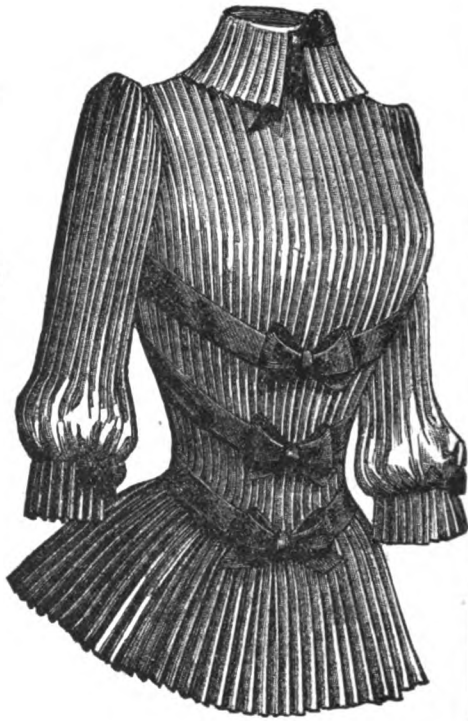

HOUSE-DRESS. SURAH BODICE. HAT.

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PARASOL. HAT. TRAVELING-COAT.

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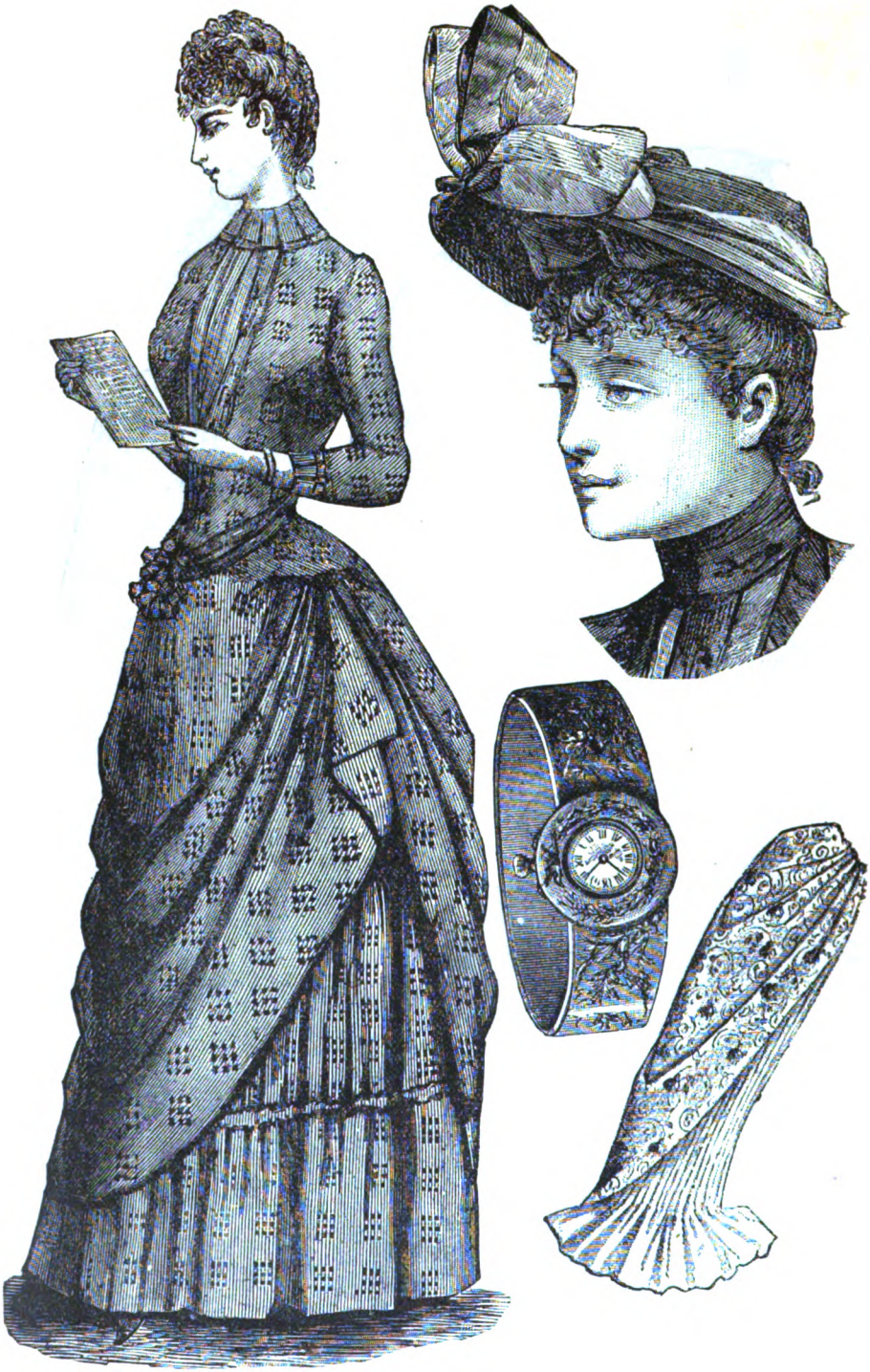

HOUSE-DRESS. HAT. NEW-STYLE WATCH. SLEEVE.

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PARASOL. BONNET. WALKING-DRESS.

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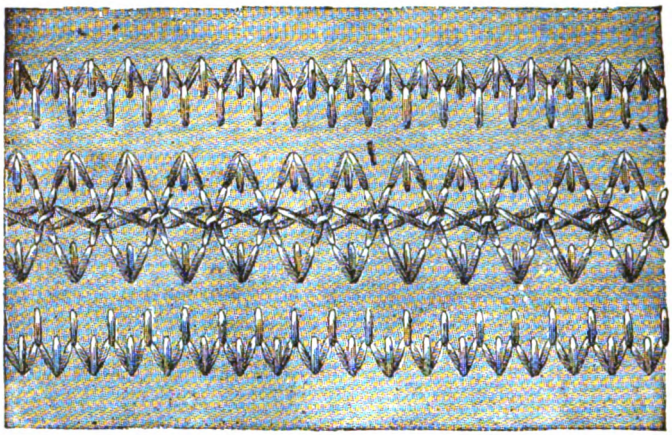

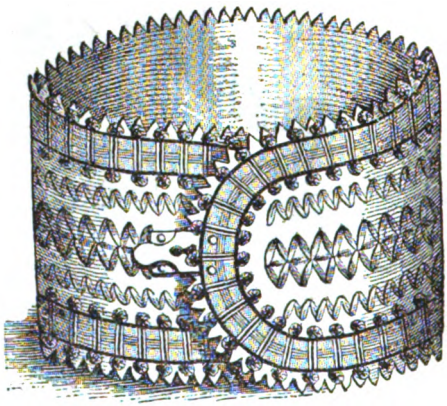

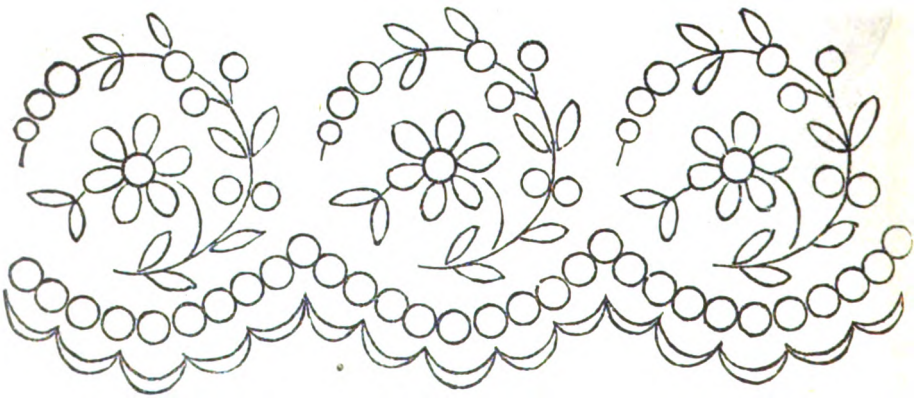

NAPKIN-RING, WITH DETAIL. EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

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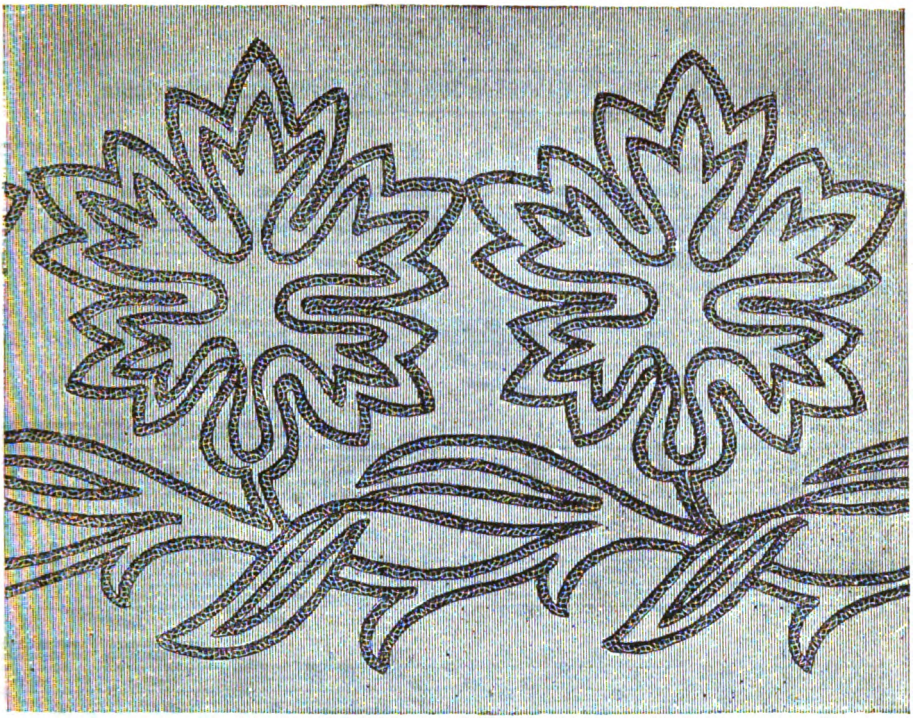

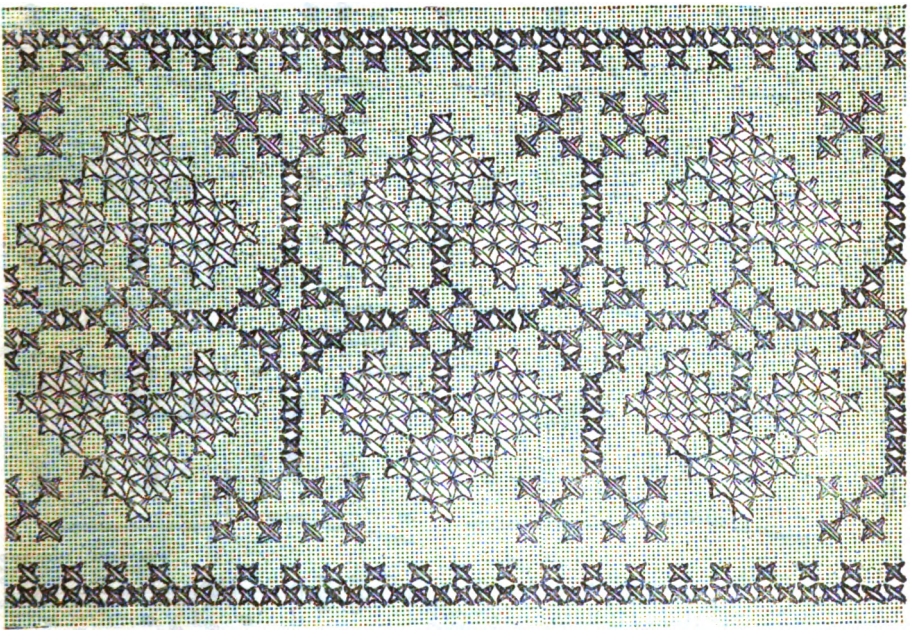

BRAIDING FOR DRESS, VEST, Etc. CROSS-STITCH FOR TOWEL.

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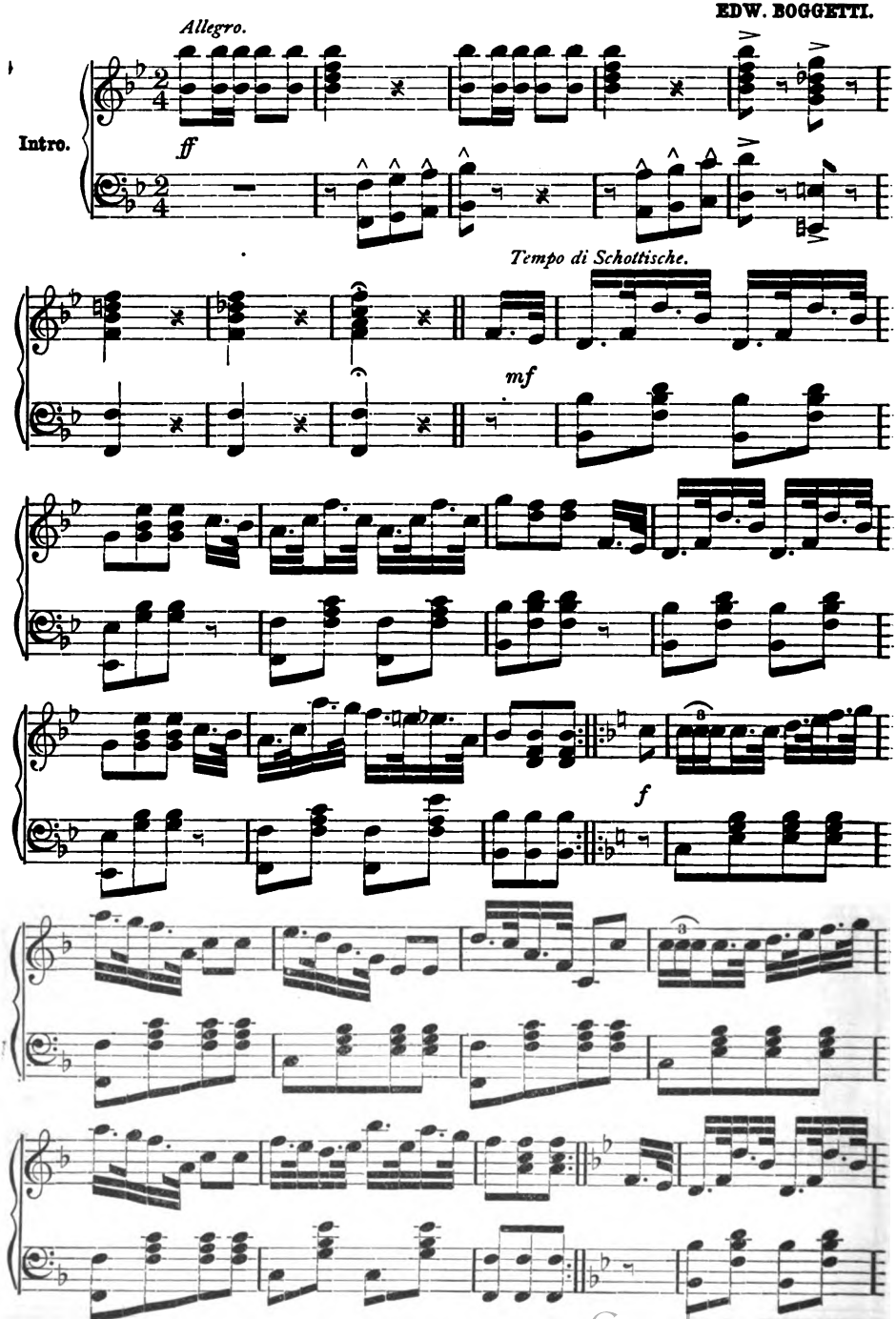
FLOWER OF LOVE.

SCHOTTISCHE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

EDW. BOGGETTI.



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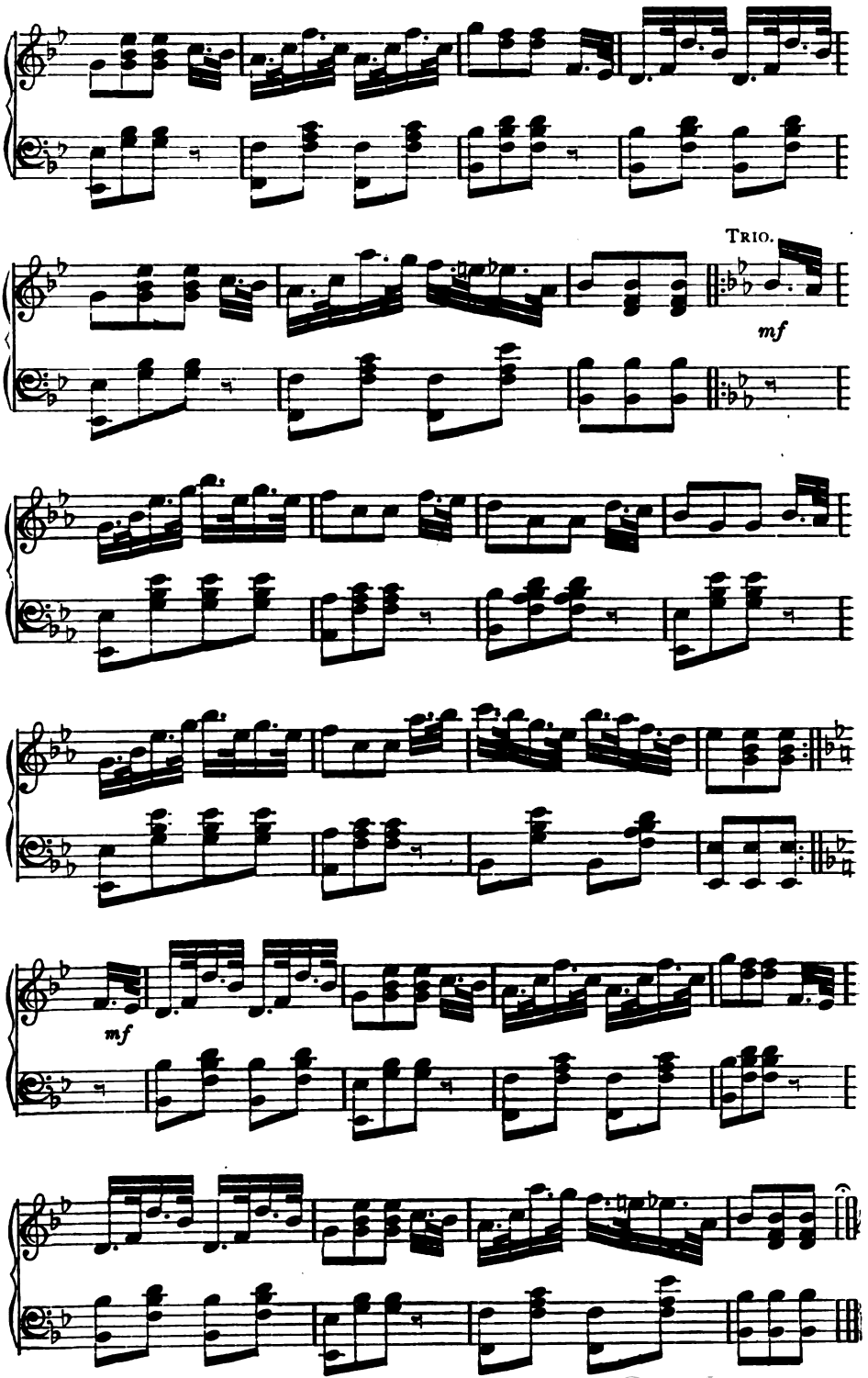
FLOWERS OF LOVE SCHOTTISCHE.



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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1889. No. 4.

THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE wife of the Chief Magistrate of the United States certainly has no easy position to fill, yet it must be confessed that it is one which offers many compensations, in our day more numerous and more satisfactory than was formerly the case.

Any woman to whom this honor comes must at the outset make up her mind to pass four exceedingly unhappy years, unless she can manage to leave at home all sensitiveness to criticism of her husband's measures. Tennyson tells of "the fierce white light which beats upon the throne"; but, terrible as that may be, it would prove a feeble glimmer compared to the united gaze of several millions of free-born voters, friendly or otherwise, unwaveringly fixed on the occupant of the Executive chair.

But it is to be said for the credit of American politicians and the American press, that, as a rule, they show respect and courtesy to the ladies of the Presidential mansion. Of course, delegations of their own sex persecute them for assistance in all sorts of impossible schemes, pushing office-seekers attempt to enlist their sympathies, and restless idiots or vulgar busybodies write them countless letters of advice They are chided if they do this, and reproved if they leave it undone, and the whole nation, to a certain extent, behaves as the members of a church conduct themselves toward the spouse of their clergyman—that is, with an ever-apparent recollection of the fact that they pay the husband's salary; but these matters are trifles.

There is, however, one cruelly wicked ceremony which continues to be forced on the poor ladies—the custom of shaking hands with people at levees and receptions. This infliction is a barbarous outrage which ought to be suppressed in the name of humanity.

Still, taking everything together, the entire country has always behaved well to the successive mistresses of the White House; but then, what a set of women they have been! Among the entire group, there is scarcely one who would not, even in private life, have shone conspicuous.

From Martha Washington down, no lady holding sway within those walls has ever gained a deeper hold on the esteem and admiration of the people than the beautiful and gracious woman who lately reigned there, and it is a subject for hearty congratulation that enough is known of her successor is certain to win as high a place.

A glance at the serene, benignant face in our portrait is enough to convince any judge of character that he is looking at the likeness of a woman who possesses talent, energy, and decision, and adds to these qualities the quick sympathy and warm heart, for the lack of which no intellectual power can compensate.

The wife of a man who has already held various important political positions, the new mistress of the White House has been brought into such social prominence that she is known to a wide circle of people, whose unanimous verdict gives her not only praise, but the more welcome tribute of warm personal regard.

Throughout the political contest and the months which intervened between her husband's election and inauguration, the lady's experience was not an enviable one. Assuredly, the wife of no newly-made President has ever been so tormented by letter-writers and persistent interviewers.

Yet even these unwarrantable intrusions she bore with unwavering patience, and, also proved herself the possessor of that most precious of social talents—the gift of tact.

She enters on the duties of her exalted position with cordial wishes from every portion of the country, irrespective of party predilection or animosity, and can rest secure that through the course of her husband's administration the same friendly spirit will follow her.

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BESSIE'S INTERFERENCE.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

"CONFOUND it all—it's hard lines for a fellow to be brought up short in this way!" exclaimed Tom Sinclair. "But I can't marry the MacDuffy—there's no use talking about that—I simply won't. Red-haired, freckled, one hundred and seventyfive if she's a pound! Never!"

The speaker, who, in his excitement, had uttered the above indignant soliloquy aloud, was a youth of three or four and twenty; a rather good-looking young fellow in habiliments of unexceptionable cut. He paced up and down the solitary corner of the old-fashioned garden, wearing an air of extreme dejection. His usually jaunty manner had quite vanished—his best friend would hardly have recognized him under this new aspect, for he was ordinarily the blithest of mortals.

"Now, if she'd been even tolerably good-looking," groaned Tom, "I might have screwed my courage up to marrying her for the sake of the money, though the idea of a wife ready-furnished isn't agreeable. Yes," continued he, still aloud, secure in the solitude of his retreat among apple-trees and sweet-scented flowers, "if uncle will undertake to find me a decent-looking heiress, I'll marry her, provided she'll have me."

While soliloquizing in this Hamlet-like fashion, Master Tom had no thought of spectators, and had assumed an attitude more negligent than graceful. As an aid to reflection, he had placed one hand in his coat-pocket, the other behind his back, while he reviewed the unpleasant situation in every possible aspect, and tried to think of some way out of his dilemma. No idea occurring to him, he finally lighted a cigar and pursued his saunter in silence. When the weed was half finished, however, he threw it away in his usual extravagant fashion (Truly, Master Tom, you ought to marry an heiress) and turned to enter the house, a large old-fashioned stone dwelling, overrun with vines and surrounded by a blaze of roses, peonies, and hollyhocks. He sighed as he walked along the wide hall passing through the centre, and knocked at the library-door. A vision of leaving the home which had been his from boyhood crossed his mind with a sharp pang of regret.

In response to Tom's rap, a stern voice answered "Come in," and, a moment later, he was again facing his uncle, from whom he had parted a little while before in anger.

Thomas Sinclair, senior, sat at his writing-desk, busily engaged in looking over some papers, and he glanced up with a slight frown as his nephew entered. He was a dry withered old man, his appearance distinctly suggestive of the parchments among which his life had been spent, for he was a lawyer.

"Well, sir," he addressed the intruder, "have you come to tell me you've changed your mind, and concluded to do what I wish you to?" As he spoke, a grim smile flitted over his wrinkled face; for the only soft spot in his heart was his affection for this orphan nephew, whom he had educated and provided for since the death of the boy's parents. He could not believe that his favorite would thwart him.

But Tom answered very decidedly, though gently:

"No, sir, I have come to say that there is no possibility of my changing my mind. I cannot marry Miss MacDuffy. If you have really resolved to disown me, you may as well do so at once."

The old man's storm of anger had subsided, and he was perfectly quiet; but his countenance darkened.

"I shall not accept your decision now—I will still give you time to reconsider your resolution. If at the end of two months you prove still determined—why, then so shall I be. In the meanwhile, I would advise you to remain here and think over the matter."

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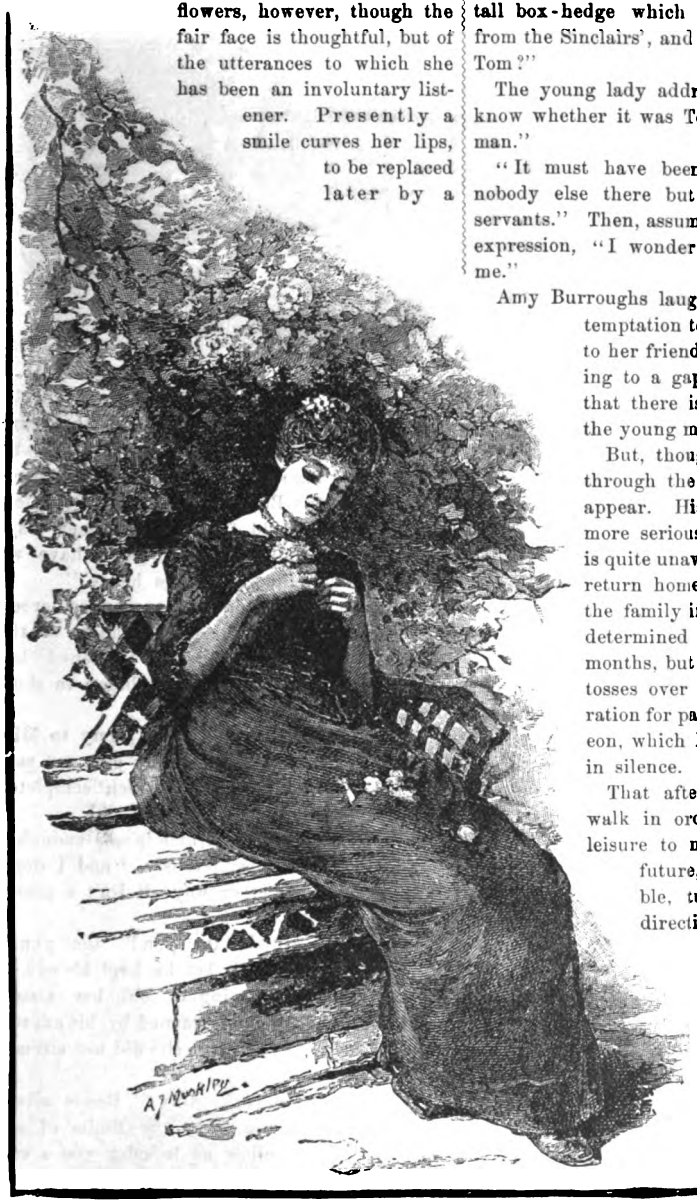
Tom turned away, fearing he might say something to his uncle for which he should be sorry, and walked silently out of the room.

And now let us do what he never thought of doing—peep over the hedge into the adjoining garden, just beside the nook in which Tom has been meditating, and we shall see a lovely vision. A beautiful young girl is seated on a rustic bench, in the shelter of a bower of roses, idly pinning one in her bosom, while some buds lie on her lap. She is not thinking of the flowers, however, though the fair face is thoughtful, but of the utterances to which she has been an involuntary listener. Presently a smile curves her lips, to be replaced later by a slightly contemptuous expression of curiosity.



"I must ask Bessie," is her mental decision, and, just at this moment, a girl somewhat younger than herself, rosy and gay, comes out of the house and approaches.

"What are you thinking about, pensive one?" calls the newcomer, merrily.

"Of your next-door neighbors," is the smiling rejoinder; "you haven't told me anything about them."

Bessie waves her hand in the direction of the tall box-hedge which separates their garden from the Sinclairs', and says: "Have you seen Tom?"

The young lady addressed smiles. "I don't know whether it was Tom—but I saw a young man."

"It must have been he, Amy, for there's nobody else there but his old uncle and the servants." Then, assuming a rather sentimental expression, "I wonder whether he remembers me."

Amy Burroughs laughs. She feels a strong temptation to repeat Tom's soliloquy to her friend, but resists, and, pointing to a gap in the hedge, suggests that there is an opportunity to test the young man's memory.

But, though Bessie at once peeps through the opening, Tom does not appear. His mind is occupied with more serious considerations, and he is quite unaware of his old playmate's return home, after a long absence of the family in Boston. He has fully determined not to wait the two months, but to depart at once, so he tosses over his wardrobe as a preparation for packing, and goes to luncheon, which he shares with his uncle in silence.

That afternoon, Tom went for a walk in order that he might have leisure to mature his plans for the future, and, after a long ramble, turned his steps in the direction of home just as the summer sun was sinking slowly in the west. As he neared a bridge that crossed the narrow stream which he had been following, he stopped and waited for the flock of sheep which a man was driving over; while he stood gazing

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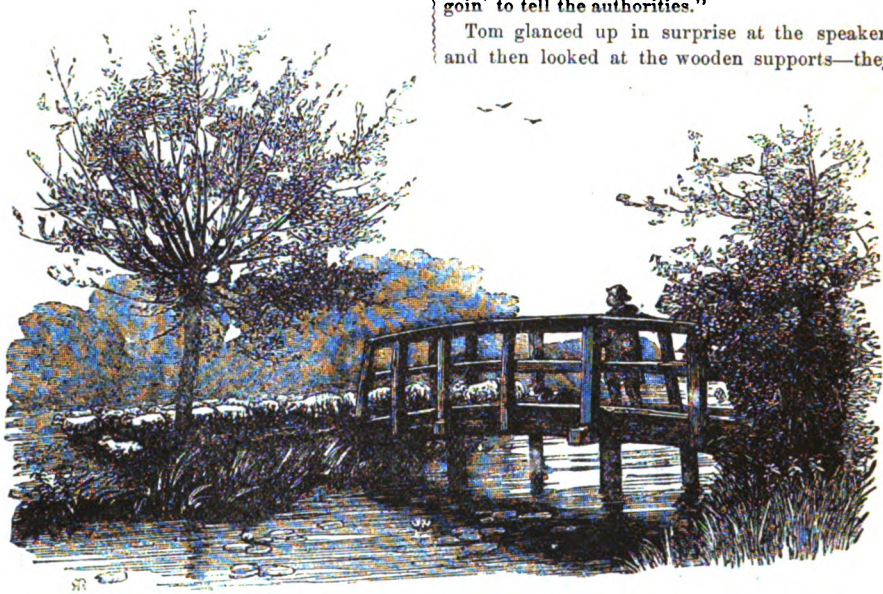
idly about, he noticed a pony-carriage containing two young ladies coming toward the bridge.

As the last sheep passed, and Tom was preparing to hurry over, the man accosted him with:

"That yer bridge thar—'taint very safe. I'm goin' to tell the authorities."

Tom glanced up in surprise at the speaker, and then looked at the wooden supports—they



seemed cracking under the weight they had just borne. In an instant he thought of the carriage, and, hastening on, threw himself in the pony's way. Somewhat astonished, the young girl who was driving reined in.

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, hurriedly, lifting his hat, "but the bridge is unsafe—you must not cross."

"Oh! thank you," cried both occupants of the carriage, together; but the younger of the two showed a slight incredulity in her look, mingled with another expression which Tom did not quite understand.

"The man who just drove those sheep over told me," he explained. "I assure you, the supports are giving away—you must not attempt to drive on."

By this time, Tom had recovered himself sufficiently to notice that one of the ladies was the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld, while the face of the other was strangely familiar.

"This is Mr. Sinclair, is it not?" the latter said. "Have I grown entirely beyond your remembrance?"

There was a mischievous smile arching the lips, which Tom suddenly recognized.

"Why, Bessie—Miss Darragh, I mean!" cried he, cordially grasping the little gloved hand which the holder of the reins leaned from the carriage to give him. "This is unexpected, but delightful! How are you, and what have you been doing with yourself all these years?"

"Before I account for myself, let me introduce you to Miss Burroughs. In your rescuer, Amy, behold my old friend and former playmate, Mr. Sinclair. Many a game have we played through the gap in the hedge!"

While her two companions exchanged greetings as gracefully as the circumstances of the introduction permitted, Bessie tightened her hold on the reins, for the pony began to show signs of restiveness.

"I am delighted to owe our safety to Miss Darragh's old friend," the lovely girl was saying, with a charming smile which completed Tom's subjugation.

"Oh! I dare say the bridge is safe enough," exclaimed Bessie, mischievously, "and I don't want to drive the other way—it isn't a pretty road."

"There's gratitude for you!" the young man rejoined, laughing; but he kept his eye on the merry girl, knowing of old her almost reckless love of fun, and, warned by his expression that he was in earnest, she did not attempt to go forward.

"Shall we turn back, Amy?" Bessie asked, reluctantly. "I am sorry the limits of our equipage do not allow us to offer you a seat therein," she added, smilingly, to Tom.

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"Thanks all the same," he replied, and, after an exchange of farewells, the ladies drove away.

Tom, left to himself, walked home in silence, thinking of a pair of bright eyes, a soft voice, and an enchanting smile. He had seen many pretty girls, but never, it seemed to him, one so beautiful as Miss Burroughs.

That evening, Tom flung his belongings into the drawers again. He had suddenly changed his mind about going away; he would do as his uncle wished—stay awhile. The determining motive of this resolution, however, he did not admit to himself.

"I shall be glad to see a little of Bessie once more," he reflected.

The following morning, Tom selected for an early saunter the corner of the garden near the opening in the hedge, and was soon rewarded by catching the flutter of feminine garments.

"Good-day, sir," called a merry voice, and Bessie's laughing face appeared, framed in dark-green box.

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"The same to you, Miss Darragh," he responded.

"Oh, I'm not Miss Darragh yet—I shan't graduate till next year. I haven't improved a bit, so you needn't be ceremonious! If you should live to be a thousand, I should never think of you as anything but Tom. You haven't much more dignity than I. Now—Amy! By the by, where is Amy?"

But, that young lady not making her appearance, Bessie went on chatting.

"So you have been at school all these years that the house has been closed?" Tom asked.

"Yes, at Madam L'Estrange's. That's where I met Amy. She graduated last year, but she was kind enough to notice me, although I was in a lower class. I adore her."

Tom smiled slightly at this extravagant expression, so very characteristic of his boyhood's friend.

"Why did you not wait until you had finished?" he asked.

"Because Boston did not agree with mamma, the doctors decided. She has not been well all winter. Papa wanted her to go to Newport, but she preferred the quiet of home. I am taking care of her, so Amy was good enough to bury herself in this dull place to keep me company. Wasn't it sweet of her?"

Of course, her listener was quite ready to acquiesce in this verdict.

"How's your uncle?" inquired Bessie, presently.

"Pretty well," answered Tom, hesitatingly, and, just at that moment, Amy's voice was heard.

"Now you'll have to come into our garden in orthodox fashion—no creeping through the hedge," Bessie warned him, laughing as she thought of their youthful pranks. "Amy wouldn't approve."

And, nothing loth, Tom obeyed.

A week later, he was confiding his troubles, as in old days, to his quondam playmate, through the convenient opening between the two gardens. He poured the whole story, with the exception of the heiress's name, into Bessie's sympathizing ear.

"Do you really think the heiress would accept you, if you obeyed your uncle and proposed?" she asked, anxiously.

Tom groaned. He did not wish to appear a coxcomb in Bessie's keen eyes, but he knew too well the favor with which Miss MacDuffy had smiled on him whenever he came in her way. He had fled from New York to escape her wiles.

"Oh! she's so hideous, nobody else would take her—I'm afraid, undesirable as I am, she'd rather have me than no one. Besides, her father is anxious to secure my uncle's wealth, which he believes I would inherit."

His hearer sighed profoundly.

"Perhaps somebody else with money would do just as well," she suggested, hesitatingly.

"Nobody else with money is likely to want me," laughed Tom.

Then Miss Darragh, being young and giddy, did a foolish thing.

"Have I ever told you," she asked, innocently, "that Miss Burroughs is a great heiress?"

"Indeed—no," said Tom, briefly, his face darkening. "I think my uncle is calling—please excuse me," and, with a slight bow, he hurried into the house, leaving the girl to realize that she had been very silly.

"Now I have done it," she groaned.

For two days, Tom avoided his neighbors, resolving to pack his trunk and depart. But the moth-like instinct urged him to risk his already singed wings, and, at the end of that time, he met Bessie's advances more than half-way. Once within the influence of the unconscious Amy's smiles, he allowed himself to drift happily along. Of course, he, in his present penniless dependent position, was not going to fall in love with an heiress. His first desperate resolution to marry anybody but the "MacDuffy" was quite forgotten. Unfortunately, however, one person remembered it.

Bessie, of course, could not resist confiding Tom's dilemma to Amy, and that young lady, after listening in amused silence, had imparted in return her own information.

"Did you ever tell Mr. Sinclair anything about me?" she asked, carelessly.

Bessie writhed. She had carefully omitted, in this recital, any mention of her unfortunate speech to Tom. Truth, however, compelled her now to confess to her friend, who received her admission in indifferent silence, and then dismissed the subject altogether.

"Woe is me," thought unhappy Bessie. "I suppose I have made matters worse."

But her natural buoyancy enabled her soon to throw off this conviction.

The summer drifted by; a golden summer to Tom, in spite of all his difficulties. The two months were almost at an end, and he had informed his uncle of his unchanged determination. Reluctantly but decidedly, the unhappy young man began to prepare for departure. He resolved to "go out West," the land of hope, to Arizona, where a friend of his was interested in

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a silver mine. He could not bear the thought of staying in the East, and, besides, he had been trained to no profession. Out on the confines of civilization, push and energy might avail him something.

He had not yet communicated these plans to his neighbors. so, the day preceding the one on which he had arranged to leave home, he went to bid them good-bye.

The two girls were in the garden as usual. After a little conversation, Tom remarked:

"What's the matter with your gardener? That vine needs attention badly, and the grass is very long."

"Yes, I know," rejoined Bessie; "but James has the rheumatism. I must get someone to attend to the lawn. The vine—now—if you were of any use, you might help me fasten it up."

She laughed as she spoke in her usual saucy fashion.

"Why, of course, I'll do it," cried Tom.

Before commencing, however, he managed to inform the girls of his intended departure.

Bessie was loud in her regret. In reply to her incessant questions, Tom explained his views and plans, and it was evident that he was very much in earnest. Amy listened with little apparent interest. At last she rose and begged to be excused, declaring that she must write a letter to send by the afternoon mail.

"I won't be gone very long," she said, apologetically, to Bessie, who scarcely concealed a frown.

That young person was gradually growing desperate. All her cherished hopes and plans seemed in danger of ruin. To the eyes of youth, present failure appears always final. She suddenly formed a reckless determination, flinging all scruples away.

Hammer and knife in hand, Tom was battling with an obstreperous branch, gazing in the direction of Amy's retreat. Grasping the bag of garden-tools nervously in one hand, Bessie laid her other lightly on Tom's arm. He turned in some surprise.

"Leave that stupid old vine alone, Tom, and talk to me," she said, pleadingly.

"What do you want me to tell you?" he asked, gloomily. "You must know that I have nothing to offer a poor girl, much less an heiress."

"Tom," began Bessie, in a determined tone, "I told you Amy was an heiress, didn't I?"

"Yes," he said, in some surprise.

"Well—I—I—Tom—Amy hasn't a cent in the world. I—it was one of my jokes."

"Are you sure, Bessie?" Tom laid his hand on her arm, and looked into her eyes.

"Quite sure, Tom," she answered, boldly. Then, whispering "I will send her to you," she hurried toward the house.

Tom had scarcely recovered from his stupefaction when he saw Miss Burroughs approaching.

After an instant's silence he began, in a hurried impetuous manner: "There is something I would like to say to you, Miss Amy, before I go. As long as I thought you an heiress, I did not dare to speak; but now I feel that I must. I have nothing to offer you but the love of my whole heart. Perhaps I have no right to tell you this, since that is all I could give; but I am going very far away, and, if I could even hope that you would hold me in kindly remembrance, I should try my best to win something worth offering a woman, though not what would be your due."

He had spoken rapidly, never stopping, for fear his emotion might overwhelm him.

Varying shades of feeling passed over Amy Burroughs's face, as she listened in silence to Tom's words.

"I should have gone away and never spoken, thinking you very rich; but, a moment ago, Bessie said it had been one of her jokes—that you had not a penny. Ah! Amy—"

But he was interrupted.

"I thought your uncle wanted you to marry an heiress? That you were willing to marry anyone except your uncle's choice?" Miss Burroughs softly said.

"That was before I saw you," Tom answered, simply. A sudden hope had wakened in his heart.

"If you are willing to take me without a fortune, I am yours," she murmured, and his answer was to fold her in his arms.

They had hardly returned to a sense of the proprieties when Bessie appeared. As she neared the happy couple, Miss Burroughs eyed her curiously.

"Forgive me—forgive me," the young girl cried. "I didn't exactly tell a story, for you haven't a penny yourself, Amy! But, Tom, she is, alas, an heiress! Still," she went on, quickly, "I am not at all sorry—not at all. You two would never have settled things if I hadn't interfered. Confess!"

Tom went out West and prospered, though not phenomenally; but, when he came home three years later, and married the heiress to the Burroughs estate, Mr. Sinclair, senior, was quite reconciled to the match. And Bessie never regretted her interference.

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WATCHING THE BIRDS. [See the Story, "What Stood Between.

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GOLLY.

MABEL M. HUNT.

JACK REDMOND laughed good-naturedly. It was too hot, too dusty, too uncomfortable altogether, to get out of temper. Besides—cui bono? Some people would be extremists, and, therefore, always dissatisfied with something. From the superior heights of his broader wisdom he could look down condescendingly at these inferior mortals and commiserate their weakness. Fate had been kind, and endowed him with a fair share of this world's wealth safely invested.

Jack, on a dusty September day, was en route for New York, and much amused at the ill temper of his seatmate in the car, who was growling at the weather, dust, heat, and crowd, after the manner of full many an ungrateful mortal. Unexpectedly the train stopped with a suddenness that hurled both forward from their seats. Jack grasped at the window-frame and stood upright, looking with an amused smile at the heavy figure of his companion stretched ungracefully on the dusty floor.

"Wonder what's to pay now? Guess I'll investigate." And Jack started for the door, unaware that that very natural impulse would give rise to some quite important results.

A rail had been misplaced, and the sudden halt had been due to the fact that a decrepit old man had seen the danger and signaled the train. Jack Redmond stood by while the railway-officials were eliciting all possible information from the old man.

It was against Redmond's principles to get excited and eager. The danger was past—why did the people make such a fuss? Nevertheless, in lieu of something better to do, he listened to the old man's rambling account.

"My grandaughter, she saw 'bout an hour ago that the rail was gone. No one else round here to see it. S'pose some of those railroad-men you've discharged did it. They're dreadful mad."

The old man spoke wearily and in a monotone that betrayed his excessive fatigue.

"We'll not forget this day's work, my good fellow. Here—give me your name. You'll hear from us very soon."

Then, as the conductor noted down the name, "Gerald Dinsmore," Jack smiled curiously. It certainly was singular to find that aristocratic name, his grandfather's name, belonging to this forlorn specimen of humanity.

After a very brief delay, the mischief was repaired—the passengers sprang on the platform of the car. Just then a youngster, who was peeping over the platform, started forward, and, before maternal arms could stop him, had fallen to the ground. Jack gallantly sprang from the already-moving train to rescue the boy; but, as he attempted to leap on again, the car, moving now with greater velocity, hurled him backward with such force that he fell on the ground, stunned.

When he next opened his eyes, he was in a hut more dilapidated than any of those belonging to his father's negroes. Old Dinsmore was smoking before a fireplace full of ashes, and slumbering peacefully on the floor was the child who was the primary cause of all his trouble. Dinsmore noticed that his guest—by compulsion—was awake, and stepped to the bedside.

"Heavens and earth! where am I?" asked Jack, startled out of his wonted serenity. In slowly lumbering style, old Dinsmore informed him that this was his hut, three miles from any other habitation and half a mile from the spot which so nearly witnessed another railway-tragedy.

"But how did I get here? Surely, you could not carry a dead-weight for half a mile."

In answer to this interrogation, the old man shouted:

"Golly! Golly!"

The expression was not, as Jack first supposed, a slang phrase; for, after a minute, a young girl appeared.

"Here's the un as carried you," said the old man, nodding toward the unexpected apparition; then, turning to his pipe again, he left Jack to contemplate his preserver.

What he saw was a maiden, tall and graceful as a willow wand. Her face was peculiar—full of determination—and short black hair was curling in baby-ringlets all over a shapely head. Jack scanned her earnestly, and she returned the compliment by an equally steady gaze.

Then he, Jack Redmond—calm, cool, and

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aristocratic—found himself growing embarrassed at the scrutiny of this remarkable young woman.

"I—I say, you know, it was awfully kind of you. But—but, you know, how could you?"

In striking contrast to his faltering question came Golly's reply, startlingly terse and pointed:

"Could I what?"

"Carry me—a heavy weight like me—so far?"

Golly's answer was concise if not complimentary:

"I've carried more than one beast further."

"How? When?" faintly ejaculates the crushed Jack.

"Hunting. That there's my rifle and my knife." And the girl pointed to a corner of the room, in which was a motley collection of weapons.

Jack surveyed them with humble admiration.

"You're very clever, Miss Dinsmore. That's your name, isn't it?"

A mocking laugh, clear and sweet, rang through the little house. Jack had an uncomfortable feeling that he had said something absurd and that the girl was actually ridiculing him—him, Jack Redmond!

"My name's Golly—Golly Dinsmore. Guess you'd better call me 'Golly'—everyone does. Shan't know you be talking to me, if you put on all those flounces and trimmings."

Jack reddened a little; yet he was fast recovering himself, and felt that soon he would be master of the situation once more. He was not apt to feel at a disadvantage, and there was little likelihood of his remaining so for any length of time.

"Golly?" he queried, interrogatively. "Was that the name given you, or is it a nickname?"

"'Spect 'tis my real name; leastwise, I never heard of no other." Then, with an abrupt change of tone and a certain graceful courtesy that would have become any lady of wealth and rank, she asked solicitously: "Shall I fetch something in here for you to eat, or do you s'pose you could come into the other room?"

As a cursory glance had already informed Jack, the "other room," together with the one in which he was, comprised the entire house. With a badly-stifled groan, he rose from the rickety bed on which he had been lying and signified his ability to reach the "other room."

Hungry he had been, a moment before; but his appetite vanished as he beheld the repast to which he was ushered: a rough wooden table devoid of cloth or napkins, a few broken and badly-cracked dishes, a plate of coarse brown bread, a dish of potatoes, and a pitcher of milk. Not the vestige of an apology did Golly deign to offer for her meagre bill-of-fare. Was it not better than they were accustomed to have ordinarily? Only on rare occasions did the small house boast of any milk, and Golly, with the air of a royal princess, waited for Jack to take his seat.

"Here—sit down by your little chap," said the girl, commandingly.

For the first time, Jack realized fully his awkward situation; and the child, lonely and forlorn, just wakened from his nap, commenced to cry at that interesting moment.

Jack looked at him in a frightened way. Golly said soothingly:

"There's Pappy! See, Pappy—don't cry!" Then, as Jack still looked stupefied with fright, she added impatiently: "Why don't you talk to him? Drat the man! can't you see's he's scared to death?"

Jack groaned aloud.

"He's not my boy," he said, indignantly.

It was Golly's turn to look stupefied.

"Whose is he?" was her next question.

Pertinent as the query was, Jack could not answer it satisfactorily, but finally recovered sufficiently to explain the case.

"What shall I do with the boy?" he asked, despairingly, in conclusion.

Golly's reply was sensible, but involved a great deal.

"Take him to his mammy."

Then Jack realized that he must do something. Here there was no Mr. Penny to arrange matters and no Chambers to attend to his behests.

He endeavored vainly to eat some of Golly's supper, and then hunted up old Dinsmore and inquired the way to the nearest station.

"Three miles, and no cut road! Good gracious!"

But Golly came to the rescue with the information that a peddler would pass that way, next morning, and that doubtless he could be induced to take Jack and the boy with him in his cart.

"Well, so be it. I suppose I must spend the night in this miserable hole." Though, to do him justice, this last expression was not audible.

It was but little comfort to reflect that he had the only bed the house afforded. That one was so rough and hard, that all his easy philosophy fled. But all things, good or evil, must end sometime, and, at last, Jack found himself seated on the box of Joe Cray's peddler's-wagon, the obnoxious infant in his arms, and Joe, a compound mixture of drollery and tobacco, at his side.

Golly seemed serenely indifferent to his

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departure; but, after the last vestige of shining tinware and red cart had faded from her view, she seated herself on the wood-box, lifted up her voice, and wept bitterly. Poor Golly! the slight, handsome gentleman had made a deep impression on the wild strong maiden of the woods.

Jack Redmond hardly enjoyed that ride to the station. The frequent stoppages, amazed stares of passers-by, delicate tobacco-odor, and fretfulness of "that execrable child," as he styled the boy, made that ride one long to be remembered by our elegant and easy-going egotist. It was with a feeling of deep delight that he at last seated himself in a parlor-car, the troublesome boy left "until called for" with the station-master. As the train swept away, Jack had a glimpse of a pale-faced anxious-looking woman, who hastily descended from an incoming train and rapturously embraced a dirty, tear-bestained urchin who eagerly rushed to her.

Our friend drew a deep sigh of relief. The youngster had found his mother—or, more correctly speaking, the youngster's mother had found him; at least, it was all right; and, though not at all inclined to any heartfelt sympathy for the cause of all his misfortunes, Jack was nevertheless more comfortable in mind and conscience after he had witnessed the reunion of mother and child.

"Not that I could have done anything," he soliloquized. "If I'd taken the infant off in search of his relatives, we should doubtless have chased after each other until doomsday; but I'm glad it's ended so satisfactorily. The mother was awfully pretty; queer that the youngster should have been such an imp of ugliness. Well, it's all ended now!"

Ended? Ah, Jack, it was but just commenced, though you little suspected that!

A comfortable chair in a drawing-room car soon lulled Redmond to sleep and made him oblivious of the trials undergone in old Dinsmore's hut. Evening beheld him ensconced in luxurious quarters at his hotel, with his much-enduring servant at hand to execute his royal commands. Happy, comfortable, well-fed, and properly dressed, good-nature returned to him once more.

"Those people were really very kind, and I actually didn't give them anything for all their trouble. What an abominable shame!"

Jack looked uneasy; he had never before shown such thoughtlessness. How had it happened? It was poor taste certainly to ignore such an obligation, and probably Jack Redmond would have been quicker to condone forgery in a friend than a breach of this kind.

"At least, I can rectify the matter now—'tisn't too late. I'll buy Golly a present to-night, and send it to her, with a good-sized bank-note for the old man."

True to his resolution, Jack did so, choosing a present, to be enclosed with the fifty-dollar bill, which was perhaps the most inappropriate gift he could have selected. For what would a wild, uneducated, barefooted girl do with a dainty little chain-and-locket? For a man who prided himself on his tact, Jack was making some singular blunders. On his return from the postoffice, he found himself mentally reviewing the events of the past twentyfour hours and picturing to himself the dilapidated old hovel and its strangely contrasting occupants.

"Gerald Dinsmore—'tis an old family-name. How by all that's wonderful did that old fellow come by it? His eyes look wonderfully like my grandfather's as I remember them in our old portraits; I wonder if, by some strange chance, he is a stray shoot from our family-tree. I must find out. I believe grandfather had a brother who came up North. In the name of the marvelous, I'm almost ready to swear 'tis this same old fellow! Whe-ew!" And Jack stopped in the hall of the hotel to give utterance to a prolonged whistle. Standing there, fortune sent him a chance encounter which effectually banished Golly from his mind for months to come.

"Hello! hello! hello!" and Jack felt his legs grabbed by chubby little hands, while a resonant young voice greeted him most cordially.

"You here?"

Capitals fail adequately to represent Jack's tone as he slowly recognized his youthful comrade of the past night. It was a moment of intense thought, and Jack developed, in it, a power of dissimulation hitherto unknown to the Dinsmores. Hardly knowing why, he greeted the youth rapturously, and elevated him to a seat on his shoulder. Was he not proud of his somewhat absurd simulation when, a moment later, the rather pretty mother came from her room to reclaim her boy Pretty?

Mrs. Hoyt was a revelation—delicate features, transparently white complexion, and soft golden hair. For the second time in his life, Jack found himself stammering before a young woman, as he attempted to reply to Mrs. Hoyt's pretty thanks for his care of her son.

Finding himself ensconced for the time being at her hotel, Jack lost no time in following up the acquaintance, on the pretext of his interest in Harold. His easy manners and gentlemanly

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bearing impressed Mrs. Hoyt favorably, and the two soon became fast friends. Why Jack, who was above "the wiles of any woman," as he himself phrased it, should have felt intensely relieved at learning that Mr. Hoyt had departed this life some five years before, it is impossible to imagine; but it is certain that he heard this fact with deep interest. Instead of execrating the impulse which made him leap from the train after Harold Hoyt, he soon began to bless that act of common politeness and gallantry. Though both he and his newly-acquired friend could boast of some hundreds of acquaintances in New York, it was yet amazing how lonely each felt in the great metropolis and how soon they came to be dependent on each other for entertainment. Rides, walks, pleasant excursions, reading, and breezy conversation, in which Mrs. Hoyt was an adept, made the days pass swiftly, until at last the tiny white harbingers of winter were floating through the air, and Jack found, to his disgust, that society had claims on Mrs. Hoyt which could not easily be ignored. The season was one of the gayest, and Mrs. Hoyt—wealthy, young, bright, and with a piquancy and verve even more fascinating than her beauty—soon resumed her old place as an acknowledged queen and favorite in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. Jack, too, had plenty of invitations to these same places, and, as a matter of course, he was not inclined to refuse them when they would give him the society of the woman whom he most admired. The last four months had changed him for the better.

The winter worked greater changes, and spring found him her ardent lover—but clothing that character under the disguise of friendship.

He was aroused, vivified, quickened, by the one real love his life had known. He was more manly, more alert, more energetic. Life had new phases, deeper meanings, for him. Whatever might be the issue of the matter—and he himself could form no conjecture as to that—Jack Redmond would thereafter be something more than a selfish aimless egotist.

Mrs. Hoyt was planning a visit to her mother, among the Berkshire Hills, and Jack, moody and silent, was sitting in her little parlor, gloomily listening to Harold as he dilated on the glories of his grandmother's home, the large yard, the great house, the blue hills.

"But whatever will we do without you, Mr. Redmond? Why, you'll have to go along, for, if I should fall off the train again, you ought to be there to pick me up. I say, won't you go?"

Like a flash, Jack, straight and tall, was standing before Agnes Hoyt, pale, but with a clear-cut look of determination gleaming from his eyes and lurking around the corners of the mouth, usually curving into pleasant smiles.

"Agnes, may I?" And, after a swift upward glance at his face, Agnes Hoyt said slowly: "Yes."

A fair September day; a station among the Berkshire Hills; a little group on the platform is waving handkerchiefs toward an outgoing train, and a youngster of six is shouting at the top of his voice: "Mamma! papa! you mustn't stay a moment longer than you said; 'twon't be fair if you do! Good-bye! G-o-o-d b-y-e!" the last part of Harold's farewell being literally a screech as he endeavored to make his voice reach the train now speeding rapidly on.

Agnes Redmond looked half regretfully toward the depot. True, it had been her own proposition to leave her boy for the next four weeks in her old home; but yet a mother's ever recurring thought, if anything should happen to him!

"What is it, dear? Homesick for the boy already? We can go back for him, sweetheart."

But Agnes shook her head. They needed these few weeks alone, and Harold would be safe and happy in her mother's care. They did not talk much as the train wheeled on. When two people are very much in sympathy with each other, many words are not needful between them. Each felt keenly the silent enjoyment of the other's presence. After several hours of waiting at a little way-station, they were just about to enter their train, which, after a manner that trains have, had in some way been belated, when a telegraph operator approached Jack. "Beg pardon, sir, but is this Mr. J. E. Redmond?"

"It most certainly is. A message for me?"

"Yes, sir, been following you all around."

Jack hastily tore open the yellow envelope. The telegram was from a college friend, now a physician in New York. It read:

"Girl in the hospital, dying; Golly Dinsmore. Wants you.

FRANK WALLACE."

Without a word, Jack handed the message to his young wife. Long ago, he had described to her his adventure at the little hut, and the two had resolved to visit Golly ere they should return from their wedding-trip; they had been pleasing themselves for some time, devising ways of brightening and aiding her future. Now came this fateful message. To abandon or even postpone the pleasant jaunt to the mountains might have cost some brides an effort; but any

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kind of selfishness was foreign to Agnes Redmond's nature.

"We must go to the poor girl at once, dear."

Jack silently acquiesced, and made the needful changes in checks and tickets. When they were once more speeding on, this time toward New York, Jack gave utterance to the thought which had been perplexing him. "How do you suppose that child ever came to be in New York, Agnes?"

Knowing nothing of particulars as yet, Agnes's instinct still leaped to the truth. "I don't understand it at all, but I think she must have gone in search of you." And Agnes was right.

The gray light of the early autumn morning found Jack, Agnes, and Frank Wallace at the door of the hospital in which Golly was dying. Dr. Wallace told his friend of Golly's accident. She had attempted to cross Broadway, and, accustomed only to the quiet country life where Jack had first seen her, had grown terrified by the teams and noise. Losing her self-control, she had become pressed between the passing vehicles, and injured fatally. Rough but pitying hands had picked her up and brought her, still unconscious, to the hospital. Dr. Wallace had seen at a glance that human efforts could not restore her again to health, but, deeply interested in the lovely strange girl, he had endeavored to secure the names and addresses of her friends. In her wanderings, she had repeatedly mentioned Jack's name, and, as this was the only clue which Frank had been able to obtain, he had sent on the previous day a telegram to Jack's club, trusting that it might find him, and not knowing his exact whereabouts.

As the three reached the cot on which Golly was lying, they caught a glimpse of darkest hair framing in a very pallid face. Her eyes were closed, and so still and quiet were her features that at first Agnes thought that already the girl had passed through the dark valley and entered into her Father's presence.

Softly she took her hands and called "Golly!"

"Be you an angel?" asked the faltering voice. "Where's he? I'm—so—tired."

Jack came hurriedly forward. "Here I am, Golly; what can I do for you, my poor child?"

But the girl did not seem to recognize him, and her only response was to murmur again the slow pathetic words: "I'm—so—tired—oh, so very tired."

For awhile there was silence around the bed, and, for the first time, Jack noticed that the dying girl was beautiful, after a strange wild fashion. He noticed, too, the striking contrast between the woodland child and the delicately refined woman who was bending so lovingly over her. The sun struggled feebly forth from the dun clouds, and sent a few rays of light to illumine the pale face. Golly suddenly started up with her old mocking smile. "I couldn't carry you now, mister, no more ner a city girl; but soon I'll be stronger to take care of you—take care of you," and, in a delirious way, she repeated over and over the words "take care of you." Gleaming around her neck, Jack saw the dainty locket and chain which he had sent her, months before. Golly kept fingering this in a restless fashion. Agnes's tender arms were around her now. Agnes's cool cheek was pressed close to her fevered one. She smiled brightly; "take—care—of—you," the white lips murmured once more, and then Golly was an ignorant hoiden no longer; the wisdom of the angels was hers. The sunshine poured into the room a glorious light. Agnes turned to her husband, whose eyes were dim with an unwonted moisture. "It is a good omen, dear; I think God will let Golly take care of us in our new life together."

If anyone is interested in the fate of old Mr. Dinsmore, we will just pause to say that his death a month before had sent Golly to New York in search of the only other friend she knew. That he was a distant relative, Jack subsequently proved, and the old man and his grandaughter now rest in Virginia soil; beside them are the wealthy relatives whom they never knew in this life. Golly found Jack, indeed, but she found even a far more potent friend than he—death!

EASTER LILIES.

Bloom, Easter lilies, grand and tall
In ranks of spotless white;
Lift up your dew-gemmed chalices
Toward yonder shining height.

Ye meekly bow your graceful heads
As if in silent prayer,
While Easter anthems pure and clear
Go pulsing through the air.

The worship of our lips and lives
Can scarce for sin atone;
Your incense freely offered up
Will reach the Father's throne.

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"BEYOND THESE VOICES."

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHAPTER I.

ON the quays and in the less-known quarters of Paris there are many beautiful old houses, dating back to the extinct days of Bourbon royalty. It was in a suite of apartments in one of these stately and almost deserted mansions that a lady sat writing, on a bright day in early September, in the year 1860. Though the room was of imposing dimensions, it was very scantily furnished. It had been a grand dining-room in days gone by, and the walls were wainscoted up to at least one-third of their height with solid oak, dark and rich-looking with age, the rest being covered with a thick flock paper in a deep shade of green. The floor was covered with a green carpet, an unusual piece of luxury in a French household; but two carved oak chairs and a massive secretary in the same wood completed the furnishing of the room. Curtains of green Utrecht velvet shaded the windows, which looked out over the Seine and gave a view of the distant Louvre. Once, as the lady paused in her occupation and glanced out of the open window, she murmured to herself: "This dwelling has a great advantage—there are no opposite neighbors." And then she resumed her writing.

She was a peculiar-looking person, a woman about thirtyfive, pale, sallow, and spare, with marked features and cold impassive gray eyes. She was tall and of a wiry vigorous make, and the hand that held the pen had something nervous and steel-like in its clasp. Her lips, which were thin and colorless, had also that marked steel-like firmness of outline, bespeaking determination and force of character. Her dark hair was cut short and lay in loose scattered waves over her head, which was small and well-shaped, and this style of coiffure, in the days when chignons were at their biggest and fashionable ladies used to load their heads with rats, and mice, and birds'-nests, and waterfalls, and all other such oddly-named shapes in false hair, was in itself alone sufficient to render her appearance remarkable, if not eccentric. She was plainly dressed in a simply fashioned costume of black cashmere, which, however, fitted her to perfection and was stylish in cut and in draping. The writing on which she was employed was in cipher, and from time to time she paused to cast certain of the memoranda, which apparently guided her in her work, into the flames of a wood-fire that burned, in spite of the warmth of the sunny autumn day, in the ample old fireplace that filled nearly one end of the room.

"The affair of Pierre Delarche," she murmured to herself, as she tossed into the fire one of the scraps of paper she had been consulting. "Not yet ripe for investigation. The Friends of Freedom. Mere empty talk—so far. Must consult the Prefect of the Imperial Police respecting it. The next place of meeting—hm—hm—a garret in the Rue du Bac. You would have been wiser, my friends, had you chosen some spot farther from the centre of Paris. Paul Sarelli—a Roman patriot jealous of the laurels of Orsini. Must be looked to, and that speedily."

She flung the last of the papers into the fire and resumed her writing; but, before she had traced more than a few lines, there was a discreet tap at the door, and, in answer to her imperative "Come in," a sharp-looking boy in buttons ushered a grave severe-looking personage into the room—a man with extinct expressionless eyes and a thick mustache, waxed at the ends and concealing under its central fringes the mouth of its owner. It was the custom of all subordinates of the Imperial government to imitate at that time the sphinx-like countenance and impassive expression of their chief and ruler, Napoleon III. The new-comer drew a chair close to that of his hostess, who rose to receive him, and in tones so low as to be scarcely audible, even by the person to which the words were addressed, he said, as she resumed her seat:

"Is the report ready?"

"It is here," she answered, in a whisper as faint as his own, as she folded the pages on which she had been writing and tendered the papers to him.

"Good." He placed the document in his breast-pocket. "Any special news?"

"An Italian patriot and possible assassin—a new Republican society, which is to hold a meeting on Saturday next—"

"At what address?"

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"593 Rue du Bac. I shall be there."

"In your next report, change the cipher. This one is becoming known. Here is a message to you from Baron Haussman. A new avenue is to be cut, running northwest from the Arc de Triomphe. There is a board-yard and also two old furniture-shops to be bought there for next to nothing. Here is a plan of the projected street, with the places to purchase marked upon it."

"My best thanks to the baron."

"That is all." The strange visitor rose, and, buttoning up his coat, prepared to depart. "You will receive special directions respecting the affair of Pierre Delarche. And one thing more. The Emperor wants to see you, to give you some important directions concerning a most delicate matter—an embezzlement of diamonds by a lady of the court. Hold yourself in readiness to obey a summons to Compiegne this day week. Bring samples of antique embroideries to show to the Empress as an excuse to the servants. You will be admitted without question." And the gentleman, without waiting for an answer, departed as swiftly and silently as he had come.

Left alone, the mistress of the house began to set her secretary in order. It was an easy task; there was not a scrap of writing anywhere to be seen, and she even committed to the flames the sheet of blotting-paper she had been using, lest the confused marks wherewith it was covered might bear tell-tale indications amongst the lines. But, before her task was quite completed, the sound of hurrying feet was heard without, a confused mingling of voices became audible, and suddenly the door was thrown open, and a woman, spurning the efforts of the page to keep her back, rushed violently into the room. She stopped suddenly as she crossed the threshold, and confronted her hostess with flashing eyes and compressed lips. She was evidently laboring under the influence of some fierce excitement. Tall and strongly built, with marked features, a spare massive frame, and great burning black eyes, she was a type of the convinced enthusiastic promoter of revolutions, an anticipation of Louise Michel, a plebeian successor of Charlotte Corday, a descendant of the Knitters of the guillotine of the First Revolution, that might develop in coming years into a petroleum-thrower of the Commune.

"Send the boy away!" she said, hoarsely and breathlessly; "I want to speak with you, Mother Greon, and we had best be alone."

"Leave us, Paul," said the person so addressed. in calm unruffled tones. And, as the door closed, she turned to her infuriated visitor.

"Now, Denise Lamarque, what is it that you wish to say to me? But first—the child." And a faint tinge of color stole over the impassive countenance.

"Oh, she is well—the little Christine—and outside in the porter's lodge at this moment."

"Here—you have brought her here, contrary to my orders? And how, by the way, did you discover my address?"

"Your address, yes, and your real name, Madame Greon—or, at least, the name by which you are best known—Madame Frollo, for you have as many aliases as a first-class thief. That is none of your business. Only understand this much—I do not mean to soil my fingers any more with tending your brat. Not but what she is a darling, the little one. But, now that I know who you really are, I throw her back on your hands. I would throw in your face all the money you have ever paid me for taking charge of her, if only I had not spent it, every sou. I wonder that I did not see stains of blood—yes, stains of blood, you she-bloodhound—on every coin you put into my hands. I loathe you—I spurn you—I call down the vengeance of the earth and the skies upon your head!"

Quivering with ill-restrained wrath, she stood with clenched hands and blazing eyes like an embodiment of the spirit of the Great Revolution.

"See you, I had staid quietly in my garret all these years, since my man was shot down in the streets on the second of December, so that another Bonaparte might be made Emperor. I lived on, helping the cause of liberty from time to time, just a little, as a poor woman may do, and existing from day to day in the hope of seeing some time or other a Republic in France again. And then you came, and brought the child, and money for taking care of it. All this time I fancied you were like me—the widow of a good patriot, and I cherished the little one as though it had been my own. But last night there came to me one who told me the truth, one of the poor creatures that you and your fellow-bloodhounds are hunting down. He has got away, though, I can tell you that, and is safe in England by this time. And your name never was Greon after all, Madame Frollo. I know it all now. It was you that ferreted out the conspiracy of the Fiftyseven. It was you that had Philippe Delamarr sent to Cayenne. It was you that caused Jean Valbel to flee for his life. It is you that are hunting down Pierre

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Delarche. I know even the name that you hide behind your fine appellation of Madame Frollo. You are a traitor and the widow of—"

"Stop!" The woman addressed as Madame Frollo rose to her feet. "Not a word respecting my dead husband. Is there no blood on the hands of your friends and of yourself, Denise Lamarque?"

"They are clean enough yet to spurn you and your offspring. I curse you—I hate you, Sidonie Lafont. Take your true name once from my lips; it is long enough since you last heard it. I curse you in the name of the dead of the second of December—in the name of the exiles of Cayenne—in the name of the fugitives in England, and Switzerland, and Belgium, in the name of Liberty, the sacred right of the nations which you oppose and seek to destroy. I wash the soil of your silver from my hands. I shake the dust of your house from my feet. I go, and leave you the child that shall one day turn upon you and curse you as I have done, and avenge us all. On the little fair head that only last night was pillowed on my bosom, I rest the hope of my revenge. I go, and never shall our paths cross again. The memory of your bread that I have eaten—yes, and the thought of the little one that I have bred as my own child, stand between you and my wrath. I leave you to the future and to that Justice that men call the vengeance of Time!"

The door closed with a clash, and Madame Frollo rose from her seat with a slight expression of weariness on her else impassive features. "Really, she has tired me excessively, this honest Denise," she murmured. "But the child—Christine—ay, there is a real perplexity." She touched the bell, and the page quickly reappeared.

"My carriage, Paul, and tell the porter's wife to take care of the little girl that has been left in her charge till I come to give her further orders." Then, as the boy disappeared, "I have need of air and movement to aid me in thinking out what I had best do with the child," she added to herself as she drew on her gloves.

The elegant brougham, plain and severe in all its appointments and without so much as an initial or monogram on its panels, was speedily at the door. The page, in the correct livery of a groom, stood ready to hand Madame Frollo into the carriage and then awaited her orders. They were brief and comprised in one phrase:

"To St. Cloud."

CHAPTER II.

By most persons who know Paris well, the beautiful suburban town of St. Cloud is considered one of the most charming of that circle of towns and villages that surround the gay capital as do the diamonds that form the setting of some great single gem in the brooch or the locket that forms part of the parure of a queen. At the epoch at which the events of our story occur, the cruel chances of war had not yet come to shatter its elegant villas or to lay in ruins its palace. Always favored by the Parisians as a place of summer residence, on account of the purity of the air, which is owing to its elevated site, and also, as has been mischievously suggested, because from the windows and the balconies of the villas a fine view could be obtained of the beloved Paris, out of sight of which not one of her children can long remain content, its tasteful summer homes are numerous and always well occupied.

The glowing twilight of the cloudless September day had scarcely faded from the heavens, and the distant Arc de Triomphe showed, with its whiteness tinged with a faint rose-flush, like an arch in flowers, against the dark background of the great city, with here and there a light beginning to sparkle amid its duskiness. Viewed from the loftiest eminence of all those occupied by the city of St. Cloud, the scene was a lovely and an impressive one at that sunset hour. But the owner of one of the handsomest of the villas that had been erected on that favored site, a man tall and handsome and in the prime of life, had no thoughts for the beauty of the view, or for the dying glories of the vanished day. He had flung aside the curtains to admit the air, but he did not approach the long open windows reaching to the floor, nor did he notice the fact that the servant had entered and had placed a large lamp upon the table, afterward withdrawing with noiseless footsteps. And by the full radiance of the lamplight every movement of the one occupant of the room could be distinctly seen from the road outside. This fact he seemed to heed as little as he did the beauty of the world without. Pacing to and fro, seemingly under the influence of some all-absorbing thought, he went with hurried steps from one end to the other of the large drawing-room, unheeding even the caresses of his dog that leaped up from time to time, vainly trying to reach his master's hand, and wondering, doubtless, why a pat and a kind word were not forthcoming as usual. At last he cast himself into an arm-chair before the buhl writing-table on which the lamp had been placed. "The end must come, and it shall not be long in coming," he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "Down, Frisk—down—I am in no mood for fooling, this evening. Poor beast—you will

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miss me at least, if no one else does. There, old fellow—there—lie down and keep quiet." And, as the dog, satisfied with his master's notice and caress, went to curl himself up on the hearthrug, the gentleman unlocked a drawer in the writing-table and took from it a revolver carefully, testing its barrels to see if they were all loaded. Satisfied with his examination, he laid the weapon aside, and, drawing forward a blotting-book, he spread some sheets of letter-paper before him and began to write, slowly and deliberately, like a man who is fulfilling an appointed task. This is what he wrote:

"My Dear Westford:

"I do not know why I should trouble you with this letter, as the chief piece of news that it contains will probably reach you through the medium of the daily papers before this epistle is put into your hands. But I did not like to put into execution my final resolve without writing a few lines to you, my best and oldest friend, if only to say good-bye. I have burned the will I made some years ago, in which you were appointed sole executor of my estate and guardian of my only child, for the simple reason that I have neither child nor fortune left. Only three hours ago, I received tidings of the death of my little Louise from diphtheria, at the house of the devoted woman in Brittany who has had the charge of her for nearly all her life. My wife, as perhaps you know, died late last spring in the asylum to which she was perforce consigned just after Louise's birth. It was as well, for the insanity with which she was afflicted was of a violent as well as a hopeless type. It was only after her death that I decided to try to form a home for myself once more. I had grown tired of alternating between the rooms of the bank and my bachelor apartments, so I took this villa and furnished it, intending to bring my little girl here and to pass at least a year in this pleasant abode and in this pure air, within easy reach, as St. Cloud is, of my place of business. Well, old friend, disaster has followed disaster with so rapid a tread that I mean to await the coming of no further trouble, but shall slip away out of the world to that haven where no evil news can reach me—the grave. The banking-house of Armytage & Co. is on the point of failing. I will not weary you with the details of the catastrophe; suffice it to say that I do not mean to live to see it. My little daughter is gone, and her death has broken the last link that bound me to this world. I have no one left to live for any more. Crushed in spirit and wrecked in fortune, I have no heart to begin the world anew. If my child had lived, I should have struggled on, for her sake. If I still had my fortune, I could have striven to stifle my sorrows in the daily round of my business. All is gone now—and I am going. I bid you farewell, old friend, and, when I have traced my name at the foot of this page, I shall seek the one effectual remedy for all my pain, and shall go 'To where beyond these voices there is peace.' Once more, good-night.

"Chester Armytage."

The writer laid down his pen, folded the letter, placed it in an envelope, and wrote, in a firm bold hand-writing, the address. And then he stretched out his hand for the revolver.

"Stop!"

A firm clasp closed over the hand that held the weapon. And Chester Armytage, starting to his feet, confronted the stern features and dark-robed form of Madame Frollo. Motionless with amazement he stood, his hand and the pistol still prisoned in the grasp of those steel-like fingers.

"What were you about to do?"

"Who are you, that seek an answer to a question that you have no right to ask?"

"True, and which I have no need to ask. I have read over your shoulder every line that you have written."

"How dared you, woman—"

"Because, passing by outside, I saw you writing, with your revolver close at hand. Men do not pen commonplace letters with such adjuncts to the furnishing of their writing-tables. So I left my carriage and entered through the open window, and strove to learn the secret of your despair. I have learned it, and I come to bring you a remedy."

"You have learned it, but in what dishonorable fashion!"

"Dishonorable!" She laughed coldly and cynically. "There has been no question of honor in the path that I have trodden for many a year past. It is my business to discover secrets and to take the readiest means of discovering them, regardless of what those means may be. I have made use of my professional training for my private profit merely. Now, put aside your pistol and listen to me. If I can suggest no remedy for some part, at least, of your troubles, I will, when our interview is at an end, leave you to follow your own inclinations, should you still wish to rid yourself of your woes in such a violent fashion. Give me some few moments of the time you were about to merge into eternity. It is not much to ask."

Impressed, in spite of himself, by the energy of tone and decision of manner of his strange

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visitor, Chester Armytage replaced his revolver in the drawer; and, bringing forward a large arm-chair, he motioned to Madame Frollo to take it.

"Now, what is it that you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"I repeat that I have the power to aid you in this hour of your desperation."

"Can you bring back my dead child to life? Can you prop the fortunes of my failing house?"

"The latter I can and will do, if you will consent to obey me in regard to the former. What sum is it that you require to tide your bank over its present difficulties?"

"No less an amount than two hundred thousand dollars."

"One million of francs? Good! It shall be placed at your disposal to-morrow, and on one condition only."

"Name it."

"First let me ask the age of the little daughter you have just lost."

"She was not quite six years old."

"Good! There will be no need of an adoption—a simple substitution will suffice. You will be required to present to the world—and, in fact, to rear and educate as your own—a little girl some few months younger than your own child, but with not enough difference of age, however, to make it impossible for her to pass as the dead little one."

Chester Armytage knitted his brows. He was a man of spotless honor, and his first and very natural supposition was that some shameful secret was connected with the birth of the child thus proposed to him for adoption. The quick eye of Madame Frollo noticed his hesitation, and comprehended instantly its cause.

"Before proceeding further, I must inform you that the little girl in question is of perfectly honorable origin. Her father was a painter of talent, named Louis Lafont. He married, some two years before her birth, an Austrian of respectable parentage who was exercising in Paris the profession of a governess. Her maiden name was Sidonie Fischer—and I am she."

"And why should you seek to separate yourself from your little daughter, and that in so thorough a fashion?"

"For me to answer that question is to tell you the story of my life. Listen, Mr. Armytage, and, when I have ended, you may decide as to whether or not you are willing to save the future of the innocent child, and the soul of an unhappy mother from utter despair as well."

CHAPTER III.

Armytage bowed, and madame continued:

"I was born in Vienna. My parents died when I was a mere girl, and my small inheritance barely sufficed to educate me to become a teacher—that being the readiest method by which a young woman without any special talent, either for art or music, could earn her daily bread. I had, it is true, certain dramatic gifts which might have been developed by early training, and which have, in fact, stood me in good stead during these later years; but my lack of beauty was considered, at the time, as an insuperable obstacle to my embracing a theatrical career. During my school-life, I studied with ardor, and left the establishment in which I was educated the mistress of four languages and a thorough musician—well equipped, in fact, for the profession I was about to adopt. With these acquirements, I easily found a place in the household of a wealthy Parisian banker—one of your colleagues, Mr. Armytage: the head of the well-known house of Pelletan & Co.—to act as governess to his three daughters.

"In this position, I dwelt in peace and tranquillity for nearly four years. I was well treated, my pupils were amiable intelligent girls, and my days passed by, if without any vivid joys, at least without any serious annoyances. Then there came to me a period of happiness, so exquisite and so perfect that, when I look back upon it, my present life by force of contrast seems clothed with the blackness of despair.

"Among my many accomplishments, that of drawing and painting had not been included. I was not destitute of the artistic sense—I could appreciate fine drawings and well-executed paintings—but my art-enjoyment was not supplemented by any powers of execution. To fill up this deficiency in my acquirements, a young artist, Louis Lafont by name, was engaged to give lessons to the Demoiselles Pelletan. He was of great talent, and of a reputation already in its first phase of brilliant development. He had exhibited at the Salon for two seasons past, and his picture of the former year, representing Marie Antoinette in prison, had been purchased by the Empress Eugénie. He was young and handsome and vivacious, with laughing brown eyes and a gay alert carriage of the head which— No, never mind; do not notice me. I have not spoken of him before for full five years past. And, when the sunlight has died out of one's life, it is hard, amid the darkness, to recall the sun to which existence owed its warmth and brightness. I thought that I was turned to stone; but I find that it is ice merely, and that even a remembered gleam of that vanished radiance may cause the ice to melt.

"We were a good deal thrown together, he

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and I, naturally, as I had to be present at all the lessons, and he came often to consult me about the subjects and style of the pictures that he prepared for the young ladies to copy. I do not know when I first began to love him, but I awoke one day to the consciousness that my whole being was absorbed in a devoted and hopeless passion for my young and brilliant coadjutor. Yes, hopeless, for how could I ever dream that the plain penniless governess had any attraction for the popular and gifted young painter? Yet the dream that I scarcely dared to contemplate, even as a vision, came true one day. Let me remember—let me bring back—for the last time so long as I shall live, the exquisite joy, the intoxicating gladness of the moment when the man that I loved so fervently imprisoned my hand in both his own, and said to me in tones thrilling with emotion: 'For months past, Mademoiselle Sidonie, my whole soul has been wrapped up in you. Can you not love me a little?' A little! With all my heart, with all my strength, with all my being! Look you, Mr. Armytage, I had never before known what it was to have anybody love me. My mother had died when I was barely three years old. My father, who was a subordinate officer in the Austrian army, was never at home, and I scarcely knew him up to the time of his death, which occurred when I was about fourteen. Therefore, the cup of perfect bliss, thus held to my lips, contained the first sweet draught of human affection ever accorded to me in this world.

"Only a few weeks later, we were married. We had nothing to cause us to delay the wedding. I was alone in the world, and Louis's elder brother, Claude, who was a graduate of the Military School of St. Cyr, and was a widower, with one little son named Louis, after my betrothed, was his only relative. And he, being absent with his regiment in Algiers, was not able to be present at our marriage, but he sent us many kind messages, and some gifts of beautiful Oriental curiosities. We went to housekeeping in a flat in the artists' quarter of Paris—four small rooms and a large studio; and there, for two years, I was blindly, ecstatically happy. My husband and I were scarcely apart three hours out of the twentyfour, and then only when he went to attend the meetings of a secret society of advanced Republicans, formed soon after the establishment of Napoleon III on the throne of France, and of which Louis was a member. His fame as a painter was rising every day. He had executed some striking pictures, and the Emperor himself gave him an order for a painting to represent Napoleon the Great playing with his little son, the King of Rome. 'I must wait till our own little one comes to serve me as a model,' Louis laughingly remarked when the official document containing the order arrived. But he never painted the picture. He never even saw the face of his own child. For, before she was born, he was murdered — cruelly and causelessly murdered by the members of the secret society to which he belonged—the League of Liberty, they called it."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, Mr. Armytage, they murdered him, and how? They gagged him, and bound him, and pinioned him down to the railway track in the path of the express from Calais, and left him there to await—ah, in what agonies of suspense and dread and mortal anguish!—the coming of the terrible doom. And it came—and not even I was ever permitted to look upon the mangled relics of what had once been Louis Lafont. The fiends that slew him declared that he had been a traitor to their cause, and that, while affiliated with them, he had secretly conveyed intelligence of their movements and their projects to the Imperial Police."

"And was this true?"

"Do I know or do I care? All I knew and heeded was that the man I worshiped, my loving kindly gifted husband, had been put to death with such circumstances of horror as even the familiars of the Inquisition might have shuddered to imagine. The shock to my nerves brought on a premature confinement. My little girl was sent, immediately after her birth, into the country to be nursed, and that as a sheer measure of necessity, for I lay at the point of death for weeks and months. And how I ever rose from my bed again, and left it in full possession of my reason, is still to me a mystery. My first idea, after my recovery, was to bring to justice the cruel wretches that had robbed me of my husband and of all hope or happiness for the rest of my life. My child, do you say? What was a puling infant to me, compared with the love and the bright companionship that had filled my life with such ecstasy of joy, such perfect bliss? Look you, I will speak of that no more, for that way madness lies."

"How did you know that your husband was put to death by the decree of the secret society to which he belonged? Might his murderers not have been instigated by personal reasons?"

She laughed drearily. "You little know the ways of such an organization as the League of Liberty, if you imagine that they left the cause

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and the executors of the sentence in any manner of doubt. Stamped on one of the leather thongs that were used to bind their victim were these words: 'This is how we members of the League of Liberty deal with traitors to our cause!' I wear that piece of leather as an amulet in a case attached to a chain about my neck. It has spurred me on to work, many and many a time when my heart was failing and my spirits grew weary. For, as soon as my health was fully re-established, I started out on my mission of retribution. All my husband's papers relative to the society were placed by me in the hands of the police. Then, wearying of the slow action of the professional detectives, I joined myself to them as an amateur aid. I brought to my task untiring vigilance, patient watchfulness, the keen scent of a bloodhound tracking its prey. And I succeeded where the most famous members of the force declared themselves utterly at fault. I tracked out and brought to judgment the murderers of Louis Lafont. By my aid the great secret society with its countless ramifications in all European nations was utterly broken up, and many of its members were either condemned to penal servitude for life or were driven into exile. There was no disguise that I did not assume, no danger that I did not brave, no hardships from which I recoiled. And when my task was ended and I had tasted the exquisite sweetness of revenge, then and then only did I realize that life for me was practically at an end.

"It was at this moment that I received from the Chief of the Secret Detective division of the Imperial police an offer of a permanent position. The manner in which my work as the avenger of my husband's death had been carried out had attracted the notice of personages high in authority in the government of the Empire. My bitter hatred of the Republicans in France was not yet assuaged. Moreover, I was promised, as a reward for my services, abundant opportunities for acquiring wealth, such as prior information respecting political changes that would influence the rise and fall of stocks, or concerning new streets and avenues to be cut through certain quarters of the city where real estate was at its lowest figure and where these changes would triple or quadruple its value. I thought of my little daughter and of the wealth I might amass to gild her future. I contemplated my own void and purposeless life. And I consented, and I have become the keenest and most trusted of the political spies of the Empire. Aye, and also a woman cursed and abhorred of all men, except by those that employ me. Once my identity is revealed, men and women recoil from me as from a serpent. I manage usually to preserve a strict incognito, from professional reasons as well as on account of the abhorrence I inspire. Not that I trouble myself particularly about that abhorrence. I have outlived all interest in human affection or in human hate. But there is one point on which I am still vulnerable, and that is my child. Cased in triple armor though I be, the avenger may one day find out this weak point and stab me to the soul. For I cannot endure the thought that my daughter may hereafter shrink from me, or hate me, or curse me, reject my benefits, and nullify all my efforts in her behalf by a scorn that would be worse to me than death. From this doom, you, Mr. Armytage, may save me. Forget the aid that I offer you, and remember only that the future of myself, and of my innocent child as well, is in your hands to make or to mar at your pleasure."

"What is it you would have me do?"

"I want you to install, in the place and stead of your dead child, my little Christine. I will take a solemn oath to relinquish her wholly to your care, and never to claim her or to make myself known to her as her mother. Her identity shall be wholly merged in that of your dead Louise. I reserve for myself only the right of watching over her. She shall be my care—never again my child. Chance has so willed it that both the children have been brought up from babyhood in a remote French province, so the substitution will be easy and will excite no investigation."

"And if I consent?"

"To-morrow I shall, in that case, place the sum of $200,000 in your hands, to be employed in the settlement of the affairs that threaten ruin to the banking-house of Armytage & Co."

"This money then, I suppose, is to be settled thereafter on the little girl?"

"Not at all. That sum is to be placed without stipulation in your hands, for your own use. If you decide to marry again, you can dower with it any children that might be born of that second union. Use it as you like: spend it, squander it, gamble it away, if you will. The fortune of your adopted child will, one day, amount to at least twice as much, and will become hers on the day of her majority or of her marriage. Choose now, Mr. Armytage: Will you consent to save a heart-broken woman from despair and give to her little daughter a future of happiness and prosperity, or will you refuse my offer and still madly persist in putting an end to your own life or in braving an existence of loneliness and ruin?"

She ceased to speak, and bent forward with

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a look of anxious inquiry. Mr. Armytage paused a moment, and then answered in a tone of convinced decision:

"I consent to your proposition. When will you bring me the child?"

"At once—as speedily as I can return to Paris and come back with her. The money shall be placed in your hands to-morrow before noon."

"One word more—I shrink from taking from your hands a gift that may have the stain of blood upon it: Madame Frollo, can you answer to me as to the source of your wealth?"

"So far as speculation, either in stocks or in real estate, is honorable, the origin of my fortune is above reproach. I have had opportunities of obtaining early information as to the coming political events in Europe and their influence on the stock market, and also as to the projected new streets and avenues in Paris. I had no occupation or interest to fill my hours outside of my professional duties save that of acquiring wealth, and I have used my opportunities to the best advantage—that is all. And now good-night—it is growing late."

Chester Armytage offered his arm to Madame Frollo, to escort her to her carriage. The dapper little groom, who had been waiting outside with the vehicle, lingered behind for a moment, and then came hurriedly forward to take his place upon the box, and the swift horses started off toward Paris.

On arriving at her residence, Madame Frollo dismissed her carriage and her coachman and went in search of the little girl. She found her lying asleep in the arms of the good-natured Madame Laurent, with traces of violent crying on her flushed cheeks and tear-gemmed lashes, and with a bandage around one plump dimpled arm.

"She has hurt herself, the little one—not seriously, madame—oh, not seriously! But it pained her very much, and she cried for a long time. She was running around the room after the cat, and she fell just in front of the fireplace and burned her arm badly on the top bar of the grate."

Madame Frollo unfastened the bandage and looked at the burn: it was a long deep indentation.

"It will leave a scar," she remarked, as she replaced the covering. "But we have no time to lose. Go and engage me a carriage, Paul; and see that the horses are strong and in good condition."

"Mamma Denise! I want Mamma Denise!" wailed the child, now fully aroused.

"Never mind Mamma Denise—I am going to take you to your papa."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DISAPPOINTED.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

For every moment's joy,
There is an hour of pain.
The soul, from glimpse of paradise,
Comes back to earth again.

But yesterday there came to me
A ray of love's own light;
To-day 'tis gone, and shadows fall
Just where the way was bright.

But yesterday the heavens oped
And let their brightness down;
Upon my heart, to-day, I stand
'Neath heaven's darkening frown.

One glimpse of sunshine—vanished, fled,
Leaving the day more drear,
Because I know the joy I craved
Had come so very near.

So, back from paradise, my soul
Falls, on her weary wing;
And, disappointed, waits on earth,
Whate'er the hours may bring.

SUB HOC SIGNO VINCES.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Keep true to your best
As the years pass you by;
Fill with good deeds
The moments that fly.

Each evil that's vanquished,
Each well-conquered wrong,
Brightens our armor
And makes it more strong.

Stand firm 'gainst the wrong,
For victory, we know,
Shall ever be gained
With the face to the foe.

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A DAY IN SPRING.

BY JEAN LINTON.

No more my heart is sad,
For all the world is glad;
Life seems a joyous thing,
On this fair day of spring.

Again is faith alive,
My dead desires revive,
And old hopes bud anew,
Beneath this sky so blue.

My doubts and fears are stilled,
My soul with peace is filled,
And nature's tender voice
Bids me anew "Rejoice!"

The clear air golden gleams,
As sunlight through it streams;
The hills and valleys ring,
While birds their anthems sing.

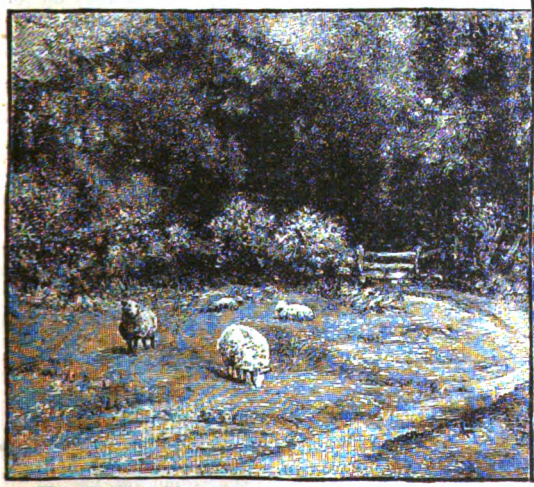
The brooklet sparkling shows,
As calmly on it flows,
A silver thread between
The meadows' tender green

In happy joyous mood,
I say that "God is good,"
Because, in freshness clad,
The world is gay and glad.

But, when dark clouds appear,
And all grows dark and drear,
Shall I again distrust
And bow me in the dust?

Ah, that I can not tell!
"He doeth all things well."
But I am slow to learn
The lesson somewhat stern.

Yet I to-day can raise
My voice in heart-felt praise;
For sights and sounds are fair
On this spring day so rare!



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HER EASTER OFFERING.

BY G. E. CHITTENDEN.

IT was the Wednesday before Easter. In a certain beautiful city church, called Saint Mark's, the morning service was drawing to a close. The rector read the last notice: "There will be an especial service for the children Sunday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Those who have offerings of flowers will please bring them to the chancel-railing, where I will receive them." The rector's dark eyes glanced over the large congregation. In all that throng of people, there was no one he could call his own. He had lost both wife and child many years ago, and his was a lonely home.

His eyes wandered to the rectory-pew, and he observed with surprise that it was occupied. A little girl sat there, her whole attitude and expression denoting rapt attention, as she gazed up in his face.

When the service ended, the child whom the rector had noticed rose with the rest of the congregation—a poor child, wrapped in a faded green shawl, which had evidently made acquaintance with all kinds of weather. She walked hurriedly down the aisle, the people looking in surprise at the odd little figure as it went by. On reaching the pavement, she broke into a quick run. Through street after street she passed, never pausing until she reached a large greenhouse, where she stopped, breathless.

"Anyone can do it," she thought, unconsciously pressing her hand to her side to still the beating of her heart, caused partly by that rapid race, and partly by a vast idea which had entered her mind. "Those flowers is o' purpose to sell."

She drew out of her pocket a few pennies, and fell to counting them. "One—two—three and five makes eight." It seemed a good deal of money. "Maybe 'twouldn't be so much," she thought.

Pushing the door open, she stepped within the sweet damp air of the greenhouse. No one seemed to be there. She walked slowly down one flower-lined aisle and up another, when suddenly she stopped before a cluster of great white flowers growing at the top of a long green stalk. She stood looking at them—motionless, entranced by their wondrous beauty, and dreaming a bright day-dream, from which she was rudely wakened by a rough voice close beside her, saying:

"Say, youngster—what you doin'? Be off now! You're not wanted here!"

Startled, she turned to obey; but, remembering the riches in her pocket, she stopped and asked timidly:

"Say, mister—is them to sell?"

"Of course they're for sale! Come now—run along! I can't bother with you."

But the child stood her ground.

"I'm going," she said. "But won't you please to tell me what those are, and how much you sell 'em for?"

"What on earth do you want to know for?" asked the young fellow, impatiently. "They're Easter lilies—that's what they are! And that stalk you're a-looking at is worth one dollar. Any other information I could oblige you with?"

"Easter lilies?" repeated the child, her pale face flushing almost painfully. "They must be o' purpose. Say, mister—I'm just going. But won't you please to tell me—would they do for a noffering?"

The man was growing angry. This was by no means the kind of a customer by whom he cared to be detained from his dinner.

"See here, young woman," he said, taking off one coat and putting on another, while he looked coolly into the excited face before him: "will you clear out of this by your unassisted effort, or shall I help you off the premises?"

Understanding that the words were unfriendly, and that she was not likely to obtain any further information here, with one long lingering look into the hearts of the beautiful flowers, she went reluctantly away.

In a short time, she was entering a small upper room in a large tenement-house, the place she called home.

A young woman, with troubled, rather hard-

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featured face, sat by the window, sewing. She did not look up or speak to the little girl, who glanced at her somewhat apprehensively before seating herself quietly on the floor at the opposite side of the room.

"I guess she feels cranky," thought the child. "What a pity!"

Then she said timidly:

"Polly."

No answer.

"Polly!"

"Well?" with a twitch of the thread that broke it off short and let all the gathers out.

"Polly, what is a noffering?"

"A what? Don't bother me with questions, Lil—I haven't no time."

"No; but, Polly, do please to tell me one thing I want to know just awful: Would Easter lilies—big white ones, with yeller to the middle—would they do for a noffering?"

"An offering? Where?" a little more crossly than before. Still, it was something gained for her to talk at all, and Lil felt encouraged.

"Over to the big church. Oh, Polly!" clasping her hands and looking up dreamily, "there's a glass winder, you know, all colors, where the light comes through kind of soft; and a man tells you things—about Someone that loves you. I don't just understand—but loves you like anything; and it's for Him you bring the noffering. And oh, Polly! the man is all dressed in white, and has such a look to his face—I can't tell you, but it seemed to shine. Then there's music; and anyone can do it, Polly. Anyone who brings a noffering of flowers, he said, could go right up near to the big winder and hand it to him. You could, you know, Polly, or me. And you could get 'em for a dollar—if they would do. Would they, Polly? Easter lilies, he said; all white, only yeller to the middle."

"Mercy on me, child!" exclaimed Polly, dropping her work and staring at Lil, as she sat, with tightly-clasped hands and quick-drawn breath, gazing at her. "I never knew you say so much to once, I give you my word. The man you heard was a clergyman: they always dress like that; and he wants flowers, next Sunday, to trim his church up with: they always do it once a year. But la, child! them people has got any amount of money to spend on foolishness. Folks like you and me can't do those kind of things; so don't you think nothin' about it. A dollar indeed!" And Polly went on sewing, as if there were no more to be said.

Lil sat motionless, all the light gone from her face. She did not cry; children so used to disappointment as she do not cry easily. Polly would not help her, that was evident; and Polly was the kindest friend she had in the world.

When her mother died, over a year before, and she was left alone, Polly had given her a home, provided she could earn money for food and clothes. It required all Polly's strength and energy to pay for that little room and keep soul and body together.

As Lil sat there, her thoughts still intent on the service she had heard that day, and the pure white lilies, the strength of a great resolve entered in and took possession of her.

"I'll do it!" she thought, resolutely. "I ain't so greedy but what I can go without eatin' for awhile, I guess."

Easter Sunday dawned bright and clear. The children belonging to Saint Mark's Sunday-school waited impatiently till three o'clock—the time for their own especial service—arrived; then they flocked into the church, in their bright dresses and flower-trimmed hats.

The organ played softly, as they went up the aisle in groups of two and three, and handed their flowers to the rector, waiting behind the chancel-railing to receive them. Baskets, crowns, wreaths, great snowy clusters—he took them, one by one, with a smile the little ones loved.

Suddenly, he noticed that a knot of children who had just turned away stopped, as if surprised, and then went on whispering together. An advancing group glanced over their shoulders, then gazed at each other with astonished smiles, and some with little shrugs of contempt.

Looking beyond, the rector saw, coming up the aisle, the cause of so much wonderment—a shabby little figure, wrapped in a faded green shawl, regarding him with steadfast gaze, and bearing a stalk of Easter lilies in her hand. As she drew nearer, he saw that her face was wan and pinched, and the great intense eyes hollow and sunken.

Of all the beautiful offerings that had been handed him over the chancel-rail, that day, no other was received with so gentle and sweet a smile as the single stalk of Easter lilies taken from those small trembling fingers.

The smile sank deep into the child's heart, and rested there. Someone showed her a seat. The service commenced. Lil sat in a trance of happiness. She was not hungry now. She had fallen once on her way to the church and hurt her head; but she hardly felt the throbbing, and her offering had not been injured at all—she had saved it; she could see it now, shining pure and white among the other blossoms.

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Listen! what was being said? How hard it was to keep awake! The music again; it pealed forth, and seemed to float through the perfumed air. Her eyelids closed, and the heavy head sank back against the cushioned seat.

The rector, coming into the body of the church on his way out, saw a number of persons collected about the pew-door, and observed that the bending faces had a frightened pitying look.

"Is anyone ill?" he asked.

"A little girl has fainted, sir," answered a boy, with an awed look on his bright countenance.

"Yes? Who is she?"

The children made way for the clergyman, and, in another moment, he was looking down at a little pinched face, pitifully white, with closed eyes and a happy smile on the still lips. A physician bent over her, his fingers on her wrist.

The rector's heart thrilled with pity.

"Doctor," he said, quickly, "is she—"

"No," returned the kindly physician, "I think not, but I fear—"

The bright-faced boy fell to crying quietly. There were but few dry eyes among them all.

The clergyman lifted the small wasted figure in his arms.

"I will take her to the rectory till she recovers," he said, simply.

Late that night, Lil lay in such a bed as she had never even dreamed of; but she could not realize the comfort of it, nor could the great staring eyes take in the beauty of the large well-ordered room. The blow she had received, together with her long fast, had proved too much for the weak little frame to endure, and Lil was very ill.

The night-lamp burned low. The housekeeper sat dozing in an arm-chair by the fire.

Below, in his study, the rector was pacing thoughtfully up and down, when he was startled by the sharp ringing of the bell. Going to the door, he threw it open. A young woman stood there; a young woman with an anxious, hard-featured face, as he could see when she stepped into the lighted hall.

She looked about as if searching for something.

"Can I do anything for you?" the gentleman asked, kindly.

"I know I hadn't ought to come disturbing you so late at night, sir," she said; "but I was told, a while ago, that a little girl as took some flowers to your church to-day—" she stopped, caught her breath slightly, then went on: "and died there! and you brought her here, and—" she continued, more hurriedly: "I wanted to say that she kinder belongs to me, and I'll do for her if you'll give her to me."

"My good girl," said the rector, gently, "she is not dead—poor little thing; we may save her yet. Is she your sister?"

Polly looked at him fixedly for a moment; then the hard face changed and softened, and, burying her face in her shawl, she burst into tears, a mode of relief for which she had little leisure.

"No, sir," she sobbed; "but, when her mother died, I gave her part of my room, for she hadn't no place to sleep; but I didn't give her nothin' to eat—she earnt that. She went up to your church last Wednesday, and heard about bringin' flowers, come Sunday. She seemed possessed about it. I thought it was foolishness, and wouldn't help her; but she saved up the money, and—I never gave her a bite. I wish I had-of, but I thought I'd get her sick of it. She couldn't have eaten enough to keep a fly alive the last three or four days, and I wish—I wish—" The thick-coming sobs choked Polly, and she stopped.

The rector laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My good girl," he said, huskily, "try to control yourself. We may save the dear child, and cause her Easter offering to be a means of blessing to her and to us all. I wish you would stay and help us nurse her; will you not?"

So, when reason returned to Lil, and she opened her eyes and looked about in pleased wonder, they met two familiar faces; she saw Polly, the kindest friend she had ever known; and the rector, with that loving smile on his lips, and his dark eyes shining through a mist as he came forward, bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

A year has passed since Lil received that kiss; she lives at the rectory now, a beautiful guarded life, and the rector calls her his "Easter Lily."

LIFE'S HARVEST.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical life of ours;
Life's field will yield just as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

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WHAT STOOD BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE morning had been bright enough for a poet to sing about, if there was one left who possessed the sublime fatuity to believe he could find a new rhyme or simile for "bonny spring." It was getting late in the afternoon now, and the day had changed as suddenly as the temper of most human beings has a trick of doing, and with as little apparent reason. The air was almost oppressively warm, but the sky had turned so sullen and gray that it looked as chill as if November had fathered it. Evidently, a storm was lurking somewhere near the horizon, and proposed to make itself visible before many hours.

Miriam Clifford sat in a solitary spot among the shrubberies, with her eyes fixed on a book. Suddenly, a half-dozen crows flew overhead, swooping low as they passed, and giving a simultaneous and prolonged caw of the most dolorous character. Miriam dropped the volume on the bench and looked up.

"Good gracious!" was her mental comment; "none but nineteenth-century crows, afflicted with pessimistic views of life, could have contrived a sound so exasperatingly hopeless."

She half laughed at her own poor witticism, then glanced down at the book by her side, and gave it an impatient push. For nearly an hour she had cheated herself into the belief that she was reading; but she perceived now that, though she had turned the pages at intervals, she possessed no more knowledge of their contents than of some conversation going on in Tartary or Japan.

She rose, walked to and fro along the path several times, then stopped to pick up her book, meaning to go to the house. She recollected that her hair was hanging down in a manner more picturesque than dignified. Her head had ached all the morning, and she had taken advantage of her solitude to enjoy the relief of freedom from combs and pins; but she must put her rebellious locks in order before her sister-in-law and her guest returned from their drive.

A faint repetition of the doleful caw struck her ear, and, though the distance softened its irritating sharpness, it sounded more despairing than ever.

Mrs. Clifford leaned one hand on the back of the bench, and, shading her eyes with the other, stood gazing after the westward-flying birds and thinking a dozen half-complete thoughts at once, a habit common to many ill-regulated minds.

Pierce Levison came strolling along, and, catching sight of her, stopped to admire the pose of the graceful figure, the beauty of the hands and arms, and the wistful dreamy face which he only saw in profile, framed in a long scarf flung over the dark masses of loose floating hair.

For a few instants he feasted his eyes, then a fierce impatience seized him to say out all that was burning his heart—all which he had, this afternoon, determined to utter, in spite of any feminine adroitness at checking or evading direct revelations and replies.

He hurried forward, the grass deadening his steps, so that, in her absorption, Miriam did not hear his approach, and called suddenly:

"Will it be favorable if they keep straight on? You look like a sybil watching the birds for an answer to some important question. There—they turn to the left: is the omen good?"

Mrs. Clifford dropped her hands and glanced toward the intruder, saying with a mischievous smile, which, pretty as it was, seemed a little out of keeping with the melancholy expression in her eyes:

"You need sadly to review your Roman history. You are confusing the Sybils with the Augurs—who, being men, had to build predictions on the flights of birds, instead of pouring out inspired warnings in verse."

"Heavens, what long words and what wisdom! Have you been reading Tacitus?" he asked, pointing to the book.

"Nothing more formidable than a novel: you see I have not forgotten all my school-studies," she replied, taking the volume as she spoke.

"Please don't go indoors," he urged. "Sit down and let us talk comfortably here."

Mrs. Clifford hesitated for an instant, the first glance at his countenance having warned her that he had come armed with a resolution from which it would be difficult to make him swerve.

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But, after all, it was cowardly on her part to try to put off an inevitable combat—for the interview must amount to this: and, though she felt certain of her own determination, she knew that her heart would fight on his side.

"If I am only allowed to be comfortable, I don't much mind where it is; this heavy atmosphere makes me disgracefully lazy," she said, as she seated herself.

He stood before her, tall and erect; his face was fine, rather than handsome, but the regular features were saved from any approach to severity by the peculiar softness of the hazel eyes. Better than all, he looked what he was—a man of clear broad intellect, and a thorough gentleman.

Mrs. Clifford had been a widow for more than four years. She had, a good while since, laid aside her mourning, and lived among gay people. But, though she did this, it was generally understood that she meant never to marry again, and, while possessing many admirers, she had always found it easy to get rid of those who grew troublesome, with the exception of Pierce Levison.

From the time Miriam began to receive her friends again, she had passed few days unenlivened by Levison's society. Often for weeks they had been domiciled under the same roof, when paying visits to mutual friends, or when he came in the summer to stay at the old country-seat, where she and her sister-in-law lived together.

This last winter, the two had, according to their habit, spent in New York, but had come away much earlier than usual, as Miss Clifford was sorely exercised about a new barn she was building, and a couple of small farms of which she had decided to dispose, as they were, to quote her own words, "not only an endless plague, but an aggravating expense."

Having treated Levison like a spoiled younger brother since he was a boy, Miss Pleasant never scrupled to demand his assistance and advice. She had required both in her present worries; at least, these latter had given her an excuse to send for him. He had obeyed her request with alacrity, and had been for several days stopping in the house.

He was called away now; the summons had only reached him this morning, and, as yet, Miriam had not heard of it. He must go; but, before he went, the wearing suspense of long months should find a culmination.

After regarding for some time in silence Mrs. Clifford's half averted countenance, he said abruptly:

"I suppose you meant the first part of your sentence as a warning. Now, I don't want to disturb your comfort, but I have something to say, and I must say it—you know pretty well, too, what it is!"

"Please don't!" she exclaimed. "It can't do any good—it will only distress us both—and—and—"

"I am obliged to go to France about my sister-in-law's estate, and the business my brother left in Algiers," he went on, as her sentence died away unfinished. "I must sail immediately; I have just received the answer to my last letter."

He saw an expression of relief cross Miriam's features; saw it succeeded by one of regret—he could read that face so clearly!

"It is really very sudden, after all," she said, hurriedly, "though for weeks you have expected you would be obliged to go."

"You are glad, and you are sorry!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Miriam, be one or the other outright."

"I shall miss you," she replied; "miss you sadly."

"Well, you could not easily say less about any person you call a friend," he rejoined; "but I want more than that! Miriam, you know I love you—that you are all the world to me, and have been for years—"

"I don't want to know it!" she interrupted, with a sob in her voice. "It must not be so—I have told you over and over!"

"Yes, but your saying it has changed nothing," he rejoined. "You have never admitted that you care for me—I mean, love me. Yet I feel that you do! Oh, this sounds terribly conceited, but it is true—it is true!"

"If it were, that could do no good," she said, slowly, growing somewhat pale, and letting her hands fall wearily in her lap. "Why repeat what can only give us both pain? You know that I cannot break my promise to a dying man."

"You gave no definite promise," Levison said, firmly. "You had no idea to what you were about to consent—"

"I said I would promise anything he might ask—anything!" she broke in, with sudden impetuosity.

"Exactly; as one tells a sick person whatever will most quickly quiet his nervous excitement," returned Levison. "A vow implies, in its very spirit, that the one who makes it must clearly understand its import! You did not think at all; you hardly knew what you were saying, and you had not the slightest hint what use would be made of your words. Therefore, no

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legal or moral law could hold you bound; more, there is none that would admit your speech to be a pledge."

"I must! I must!" she cried, with a sort of desperation in her voice and look, in itself an avowal of the force with which her heart fought against her resolve. "Oh, if that moment were to live over, I should say as I did then; so would anybody under the same circumstances—you yourself! You could not refrain when the person pleading loved you better than all the world—and was dying!"

"I should give no definite pledge," Levison rejoined, quietly. "I do not believe it right for the dying to ask any, where the future of those left here on earth is concerned. I do not say this merely from personal feeling—it has always been my creed."

"I know! I know!" she faltered.

"Christianity teaches us to hope that our lost friends go away to a higher existence," continued Levison: "why should they want to fetter those left behind? Such exigencies might arrive that to keep a promise to the dying would wreck the happiness of the person who made the vow, and that of others beside. Surely, if those gone out of this world can look back, they would suffer terrible regret to know that their selfishness had blighted the existence of loved ones on this earth."

"Yet—yet—"

"But these arguments are not needed in your case," Levison went steadily on. "You gave no definite pledge, so you are not bound."

"Oh, that is mere sophistry," she cried, almost fretfully.

"No: it is reason and common-sense," he replied; "and what irritates you is the fact that, down at the bottom, you know it is. Oh, Miriam, use your judgment! Look at the matter with your intellect, not merely from the side of sentiment and morbid feeling!"

"I see how it must appear to you," she sighed. "I own that I regard the matter very differently from the way in which I viewed it four years ago; but the fact confronts me still. I cannot stir from the strict letter of my words. I said I would promise anything—everything. I cannot break my word."

"But you don't scruple to break my heart!" Levison cried, passionately.

"Ah, don't say that—you must not!" she pleaded. "I warned you from the first; you knew I could never be more to you than a faithful friend."

"I beg your pardon—I am ashamed," he cried. "Nothing could be more selfish than that speech of mine. But oh, Miriam—I love you! I could make you happy; and you let what is worse than a superstition—what is the tyranny of the dead—stand between us."

"I think you have no reason to reproach me: I have never varied," she answered, gently. His eyes met hers with such infinite tenderness, that her heart throbbed almost to suffocation under the spell of that glance; but she went steadily on: "I have done nothing, said nothing, which can give you reason to decide that my personal feelings—"

"Oh, I understand," he interrupted: "you will not own that you care for me; but you cannot deny it—you are too truthful, too brave. And you know I do not speak from any miserable vanity—you do me that justice."

"No man was ever freer from such weakness," she said, as hotly as if some third person had insinuated a charge against her friend. "But oh, let us stop—words can avail nothing. Let the subject end, now and forever. I promised—I promised!"

He walked abruptly away and took several turns up and down the path, while Miriam sat staring straight before her, hearing the sound of his steps on the gravel, and, in between, the echo of that long-dead voice crying imperiously: "You have promised—you have promised!"

Scene after scene in her married life passed like some ghostly panorama before her eyes, as if invisible powers were struggling to influence her—some on one side, some on the other.

She had been barely eighteen when she married Lester Clifford, and he not yet four-and-twenty. He had adored her from childhood, and she could hardly remember when she had not heard the elders in both families talk of their future marriage almost as a matter of course. When Lester caught that dreadful cold and it was decided—merely as a precaution—that he should go to spend the winter in Bermuda, he had utterly refused, unless Miriam would accompany him. So their wedding proved a very hurried affair; and they sailed away to the sunny clime, taking love and happiness with them.

When they returned, in the spring, Lester's health appeared thoroughly re-established; but the unconscious tyranny which he had exercised during those first months had grown his fixed habit. For several years, Miriam shut her eyes to the fact that she had married a thoroughly selfish man—a very weak nature, too—one of those persons whose early youth seems full

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of brilliant possibilities, none of which ever fulfill themselves.

Then, during the last two years of his life, Clifford's health failed; at one time, he seemed attacked by galloping consumption, but got better, and the doctors decided he might live for a good while, though he could never be well. Of course, Miriam was wholly devoted to the care of her husband. Only those who have watched another suffer, or have themselves borne the tyranny of a selfish invalid, can imagine what she endured. Yet the fear of losing him kept her love fresh, and to be able to gratify his every wish at any cost was her sole desire. Occasionally, he would develop a frantic jealousy of everybody about, even of his own sister; and though, when he recovered from the attack, he invariably repented the passionate reproaches he had heaped on Miriam, at the time only complete submission could restore him to composure.

It was in one of these spasms of hysteria, coming, too, during a sudden relapse, such as every now and then frightened his nurses, that he had said to Miriam:

"I want you to make me a promise." She begged to hear what it might be, but he only reiterated: "You must give your word first—you would if you loved me—I ask that proof—nothing less will satisfy me!'

She told him that, no matter what he might ask, she promised to obey his wish, and only smiled when informed that she had given a pledge never to marry again.

He went fast to sleep, and, when he woke, was feeling better again, and did not recur to the subject.

During some weeks, he seemed steadily to improve. They were staying at a house his sister owned among the New Hampshire hills. Business of importance in New York unexpectedly required immediate care. Lester could not stand the journey and the excitement; he gave Miriam full powers, and she went herself to arrange the matter, in which a good deal of her own money and his was involved.

She was gone a week; he grew worse during her absence, but nobody felt alarmed, and he refused to let her be sent for, saying to his sister:

"I begin to see how selfish I have been—I wish—I wish—still, I loved her—I did love her."

This broken acknowledgment was a comfort to Miriam when Pleasant Clifford repeated it. Lester only lived a few days after his wife's return, and could talk little during the time, though his gentleness and patience were sweet to remember. Again the ring of Levison's heel on the gravel brought Miriam back to the present. He returned as abruptly as he had moved away, and stood directly before her, saying:

"You will not admit that you love me—you do not deny it! At least, say this—if he were alive and you at liberty, would you marry him or me?"

Her heart answered without hesitation. She did not run away or take refuge in a falsehood, as a weaker woman might have done. She looked full in her lover's eyes, and said firmly:

"I would marry you."

"Miriam — Miriam!" he cried, rapturously, while a great joy transfigured his face.

He made a step forward with extended arms, but she stopped him by a quick gesture.

"Miriam!" he repeated. "At last!"

"Hush!" she said, sternly. "Do you not understand? That I have the courage to tell you this, is a proof that I shall have the courage to keep my promise."

"Oh, you are pitiless to us both!" he exclaimed, momentarily losing self-command, under the revulsion of feeling and the horrible agony roused by her words. "It is wrong—wicked—it is absolute insanity! You can't do it—you shall not! Oh, if there were justice anywhere, the very dead would come back to appeal against your decision."

"Pierce—Pierce!"

"Yes—I know—I am talking like a brute! But it is all true—every word!" he groaned.

He sank on his knees and caught her hands; he pleaded for his happiness and hers in words of burning eloquence; but, though her anguish equaled his own, she held firm through the double ordeal of his prayers and the struggles of her own heart.

"You only hurt us both," she urged, when she could speak. "This is useless—useless! Stop, Pierce, stop!"

He rose and stood looking searchingly down at her. She was white as death, and her great eyes were dilated with pain; but the face, even amid its misery, wore an expression of unalterable resolve.

"I will stop," he said. "I beg your pardon! A little more or less suffering to me is of no consequence, but I am sorry to have hurt you! It was very selfish of me, and, as you say—'useless—useless'!"

For the first time, tears filled Miriam's eyes, and she sobbed. "Oh, try to forgive me! Indeed, indeed, I want to do right!"

"I know," he answered; "don't cry—that

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is worse than reproaches! Of course, you mean to do right! Oh, those words—right and duty—how much horrible wrong has been done in their names! But there, I won't grow rhetorical—I shan't tease you any more, Miriam."

"You are so good—so generous. Oh, believe that I appreciate it!" she cried. "And we are to be friends still?"

"Of course, friends—and half a world between us," he replied, with a bitter laugh.

"But you will not be gone for very long—and you will write to me?"

"No; I shall not write," he said, quietly. "Of what use, to harrow up my own feelings—feed my sorrow? No, I won't write—at least, not soon. As for coming back—why should I? If you ever want me to come, a word will bring me if I am at the end of the earth! I shall never change—you know that! But you will not change either; you are held by the fetters of your heathen superstition—ah, I am growing petty and rude again!"

"I would give an eternity of happiness to ease your pain—"

"All but one thing you would do," he interrupted; "and it is only that which could help me. Let us walk a little—it will be for the last time. Ah, here comes your sister-in-law! Perhaps it is just as well—we had nothing more to say. This is the real good-bye, you know."

"Only forgive me; at least, admit you understand and do justice to the motive which actuates me. I promised; I must keep my word. If he could come back—if I could explain, ask for release—" She broke off, with a movement of wild impatience. "Oh, it all sounds so insane! But you understand!"

"And I submit, as every human being must, to the inevitable; but submission does not imply faith that the wrong one suffers is right," he said, slowly. "Do not talk about forgiveness—I am not angry; I pity you as I pity the unfortunates one reads of in history—forced to condemn their own children to death, to believe some one beloved a castaway. Your creed is all part of those horrible superstitions. I know you suffer; well, remember always that there is another who suffers also."

Miriam turned hurriedly, passed her sister-in-law with some broken excuse about going to dress, and disappeared. Miss Clifford—a middle-aged woman, whose plain features were rendered fairly handsome by an expression of goodness and cultivation—walked up to Levison and laid her hand on his shoulder, saying gently:

"It was of no use—but sometime, perhaps."

"No," he answered; "it is all over; she cannot change. She is bound and fettered, and no human power can break her bonds."

The next day, Pierce Levison was gone.

Miriam had known that she must miss him terribly; but, though her heart for many months had acknowledged his supremacy, she did not realize what a necessity his companionship had grown until she so suddenly found herself deprived thereof.

No man ever possessed a more ardent champion than Levison had owned in Miss Pleasant from the moment she discovered his secret—which had been almost as soon as he became himself aware of it.

The spinster rated her dead brother at his just value, and loved his widow better than any other human being. She was indignant with Miriam for letting Pierce go away without a ray of hope, and heartily sorry for her at the same time.

"You are wrong, wrong—all wrong!" she said. "But I might wear myself to an echo chanting that, and it would serve no purpose whatever."

"At least, you believe that I want to do right," Miriam began; "that I think duty—"

"Good heavens, yes!" interrupted Miss Pleasant. "And you believe you are doing it; that's what makes the matter hopeless."

"I must obey my conscience; I could not live if I were to allow myself to be persuaded to violate its dictates," Miriam said.

"Just so!" ejaculated Miss Pleasant. "Conscience! You are influenced by the same feeling that countless women have been, when they beggared themselves to help a worthless father or brother. Duty! Under that name, countless other women have borne tortures worse than those of the rack, rather than break loose from husbands who were demons, not men! I could cite examples for a week, but I should only waste my breath. You insist on remaining blind!"

"Oh, Pleasant!"

"Well, well—I retract that word," rejoined Miss Clifford. "You are blind, I will say—of course, you are not to be blamed—yes, you are, though. The man who has a cataract and won't allow it removed, is to blame."

"But, my dear," said Miriam, laughing, though her features worked with pain, "I have tried to accept all the arguments brought to bear on me—the surgeon's knife, we will call them—but the trial has failed."

"Humph!" said Miss Pleasant, rubbing her

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nose vindictively. "Don't force me to quote 'None are so blind as those who—' There, there—I didn't mean that. You're one of the best women in the world, and I'd like to see you happy."

"I could not be, in acting against my own conscience," Miriam said. "Oh, I have tried—I— Ah, Pleasant, let us leave the subject here; help me to forget—it is all you can do."

She kissed her sister-in-law's forehead and went out of the room, leaving Miss Pleasant nearer tears than often happened.

"It's no use to torment the poor child," she thought. "I am sorry for them both; but there's nothing to be done. They were meant for each other. Oh, the muddle this world is! Why can't she comprehend that agreeing in a moment of excitement to do—she did not know what—was no promise at all. Anyway, I wish promises could be abolished; and as for consciences—well, bad folk pay no attention, and good people use theirs to torment themselves and others: so the organ might as well be abolished also."

The days, the weeks, and the months went on, and, in spite of heartache, internal conflicts, and weariness, Miriam managed to support life with reasonable cheerfulness, as did Pierce Levison in his exile—as we all must, unless we are willing to make ourselves utter nuisances to everybody about and render our own burdens still harder to bear.

Levison had been gone over a year before Miriam received any personal token of recognition, though she had frequently heard of his whereabouts and doings through the medium of mutual friends, and a few times he had written to Miss Pleasant; but that lady was a poor correspondent.

Again Levison wrote to the spinster, and, by the same steamer, forwarded to Miriam a quantity of curiosities which he had picked up during a season of rambling through Algiers. She at once sent him a letter of thanks, and he replied, giving a great many details about people and places, but speaking little of his personal feelings. He had taken his late brother's business on his shoulders, and was carrying it through successfully. When he would be able to delegate it to others, he could not yet tell; perhaps for several years he might be obliged to divide his time between France and Algiers.

"He will end by marrying that yellow-haired, caressing, helpless little sister-in-law of his," Miss Pleasant informed an invisible familiar with whom she often conversed when alone. "That's the way things go, in this world—just dawdle on from one hopeless muddle to another; I shall turn Nihilist yet—I know I shall."

Another summer passed, and, toward the end of September, Miss Pleasant found it necessary to make a journey; and, as she knew that it would be painful for Miriam to accompany her, she insisted on going alone. The house in New Hampshire, where Lester Clifford had died, still belonged to Miss Clifford. Neither she nor Miriam had ever been there since Lester's death, and now there was an opportunity to sell the place, which had only been an incumbrance to her for a long while.

Among the furniture, there were articles she wanted to keep, and, into the bargain, the details of the sale could be more speedily settled if she were on the spot; so she had a trunk packed, and started with the promptitude which characterized all her proceedings.

Miss Clifford had been gone a week. She wrote that she had finished the entire business, and might reach home the day after the arrival of her letter—she had not quite decided. She had some thoughts of visiting her old friend, Mrs. Crawley, in Berkshire. If she concluded to do so, Miriam must join her there—they had both owed the visit too long already. She sent also a trunk, the contents of which she asked Miriam to examine.

"It is full of your and Lester's old papers," she wrote; "I did not feel at liberty to meddle with them, else I might have saved you that most doleful of all tasks. I would say burn the whole unlooked at, only I think the certificates of those stocks we have had so much bother over are among them. It never occurred to me until I saw the box; I had forgotten about its being there, as I dare say you had too."

When Miriam went upstairs, she found the trunk in her dressing-room, where she had ordered it put. Her first impulse was to open it at once and finish the painful duty without delay; but, feeling somewhat tired after a long walk, she decided to wait till the next day. As she told herself afterward, in the first madness of the affliction which was drawing so near, fate made her postpone the work until its accomplishment could add another pang to her misery.

She felt in unusually good spirits: for she was a very melancholy person under the persistently cheerful front which she showed even to her intimates. But, all this bright day, she had been able to enjoy the sunshine, shut her eyes to the terrible emptiness of human life and hopes, and enjoy the society of some young

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people in the neighborhood, who had persuaded her to join them in a ramble over the hills.

While she was still looking at the box, her maid came to announce a call from the rector and his wife. She went downstairs, and spent another pleasant half-hour, charming her visitors by her winning manner and her delightful conversation.

"I never saw her in such spirits," the clergyman said to his companion, as they walked down the avenue. "She is always cheerful; but, to-day, she was as bright and gay as a girl—fairly looked like one, too."

The pair met a boy from the telegraph-office in the village, going toward the house, and seeing him afforded a text for the rector on which to enlarge concerning the marvelous inventions of our century, to which we have grown so accustomed that we give them as little reflection as we do the commonest, most prosaic details of daily existence.

After her guests' departure, Miriam went out into the shrubberies and seated herself on the bench where she had held her last conversation with Pierce Levison. Usually, this was a spot she avoided; but to-day the pain, always making itself felt at her heart, had so lifted, that a sort of sweet melancholy took its place.

It was there a servant found her. He handed her the telegram and bowed himself off. Miriam knew what it was—an answer to a dispatch she had that morning sent to a gentleman in New York, who was her lawyer and intimate friend. She put the envelope in her pocket and went on dreaming.

At length, she recollected that this self-indulgence would have to be paid for by keen suffering—let her come back to reality and common-sense. She drew out the telegram, opened the envelope, unfolded the yellow paper, and read:

"Insurance due on Saturday Will arrange Pierce Levison died here to-day."

The lines, written without punctuation, jumbled themselves strangely before her eyes. She actually read the message twice before she could take in its meaning.

Died here—the syllables were plain; she understood them—died! A deep muffled voice seemed to repeat the word over and over in her ear. Then, for a time, everything grew dark about her—she sitting erect and rigid; she knew she did not faint, for she could hear the voice still reiterating its monotonous chant—died here—died!

When the blindness left her, and she again looked about, the last rays of the sunset were staining the tree-trunks a dull-red; she dragged herself slowly back to the house.

"It is not true," she heard somebody say, and cried out in response: "I knew it was not—I knew it!"

Then she realized that she was answering her own unconscious speech, and wondered if she were going mad. Presently, she found herself seated in the library, writing a message to Mr. Denton, to question him about his telegram. After finishing the lines, she recollected that he must have already left his office, so she altered the address to his private residence. She wrote slowly and with great care, all the while wondering in a confused way why she could not hurry. She rang the bell, and ordered the dispatch to be sent at once.

She glanced at the clock—it was just six: in two hours, she could have a reply. Two hours? Two centuries! But, at the expiration of that interminable waiting, she should hear there had been a mistake.

The butler summoned her to her solitary dinner; but she went to her own rooms instead, giving orders that she should not be disturbed until the telegram came.

"It is not true," she kept repeating, as she walked up and down; "it is not true."

She must not believe the horrible tidings; if she permitted herself to, she should go crazy. But there was no need to do either; the end of this awful suspense would be the assurance that an error had been made—somewhere—by somebody.

Seven o'clock—eight—a half-hour more; then a period that was like eternity!

She had no light; the curtains were drawn away from the windows, and the full moon streamed in. By its radiance, she could see the clock on the mantel in her dressing-room; it was nearly nine.

She hurried out into the hall, and started down the stairs; near the foot, she met a servant bringing the telegram. She took the missive and walked back—moving very slowly now. She paused under the hall chandelier and opened the envelope.

Her own dispatch had asked: "Are you certain of news about Pierce Levison?" This was the answer: "Certain Is in evening papers."

Miriam got into her room, mechanically locking the door behind her. When midnight struck, she was still sitting huddled in a heap on the floor, just as she had sunk down when she entered. During all that time, there had not been one instant of blessed unconsciousness.

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Nobody had come near, for her maid that morning had asked permission to spend the evening out.

Miriam rose and began to walk about. She saw the box standing in the corner: the sight of it suggested an idea—occupation was what she wanted—that, or to rush out into the night and run till her strength should fail, and she fall down insensible or dead.

But death did not come at a poor human being's summons. Pierce was dead; she must live—that was her doom—to live!

Those papers—she would examine them. She opened her writing-desk and took out a little bunch of keys—one of them fitted the lock of the trunk. She shut out the moon, lighted a lamp, and began her work. She was not suffering; she felt cold—stony; but she told herself that she was too hard and cruel to suffer! She had made Pierce suffer, but she—oh, no, she did not! She found numerous school-girl scribblings of her own, many letters, old diaries of her husband's, and at last she uncovered a book in which he had sometimes jotted down entries during the closing year of his life.

It was toward daylight when she chanced on this volume, and began turning over the leaves. The last bit of writing bore a date less than two weeks previous to his death; she remembered that was while she had been absent about the business matters which had troubled him.

Her eyes followed the faint irregular lines to the close, then went back over them again and again.

"I must tell Miriam as soon as she comes home—I have just remembered about it! I am ashamed of my conduct that day when I made her promise to grant whatever I might ask. It was ridiculous; but, of course, she knew it was only a sick man's half-crazy whim—it could have no weight with anybody—still, I must tell her—she is so morbidly conscientious!

"How selfish I have been—since she went away, I see it plainly for the first time! My noble generous Miriam—she has had a hard life! I want her to get all the good she can out of existence! Yes, I can almost hope she may find some man worthy of her—who—"

The record ended abruptly; there was a blot on the paper, as if the pen had fallen from the nerveless fingers.

The hand of the dead man had unlocked her fetters when it was too late! Pierce was dead also—Pierce, who, if she had so chosen, might be alive and beside her.

"He knows now," she muttered; "Lester has told him! But the dead don't care for things down here—the dead don't care!"

A sudden spasm of agony seized her—a sort of insanity full of despairing wrath. She ran up and down the rooms; she tugged at her hair, and drove the nails into the palms of her hands. She tried to shriek, to groan—she could not. Then she fell on the floor again, whispering:

"There is no help anywhere—no help—and the dead don't care—they don't care!"

If she could have found the writing years before! Oh, she had gone over that very diary, yet the page had been kept hidden from her eyes—it was fate's work! If, since it had lain so long unseen, she need never have discovered it! But no; fate would not even spare her this awful blow! It had been decreed that she was to read those lines on this night, of all the nights in her wretched maimed existence—her miserable failure of a life, without fruition—no hope realized—no wish granted! A specimen of the lives of all humanity. Oh, of all sentient creatures down to the lowest animal—the puniest insect—suffering—always suffering!

If she were to take matters in her own hands and thwart destiny by ending this dismal round of—

The very horror of her unfinished thought brought her back to sanity. She looked about; daylight was struggling through the curtains. She blew out the light, flung back the hangings, and opened the windows.

The breath of the soft October morning stole in; the late birds sang among the trees; the horizon began to show long lines of opal tints.

Miriam stood and watched the sun rise and flood earth and sky with sudden glory. Gradually a chill lethargy succeeded to her wild passion. She knew that she could neither die nor go wholly mad. She must live—live—so let her at once come back to the claims and trammels of daily existence. Her outcries and revilings were weak and childish. Pain must be borne; to cling fast to the old faith might at least lighten the load a little.

Mechanically she began her toilet, and was nearly dressed when her maid appeared, who, being a thoroughly phlegmatic person, incapable of perceiving that aught was amiss unless somebody chanced to fall dead before her eyes, arranged her mistress's hair and did not even notice that she looked different from her ordinary self.

It was nine o'clock before Miriam had decided on any step. She suddenly determined to go to New York. She must look at his face once more—she must!

There would be no train till midday. She walked about, she went indoors and out, and in

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again; upstairs, then back to the library; then up to her room anew, and set herself to the work of arranging and rearranging the books and papers in the box.

"Dead—dead—dead!"

The words rang constantly in her ear—rose often to her lips.

She heard a carriage drive up; presently she heard persons speaking in the lower hall—surely one of the voices was Pleasant's! She opened her door and listened. Pleasant was saying to her maid: "Tell Mrs. Clifford I have come."

Miriam returned to her dressing-room, took Lester's diary from the table, silently passed the servant on the landing, and went downstairs. She crossed the corridor and entered the library, holding the book in her outstretched hand.

"Pleasant," she said, "see what I found last night! Lester set me free from my promise! I found this after I got the news of Pierce's death—did you know Pierce was dead?"

She tottered suddenly; she heard Pleasant shriek, then she was caught and held fast, but not in Pleasant's arms.

"Miriam! Miriam!"

It was Pierce Levison's voice that called—his heart that beat against her own.

The dispatch Mr. Denton sent had been scribbled in such haste, that his chirography, always the despair of correspondents, turned into hieroglyphs so mysterious they deceived even the practiced eye of the telegrapher.

The closing words of the message were meant to read: "Arrived here to-day."

THE ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG.

BY MINNA IRVING.

There are silver pools in the garden-walks,
And diamond drops in the bower,
And the young green leaves and the withered stalks
Are bathed in the crystal shower.
At the purple plumes of the lilac-spray,
I look through a jeweled pane,
Where a robin sitteth the livelong day
And singeth a song of rain.

To the farmer driving his oxen by
He sings of the harvest yield,
Of the corn, and the wheat, and the haystack high,
And the cows in the daisied field;
But to me, who gaze through a mist of tears,
A sad and a sweet refrain,
Set to the tune of the by-gone years,
Is the robin's song in the rain.

For the gate is oped by the lilac-bush,
And a fair little maid comes through
And stops to hear in the twilight hush,
Just as I used to do.
I see the gleam of the golden hair,
The neck in its slender chain,
And the dainty skirts—that she lifts with care
From the long grass wet with the rain.

But the gate, long since, to the flame was fed,
And the lilac-bush has grown,
And the little maid is as dead, as dead,
As if under a church-yard stone;
For here in her place is a woman old,
Who thinks that she sees again
The rosy face and the locks of gold,
When the robin sings in the rain.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

BY MRS. S. M. WRIGHT.

The day has arrived at last, ah me!
When the lessons learned at the mother's knee
Must give place to the teacher's maxim and rule,
So baby has marched away to school.
The heart grows sad, and the tear-drops start,
For it's one more step from the mother's heart.

The baby has gone, and a romping girl,
In her seventh year, with fluff and curl,
With her azure eyes and her laughing face,
Has stealthily stolen the baby's place;
And to-day we send her, with book and rule,
To take her place in the public school.

How still is the house! what a settled gloom,
As we wander around from room to room!
How weary the hours! the day, how long,
With all of the noise and the racket gone!
The quiet we longed for but yesterday
Don't come, as we thought 'twould, with baby away.

Our thoughts wander off to the coming years,
When the child of to-day a woman appears—
To that day when fate, mingling joy with pain,
Contends that "our loss is another's gain."
From that picture we turn with a thankful grace,
That we've even a school-girl in baby's place.

God pity that mother whose years have flown,
Whose children are scattered, and she alone.
How gladly that mother would call back the years—
Filled, as they were, with trials and fears;
Could she but be back with the racket and noise
Made by her own little girls and boys.

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AN ECHO OF ROMANCE.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

Miss Stasy, Miss Belinda, Miss Patsey, Miss Liza, Miss Chloe, and Miss Susannah, they were called. Six maiden ladies of uncertain age, living all together in the house where they were born; and not one of the six had, to her certain undoubted knowledge, ever had a lover.

Most sad and strange and humiliating fact! Most humiliating of all facts in connection with a woman—as considered by ninetynine other women out of a hundred. And why this fact existed in their case is the first question that arises. Were they hideously ugly, or hopelessly stupid, or prudes, or frigid saints? Had they never known any men? Yet, indeed, there were none of these reasons. They were not ugly. Miss Stasy had been remarkably pretty, Miss Susannah was very handsome, the other four comely enough. They had their fair share of wit, they had occasionally seen a man; but, lacking apparently that peculiar attractiveness for mankind which many ugly, silly, or even prudish women have been known to possess, the truth remains as I have said: they had never had any lovers.

They lived in an old-fashioned spread-out mansion, with high-sloping shingled roof, wide red-brick chimneys, small many-paned windows, and two generous sheltering porches, front and back. It stood on a gently-rising hillock, with clustering shade-trees around, and commanded a peaceful smiling view of Virginia hills and vales. In this house the Misses Bobbinett were born while it was counted new and smart, and, with its timbers and brickwork, its mossy roof and weather-stained walls, they had grown old. They were young girls in the early days of this our nineteenth century, and, during its first stirring vigorous half, they faded and grew soberly middle-aged—unsought, unwooed.

And what was the reason? some modern sister may ask again. And, if I begin to make excuses for their failure, where will they end—and will they be sufficient, after all—I wonder? Old Mr. Toplift Bobbinett, their father, was not only unsocial, but proud as Lucifer. Whatever the traditional greatness of the Bobbinett family may have been founded upon, I know not; but that it was very grand indeed, we may be sure: too grand for mixing with any but the equally high "quality-folks," who lived, unluckily, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles away—a fact which did not allow of much visiting. There were two or three long journeys or grand receptions in a year; there was an equally stiff and guarded attendance at church once a month, when the six maidens were demurely ushered into their pew by the prim old gentleman, who followed them out after sermon straight to the carriage, like driving a string of geese to their coop. What chance was there for innocent talk or captivating glances? What availed their true and tender hearts, their good health, industry, modesty, liveliness, among themselves—all these attractions—when eclipsed by Miss Gambol's free romping way, Miss Loveall's alluring smiles, Miss Mantrapp's winning tricks? The Misses Bobbinett, said the young gentlemen, were good-looking enough, and good-natured, and perfect gentlewomen, as nobody could deny, but—And, as they always hesitated for the right word, we will supply it and say "inaccessible." So the Misses Bobbinett were admired at a distance or formally visited now and then, while Miss Gambol, Miss Loveall, and their like, had lovers in plenty and made fine matches when scarce out of their teens.

At the county balls, held in the court-house town twice a year, whither they went with papa for escort, arrayed in India muslins, with skirts a yard wide and waists just under their armpits, with lace tuckers and quaint jeweled ornaments here and there, with brown or black or yellow hair done up in high topknots and curled over white foreheads, not unlike the present fashion—at these famous balls, the Misses Bobbinett were admired and did not want for partners; but no romantic consequences followed. The six sisters went home, not pursued by adoring gallants, but jogging placidly in their big carriage, with papa on horseback alongside, well contented and talking good-humoredly—and, I verily believe, quite unconscious of any failure.

They had no brothers to bring friends to the house, no handsome young male cousins to flirt with, poor things, very much to papa's peace of mind; for he wanted his girls single all around him in his old-age, and had, besides, a shy morbid horror of lovers and love-making.

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The black people, with the respectful familiarity of old slave-times, were wont to make sly allusions to the fine sweethearts and rich husbands that must one day come; whereat Miss Stasy would laugh, and Miss Susannah blush, and blunt Miss Chloe cry "Pshaw!" and airy Patsey toss her curly head; but still none were really displeased, and, though in no hurry and quite easy on that score, all were happily conscious of such possibilities some day. But, as time passed on, with no triumphs or suitors, these innocent jokes became rarer. The old aunts and mammies grew sore and hopeless and even bitter on the subject. Had they not a right to expect glimpses of romance, lovers' transports, broken hearts by the dozen, besides at least six steady courtships, six weddings with grand dresses, eating, and drinking to brag of? To be sure! There was much talk against the "fool men" whose lack of due appreciation had done them this wrong, much abusing of "ole marster," and general bewailing of their young ladies' virginity—though strictly in private, be it said, for never once to any outsider would any of the Bobbinett people have hinted at this disappointment. They grew hard and bitter against the male sex. They developed the most violent admiration for celibacy, and dwelt on the evils that married people had brought into the world, from Adam and Eve down; and, whenever weddings were talked of, they publicly thanked their stars that their mistresses had kindly spared them any such trouble in the household.

But the Ladies Bobbinett made no such brave pretenses. They never spoke willingly of lovers and love-affairs; they received all such news or the occasional confidings of their young friends with a sort of shy grave diffidence. It was not that they were soured past all such sympathy—no, no! but they knew nothing about it. They had no such sweet experience to live over again with the younger generations. There was a sense of loss, of imperfectly-developed existence, that came over them here; and they liked to forget it, but could not quite, even when the fairer gladder contrast was not thrust upon them. With each other, the subject was ignored, except when blunt outspoken Miss Chloe must needs say her say.

"The girl's a simpleton," she cried, on one of these occasions, speaking of a neighborhood wedding just come to pass. "She'll know no more about taking care of her first baby than she knows now about mending her husband's stockings or setting out a decent dinner. But what difference did that make to the man when he fancied her? A pretty wife and mother she'll make—the fly-away silly thing! Lord save us! I've seen some poor creatures in the married state—and all of us six left single, high and dry. There was Betty Topnott, that died when her first child was born; and Polly Gambol, who ran off and left hers—half a dozen of 'em—to shift for themselves like so many kittens. I'd not have died, if it had been me; and I d surely, surely not have run away. I might have been the mother of fine sons, and done my duty by 'em too—as all of you the same, if there'd ever been a fair chance. But the lazy and the sickly, the fools and the scatter-brains, were the ones to be courted and married, and here we are now—that were as likely girls as you'll find in a month o' Sundays, and not wanting sense neither—here we are, old maids that nobody wanted, going down into the ground just as we came out of it, with never a chick or child to leave behind us."

At this, the Misses Bobbinett said: "La, sister!" or "Goodness alive, Chloe, how you talk!" and placid Miss Stasy looked over her spectacles, and squeamish Miss Liza blushed as red as a peony. Miss Chloe, at sixty, was tall, thin, and angular, with a stern eye and a determined face and gestures—a tout ensemble rather oddly contrasting with the narrow skirt and short infant-waist which she wore always, in the fashion of her youth. Miss Susannah, the youngest of the family, at fortyfive, kept well up to the prevailing mode in dress, in a decorous elderly style, and the others made various concessions in the way of flounces, plaited bodies, and "long shorts"; but Miss Chloe would not change. In this rather peculiar garb, stepping briskly around in her general oversight of household, garden, and dairy, cracking some idle or saucy little darky, or even the grown-up ones, for that matter, over the pate with her stick—it was hard to connect the idea of romantic feminine yearnings with Miss Chloe; but, as we all know, appearances are sometimes deceitful, and it isn't always the prettiest young outside that covers the warmest heart, however much we may insist that it ought to be.

One day, not long after her fortyfifth birthday, Miss Susannah Bobbinett got a letter. This was a rare occurrence in the family, and more than one pair of eyes she felt upon her as she opened it. The envelope was large and square, the direction in a precise, business-like, masculine hand. Tearing it open with nervous haste, Miss Susannah drew out two papers, one newly written with very black ink in the same plain well-defined characters, the other folded inside of it, yellow, creased, and time-worn. She read the first with a

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dazed air, like one who but half saw or felt the paper between her fingers, and then as if in sore bepuzzlement turned to the others. Let us look over her shoulder and read both.

The old yellow letter was in a straggling, tremulous, boyish hand, and dated twentyfive years back. Here it is in full:

"FAIR AND HONOURED MADAME: Think not, because I address you thus, by the cold and formal conveyance of written speech, that the heart which dictates these words is one whit less warm and adoring than if the same had rushed in their first ardour from my trembling lips last night, when your lily-white hand touched my own, your beauteous eyes met mine, glance to glance, so bewitchingly upraised in the mazy involutions of the dance. Ah! Thou beauteous lovely one! what was the musick that our steps so fleetly followed, compared to the far sweeter musick of thy voice? It is but three words I would have you speak in that sweetest of earth's tones to me. Dare I hope that you will grant my prayer—return my adoration, even in the one thousandth part? Dare I hope and think that it was some shade of preference for me—even me—that brightened those sparkling eyes, mantled in those rosy-coloured cheeks, when we danced together last night? Or was it only that heavenly beaming kindness that all alike may share? My tongue would faulter, my heart fail, in asking this all-important question face to face. How could I endure a cold disavowal of affection, in presence of those charms that have inspired my passion? Oh! admired Miss Bobbinett! If you can return my love, if you can be mine—nay, even far less, if after reading this perchance over-bold letter you do not regard me with aversion—bethink you how one line through the earliest post will raise him who loves you to the seventh heaven of joy—how the contrary neglect and omission will sink him into Purgatory direr than any that Catholick ever prayed rescue from. Not even as I am now, overwrought with the sleeplessness, the excitation, of last night, can I rest in mind or body without putting my fate to the touch. May I at least indulge myself in the idea that I am not hateful to you—and that the friendly favor, if not the love, of that sweetest kindest heart will dictate an early answer to your devoted slave and would-be lover, WILLIAM GRAYLING."

Here was a love-letter, sure enough, such as Miss Susannah had never received before; and, despite its old-fashioned stiltedness, right from the middle of an ardent young heart. And here is the other—postscript and introduction—which explained the lateness of its coming:

"MISS SUSANNAH BOBBINETT.

"Dear Madame: I find the enclosed letter among my most precious relics of the time when it was written, and, as the sentiment which it breathes is still unchanged—despite that long silence and apparent forgetfulness which may argue the contrary—I send it herewith, thinking it perhaps the best recommendation of this, my present suit, that could be brought under your notice. The sudden and most distressing death of my father was what at first prevented the sending of that letter; a most unlooked-for change in circumstances, that sent me penniless and well-nigh friendless away to that distant part of the country where I have since lived and labored, deferred the expression of hopes and wishes such as it contained till too late, as I long believed. However, but lately returned to my native town, I find that you are still unmarried, contrary to what I feared and expected. If this communication, taken with what was written twentyfive years ago, commends to you an affection at least constant and unchanging, let me add that I shall still account it the greatest honor and privilege to place at your disposal my heart, hand, and the competency wherewith Heaven has rewarded my efforts. I wait with anxiety your answer, dear madame, and hope that it will be favorable, at least in so far as to allow me the pleasure of a speedy interview; meanwhile remaining your obedient servant and friend,

WILLIAM GRAYLING."

William Grayling! As a star reveals itself, clearly, luminously, out of twilight dimness, there came to Miss Susannah, when she recognized the name, the memory of a handsome, shy-eyed, boyish face, glowingly bent toward her, of a slim graceful figure, of two strong, warm, eager young hands meeting and clasping her own in the turns and motions of the dance. Glancing again at the date of that first letter, she remembered the ball one summer moonlit night; and how she had danced with William Grayling more than twice or thrice; and how he had muttered a little strangely at parting, something about "when they met again"; and how his father had dropped dead in the street of the court-house town, next morning, leaving nothing but a mass of debt and ruin to his family; and how the son had gone away in less than a fortnight. with his penniless mother and sisters, to seek a living for himself and them in the far-off busy city of New Orleans. Very little had the county-folk heard of him since then, beyond a vague rumor now and then that he was doing well. No wonder that they had well-nigh forgotten

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him, Miss Susannah among the rest! Yes—let the humiliating fact be told—she had almost forgotten him. But then she had not known that he loved her.

"Well, well!" broke in Miss Chloe's voice, impatiently, like a stiff nor'west breeze blowing through the haze of Miss Susannah's astonishment. "Who's the letter from, and what for are you staring so?"

Miss Susannah blushed red all over her plump, comely, middle-aged face.

"It—it's only from a—gentleman, sister," she said, nervously.

"Humph! Only a gentleman, indeed! We hear from so many gentlemen—don't we? What in the name of sense— Here—let me see!"

Miss Chloe reached out her hand; the other sisters laid down their knitting-work and opened their eyes. It was a trying moment to Miss Susannah. She handed the fresh new letter—that concise businesslike communication—to her sisters without demur; but, when Miss Chloe had read it, with dawning amazement on her countenance, and reached out for the other, as a matter of course, Miss Susannah drew back and slipped it under her apron with an unusually resolute air.

"You can't see that, sister; it's mine," said she. "I can't show that to—to anybody."

Miss Chloe stared at her hard.

"Upon my soul!" said she. "You can't! Mighty coy and secret, for an old maid 'most fifty years old. What does he say in it, pray, if you're not too bashful to tell?"

Miss Susannah turned redder than before, and cleared her throat more than once.

"He says," she began, quaveringly, "he says that he loves—that is, that he prefers—I mean, that he is very much attached to me, then and now. I think—that is, I'm not sure—but I think that he wants to marry me."

Miss Chloe, Miss Stasy, Miss Belinda, Miss Liza, and Miss Patsey said not a word; but they looked at Miss Susannah and then at each other in a curious sort of way, as if they hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and then at Miss Susannah again. She felt herself admired and respected as never before, and she bore her triumph meekly—but it was sweet.

"Well!" spoke up Miss Chloe, presently, drawing a deep long breath. "There's one sensible man in the world, at any rate! William Grayling! Humph! I always liked William—he was a nice-behaved boy. And did you ever have a notion before that he was fond of you in particular?"

"La, sisters! how can I tell?" cried Miss Susannah, feeling by this time rather doubtful on that score, though in reality she had never guessed it at all. "I knew he liked me very well; but there were plenty that did that, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Chloe, dryly; "plenty that liked us after a fashion. Mighty civil, some of 'em were. Now, this is different—something worth talking about. You'll sit right down and answer that, of course. The post goes up to town this evening, and he'll get the letter then and there. Why, law, girls! maybe he's pacing round, on the tenter-hooks, waiting for it now; and he can just drive right down, first thing to-morrow morning."

Miss Chloe, Miss Stasy, Miss Patsey, Miss Liza, and Miss Belinda, all began with one accord to bustle about, seeking pen, ink, and paper; but poor Miss Susannah sat helpless, in unaffected hesitation.

"Mercy, Chloe!" she cried, piteously, "what will I write, and what's the use of it, anyway? How do I know that he'd better come at all? It's been twentyfive years since that letter was written. I'm not the same that I was then. How do I know if he'll want me, after all?"

"Then he'll be a simpleton—and worse—after sending it now!" snapped Miss Chloe, looking vengeance at the thought. "Don't you be a born goose, Susannah! There's not many women of your age as good-looking as you."

But Miss Susannah had still another objection to make.

"But how do I know if he'll suit me?" she ventured, trembling. "It's been a long time, Chloe. He mightn't be like the same William that we knew. I don't want to be contrary—but, indeed, sister, if he is very fat and red-faced, with a great big stomach and bald head, or if he is very dried-up and weazened, as they say the people in the South are so apt to be at his age—"

"You Susannah Bobbinett!' cried Miss Chloe, in a terrible voice, "if you go flying in the face of Providence that way—and this our first offer, and you 'most fifty years old—if you go putting on any such airs as that, I'll swear you're the biggest fool that ever walked this earth."

Miss Susannah read her two letters over again, and pondered them in her heart. A mere offer of marriage from a commonplace elderly gentleman held nothing very tempting for her at this late day. She had not wanted to marry—not that at all; but that absurd boyish avowal of young lover's love, written so many years ago and now embalmed with such sweet odors of con-

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stancy—that was what appealed to Miss Susannah's inmost soul, to the heart of romance-loving femininity which eighty frequently shares in common with eighteen. This was what she had vaguely yearned for and missed. Why, it was like going back unexpectedly and finding oneself a girl again: and what woman ever grows too old to enjoy that sensation?

She wrote the letter in time—a very short and exceedingly proper invitation for Mr. William Grayling to visit her the next evening; and this she sent by the post.

The next day seemed, to Miss Susannah, the very strangest day that ever she had spent. The other Misses Bobbinett were vastly busy, one and all, preparing for the expected guest, polishing what already shone, and putting to rights what had never been out of order; but, in reply to Miss Susannah's offers of help, they would tell her with mysterious nods and winks and smiles that it wasn't at all necessary—oh, dear, no!—and that she had better go sit in the parlor, or walk in the garden, or lie down and take a nap, for all the world as if she were a bride on the eve of her wedding: whereat poor Miss Susannah, feeling quite overcome by the sense of sudden value and importance that had come upon her, and being too restless to keep still one single minute, wandered about like a troubled spirit and knew not what to be at. She caught the others looking at her, as if they had somehow never seen her before; and, to add to the nervous feeling that this gave her, she felt sure that the servants knew perfectly well what had happened and was going to happen. Did they not peep at her through doorways and windows? and gather, darkly whispering, in corners? and rush around distractedly, as if half out of their wits with joyful excitement? Did not old Mammy Dinah—toothless, bent double, as she was, and ninety years old at the least—did not she sing shrilly from her chimney-corner all day long:

"Oh, yander come my true love! Oh, how do you do?
An' how has you been since I parted from you?"

And the ditty was appreciatively echoed and re-echoed by all the rest. Miss Susannah, wondering vaguely how they knew, did not guess how the five other Misses Bobbinett had each imparted the secret in confidence to her own particular favorite among the house-people, who, in their turn, had hastened to tell each other and all the rest of the darkies on the land—big and little, old and young.

But the excitement reached its height when Miss Stasy brought triumphantly forth from some chest or closet, where it had been laid away these twenty years, the very same white muslin dress that Miss Susannah had worn at that now momentous ball. She was resolved on Miss Susannah wearing it again to-day. Why shouldn't she? they all said. It could be "done up," dried, and ironed in less than an hour; it would look as well as ever with some of the same kind of flowers that she had worn that night in her hair. Was it pink roses or honeysuckle that Sukey had worn, that night? they asked each other. Damask roses—ah, yes! how lucky that they were in bloom just now! Why, it was the very same time of the year, to be sure; and the dress and the flowers should go together once more. The sisters, carried away by this highly romantic idea, saw nothing absurd in it; but Miss Susannah was still sane enough to perceive that a muslin dress, low-necked and short-sleeved, with a short beruffled skirt and infant-waist, was not exactly suited to a person like herself, fat and fortyfive, however fair she might still be. A dove-colored merino, with a sober lace collar and breastpin—and, maybe, a modest blue-ribbon bow—was, she contended, more suitable; and, despite all protests, in this wise she arrayed herself when the trying hour drew near.

It came at last, the time when Mr. William Grayling might at any moment be expected to arrive, about five o'clock on a June evening, with the most bewitching sunshine everywhere out-of-doors, the most delightful expectation within. The Misses Bobbinett were in their best gowns, bibs, and tuckers, and in a state of suppressed excitement, which, I verily believe, would have been dangerous had it lasted much longer. The best gold-and-blue flowered china was already on the tea-table, the best silver teapot shining, the best quince and pear preserves in the best cut-glass dishes. The parlor was swept, and garnished with those damask roses that Miss Susannah had rejected, in every vase, on every shelf and table, with pinks and honeysuckle and wall-flowers besides. Aunt Venus, the head-cook, was beating biscuit-dough—bump! bump!—with all her might; Liza Ann, the dining-room girl, was capping strawberries; her mother fetching up cream from the spring-house; and old Mammy Dinah still humming, from her chimney-corner, with decorous lowness of pitch:

"Oh, yander come my true love! Oh, how do you do?
An' how has you been since I parted from you?"

Well, at last he came. I am sure that the Misses Bobbinett would not have been at all surprised, to see him come prancing up on a snow-white horse, with plumes in his knightly helmet. Maybe they were a bit disappointed

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at first sight of the sober, stout, middle-aged gentleman, who came driving himself in a gig, with a brown horse too fat to have essayed one single prance, even if it had wanted to. But it was a very pleasant-faced gentleman, after all, with a complexion not very red and eyes clear as a boy's, despite the anxious wrinkle between the brows above them, with a gray mustache, and very nice white hands, and the very best fitting clothes on that the Misses Bobbinett had ever seen.

Miss Susannah was standing on the front porch when he came up the walk, having been dexterously shoved out into this position from behind. Mr. William Grayling colored furiously at sight of her, and pulled off his driving-gloves with hasty nervous fingers.

"Good-evening," said Miss Susannah, rather stiffly, being dreadfully conscious that everybody in the house was listening through cracks and around corners to every word. "Good-evening —ahem—Mr. William."

The stout elderly gentleman took one long attentive look at her, then he dropped both his gloves on the step, came briskly forward, seized Miss Susannah's two fat white hands in his, and said:

"God bless you, my dear! God bless you!"

Then, to her great distress, he was actually going to kiss her right in the mouth then and there, but Miss Susannah drew back with the strength of desperation. "Wait a minute, please," said the poor lady, distinctly, but drawing her breath hard. "Don't do anything that you might be sorry for. Look at me again — there. Take your time—all around, so! You see, I'm not the same girl that you danced with and wrote that letter to, twentyfive years ago."

"Of course not, my dear. Of course not," said Mr. Grayling, looking as he was bidden at Miss Susannah, as she turned herself from side to side; looking very gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "You're not the same girl, but you're the same woman, my dear Susannah."

Now, whether Miss Susannah was offended at his agreeing so readily that she was not a girl, I know not. Her next remark was a little cruel:

"And you—you are not the same, either—as well as I recollect," she said.

Mr. Grayling looked down at the gently swelling rotundity of his figure. "Not the same youngster, of course, of course," he said, "and a little over-sized for dancing. However, we can get along without that, can't we? Ah! I've had a hard time in this world, my dear. Not meaning to complain—still, I've had a right hard, dreary, jog-trot life of it. But I've kept you in mind, and thought a heap of you through it all; and, now that I'm able to do as I like, I've come back to you, first thing. I'm not so young as I was, sure enough; but neither are you, if I may say so. A half a loaf is better than no bread—and I think we may as well eat our half loaf together, if you are willing. Such as I am, I'm at your service. Will you have me?"

He took her plump hands again in both of his. Miss Susannah's face became very red, then pale; but, with the consciousness of all those listening ears hard by, she could not utter one word. And, while she was standing thus speechless, looking bashfully down, Miss Chloe came bouncing out of the doorway behind her. She could listen in silence no longer.

"You Susannah Bobbinett!" she cried, in tones that suggested a box on the ear the next moment. "If you don't say 'yes' this very minute, and leave off that shilly-shally fooling —for all the world like a girl in her teens— I'll turn you right out of this house."

Miss Susannah became Mrs. William Grayling in less than three months, and mistress of the handsomest establishment in the county, near enough to her sisters to see them any and every day she liked. Mr. Grayling's "competence" turned out to be a handsome fortune; he was an excellent match in more ways than one, and not a few damsels on the sunny side of forty wondered and sighed that he had chosen in such a hurry an undoubted spinster like Miss Susannah.

It was noticeable that the Ladies Bobbinett after this time always talked of love-affairs in a free, knowing, confident way, that argued stores of experience in such matters. Indeed, there is no telling what a pleasant mellow light this discovery of Mr. Grayling's attachment reflected throughout all their being. It was not the marriage that pleased them most, though that was something to be proud of, too; it was the romance infinitely suggestive of a similar "might have been" for each one of them. Suppose William Grayling had died — they sometimes thought—or had fallen in love with somebody else, or had never made money enough to come back—why, then Miss Susannah would never have known about that letter. Other people had gone away, and died or been less fortunate in life. There was no knowing, and never could be, what secret hopes had been cherished, what young hearts had pined—or for whom.

This idea was enough to keep feminine fancy pleasantly astir for the rest of their lives.

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A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, AUTHOR OF "A LEGAL FETTER," "LUCK OF ASHMEAD," "A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 250.

PART II.—WON!

CHAPTER IV.

RUTH MYRICK stood for a moment, trembling and silent. One glance into the boyish face bent toward her, full of his hopeful love, was like glancing into a mirror of truth, wherein she saw her own ugly conduct reflected in a clear light. The tenderness in his honest eyes smote on her awakening conscience, and she shrank back in dismay.

Then that evil portion of her nature reasserted itself. It rebelled at the call of conscience, and she gathered her scattered forces, and grew cold and hard.

"I scarcely understand you, Mr. Owen," she said, lifting her eyes to his face; "do you intend this as an offer of marriage?"

Her words were well chosen. They recalled him forcibly to the fact of his poverty. He stammered as he replied:

"I—I—mean that I love you passionately, devotedly, and no task would be too great for me to accomplish, in order to win you."

She turned away then, and, looking into the fire, laughed softly.

"Do you realize what winning me involves? I am an expensive luxury. Your salary would not keep me in gloves!"

He gave her a wondering glance, but he would not understand yet what such a reception of his earnest avowal portended.

"I realize I cannot live without you," he exclaimed, with the vehemence of youth. "I will toil for years; I will serve as Jacob served for Rachel, if you but give me one word of hope. I can wait with patience."

"But I cannot. I hate to be patient," she said, a little sharply. "Do you not remember, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'?"

"Then you do love me enough to be impatient," cried this stupid lover, his face growing radiant. She bit her lip in vexation, and spoke curtly:

"I do not love you at all. I am reminded of an old nursery rhyme, in which the little maiden asks 'What should we have to eat? Will the flame you're so rich in make a fire in the kitchen, and the god of love turn the spit?'"

She repeated the lines gracefully with a weary gesture, in which a faint scorn was perceptible. His face grew white as he understood her careless words, and realized all they meant. A less youthful lover would long before have known by her self-possession how little she cared to spare him.

"You mean—" he began, slowly.

"I mean, when I marry, it will be someone older and richer than yourself, and may I add—wiser."

She spoke softly, looking away from him.

He put his hand over his eyes, and groaned:

"What a fool I have been!" Then bent on her his glance, burning with a strange light. "The day may come," he said, "when you will be sorry for the words spoken to-night—when you will bid me forget them. I pray heaven it may be so, and that you will see yourself as I see you now. I have been foolish, stupid, these past weeks, not to perceive that you were using me as your dupe; but love blinded my eyes. Heaven grant you may still learn your folly, as I have tasted bitterly of mine, and grow to be the lovely woman God made you, instead of the creature you now appear—untruthful in act and word; dishonorable—a vain coquette."

She shrank under the vehemence of his words. No one had ever dared address her thus before. He seemed to snatch the veil from her self-conceit, and she saw herself as he pictured her. And, with this terrible sense of dishonor, awoke the wild desire for his esteem. What could she say in her own defense? She was so little used to acknowledging herself wrong, that the pain and anxiety called forth by his words spent themselves in an apparent outburst of anger.

"Mr. Owen—Laurence—how dare you speak to me in this way?"

"What would I not dare, to replace you in the shrine from which this hour's work has cast you out!" he cried, with a repressed passion that shook him from head to foot. "Oh, I cannot

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even now believe it is your real self that has done this thing. Ruth, Ruth, even to bless some other man, live to be a nobler woman. God made you fair—be true as well! I never wish to look in your face again! You have scorned and destroyed my love, yet if at any time you will by one word express sorrow for this—"

"I express sorrow—I regret this decision!" Ruth was once more proudly erect. "Mr. Owen, you presume! It is growing late," pointing to the clock. "You have prolonged this interview past the limit of my patience. Good-night—I hope daylight will bring you to a better frame of mind."

He turned to depart, but came back a step or two, and stood looking at her, his face white with pain. She did not move; but her glance fell beneath his. One of her long gloves lay on the carpet, where it had fallen. He bent, picked it up, and kissed the glove, still warm with the impression of her hand: then he laid it on the table and quietly left her.

For a moment, she stood still and cold; then she moved forward, impulsively stretching her hands toward the door.

"Laurence! Laurence!" she called. But the outer door closed. "Laurence!" she called again. But this time her voice sank to a whisper.

She walked to the table, snatched the glove, and pressed it to her lips, then sank into a chair, weeping passionately and pressing against her cheek the glove that had felt his caress.

Thus Ruth Myrick won her wager.

CHAPTER V.

With wise forbearance, Kate Gifford refrained from questioning Ruth on the result of her wager, when she saw, the following morning, that her friend's face betrayed a sleepless night. She was rather pettish and restless all the morning.

Kate had made an engagement to go with her lover to the old homestead, "Elland," and she begged Ruth to accompany them. Ruth accepted the invitation, feeling there was little chance of Captain Leland's calling to divert her, and reluctant to be left to her own sad thoughts. Brompton and South Walsingham were within driving-distance, and "Elland," the Morris homestead, was on the road between the two places.

When Eric's father married the fashionable Mrs. Gifford as his second wife, he left the pleasant old country-seat and moved to South Walsingham. The homestead had been named "Elland" for Eric's mother, who had lived there all her married life. Eric, in the course of natural inheritance, should at least have had "Elland"; but, owing to "family jars," not the least of which was occasioned by Eric's love for his stepsister, Katherine Gifford, his father had left him penniless. Eric wished once more to visit the old home. He had a horror of his father's widow transforming the dear old place, if she ever took possession of it, and a still greater dread that she might sell it; for it had no agreeable recollections for her.

Eric was a little disappointed when he found Rue was to accompany them in their drive. He had looked forward to a tête-à-tête with Kate, and he had reason to feel vexed with Rue. But, of course, he betrayed no chagrin at the addition to their party.

The day was warm and balmy, April having donned a smile in their favor. Rue was so quiet, that Eric finally chid her laughingly, as they spun along the road behind the spirited steeds.

"Where did you get these horses, Eric?" she asked, without heeding him. "They are finer than Captain Leland's bays."

"A compliment from your lips, I presume," he said. "These are the horses of Miss Jean Owen, Larry's aunt. She drove from South Walsingham to-day, to see me on business, and, finding I wanted to go to Elland, offered me the horses. She stays overnight in Brompton, so the horses will only get sufficient exercise. She is a charming old lady, I assure you."

"Does she drive them herself?" Rue inquired.

"You would not ask that if you knew Miss Jean. I did not want Barney's services—I enjoy driving such a pair."

"What an Irish lot they are!" said Ruth, disdainfully. "Irish servants! and I presume even the horses are from 'ould Erin.' Has Miss Jean a strong brogue, like our friend Larry?"

Now, Eric had learned enough from Laurence, the night before, to render this speech very disagreeable to him, even if Ruth had not outraged good-breeding in making such a remark. His eyes flashed, as he replied:

"They are so Irish, that they never make ill-bred remarks regarding their neighbors, no matter how richly the latter may deserve such criticism."

"Oh, Eric!" Kate said, gently.

And Eric was thus reminded that he had only used the same blunt weapon wielded by Ruth. He said hastily:

"I beg your pardon, Ruth—I was very rude."

"I deserved your rebuke," was the meek

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reply, "for speaking so of your friends. It was unpardonable rudeness on my part."

And Kate saw that tears were in Rue's lovely eyes, and so rallied to the rescue.

"What miracle is this?" she said, lightly. "Rue and Eric both humble!"

Her lover laughed, with a fond glance at her sweet face.

"Eric, let me take the reins," cried Rue; "I must do something wild and delightful."

"Come, then." And Eric drew in the horses, while he helped Rue to her place at his side and gave her the reins.

Kate sat breathless the remainder of the drive; for Rue handled the reins skillfully, and the horses dashed over the road as if her restless spirit communicated itself to them, yet they were attentive to her slightest word.

Her gloves were sadly split when they arrived at Elland; but she was in rare spirits, and stood caressing the horses; while they looked at her with intelligent eyes, knowing she loved them.

"I am glad we have all our bones whole," sighed Kate.

"I do not believe Rue has more than a remnant of her gloves left. For all that, she is a gay little Amazon," said Eric. "Who taught you to drive, Rue?"

"Captain Leland," she replied. "And, as for the gloves—"

"No matter. You won a pair last night," Eric interrupted.

The color flamed over Ruth's face; but she made no answer, remaining by the horses, while Kate and Eric proceeded to the house.

"I have not mentioned the wager," said Kate. "I am sorry you referred to it, for she is very sore over whatever occurred last evening."

"You are too compassionate—you judge others by your own gentle heart. She refused him scornfully, after leading him on with cruel determination. Larry came to the hotel, last night; he did not say much; but I could see that the discovery of her unworthiness wounded him as deeply as her lack of love. Her gloves have cost her very dear. May she enjoy them! Had you seen Larry's face, last night, you would share my indignation."

"Poor boy—I am very sorry for him," said Kate, sadly. "He will not wear the willow long—he is made of sterner stuff. Well, Rue," as she came toward them, carrying a long peach-switch she had picked up, "what have you found?"

"A reminiscence of your childhood, I fancy," she replied, tapping him lightly over the shoulder.

Eric laughed, and they went indoors.

They explored the old house reverently and somewhat sadly. Ruth turned away when they reached the room wherein hung the picture of Eric's mother, his only inheritance from this large estate.

Eric stood gazing at the portrait until it grew dim before his sight.

"If it were only something I could carry with me," he sighed, as Kate gently pushed her hand in his; "but I have nothing. Sometimes I am tempted to beg Mrs. Morris for the little jeweled pin my mother wears in that picture. I remember it so well."

He paused, his voice shaken.

"If it were only not my mother who is behaving so cruelly," said Kate, pathetically.

"Why, dear heart, you cannot help that! Promise me, dearest, that you will look after this picture, my only inheritance. Mr. Myrick thinks Mrs. Morris will never give up Elland. I sincerely hope the old place may not be sold. Will you, if any such emergency should arise, guard my one treasure—this picture?"

"You intend to leave it here, then?"

"I do not care to remove it; at any rate, until the estate is settled—which, according to Mr. Myrick, will take a year or more. He could give me permission to have it at once. But I have no place to put it; and, since I hope to return before your mother has a chance to have her will of all the property, I shall leave it here. Besides, Kate, I have very strange uncharitable suspicions regarding our executor."

"Mr. Myrick?" almost whispered Kate, in awe.

He bowed his head in assent, and, after an instant's silence, continued:

"I am positive my father made a second will, in which he remembered me liberally."

"Eric! you do not suspect mamma of—"

"No. Don't be indignant, Kate. I do not trust your mother much; but I trust Mr. Myrick less."

"Eric, you are becoming morbid from dwelling on this fancy. Your father trusted Mr. Myrick implicitly."

"I know it. But my father told me he meant to make a second will, and begged me to say nothing about it. In his last illness, he seemed afraid of Myrick; and I always believed, in spite of his smooth manner, that Myrick would work against me if it favored his interests. Now look at it: the first will leaves him a goodly legacy; doubtless, the second one leaves me the property. I was so positive of a second will, that I have searched every desk and pigeon-hole. Furthermore, my father kept trying to tell me

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something in that hour before his death, and murmured mother's name over and over again."

"Do you think Mr. Myrick would dare to suppress a later will?"

"I scarcely know what to think. But of this I am certain—the legacy left Myrick by father is all that saves him from financial ruin. He has been speculating rashly. He has tried to keep it very quiet, but I know the Owen estate holds a heavy mortgage on his house and furniture. This money comes in the very nick of time to save him."

"Oh, dear! I am so tired of property. I would willingly only own my shoe-lacets! It is a constant vexation," sighed Kate, tearfully.

"There, my dear! do not cloud those sweet eyes with tears. Let me show you what rewarded my search for the will." Eric drew from his pocket a paper, in which was folded a little ringlet of sunny hair, and under it was written: "Eric's first curl, March 13, 18—, Elland."

Kate was delighted.

"It is like a message of your mother's affection, Eric. Let us forget all vexing thoughts, and remember only that love is still pure and true."

"Agreed, Kate, my own." She gave him a happy smile, and said: "Now let us go back to Rue."

The drive home was a pleasure to Rue, because she again guided the spirited horses, and did it so well that Eric grew careless, as he turned in his seat to talk to Kate.

They had entered the town, and Ruth had coaxed the horses to a gentle pace, when a lawless pig, pursued by a dog, as self-constituted guardian of the peace, dashed across the street. The horses felt a moment's nervousness on Ruth's part, and sprang forward, one of them rearing and plunging; the dog and pig became hopelessly entangled under their hoofs, with howl and grunt, and Eric caught at the reins. In another instant, they were dashing wildly up the street, Rue still retaining the lines, and tugging with all her strength. Kate, half out of her seat, was only kept from making a dangerous jump by Eric's determined hand.

Then there was an outcry. Rue thought she saw flash past her a vision of Laurence Owen; she felt a great sense of relief and safety, and then all grew black before her eyes.

CHAPTER V.

When Rue came back to consciousness, she found herself lying in Eric Morris's arms in a chemist's shop, while Kate was rubbing her temples with cologne. She once more thought she saw Laurence Owen hovering near, but she closed her eyes hastily.

"There! she will do very well now," she heard someone say, and recognized the voice of her own physician. "It was not very commendable, Miss Rue, to faint just as the danger was over. Open your eyes again, and tell us you are not in any pain."

"No—only my arms!" she said, obeying him, and glad to let her eyes rest on his wrinkled face.

"Your arms will probably be stiff and sore for some time. I wonder they are in their sockets."

"And the horses—are they hurt?"

"No, Mr. Owen here made a bold and successful dash to your rescue. They are waiting at the door for you. And now, Owen, let me examine that wrist of yours, and I notice you are limping a little."

"Oh! is he hurt?" Rue sat up suddenly, looking for Laurence; but, to the doctor's surprise, someone said:

"Mr. Owen has just gone to your office, and will see you there. He left the shop as soon as Miss Myrick recovered."

"And we—I—did not even thank him. He stopped the horses, didn't he? Where is he?" cried Rue, confused and embarrassed.

"He has gone to my office, like a sensible fellow. He does not want any thanks, I fancy," said Dr. Mills, preparing to follow him, while Eric led Rue to the carriage once more, and drove home carefully and gravely. Kate cried all the way, but Rue sat with clasped hands and compressed lips. She knew she had dismissed Laurence when, seeing his anxious face on her recovery, she had evaded his glance. He had weighed her once more, and found her wanting, even in gratitude.

Later, Eric brought word that Laurence had twisted his wrist severely, but otherwise had sustained mere flesh-wounds. He made light of his ready assistance, saying he loved the horses too well to see them so frightened. He did not even know who was in the carriage, but was assured of his aunt's safety, having just left her. Kate could scarcely believe his prompt rescue so disinterested, but it hardened Rue's heart, and she added no word to Kate's message of grateful thanks.

"He would have rescued his aunt's coachman as readily," she said, coldly, after Eric had left. "As he desires no gratitude, why should we force it upon him?"

"Rue, you are cruel," flashed Kate. "The

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boy is carrying a heartache of your contriving, and you persist in misconstruing him. I believe you are without remorse."

"What do you know about my heart?" demanded Rue, turning upon her angrily. "I may be overwhelmed with regret; I may suffer a keener anguish than he has it in his nature to endure—and who shall say I do not? What does anyone care about another's conscience? How dare you judge me?" And she rushed from the apartment like a little fury, to shut herself in her bed-room, where Kate heard her stamp her foot and sob aloud.

That evening, at the dinner-table, Mr. Myrick said slowly:

"So our young friend, Laurence Owen, is to accompany Mr. Morris on this Government expedition?"

Rue looked up quickly; but Kate replied:

"I am pleased that it has been so arranged. Eric wished it very much."

"Miss Owen was in Brompton to-day, as we had a short business-conference, and she said she had determined it was best Laurence should see more of the world. What she intends to make of him, I cannot conceive. He may be wealthy at their death; but they are not old, and are close as wax besides."

"Was he not studying for the bar?"

"Yes; and would have been admitted this year, had he kept on with me. How old is he, Kate?"

"Larry is just twenty now." And Kate longed to repeat all Eric had told her regarding his heritage; but she wisely refrained, fearing to betray confidence.

Mr. Myrick called Ruth, that night, to the little room in which had transpired her scene with Laurence. Kate and Eric were in the parlor.

"Dot," he said, gravely, "Captain Leland called on me to-day."

"Well?" she asked, indifferently.

She was clad in a white gown of heavy material, that fell in soft folds, trailing over the floor. Her face was pale, and she nervously fingered a white-feather fan.

"He made a formal proposal for your hand. He said you would not be brought to face the question fairly, yet always held out hope. Is this true?"

"I endured his attentions patiently. I am a model of that virtue," she replied, giving her shoulders a slow shrug.

Her father smiled.

"Will you answer him, or shall I?"

"I should not care if I never saw his face again," she said. "He bores me. He is insufferable."

"And Maxwell Andrews?" asked her father more anxiously.

"He is a dolt! One might use him to advertise deportment; but, marry him—"

The black brows were knitted scornfully, as she spoke.

"You little shrew!" laughed her father. "Take care, Rue—you may yet fulfill Beatrice's threat for herself and 'lead apes' in an unpleasantly warm region!"

"Better that, than lead them while on earth," she returned, sharply.

"And young Owen—you have refused him?"

She bowed her head in reply, and, at the same moment, one of the ivory sticks of her fan snapped.

"I have broken my fan. How vexatious!"

"It is easier to mend than men's hearts," laughed her father. "I suppose I must dismiss the brave captain; you have managed the rest. And here is Fanny to announce a new wooer! Kiss me, Dot, and go."

And thus their interview terminated.

But, in the ten days which passed before Eric Morris and Laurence Owen departed, Ruth Myrick held close communion with her own conscience. She was so absent-minded, that her father noted it, and watched her anxiously. He teased her a little one day, whereupon she grew very angry, and left him chuckling at having finally roused her old spirit. She was in a dozen moods in an hour, and Kate failed to keep pace with her.

During this period, she did not see Laurence Owen. Sometimes, she determined to bring about a last interview and beg him to think better of her: to show him how grateful she was for rescuing them on that eventful day; to tell him, if need be, that she would never again treat anyone as she had served him. It seemed to her, at certain moments, that she would glory in humbling herself before him now, to gain just one tender gentle glance in token of forgiveness. Then she would rebel and fight this impulse, only to yield again to a wild desire once more to hear him plead his cause and receive a kinder answer.

Perhaps, had the test really been granted at this time, she would again have been untrue to her better nature—so perverse is womankind, and so exceedingly perverse was this undisciplined little Ruth Myrick.

But the days passed on, and Laurence Owen made no sign.

At last, the day for departure came. Kate

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was miserably unhappy, and Rue in secret scarcely less so. Eric would leave Brompton at seven-thirty P.M., and meet Laurence Owen at South Walsingham, where he was staying with his aunts. The young men would then go on to New York, to set sail for the Old World.

On this last day, Ruth made a sudden resolve: She would not let Laurence Owen leave without having heard one word of all she had suffered of penitence and regret.

At length, she could bear no more—she rushed to her room, and, shutting herself in, dashed off a hurried note. She dared not read it over: she wrote, with passionate fervor, the outcome of a week's silent misery. Then she found a young protégé of hers, one Con Mulligan by name, and bade him mount her own riding-horse and go at once to Miss Jean Owen's house, in South Walsingham—to give the note to no one but Mr. Laurence Owen. She promised him a goodly reward.

The boy departed in great glee.

Ruth waited in a fever of impatience. She knew there would be time for Laurence to reply or steal a few moments for a short farewell. She hoped for the latter, and started nervously at every sound. It was half-past six, and she knew Eric was with Kate, when Con returned.

She sent for him at once, and he came looking eager and complacent. He had concocted a consistent lie regarding his protracted absence and his loss of the note she entrusted to his care.

"You gave Mr. Owen the note, Con?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yis, ma'am—av course I did, ma'am."

"You saw him?"

"Yis, ma'am," replied Con, relieved to find lying so easy. Sometimes, it required considerable ingenuity to elude the truth.

"Did he send a reply?"

"Niver a word, ma'am. He put it in his pocket."

"Very well, Con; you may go."

Ruth's voice had a tremulous sound, as Con bounded away, glad of his release.

The clock struck seven. Ruth counted the strokes wearily: her one hope was listening to its knell. She heard the door close on Eric, and then heard Kate come slowly up the stairs. Ruth could not face her; she fled to her room and locked the door.

Late that same evening, as the girls sat together, Kate said suddenly:

"I forgot to tell you, Rue, what Eric told me. It is no secret now, for Miss Jean has confided it to a good many, that Larry is the heir to all Arthur Owen's property, which she and her sister have held in trust these years. His Cousin Madeline has an annuity; but the bulk of the large fortune is Larry's. He will be the wealthiest man in Barthold County, on his return."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ruth, rising and confronting Kate with a face grown very pale.

"What I have said. The money has been his all these years; but his uncle wished him kept in ignorance until—"

"Stop!" cried Rue, hoarsely. "Who knows this? Does everyone?"

"All South Walsingham and Brompton have been discussing it, the last few days. It spread like wildfire. But you seemed so indifferent to Larry's fate, that I—"

"Oh, why did you not tell me? How dared you keep me in ignorance? What have I done? What will he think—"

"Rue—what is it, my dear girl? I could not speak before. I thought it a secret. Besides, you were so cruel to Larry. What have you done, dearest? Tell me."

"I—wrote—to—him." The words were forced out between hard sobs. "I—wrote—to-day; I begged him—to come to me. I told him—I could not live—if he did not—forgive me and take back his cruel words; that I would—try and be—a better woman. And now—"

"Oh, Rue—my poor girl! My obstinate child—"

"And now—he will think—I wrote it because I had—learned of his fortune! And he still scorns me!"

It was vain for Kate to clasp in her arms the humbled sobbing girl. No word of comfort reached Ruth Myrick, in that hour in which she reaped the first fruits of the harvest she had sown. What would be the aftermath?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TRUE KNIGHT.

He best deserves a knightly crest,
Who slays the evils that infest
His soul within. If victor here,
He soon will find a wider sphere;
The world is cold to him who pleads,
The world bows low to knightly deeds.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

OUR GIRLS AS HOUSEWIVES.

BY MISS E. BURNS.

WHATEVER avocations the last progressive decade has opened to woman, and however liberal the future may be in developing avenues for her independence, there is one occupation which has ever been, and will ever be, exclusively hers—that of the housewife and home-maker.

While the number of young ladies who engage in business pursuits is very large, a far greater percentage assume the housekeeper's position. But, while a preparation which will give a practical knowledge of the calling one is to pursue is considered necessary to a successful business career, there is a general assumption that any young woman of suitable age to marry can assume the responsibility of the mistress of a home, however ignorant she may be of the proper management of a household.

This is a grievous error, one which is frequently the cause of much trouble in wedded life, since oftentimes most disastrous results follow such ignorance on the part of the wife. Disorder and discord are inevitable in a house whose mistress is not thoroughly acquainted with the duties of her position.

Love, however strong, cannot ward off the evil effects of poorly prepared food and a carelessly conducted home. Sour bread, tough meats, soggy cakes and pies, have created many a mole-hill that grew into a mountain of wedded dissension. And the housewife herself, through the additional care and vexation resulting from such ignorance, becomes prematurely worn-out.

Owing to false social ideas, or through the unwise tenderness of mothers, daughters are often exempted from all domestic responsibility until it is forced upon them by married life. When a girl thus erroneously brought up puts on the yoke of matrimony, she finds that she has undertaken to drag a burden to which she is entirely unequal.

She never dreamed that housekeeping was beset by so many trials and difficulties as she encounters. She is balked in this and that task from her ignorance of how to do it. Failure meets her on every hand.

This lack of knowledge forces extra labor and endless annoyance upon her, and these leave their stamp in the premature wrinkles and shattered nerves.

There is scarcely any condition in life, in which a complete knowledge of housewifery is not a blessing to a woman. If she does her own work, it is invaluable to her, since she is enabled by it to run her entire establishment to better advantage. Knowing just how to proceed, she loses no time and strength in tedious experiments. She is spared the mental annoyance of repeated failures. And she has the gratification of seeing the good fruits of her knowledge in her well-kept and orderly home.

On the other hand, if she is to direct servants, it is better for her to understand the duties of those under her supervision.

Home is a sacred place, and its interests are of vital importance. The duties pertaining to it are many and diversified. They cannot be performed by muscle alone. Intelligence, ingenuity, and skill are in constant demand; also culture, refinement, and taste. Moreover, the heart must do its share; the greatest success being achieved only where the efforts of the hand, head, and heart are closely combined.

Can we expect to find all these qualifications in the hired servant? Few, indeed, are the lucky ones who can place the entire work of the household into the hands of domestics, and feel sure that all its interests will be properly cared for. If the necessary requirements cannot be obtained in the servants, then the deficiency must be met and made up by the wife as mistress of the household, else the comfort of the home must suffer.

The successful merchant understands the details of his business and the duties of his clerks. The superintendent of a factory knows what each workman should do, and how it should be done. And it would be a poor captain who was not acquainted with the duties of the common soldier.

Why does not the same principle apply to the wife, whom the husband has chosen to preside over his household?

Servants do much better when they see that their mistress understands the work they are doing. They know she will detect any slighting

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of their tasks; and, also, that she is capable of appreciating when thoroughly done. They have respect for her knowledge, and are ready to listen to her suggestions.

If she has well-defined systematic plans for the housework, and is capable of superintending it in an intelligent manner, she will be able to secure much more work from her employees than if the labor were performed in a haphazard way.

An untrained housekeeper is placed at a great disadvantage when dealing with unprincipled servants. Knowing that she is ignorant of how their work should be performed, they make their knowledge the means by which they deceive and defraud her.

While there are so many excellent reasons why the young lady aspiring to matrimonial honors should have a practical acquaintance with housework, there are no reasons why she should not. If this knowledge is never called into requisition—and the chances are that it will be—it at least does her no harm. And the best time for her to acquire this housewifely skill is while under the parental roof.

The mother who has the forethought to give her daughter this training, is furnishing her with a shield which will protect her from many a rough blow when she comes to be placed in the conflict that in a greater or less degree always attends domestic life.

EXERCISE FOR SMALL CHILDREN.

BY DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

Creeping forms the first stage of exercise that a child naturally takes. Put the baby on the floor in loose clothes, let it learn to turn over by its own exertions, and gradually it will learn to pull itself along. Some children remain in this stage longer than others; but they should not be forced to walk or stand until their own feelings and sensations prompt them to do so. Children who are forced to assume an upright position before they would have done so if left to themselves may suffer more or less from deformed spine or crooked limbs. If a child would rather crawl than walk, let it do so; this mode of locomotion is doubtless due to some systematic change that it is not wise to resist. After the crawling stage, we come to the walking period. The child erects itself by the aid of a chair or other article of furniture, supports itself by the same means, and moves forward. Gradually, it learns to keep itself erect by its own exertions, and then moves along the ground erect and independent.

Lastly follows the climbing age. As soon as ever the child can get about comfortably, it wants to be climbing up somewhere. It gets on to chairs, tables—and higher, if it can; as a child, its two forms of exercise are walking and climbing. Mothers often worry themselves because their children do not walk at an early age or as early as their neighbors' do. This condition cannot always be remedied; if a mother feeds her child properly, bathes it daily, and puts it on the ground to crawl about, and it won't, she cannot do more. The child may be suffering from some constitutional debility or want of power in the muscles or from some condition of the brain or spinal cord which does not allow of exercise being taken. Let a child exercise as much as ever it will; when tired, the muscles refuse to act, the child becomes quiet, or, if fatigued, sleep comes on and stops its romping. To restrain a child and only allow a certain amount of exercise is not right—it knows best when to stop.

Grown-up people will often exercise their muscles more than is good for them, from false ideas of what they ought to do or from a spirit of emulation; not so a child—if tired, it stops without being told to do so. When fairly large children, wheeled about in perambulators, are restless and fidgety, it is because they have not had enough exercise. The rational nurse would let the children walk by the side of the carriage, or even let them push it along until they desisted of their own accord and wanted to ride.

Do not scold children because they will climb, but, rather, make safe climbing-places for them. We have some hundreds of muscles in our bodies, all of which require exercising; some of these can only get full play by climbing.

Exercise means health, sleep, good digestion, and freedom from many ailments.

If house accommodation permits, one room should be given up to the children. Put a screen before the fire, so that they cannot get to it; and bar the windows, so that they cannot fall out. Lay a carpet on the floor, and let them tumble about on this to their hearts' content. A large basket of torn-up letter-paper will give them something to cart about, fling about, or fill buckets or barrows with. Where a garden exists, set one part aside for their use; throw in a load of sand, and let them dig into it, and so exercise themselves freely.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new and stylish costume, for either home or street wear. It is made of Nile-green

No. 1.

bengaline and China crêpe, trimmed with gold and silver embroidery on white silk. The silk skirt is bordered with a quilling. The blouse-dress is in bengaline, and the panel at the side is a plaiting of China crêpe. The sash, waist-band, epaulettes, and cuffs are of the embroidery. The sleeves from under the puff are of China crêpe. The China crêpe may be of a lighter shade of Nile-green or of cream-white. The latter will make the more dressy costume. Of course, more subdued colors can be substituted

No. 2.

if the costume be intended more especially for a walking-dress. Hat of straw, faced with Nile-

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green velvet and trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of Henrietta-cloth or cashmere, in any color. The petticoat or underskirt is finished with a hem and two tucks. The overdress or tunic is mounted at the waist by a series of three small plaits across the front and sides. The back drapery is looped at the hips, and falls straight at the back. The

No. 3.

corsage is laid in small tucks or plaits diminishing toward the waist. The plastron or vest is of cream-colored cloth, edged with a narrow band of velvet ribbon to match the material of the costume. Collar, cuffs, and waistband all of the same cream cloth, edged with the velvet ribbon. The sleeves are tucked from shoulder to just above the elbow, in fine tucks; from below the tucks the sleeves are fulled into the straight cuff. From ten to twelve yards of double-fold material, one-quarter yard of cloth for vest, etc., will be required. Small bonnet of fancy braid, trimmed with cream roses and loops of ribbon.

No. 4.

No. 3—Is a morning-dress. It may be made of cashmere or camel's-hair, in red, Gobelin-blue, baby-blue, pale-pink, or any of the pretty self-colors usually adapted for such a gown. Two

No. 5.

rows of narrow watered ribbon trim the front and bottom of skirt, also the revers, collar, cuffs, etc. The undervest is of cream-white China crêpe or surah silk. Wide watered

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ribbon, beginning under the arms, cross, and tie at the left side with long loops-and-ends. Eight yards of double-fold material, two pieces of narrow ribbon, and six yards of wider for sash, will be required.

No. 4.—Mother Hubbard cloak, for a girl of twelve years. Camel's-hair or cashmere in Indian-red, lined with flannel, either to match or harmonize. The material is either gathered or honey-combed round the neck, and bordered with a thick ruching in pinked-out silk,

No. 6.

which harmonizes either with the outside or lining. On the sides, slits are made to allow the arms to pass through.

No. 5—Is a blouse-waist, of striped batiste, pink and fawn, with collar and cuffs of plain pink. The front is fulled on each side of the centre plait, and is fastened by five pearl buttons. The sleeves are fulled into cuffs. This waist may be made of surah or China silk in any self-color.

No. 6—Is a dress for a boy of three or four years, of plain cashmere with blouse-waist, fastened with a leather belt. It is trimmed with a bias band of gray plaid, and the yoke and cuffs are of the same material. The collar is of black velvet; full sleeves.

No. 7.

No. 7.—Frock, in striped or plaid zephyr. The waist is full back and front. A leather belt is worn with this frock. Deep collar and cuffs of crocheted lace or Russian embroidery.

No. 8.

No. 8.—Child's garden-blouse. To be made of Turkey-red or butcher's-blue cotton. The bodice

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No. 9.

No. 10.

is plaited, and the double row of gathers at the waist attaches the skirt to the bodice. Either white or colored embroidery forms the trimming.

No. 9—Is a paletot, for a girl of six years. It is made of cloth, and braided as seen in the illustration, with narrow silk or worsted braid. We give the front and back view. The sash is of gros-grain ribbon to match.

No. 10.—Knickerbocker suit, in black or brown velveteen, for a boy of six to eight years.

OWL IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, an owl in outline. This design may be used for decorating the top of a foot-stool, a corner of screen, interspersed with birds, flowers, etc., or it may be used with other birds, animals, etc., on a baby's floor-blanket. The work to be done in outline with crewels, silks, or linen flosses. A variety of colors should be used for a floor-blanket.

BORDER FOR FLANNEL DRESSING-SACQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a very effective border for either flannel skirts or sacques. The work to be done in outline, with white embroidery silk. The edge buttonholed.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a showy design for embroidery in silk, for flannel skirt, edge of dressing-sacque, baby's shawl, etc. Linen floss may be used in place of silk

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DIRECTOIRE POLONAISE, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give for our Supplement, this month, the entire half of one of the latest Polonaise-patterns. It consists of six pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Side-Back.
4. Half of Vest.
5. Revers for Bodice.
6. Sleeve.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. Allow all seams, but sew exactly by the pattern. This pattern is for thirtysix-inch bust and fortytwo-inch-length skirt. As it is impossible to give the entire length or width of the several pieces forming the polonaise on our paper, we give the length and width of the several pieces in inches. The back piece at the waist-line must measure full ten inches for the fullness in the middle of the back for the skirt, and nine inches for the fullness which meets the side-gore of back. The side-gore for the back must be continued to match the length of the side of the back. The width at the bottom is given in inches, the front the same. The under-petticoat for this polonaise is kilt-plaited, as seen in the illustration. Our model is composed of Henrietta-cloth and moiré.

NAPKIN-RING ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a simple and effective design for a napkin-ring, to be worked with silk upon a strip of Java canvas of the required size. We give also the design in the full size, showing the kind of stitches employed. After the centre part of the work is done, mount the embroidered strip upon a foundation of cardboard covered with a bit of satin or silk in one of the prevailing colors. The little pointed edge may be made of cloth or leather, cut in points; this is placed under the narrow galloon which finishes the edge. The galloon is sewed down and then crossed with stitches of silk or gold thread, small French knots completing the design. A tiny gilt clasp fastens the ring. If not convenient to finish with the clasp, two pretty gilt buttons with loops of silk cord will answer the purpose.

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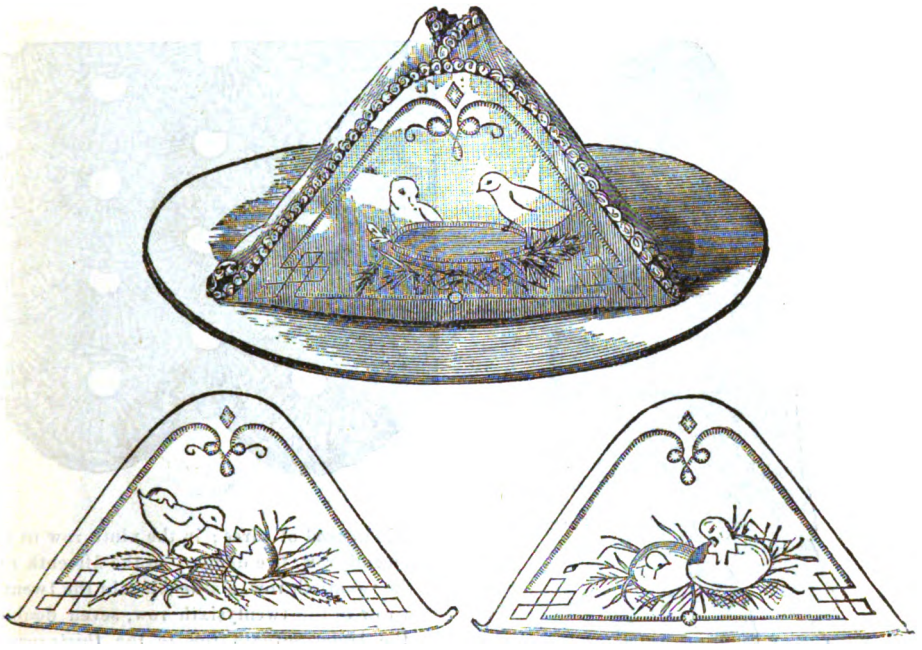
POCKET FOR EGGS, WITH DETAILS OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty pocket, in which to serve eggs for the breakfast or luncheon table, is easily made. Take a piece of cream-white cloth or flannel. Cut three pieces the shape indicated in the detailed pieces. These are embroidered in silks, after the designs given. The three pieces are put together with a triangular piece fitted for the bottom. Line with flannel or China silk, and add a thin layer of cotton. An edge is crocheted with silk all around.

POCKET FOR HOLDING NIGHT-DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty design we give the pattern of almost entire. The other corner may be easily drawn by reversing the design. Work the design upon butcher's-linen or Java-canvas, in outline, in French working-cotton, either red or blue, or it may be done in fine black silk, or in colored washing-silks or crewels; but, as it in time will have to be laundried, we would advise either the French working-cottons or the black silk. We give the complete design for the flap. Make the pocket up as an envelope, into which the night-dress is to be folded and placed during the day. Edge with a narrow torchon lace. Piqué makes a good night-dress holder.

DESIGN OF PANSIES FOR TOP OF PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty design, which will be found on the Supplement, may be either painted or embroidered, for the top of a pincushion. Painted on silk, satin, or bolting-cloth in the natural colors, or embroidered in silks on either silk or French muslin.

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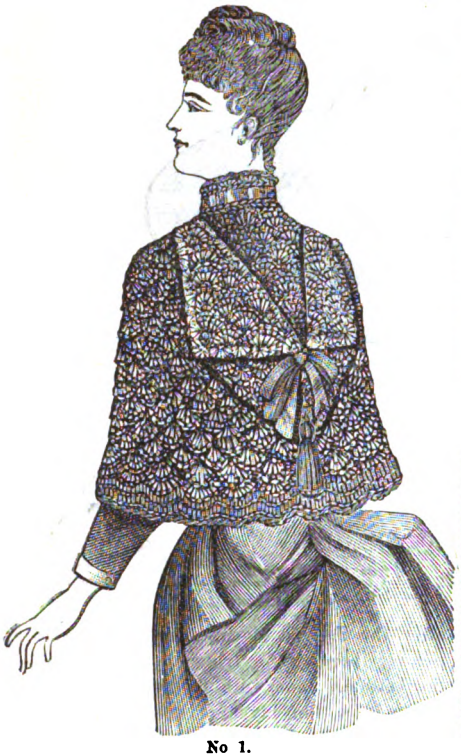
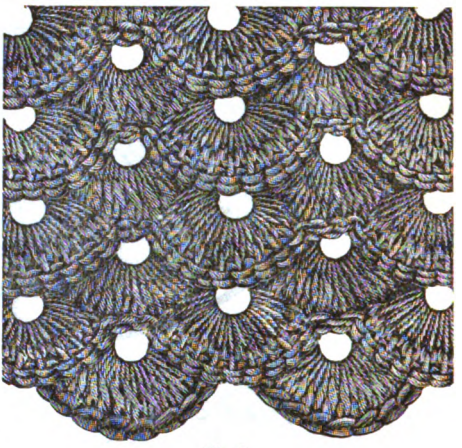
LADY'S CROCHETED CAPE, WITH DETAIL OF STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No 1.



No. 2.

The cape illustrated is worked in crochet, in dark-red Shetland floss, with a bone crochet-needle. A ribbon is drawn into the scallop at the neck, and tied in a bow at the front. The work begins at the top, and is done loosely in rows back and forth. The stitch is shown in the illustration No. 2. Make a chain of one hundred and four stitches. First row: Pass three, then throughout, by turns, three double-crochet on the next two, and a single-crochet on the following one. Second row: Turn, three chain, then by turns a single on the back vein of the middle one of three double, and three double on the unoccupied vein of the chain, on which a single was worked in the last row; close with a single on the middle one of the three chain passed at the beginning of the last row. Fourth row to the fortysixth row, like the preceding row: but, in the fifth row to the eighth row, work four double instead of three; in the ninth row to the fourteenth row, five double; in the fifteenth row to the twentieth row, six double; in the twenty-first row to the twentysixth row, seven double; in the twentyseventh row to the thirtysecond row, eight double; in the thirtythird row to the thirtysixth row, nine double; in the thirtyseventh row to the fortieth row, ten double; in the forty-first row and fortysecond row, eleven double; and, in the last three rows, twelve double—see illustration No. 2. Beginning in the ninth row, and throughout thereafter when working each double, before working-off the lower half, pull a loop through the loop that was taken up. For the collar, work eleven rows of single-crochet above the foundation-chain, working through both veins and loops of the stitches in the row before; work the first of these eleven rows only on the middle twentyfour stitches; at the close of each of the succeeding six rows, work ten stitches further, and, in the last four rows each, five stitches more, until all are taken up. Twelfth row: By turns, two treble-crochet on the next two, two chain, pass two. Thirteenth row: By turns, five chain and a single between two treble. Fourteenth row: A scallop around every five chain, consisting of one single, one short double, three double, one short double, and one single. Along the front edges, work five single around every chain-scallop.

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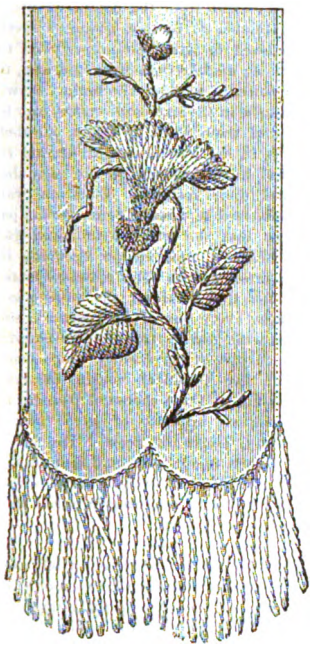
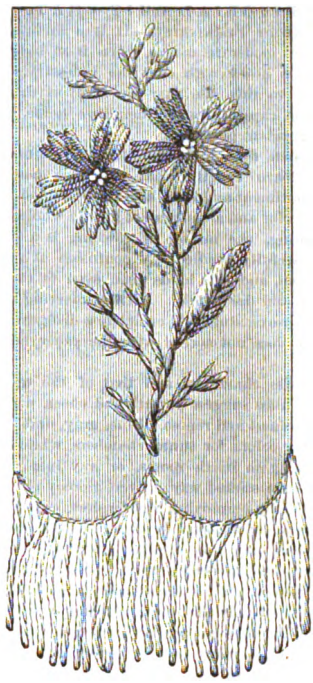
TWO DESIGNS FOR BOOK-MARKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give here two pretty designs for book-marks, to be embroidered upon satin ribbon with silks in the natural colors of flowers, leaves, stems, etc. These are prettiest done in satin-stitch. The scalloped ends are buttonholed, and the silk fringe tied in.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH FOR TOWELS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give an effective pattern in cross-stitch, useful for decorating the ends of towels, bureau-covers, or for the border of a small table-cover. The work is done upon crash or coarse butcher's-linen, so that the threads may be counted. Use red and blue French working-cottons or the wash-linen flosses. The latter come in all colors warranted to wash well. Drawn-work above the embroidery looks well.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR ROBE OR VEST.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of book, a handsome design in braiding, suitable for the fronts of a robe-de-chambre, vest of a walking-jacket, or it may be used for decorating the jacket, fronts and edge; the work to be done in worsted braid or in a fancy braid, such as black and silver or gold. Such braid can be bought by the piece or dozen yards.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Word About Furnishing.—It is a fortunate thing for persons of moderate means, when it so happens that they go into a house with only the necessary articles of furniture, for in this case they can study at their leisure the needs and capabilities of their new home, and thus avoid inappropriate purchases.

It takes some time to become fully acquainted with a house, and learn exactly what will look best in each particular apartment and spot, also to accomplish a general harmony of color and arrangement for the whole.

In furnishing, the matter of coloring is a point that should be carefully studied. A confusion of colors will spoil any room, and this holds good even to the smallest appointment and decoration. A chair-covering or even a cushion can prove almost as complete a disfigurement as a carpet which does not accord with the paper, curtains, or woodwork.

Colors possess character, and that of the most divers sorts. Some hues suggest warmth and cheer, while others breathe of coolness and repose. Blue, gray, drab, and fawn are the proper colors for sunny chambers, while red, pink, and buff belong to north rooms, or any into which the light comes in a stinted way. Even gloomy places can be made cheerful by employing right colors, especially when there can be added an open fire with a bright brass fender.

Two persons may take similar rooms to fit up, and produce very opposite results, even while spending the same amount of money. It is taste which makes the difference, that includes not only the selecting of appropriate articles of furniture, but their appropriate arrangement.

In these days, so many valuable and cheap manuals are to be had on the subject of house-furnishing, that any woman is foolish to trust exclusively to her own taste and eye, unless certain of the correctness of both.

In ordinary houses, the rooms should not appear too fine for daily use, yet they should look comfortable and artistic.

There is one rule in furnishing, which people of moderate means ought always to obey, yet they are usually the least inclined to carry it into practice. This rule is, not to be hampered by the fashion of the moment, or afraid of making one's rooms look unlike those of one's friends.

The fact that several ladies in one's narrow visiting-circle possess a certain style of carpets, chairs, tables, etc., ought to prove a good reason for buying articles entirely different in shape or color. Furniture not so pretty is far preferable to having one's house so like that of the right and left hand neighbor that a new acquaintance can scarcely tell which of the three domiciles he has entered.

Give living-rooms and bed-chambers a stamp of individuality, but at the same time take heed that, whether richly or simply furnished, they impress the visitor with the refinement and good taste of their owner.

Cannot Get Along Without It.—I could not get along without "Peterson," and shall never try to. Sometimes I think there really is no room for improvement, and still it is improved in some ways, but I am quite sure it has been perfect this last year.

A Definition of Scandal.—Scandal is what one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

Pearls, in ancient days, were specially valued in Rome. Like Venus, they came from the depths of the sea, and hence were accounted to be that goddess's special gem. They were believed to have the property of rendering beauty irresistible; and Aristotle mentions, also, that they had a peculiar power of soothing the brain. How precious they were held to be in the sixteenth century may be judged by the number of them worn by Queen Elizabeth. The mighty Tudor is, in her own person, an eternal refutation of the libel, that learned women do not care about their good-looks and their costume. Elizabeth was deeply learned, and immersed in cares of State, yet her passion for dress was such, that she left two thousand gowns and seventy false heads of hair in her wardrobe when she finally gave up dressing, with other mundane matters. We may be very sure that whatever she wore was "in the fashion"; and in every one of her portraits she is seen much bedecked with pearls. One of the meanest incidents in that mean chapter of her history which concerns her relationship to her beautiful cousin of Scotland is Elizabeth's buying, at three thousand pounds, far under the value, a superb necklace of great pearls, which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. The necklace was stolen by the Scotch rebel Lords, and sent to England on purpose to gratify Elizabeth with a bargain, and to give her a personal interest in retaining in prison the rightful owner of the "ropes of pearls."

A Cultured Woman.—Dr. Abercromby tell us that what constitutes the greatest difference between one person and another, considered either as intellectual or as moral beings, is the culture and discipline of the mind.

It is difficult to define the exact qualities which constitute a cultivated mind. People who have always lived in a refined and intellectual atmosphere, who have been constantly in the way of seeing works of art, and of hearing able criticisms expressed on all subjects, acquire a sort of skin-deep culture, which is sometimes mistaken for the real thing. But, though these advantages are very great, yet, without the appreciative soul, and the love of knowledge for its own sake, a person can never be truly cultured.

We can all feel the charm which culture bestows, touching every detail of life, and giving a refined sensibility to every action. It may be said to imply a large power of appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in literature, nature, and art; a capacity for appropriating knowledge on a variety of subjects, and a capacity of using that knowledge aright.

In Planting Tulips, single or double, in the open ground, care should be taken that the soil has been thoroughly worked. Wet soil is absolutely inimical to the well-doing of these plants, and, even after it has been thoroughly worked, it is as well to place each bulb in a little bed of sand, so that the soil proper shall not come in contact with the bottom of the bulb. This precaution is not necessary, however, where the soil is light and the drainage good. Although less likely to suffer from damp in pots, the same plan may be followed, or the compost may be well mixed with a third of its bulk in silver sand. The dwarf varieties are best for indoors—while the other sorts make a fine show when the hyacinths are fading, and the ranunculuses are not yet in their full beauty.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS will thrive in almost any sort of soil; but a good rich sweet loam, to which has been added one-fourth well-rotted manure, a similar quantity of leaf-mold, and a good sprinkling of sand or road drift, will produce the finest flowers in pots it is possible to grow. The ground in the garden, in which it is intended to grow chrysanthemums, should be deeply dug in the autumn before frost sets in; this is an operation of great importance where the soil is inclined to be heavy or naturally wet. Before digging, a good dressing of decayed manure should be spread thickly over the surface. The time for planting is during April; toward the end of the month is best. The plants should be disposed about three feet apart every way; the plants should receive a good watering when first put in, and should on no account be allowed to suffer from want of moisture through the summer, and, from the middle of June till the flower-buds begin to show color, liquid manure should be regularly supplied twice a week; also, toward evening, frequent syringing of the foliage will be of great benefit. There is no certainty about a continuance of bloom beyond the end of October; therefore, it is always best so to arrange that the plants may be protected from severe weather, by having some light structure placed over them.

MILK: SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DRINK IT.—Some persons complain that they cannot drink milk without being "distressed by it." The most common reason why milk does not agree with people is that they drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily, it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided, that, when coagulated, as it must always be by the gastric juice while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard condensed mass, upon the outside of which only the digestive juices can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can freely play and perform its function. Milk may be rendered more digestible, and to many persons more agreeable, if prepared by slowly adding a few drops of dilute hydrochloric acid to it, drop by drop, while stirring it at the same time.

TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For the benefit of many of our subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it, which is to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced design over it in the proper situation. After this the whole pattern is gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard). The design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. Be careful not to press with the finger upon other portions of the paper, or the finger mark will be found upon the material, spoiling the appearance of the work. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each, and three cents for postage.

VELUTINA, the new substitute for Lyons silk velvet, has been brought out this spring in all the new fashionable colors. The reds, greens, blues, etc., which are shown in Velutina, so nearly resemble the silk goods, that only an expert can tell them apart. Although all velvet fabrics are in increased demand this year, Velutina is growing in popularity out of all proportion to other goods of similar character. Its beautiful lustre, less liability to crush, and reasonable price combine to make it a great favorite. For children's wear, it is especially desirable, and no lad looks so handsome as one clad in a Lord Fauntleroy suit of Velutina.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT IS SAID.—The New York World says: "'Peterson' for March is a fine combination of striking stories, handsome illustrations, descriptions of new costumes, valuable articles on household and other subjects of interest to ladies." The Cincinnati (O.) Post says: "'Peterson' for March is very attractive." The New Orleans (La.) Picayune says: "In every particular, 'Peterson' for March is at its best, and that cannot be surpassed." The Boston (Mass.) Herald says: "'Peterson' for March is a valuable number. The engravings and literary contents are admirable." The St. Louis (Mo.) Post-Dispatch says: "'Peterson's' fashion-notes are complete and profusely illustrated." The Utica (N. Y.) Herald says: "No magazine offers better or more varied matter than 'Peterson.'" The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press says: "'Peterson' for March is profusely illustrated, and its fashions are unapproachable." The Washington (D. C.) Post says: "'Peterson' for March is a capital number in every respect." The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says: "'Peterson's' stories and miscellaneous articles are admirable, and it is famous for its steel-engravings." The New Haven (Conn.) Register says: "'Peterson' numbers among its contributors more popular authors than any periodical of its price." The Springfield (Ill.) Register says: "To literary and artistic merit, 'Peterson' joins the reputation of being an infallible authority on fashion and matters connected with home interests." The Little Rock (Ark.) Democrat says: "The steel-plate in 'Peterson' for March is a gem, and the other illustrations are excellent." The Louisville (Ky.) Times says: "'Peterson's' literary contents are of a high order, and the fashions and needlework designs are both novel and attractive."

A CHANCE to buy silk dress-goods direct from the loom is something in the way of a novelty, and should certainly receive the response it deserves, as a great saving is effected by doing away with the intermediate profits of mill-agents, jobbers, and dealers. Messrs. O. S. Chaffee & Son, of Mansfield Centre, Conn., one of the oldest and most reliable silk-goods manufacturers in the United States, will send you samples of their dress-silks in gros-grain, satins, surahs, faille Francais, and Aida cloths. Write to them and you will find you can save money. Anything bought of them may be depended upon as being exactly as they represent it.

Cold, bare, and brown lie hillside, dale, and plain.
They rest from labor now; yet flower, fruit, and grain
Shall cover them again. Complain not that they sleep—
Sow worthy seed; a worthy harvest shalt thou reap.

Care in the selection of seed is of prime importance in securing good results. Get worthy seed; seed that is pure and fresh; such seed as James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., raises on his own farms, and has sold to the public for thirty years, and worthy harvests shalt thou reap. Send for his 1889 catalogue, free to all.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

CAKES.

Afternoon Teacakes.—To one pound of fine flour, well dried, add three ounces of fresh butter; rub it well in. Add a well-beaten egg, a pinch of salt, half a pint of milk, and half-ounce of German yeast. Let this be well kneaded, put it in a basin covered with a cloth, and let it stand before the fire to rise. When the surface begins to crack a little, showing that it is light, divide it into half a dozen cakes, rolling them out to nearly the size of a tea-saucer. Set them in front of the fire for a short time to rise—a few minutes will be enough—and bake them for twenty minutes in a quick oven; do not turn them over while baking. These may be eaten either hot or cold; if the latter, they should be cut into fingers, plentifully buttered, and piled crosswise. If not, they should be warmed in the oven, split through the centre, spreading both pieces liberally with fresh butter before putting them together again, to be cut in quarters and served very hot. Another way is to toast the insides after splitting them, then to butter them well and serve, cut as before, as hot as possible.

Girdle Cakes.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one and a half ounces of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder; mix with a little milk, roll out into paste, cut into rounds, and fry on the girdle. This will make half a dozen large cakes or a dozen small. Or one pound of flour, half-pound of butter, moisten with milk; knead all together, add a few currants—some prefer them without; I have seen both kinds at afternoon teas in the north—roll into moderately thin paste, cut out with a tumbler into round cakes. Bake on a girdle—which must not touch the fire, but be suspended by a ring on hooks over the fire—till slightly brown, then turn the other side, and bake the same—very pale-brown. When done, split open and butter well; eat hot.

Madeira Cake.—Warm until of the consistency of cream six ounces of butter, beat into it half-pound of sugar, and half-pound of flour; have ready six eggs well whisked; gradually work all together until it becomes a very smooth batter; then add grated orange-peel and thinly-sliced lemon-peel. Mix, during the whole time, a pinch of carbonate of soda. Put the cake quickly into the oven—while in a froth—which should not be too fierce. The tin should have been paper-lined. The lightness of this cake entirely depends on the mixing and the beating of the ingredients. Bake a golden yellow.

Queen Cake.—One pound of sifted sugar, one pound of fresh butter, half-pound of currants, one-quarter of a pound of flavored almonds, and eight eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs in a cool place for half an hour. Work the butter to a cream, add slowly and gradually the sugar, and mix all. Beat three yolks with a few drops of saffron-water, and put them into the butter; beat all together, and then add the currants, flour, spice, etc. Sprinkle all with sugar, and place into a shallow tin, and bake.

MEATS.

Cold Fowl (to dress).—Cut in quarters, beat up an egg or two—according to quantity—with a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt, some parsley minced fine, and a few crumbs of bread; mix well together, and cover the fowl with this batter; broil them, or put them in a Dutch oven, or have ready some dripping hot in a pan, and fry them a light brown color; thicken a little gravy with flour, flavor with ketchup, lay the fry in a dish, and pour the sauce round it; garnish with slices of lemon and toasted bread.

Baked Hash.—Mince corned beef very fine, and any kind of cold fowl; one onion, cayenne pepper, and salt. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix in with the minced meat; add one tablespoonful of butter, and not quite cover it all with boiling water; let it brown nicely, and serve. It will not take long to cook. Cold boiled Irish potatoes are sometimes mixed with the beef; they must be mashed smooth, and then mixed with the other ingredients.

Veal Cutlets.—Pare some veal cutlets. Let them be rather thin. Season them, beat up some eggs, and dip the cutlets in them. Cover them with breadcrumb, and put them into a saucepan with melted butter. When of a good brown color, serve them on a round dish, surrounded with a garland of spring vegetables, cooked in butter, white pepper, salt, and a pinch of crushed sugar.

VEGETABLES.

Green vegetables should be freshly gathered, thoroughly washed in cold water, and cooked in freshly boiling salted water. It is impossible to give a definite time for cooking, as much depends upon their age and the time they had been gathered. Wilted vegetables require a much longer time than fresh. All vegetables should be cooked until soft and tender, and no longer. This is better ascertained by watching them carefully and piercing with a fork, than by depending upon any time-table. Vegetables which are eaten raw, and are liable to ferment in the stomach, are usually dressed with some condiment—oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. Every green vegetable keeps its color better if it is boiled rapidly and uncovered. Many use soda for the same purpose, but unwisely.

Apple Croquettes.—Peel, core, and boil six large apples with six cloves and some chopped lemon-peel. Put a quarter of an ounce of Swinborne's isinglass into half a teacupful of boiling water. When dissolved, strain it and add to the liquid four ounces of white sugar, powdered; beat it well, then add it to the apples without cloves, and peel and boil well together for half an hour. Turn it out, let it get cold. Make a short paste of four ounces of flour with three of butter, rubbed together with a teaspoonful of sugar; make it into a paste with water. Roll it as thin as possible, and cut it into square-shaped pieces. Enclose a large spoonful of the pulp into each square of paste, make the edges secure with white of egg, cover them with yellow of egg beaten, biscuit crumbled and sifted, and fry in boiling lard till they are of a fine yellow color.

Cucumbers à la Poulette.—Put some floured butter—butter rolled in flour—into a stewpan, with slices of cucumber dressed as for à la maitre d'hotel; moisten with some good cream, or stock in default of cream. Toss the cucumber until well heated through, then take it off the fire and add two yolks of eggs and a few drops—to taste—of vinegar.

Spinach.—Wash and drain the spinach; put into a saucepan; cover it; put no water with it, and let it remain until done. Take it out and chop it up fine, and return it to the saucepan with cream and butter. Serve it upon toast, with poached eggs upon the top of it.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE BENGALINE OR HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The petticoat has the front laid in small tucks, from the waist-line down, the centre being about twelve inches, and from that graduated toward either side; this corresponds with the vest. The Directoire coat is cut in one, as seen in the illustration: the front of the bodice being supplied with three large plaits, which are laid to the waist. The back falls straight, with a short butterfly loop over the very small tournure. Collar, cuffs, and pointed waistband are all tucked to match the vest, etc. Hat of straw, faced and trimmed with electric-blue velvet or gros-grain silk. A red bird, with outspread wings, is placed in front, which gives a very stylish effect.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FANCY PLAID WOOLENS OR SCOTCH ZEPHYR-CLOTH. The underskirt is laid in wide

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box-plaits, at the right side and across the back. The overdrapery forms a long point in front, and is looped high on the right side; the left side falls straight, and the back is jaboted to meet the side which is looped. The jacket-bodice opens over a vest of the same; revers, pockets, cuffs, and collar also. Hat of Milan braid, trimmed with standing loops of plaid ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF DARK-RED FIGURED AND PLAIN BENGALINE, CHALLIS, OR BATISTE. The plain skirt is first trimmed with two bands of guipure insertion in white, laid over black moiré ribbon of the same width. An edge of the same finishes the skirt Then the skirt is laid in wide side-plaits all around. The bodice, which is of the plain material, has a short point at the back; in front, it is fulled at the waist, opening over a vest of black moiré. The revers, of moiré, form a deep square collar at the back; collar and edge of bodice trimmed with an edge like the bottom of skirt. A wide black moiré sash at the back, consisting of one long loop and two ends, finishes this costume. Hat of gray braid, trimmed with maize-colored surah and a black cock's-feather, is worn with this dress.

FIG. IV.—REDINGOTE, OF GOBELIN-BLUE CASSIMERE, combined with coachman's-drab cashmere for the vest, petticoat, and drapery on the front of skirt. The coat is cut all in one, with the fullness at the sides and back put into large plaits. The vest and edge of skirt are braided with a narrow braid in a darker shade, likewise the high collar. The coat fastens in front with a wide silver buckle. Small toque, of black velvet, trimmed with ostrich-tips.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY AND GOLDEN-BROWN PLAID SUMMER WOOLENS OR GINGHAM. The petticoat is plain, with the front breadth gathered at the waist. The sides are in wide box-plaits and the back slightly looped. The jacket-bodice opens over a full vest of white China crêpe or India silk, and is cut away across the front. The sash, of poppy-red ribbon, begins at the right-side seam, crosses, and ends in two long loops with ends at the left side. Collar of red to match. Coat-sleeves fulled-in at the shoulders. Hat of straw, trimmed with poppies and leaves.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND DULL-RED STRIPED FOULARD. The skirt is quite plain and gathered to the waist. The bodice is pointed and full at the waist in front, and is made with a small coat-basque at the back. It opens over a plain vest-piece of black silk and terminates under a rosette. The sleeves have cuffs of black silk, and are made with a full trimming at the top. Collar of black silk, and long loops-and-ends of black ribbon on the right side of the dress.

FIG. VII.—BODICE, OF DARK-BLUE SURAH. It is finely tucked, back and front; skirt, sleeves, and collar are also tucked. The sleeves are put on full to a ruffle, and the plaits pulled out loosely at the bottom. Three bands of ribbon, with butterfly bows in front, come from under the arms.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK STRAW CAPOTE, trimmed with black lace, loops of black velvet, and light-yellow roses. Deep veil of spotted net.

FIG. IX.—PARASOL, of plaid silk, with ribbon bow on the handle to correspond.

FIG. X.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with white ostrich-plumes and a bird at the back. The hencoop veil has a drawing-string at the bottom, to keep it in place.

FIG. XI.—TRAVELING-COAT, OF SCOTCH TWEED. This coat is made with plaits in front, to cover the entire dress; but the front can be omitted, if it is desired. It opens over a dark cloth vest, and has a belt of surah silk corresponding in color with the coat. The three capes, as well as the rest of the coat, the turndown collar, and cuffs, are machine-stitched.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE AND BROWN SATEEN. The underskirt is finished with a deep flounce put on with a cord. The upperskirt is untrimmed, and is looped high at the sides. The bodice is made with a coat-back, is slightly full in front, and opens over a gathered vest of plain blue sateen. A ribbon belt, finished with a rosette, comes from under the arm. Plaited collar of the plain blue sateen.

FIG. XIII.—STRAW HAT, with very low crown, deep front, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with light-green ribbon. A roll of the ribbon is placed under the brim.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE WATCH. The watch is set in a pretty leather bracelet, and is intended to be worn in traveling, shopping, or at any time when it may prove more convenient than one fastened away in a pocket.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE, FOR A FOULARD OR SATEEN DRESS. The under-sleeve is of the plain material, is finely tucked, and terminates with a ruffle. The over-sleeve is of the figured stuff, and is draped at the top.

FIG. XVI.—PARASOL, OF BLACK LACE. A foundation is of the thinnest black silk that can be used, and the black lace is slightly gathered on to it. The parasol, when opened, is almost transparent; it is very dressy, but not a great protection in very hot weather.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, the crown of which is composed of shaded leaves. A demi-garland of spring roses, set in lace, is on the front, and the strings are of black lace.

FIG. XVIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATEEN, covered with poppy-red spots. The drapery of the overskirt is so long, that the underskirt shows but little. The bodice has a small coat-basque at the back, and opens over a full black surah vest. The wide Directoire lappels are faced with black surah. Loose sleeves, with black surah cuffs. Hat of black lace, trimmed with dark-red roses.

FIG. XIX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF FOULARD. The underskirt is of striped material, made plain, and fastened on the right side with simulated buttonholes. The overdress is of plain foulard, with long draperies, turned back on the right side at the front. The bodice is made of the plain foulard, rounded at the waist, fastened with large crocheted buttons, and has collar, revers, and cuffs of the striped foulard. The sleeves are short and full.

FIG. XX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND PLAID WOOLEN MATERIAL. The underskirt is of the plain woolen and quite untrimmed. The overdress is of a rich dull plaid woolen, open at the sides and falling in long straight folds. The plain bodice has a vest, collar, and cuffs of the plaid, and is trimmed on either side of the vest with crochet-buttons. Toque of silk to match the dress in color. This costume would look well made up in some of the new plaid ginghams.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For walking-wear, the polonaise or Princess dress, with long straight lines in the back, flat sides, large square pockets, bodices with revers from the shoulder to the waist, vest and petticoat of a different material, are very much worn. The same effect may be produced, if preferred, by draperies arranged on the skirt in a similar way, and a separate bodice with very short points at the back, the sides cut off so as only just to cover the waistband of the skirt, and the vest ending in a point.

The bustle or "improver" is still worn, but quite small; for the extreme top of the dress is decidedly held out, though steels have disappeared from the lower part of the skirt.

Bodices are usually made with loose edges over a vest, and with revers or "rolling" collars, even if the skirts are not made so long and flat. The backs of bodices are made with a slight fullness; but broad sashes are often worn, falling over the back-breadths of the skirt, relieving the straightness.

Sleeves are frequently made either of a different material from the dress or puffed at the top of the arm, or epauletted far down the arm, or have a strip of different material let in from shoulder to wrist.

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Sateens, ginghams, challis, India silks, foulards, and all other thin materials will be worn slightly draped, the very plain long lines being quite unsuitable for such thin materials, but the back-breadths will fall in straight folds, while the draping at the sides or in front will be so scant that the general effect of the straight lines will be given.

Scotch flannels, which are half cotton and half wool, come in all the new beautiful colors, and are growing in popularity for tennis-dresses and walking-dresses.

India silks and foulards are in all the new colors, with rather large patterns in white or some pretty contrasting color.

Challis are usually in white grounds, with pretty single flowers or bouquets thrown over them.

Ginghams are in the most beautiful colors, either in stripes or plaids, the largest plaids being usually made up for children.

Nun's-veiling, one of the most useful materials for dresses, especially for deep mourning, is as popular as ever.

Black Chantilly is both too pretty and too serviceable to be laid aside, and is so suitable for either full-dress occasions or for plainer dress that it retains its popularity to the fullest extent. A few flowers or some rich bows of colored ribbons will turn a plain black lace dress into one suitable for any occasion.

Mantles are small, with long ends.

Bonnets are worn quite small, as a rule; though the large Directoire style is affected by those who wish something new. It is not usually becoming, however.

Hats are either quite large and picturesque or small and close-fitting, in the toque style. High crowns are not in favor.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions of the present spring show but little positive change, so far, from the styles of the past winter. This was to be expected, after the thorough revolution in the make of dresses which has taken place during the past six months. The adoption of flat-plaited skirts, of short demi-trains, and of modified leg-of-mutton sleeves, together with the revival of dresses with corsage and skirt or over-skirt cut in one piece, such as the redingote, and the polonaise, and the princesse dress, are sufficient to mark the inauguration of a new era in feminine toilette. Looped skirts are abolished, to the great misery of the dressmakers, who have discovered, after years of disuse, that it is much harder to make a gracefully cut skirt, falling in straight plain folds, than one that admitted of being looped up here and bunched up there whenever any little irregularity presented itself. The Directoire sash is losing some of its suddenly acquired popularity. It is so very unbecoming to ladies with stout figures, that every woman of moderate embonpoint that had once tried it abandoned it immediately.

The polonaise and princesse-cut dresses are very advantageous for spring wear, as they can be worn for promenading without a wrap as soon as the mild weather definitely makes its appearance. A very elegant form of the latter style of costume is to have the dress in cashmere, with underskirt, plaited vest, and corsage-revers in satin. The satin underskirt is made in flat square plaits in front, the perfectly plain princesse-cut dress in cashmere falling over it in straight loose folds. A very handsome toilette in this style has just been made in terra-cotta cashmere and satin for a young Parisian bride. Another handsome costume, for the same young lady, was in dark-green cashmere and watered silk. The back of the polonaise had a pointed piece of watered silk let into the cashmere corsage, and meeting full folds of watered silk which formed the back of the skirt. The sides, corsage-front, and melon-shaped upper portions of the sleeves were in cashmere, and the vest, the sleeves in coat-shape from elbow to wrist, and the plaited front of the underskirt, were in watered silk.

The redingote is universally adopted for the more elegant form of demi-toilette, such as is in vogue for small dinners, soirées musicales, and such like informal entertainments. It is made in brocade, usually in a solid color, and opens from the throat downward over an underdress that may be in lace, or in satin, or embroidered gauze, or in crèpe de Chine, being about a quarter of a yard shorter than the round underskirt. Very often the sleeves are made with high puffed epaulettes. When the underdress is in crape or gauze, a wide belt in some soft silken material is often added with good effect. The whole dress should be in one color, every portion of it matching in shade. A very elegant dress of this description was lately worn by a noted Parisian beauty to a small dinner-party. The redingote was in white brocade, with small set designs of flowers also in white. The underdress of white crape was made with a vest in flat folds, finished at the throat with a wide band in pearl beads, from which fell a deep fringe of the same beads. The skirt was in crape, with horizontal lines of white lace insertion, the whole laid in wide flat folds.

As for bonnets and hats, the shapes remain, as ever, widely eclectic. Hats are worn large or small or of moderate size, and the little capote bonnets are growing smaller and smaller, till actually some of the latest novelties in this line look as though they were adapted to fit a lady's fist instead of her head. A little puff of pale-pink gauze bordered all around with a row of large flat pink roses, and having an aigrette of herons' feathers set in the front of the brim, is one of the last ones shown. Gold lace or fragments of genuine antique cloth of gold are also employed for these dressy little bonnets. The Henri III toque is very popular in straw or in flat folds of crape or of surah, bordered with a band of velvet or of solid-colored brocade, and adorned with three ostrich-tips set directly in front.

Some of the most original evening-dresses of the season have skirt-fronts or side-panels in white satin, painted by hand with groups or long sprays of flowers in water-colors, sometimes with birds or butterflies introduced into the design. An exquisite toilette of this kind had the skirt-front painted with a representation of long peacock's-feathers, the eye of each feather being formed by an imitation cabochon sapphire. The train and corsage were in peacock-blue velvet. Fan of peacock's-plumes, mounted on tortoiseshell. Ornaments of emeralds and diamonds.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF BROWN AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID, FOR A GIRL. The skirt is plain, and laid in box-plaits at the back. The slightly full bodice crosses over to the left side, and has a large revers finished with a brown silk plaiting. It terminates in a ruffle under a brown silk sash.

FIG. II.—SAILOR-COSTUME, FOR A SMALL BOY. The suit is of navy-blue serge. The skirt is plaited, the blouse has a large collar, and the jersey has an anchor embroidered in front.

FIG. III.—LAWN-TENNIS COSTUME, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The dress is of dark-blue linen, with Turkey-red panels embroidered with racquets. The bodice has bretelles to match the panels; and the cuffs, sash, and collar are also of the Turkey-red. Crossed racquets are embroidered on the top of the sleeves. The stockings are in blue and red stripes. Dark-blue straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S HAT, of soft gray felt.

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THE GREEN LEAF AND THE SERE.

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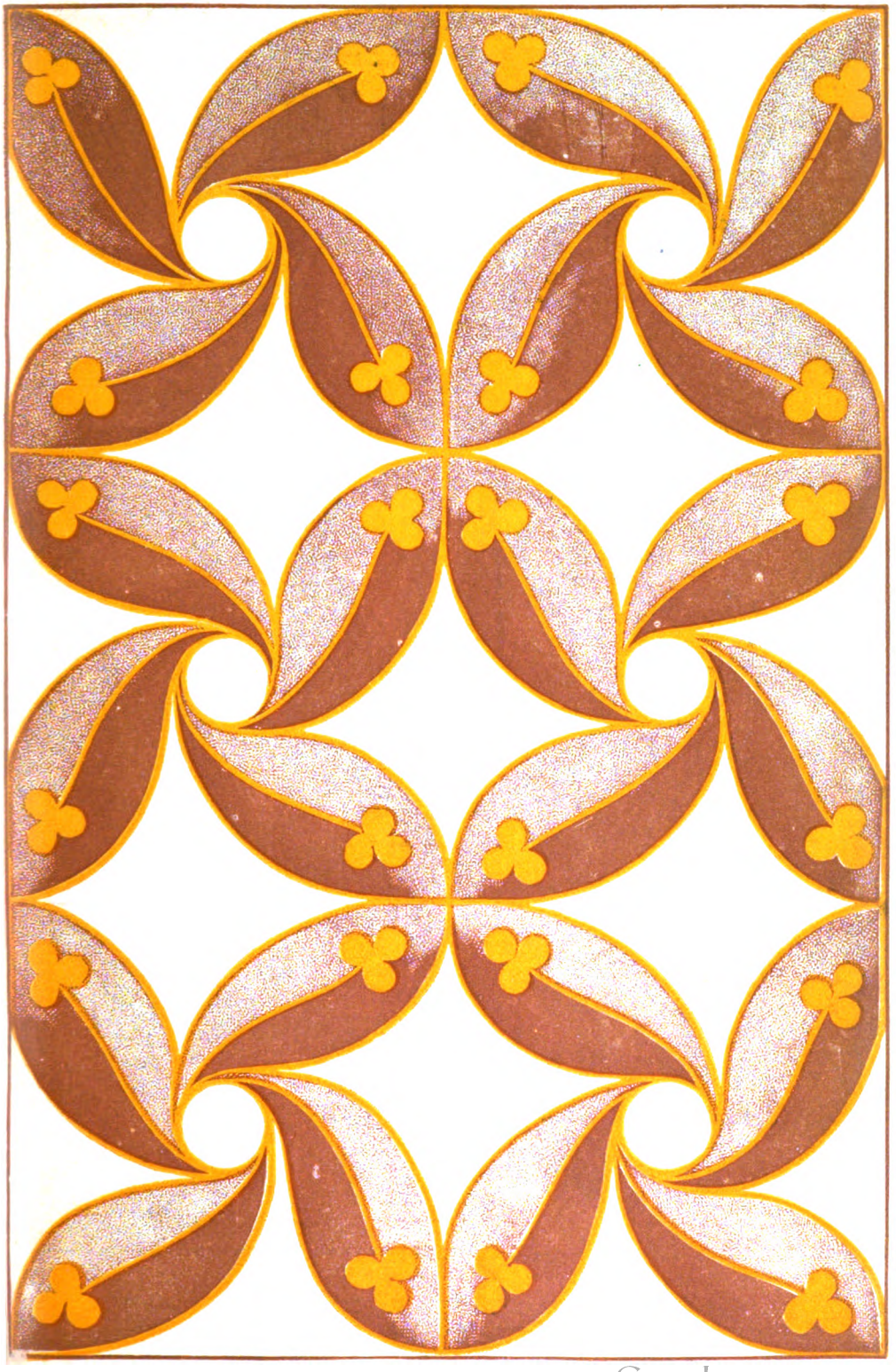

15th Century Design for Border of Curtain, &c.

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TENDER AND TRUE. [*See the Story, "Kept to the Letter."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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HOUSE-DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS. DIRECTOIRE CAPOTE.

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BAPTISTE COSTUME. NEW-STYLE SLEEVES.

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WALKING-DRESS. CHILD'S COAT AND HAT.

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WALKING-DRESS. TOQUE. STRINGLESS BONNET.

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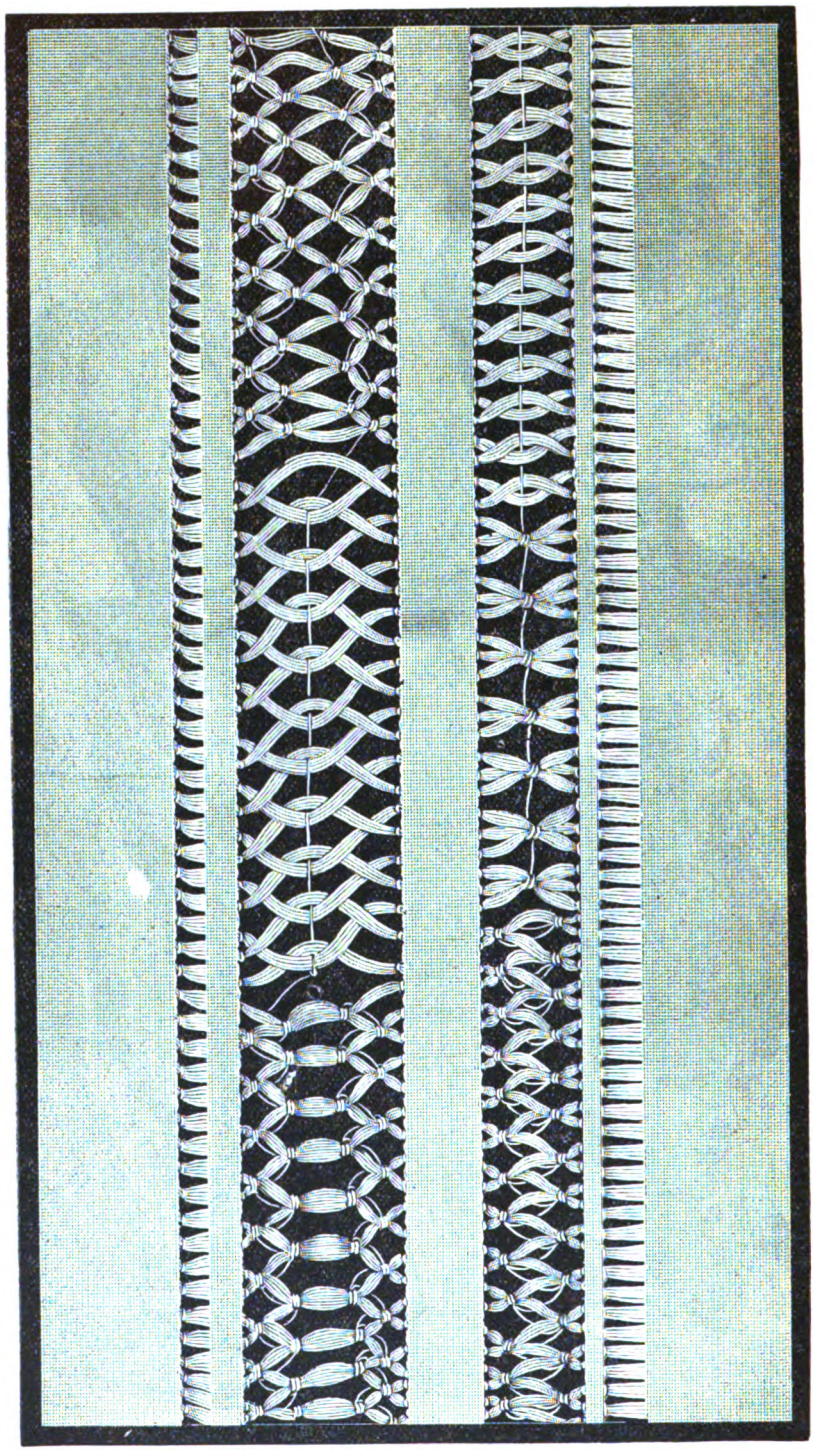

PATTERNS FOR DRAWN-WORK.

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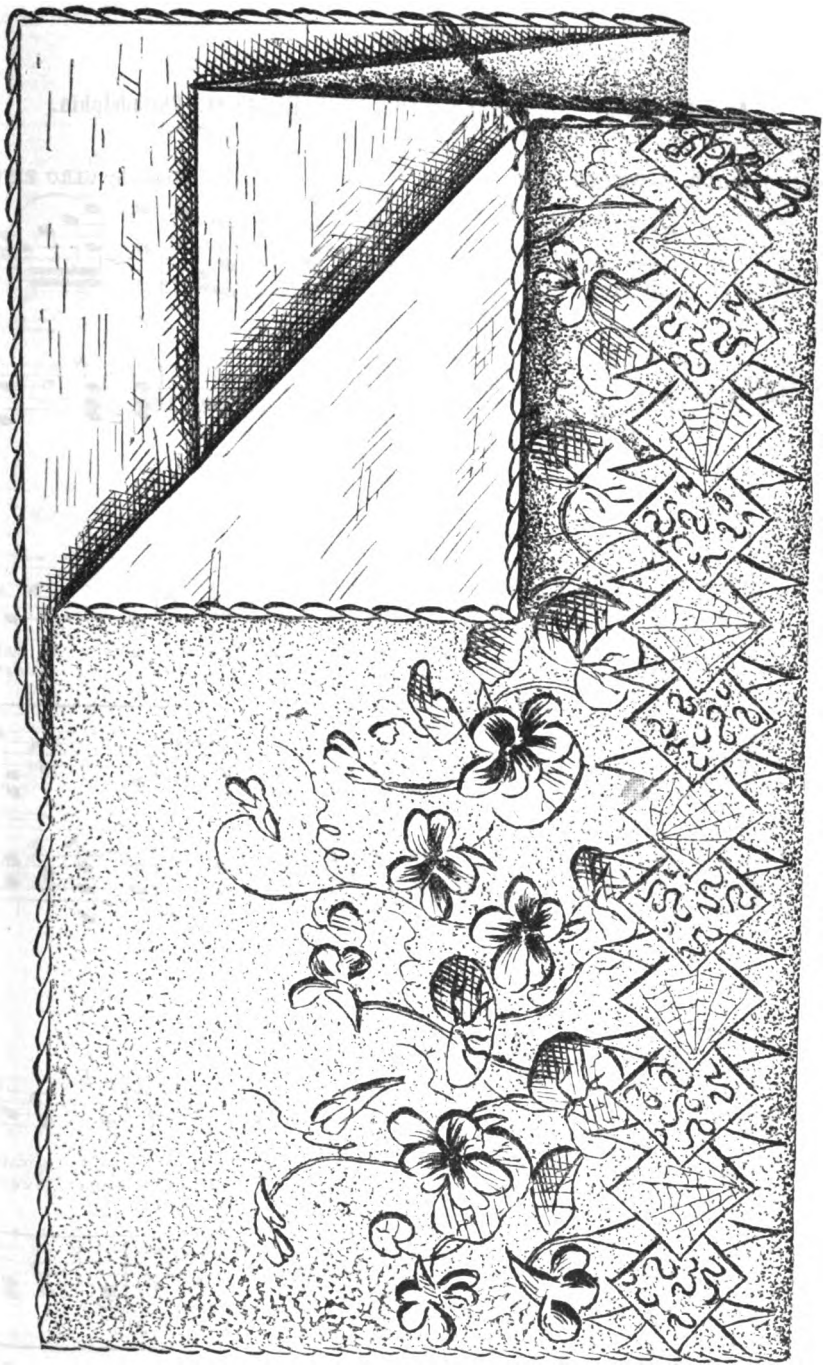

PHOTOGRAPH-CASE.

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FOR YOU AND ME.

SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY. **Music by CIRO PINSUTI.**

Andante moderato.

Piano.

p *cres.* *f*

p

1. There are snows the lands to whit - en, There are flow'rs to bud and
2. There are bells to chime at twi - light, There are loves to dawn and

p *legato.*

blow, There are days and homes of gladness, There are nights of want and
wake, There are lips for song and laughter, There are hearts to weep and

f *p*

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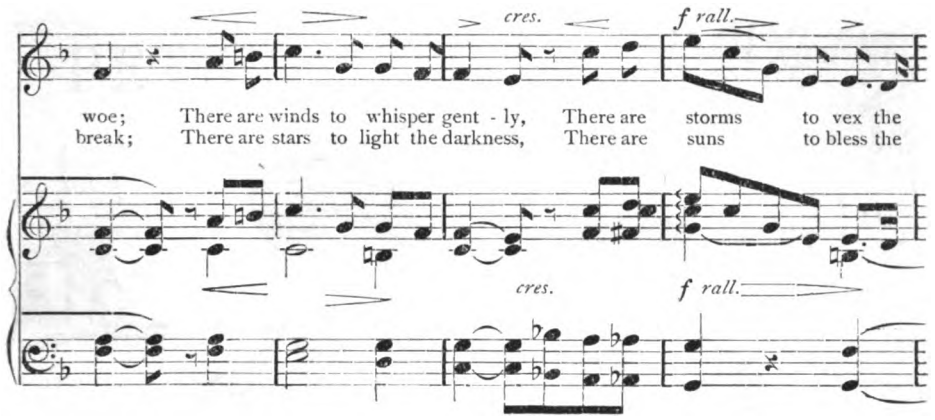

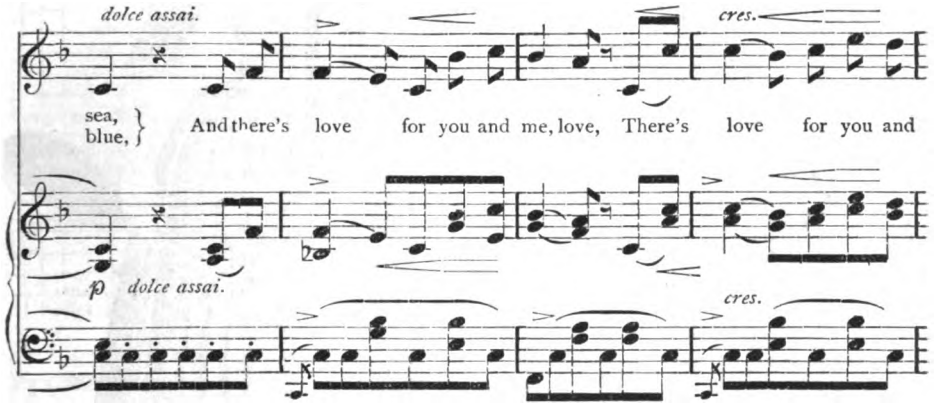

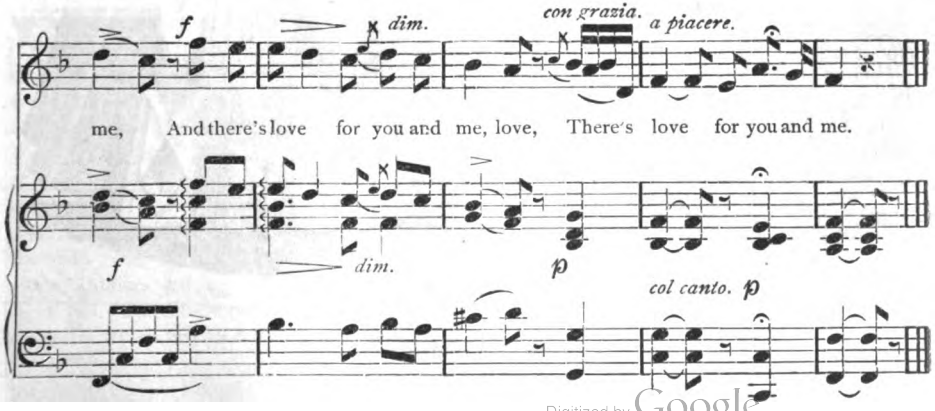

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TENNIS-COSTUMES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCV. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1889. No. 5.

A POET'S STORY.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THERE is scarcely a poet of the last century whose writings have been so prized by other poets as those of William Cowper, and yet where that chief essential of the bard, imagination, is concerned, he seems to us, regarding him through the distance, to fall far below several of his brethren who were among his warmest admirers.

Certain poems of his remain household treasures, and the children of several generations have counted John Gilpin's famous ride among their earliest essays in learning and repeating verse, while "The Task" has been as much a matter of necessity in every book-case as the comfortable article of furniture its opening pages celebrate has in every parlor. It seems odd that the man who showed not only such gifts of quaint humor, but an appreciation of downright fun, should have possessed the melancholy character which belonged to this pleasant singer; yet, among the whole list of poets who have breathed their suffering into song, there is none who demands more sympathy than he.

Cowper's life makes one of the saddest chapters in literary history, and there is nothing in the record to detract from our sympathy by being forced to admit that many of his sorrows were of his own making, as is the case when we analyze the troubles which Byron and Burns pictured in such glowing verse. The taint of insanity, perhaps inherited, cast its shadow over the whole course of an existence that would otherwise have been quiet and serene, and toward the close of his life it deepened into a night which was only at short intervals cleared away from the brilliant mind and loving nature.

There are few romantic incidents to chronicle in his history; it holds neither passionate love nor hate; his life was as free as his verse from the recklessness or vice which stained the career of only too many of the world's famous minstrels.

William Cowper was born toward the close of 1731, in the venerable old rectory of Berkhanstead, Hertfordshire. His father was a clergyman, at one time chaplain to George II, and on both sides of his house he was connected with England's titled aristocracy. Indeed, his mother traced her pedigree back to Henry III, and—what we can fancy her son must have prized still more highly—ranked among later ancestors one of the kings of the mental world, in the person of John Dormer, the metaphysical poet.

That mother died when Cowper was a child of six; but the poem addressed long years after to her picture—perhaps the sweetest and most touching he ever produced—shows not only the tenderness of his own nature, but proves the elevated character of the parent whose virtues had been so striking as to impress themselves indelibly on his infantile mind.

Following close on the loss of his mother, an affliction which he felt with a strength beyond

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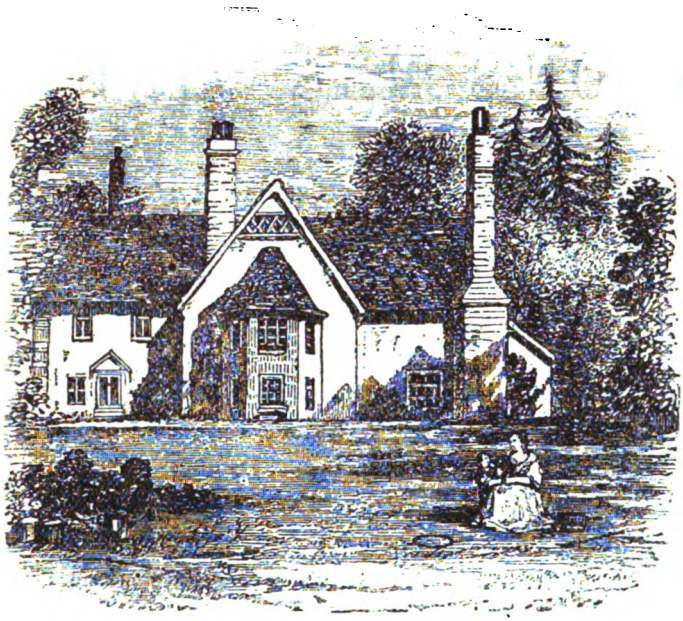

COWPER'S BIRTHPLACE.

his age, as children endowed with keen sensitiveness do feel trouble, came a new misfortune —one, too, from which it should seem his tender years ought to have spared him. He was consigned to a boarding-school, where, from the account he gives when long decades lay between him and that season, he must have suffered tortures from the cruelty of older boys, as so many poor little mites have done under the system of conducting schools which still remains a blot on English morals and humanity.

He found a special tormentor in a precocious young brute of fifteen, of whom he stood in such dread that he dared not look in his face. With the peculiar reticence of a nature like his, Cowper bore for two whole years the barbarous treatment of this tyrant without a complaint; but, at the end of that time, his sufferings were discovered, and he was removed to the noted Westminster school, where he spent what seem to have been seven years of sufficient personal comfort and mental advantage.

At the end of that period, his father apprenticed him, against his wishes, to an attorney, in whose office he remained for three years; but neither while there, nor during his later residence in the Temple for the completion of his studies, does he seem to have been at all earnest in preparing himself for the position which family influence had in store, that of Clerk to the House of Lords. It was while living in the Temple that Cowper showed the first symptoms of the species of insanity which nowadays we term melancholia. His father's death was followed by a fresh sorrow—that of having an engagement he had formed with a cousin abruptly broken off by her parents; and these troubles, added to growing pecuniary cares and the insurmountable horror of entering into public life, preyed on his gloomy and over-sensitive spirit till, when religious excitement added itself to his woes, his mind suddenly gave way. He conceived the horrible idea that he had committed the mysterious unpardonable sin on which certain divines of the last century dwell so much, and the agonies he endured have been poignantly painted in both poems and letters.

It proved necessary to place him in an asylum; but, at the expiration of eighteen months, he came out so well restored, that a decade passed before he was again attacked by his malady. He had been obliged to relinquish all hope of accepting either of the positions which his relatives obtained for him. The bare attempt to undertake public duties nearly upset his brain anew; so he retired into the country, and took up his abode in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Unwin. His friendship with the latter has been celebrated in his poems, and, after the husband's death, he continued to reside with her—first at Olney, and later at Weston.

No man ever had a more faithful friend, for Mrs. Unwin was not only his congenial companion, but his unwearied nurse during seasons of bodily and mental ill-health. Although he had written a good deal of fugitive verse, Cowper did not become a poet until he was fifty years of age—perhaps the only instance on record of a man who has achieved fame beginning his work so late in life.

His earliest volume, consisting mostly of religious poems, seemed at first to attract little attention, but became later very popular; and

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from that time his success steadily increased, till in 1784 it culminated in the triumph which followed the publication of his master-piece, "The Task."

The society of Lady Austen, with whom Mrs. Unwin and the poet had formed a close intimacy, produced a strong effect on his mind. She seems, besides her great powers of sympathetic affection, to have been an unusually cheerful woman, full of spirit and gayety; and the ballad of John Gilpin was composed, one night, after Cowper had listened to her bright rendition of the legend. Indeed, it is probable that, save for her, his most renowned poem would never have been conceived. She had for a long time urged him to undertake something in blank verse, and he at length consented. But, no theme which he deemed suitable presenting itself to his fancy, he begged her to propose one.

"Oh, you can never be in want of a subject —you can write on any," she answered, then added, laughing: "Write about this sofa on which I sit!"

He seized in earnest on the idea, beginning in a very epic strain, and, when he had finished "The Sofa," composed the other poems. He gave to the whole the name of "The Task," in recognition of the work having been performed at his friend's command; and seldom has a woman set any man a more important one, little as Lady Austen or the poet realized the fact.

It is sad to read that later the friendship between the pair came to an abrupt end. Lady Austen took lasting offense at a letter which he wrote her, full of reproof, and pointing out that she held too fanciful ideas in regard to their relationship. This certainly was not a poetical thing for him to do: and, since the brilliant woman's sentiments were evidently as platonic as his own, one wishes he had not essayed the role of stern mentor and moralist toward a person whom he himself describes in terms which depict a very lovely character.

"Discover but a wish to serve her," he says, in a letter to a friend, "and she never forgets it; not only thanks you, but the tears will start to her eyes at the recollection of the smallest service. With these fine feelings, she has the most, and the most harmless, vivacity you can imagine."

Platonic friendships played an important part in Cowper's life; for, besides his intimacy with Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen, he was the ardent friend of his cousin, Lady Hesketh, the sister of the Theodora Cowper whom he loved in his youth, and whom he never saw after the opposition of her parents brought their pretty idyl to a sudden close. For years he was separated from Lady Hesketh, because after her marriage she resided on the Continent; but, when she became a widow, she returned to England to find her relative a famous man, and their old intercourse was resumed.

Cowper's poems and letters form a very fair autobiography—they reveal the sweetness and gentleness of his character, his love of nature, and his extreme affection for dumb animals. Indeed, his pet hares played such an important part in his epistles, were the subject of such graceful verses, and occupied so much of his leisure time, that one who loves his writings learns to feel a deep interest in them.

The portrait which heads this article is considered the best ever painted of him, and was done by Abbot in 1792. When it was completed, Cowper wrote to a friend: "How do you imagine I have been occupied during these last ten days? In sitting—not on cockatrice eggs, nor yet to gratify mere idle humor, nor because I was too ill to move: but because my Cousin

COWPER AND HIS PETS.

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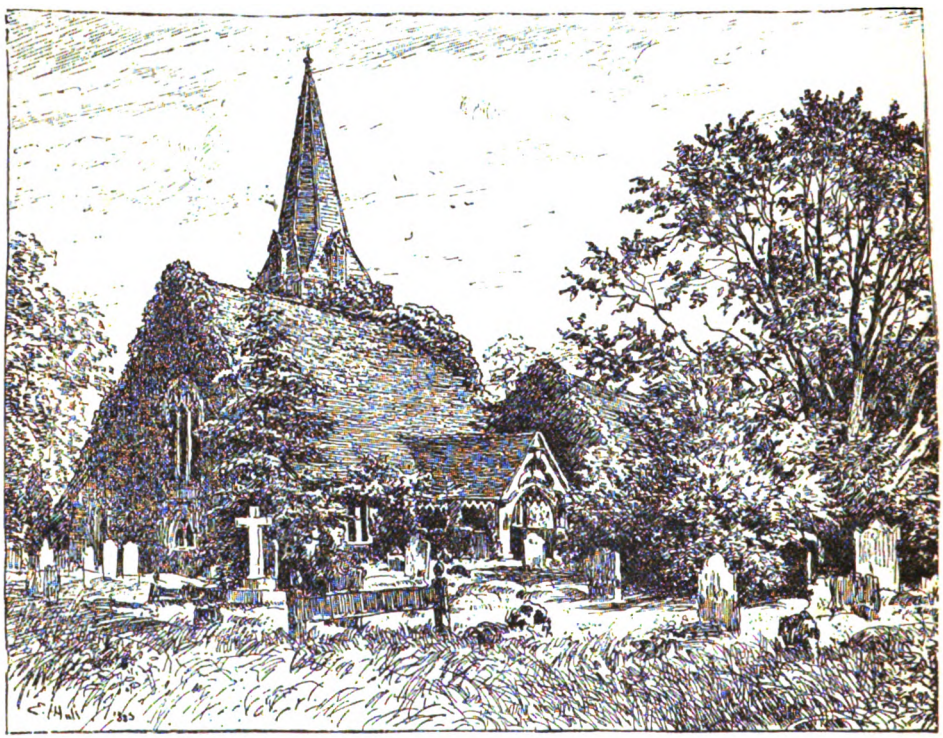
Johnson has an aunt who has a longing desire of my picture, and because he would, therefore, bring a painter from London to draw it. For this purpose, I have been sitting, as I say, these ten days, and am heartily glad that my sitting-time is over."

The poet was evidently much pleased with the result, for we find him indulging in doggerel concerning it, to another correspondent:

"Abbot is painting me so true,
That, trust me, you would stare
And hardly know at the first view
If I was here or there."

Of his personal appearance at this period, one of his biographers says:

"From his figure, as it first appeared to me in his sixtysecond year, I should imagine he must have been very comely in youth; and little had time injured his countenance, since his features expressed at that period of life all the powers of his mind and all the sensibility of his heart. He was of middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs. The color of his hair was a light-brown, that of his eyes a bluish-gray, and his complexion ruddy. In his



DEREHAM CHURCH.

dress, he was neat and not finical; in his diet, temperate and not dainty.

"He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shy sometimes often produced in his manner an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect health and perfectly pleased with his society. Toward women in particular, his behavior and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree."

Poets and essayists have never wearied of praising "The Task" in glowing terms, any more than the public has of reading it. Had he possessed far less genius than was his portion, Cowper would have filled a prominent place in English literature, from the fact that he brought about a thorough reform from the affectations of the preceding generation of poets, and still higher claim, he was the first, as a distinguished critic has well said, "who ventured to make the fireside heroic, or set in front all that is happy and beautiful."

In 1786, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed from Olney to Weston, in order to be close to Lady Hesketh. There, the poet was seized with another attack of insanity, which left him afflicted by terrible melancholy. To increase his troubles, Mrs. Unwin, grown an old woman, began to fail in body and mind. Cowper was

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now sought after by the noble and gifted; he and his companion of long years paid visits to their numerous friends, who tried in every way to cheer them. But the case of both was hopeless. Mrs. Unwin's mental faculties weakened gradually—the poet was mad. At length, it became necessary for those interested to take decisive steps. The two were placed under the charge of trusty competent persons, and in 1796 Mrs. Unwin died.

Cowper lived till the spring of 1800, and, during that period, there were intervals when his reason returned, and he even showed bright flashes of intellectual vigor.

He was buried in Dereham Church, and Lady Hesketh erected the monument which marks the spot.

That grave is a shrine to every lover of genius, and, among its countless chaplets, the most beautiful is this wreath of immortelles laid there by Elizabeth Browning:

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish—
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

And now, what time ye all may read with dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted."

THE DREAM OF THE DESERTED.

BY GERTIE V. GUERNSEY.

I DREAMED, at midnight's charmèd hour,
My false love came to me;
No vision raised by fancy's power
More real could seem to be.

He took the pledge-ring from my hand
He crushed it 'neath his foot,
And in its place another band
Of lustrous pearls he put.

I wandered down the garden-path,
To see the myrtle fair
I planted for my bridal-wreath
And nursed with tender care;

Then broke the band of pearls in twain
And fell upon the ground.
I sought, but sought it all in vain—
The ring was never found.

And lo! my precious myrtle there,
That bloomed so fresh and free,
Changed to the emblem of despair,
The darksome rosemary.

Prophetic vision of the night,
No fortune-telling seer
I need to read thy meaning right—
The omened doom is near!

The charmèd ring that love endears
Was broken, like thy faith;
The pearls have melted into tears,
The dream foreshadows death.

The myrtle turned to rosemary,
A funeral-wreath to make;
And broke the ring he gave to me,
As soon my heart shall break.

MY BUILDERS.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

'TWAS a wonderful kingdom they builded,
So close to the sun-kissed strand,
And, their labors complete, they were sleeping,
My three, on the snowy sand.

The breeze kissed their dainty faces,
And tangled their curls of gold.
Close to your kingdom the tide is creeping—
Ah me! but the story's old.

You'd no thought of your kingdom's danger,
For the walls were high and wide,
And so filled with steepled churches,
And strongly builded beside.

The tide's o'er the wall. Sleep on, my builders,
Till it shall have wrought its will.
It's cruel to wake and find it vanished—
To watch it vanishing, crueler still.

You will weep o'er it when you waken,
To-night you'll dream it's still fair;
You will build another to-morrow,
With the still tide waiting there.

And, in all the coming to-morrow,
Oh, my precious ones, fast asleep,
You will build, and joy in building—
You will watch the wrecks, and weep.

And my prayer for you is, my darlings,
My prayer with my great love fraught:
God grant you may sleep after building,
While the tide's wrecking work is wrought!

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THE CLASS OF '83.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

"THE meeting will please come to order," said Esther Morgan, bringing her gavel down forcibly on the table amid the chattering of her classmates.

"Hurry, girls!" cried Sadie Browne. "Queen Esther is getting cross."

The girls became quiet, and the officers took their places. Kitty Kline, the secretary, climbed to a high stool by the desk at which she presided, looking much like a demure kitten, and Anna Fairchild hurried to the treasurer's corner and grasped the insignia of her office, a toy bank in which the funds of the class were deposited, together with a much-used screw-driver, by means of which they were liberated.

Esther untied the ribbon stretched across the president's chair to guard it from profane intrusion, and, seating herself, said sadly: "This is our very last class-meeting, girls. Next week we graduate!"

"We ought to have celebrated the occasion by a 'spread,'" exclaimed Sadie. "Why didn't we think? Oh, I sigh for Briggs's and Colham's fried oysters, and D'Arblee's delicious ices!"

Sadie was interrupted by groans and hisses from the girls. But Esther frowned on such levity, and inquired with dignity: "Has the occasion no solemnity for you, girls—no sadness?"

"Plenty," responded irrepressible Sadie. "We're always solemn when there's nothing in the larder," indicating, by a wave of her hand, a cupboard where the girls had kept their "goodies."

"You are getting too old to talk such nonsense, Sadie," said dignified Esther. "You must remember that you graduate next week, and become a woman."

"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," replied Sadie, saucily. "I hate to leave the 'Sem' and the girls as much as you do, Esther. But how glorious to be free! Let's not think of the good-byes. Let's talk about the happy days we mean to have."

"Rather about what we mean to make of ourselves," and Miriam Stacy's brown eyes smiled gravely.

"There speaks our earnest Miriam," said Anna Fairchild. "And she is right, girls. We are almost women now, and must think of something besides pleasure. I wish you'd all agree to a thing I've been thinking about and mean to try."

"Oh! one of Anna's startling schemes for revolutionizing the world!" groaned Sadie. "Any more five-mile walks before breakfast, Anna?" referring to a proceeding into which Anna had once beguiled the class.

"I hope it isn't anything dreadfully strong-minded," sighed Cora Dayton, a pale pretty girl of eighteen. "You remember you took us all to a woman-suffrage meeting once."

"And, worst of all," exclaimed Kitty Kline, shaking her dainty fist, "she organized an anti-confectionery society, and tried to have us substitute fruit for D'Arblee's bon-bons."

"You would never do anything original if I didn't stir you up, girls," pleaded Anna, in self-defense, after the laughter over Kitty's accusation had subsided.

"I am afraid that is true," admitted Esther Morgan, reluctantly. "Anna has been a real inspiration to us. How many good things she has helped us to! We should never have formed that reading-circle outside of our school-work, which we have enjoyed so much, if it had not been for Anna. And she has been the prime mover in our botanizing and field-parties."

"Yes, and she persuaded me to loosen my corsets, and Sadie to give up her coffee. We never have those terrible headaches now, though Sadie shivers over her cold water in the morning, and I look like Mrs. Dr. Stubbs—and you all know how distressingly stout she is." And Kitty put her two little hands on her pretty rounded waist, and tried in vain to clasp them about it.

"What is your new plan, dear?" asked thoughtful Miriam.

"Just this: you have all heard me say that every girl should learn some lucrative work or trade by which she could become self-supporting if circumstances obliged. I think a woman

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should know how to keep accounts and something about business quite as much as a man. For my part, I am not content to have men arrogate to themselves everything in the world that is really worth knowing."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed Sadie. "What do you want us to do? Learn to be porters and coal-diggers, or cooks and chambermaids and seamstresses, and sit in the intelligence-offices, waiting for positions?"

"How absurd you are, Sadie!" Anna replied, somewhat offended. "I only want each '83 to promise that, before our reunion in 1885, she will earn a certain sum of money by her own efforts. It isn't so much the money that I care about; it is the knowledge and training we will get."

Anna looked anxiously about, to watch the effect of her words.

Blank amazement was pictured on Cora Dayton's face. Cora was a blonde, with hair of the lightest straw-color, lips of the faintest pink, transparent skin, through which the veins gleamed softly, and eyes of a pale placid blue.

New ideas startled Cora. She had never possessed any but second-hand ones. When at home, she was content to be dependent on father and brother. Her classmates and teachers did Cora's thinking at Merlingtown Seminary. She was ever ready to follow another's lead. A good-natured placidity was her distinguishing trait.

Kitty Kline opened her bright eyes and rosy mouth to their furthest extent, and nearly slipped off her stool in mingled curiosity and mirth.

Queen Esther was perplexed and dubious and somewhat haughty.

Anna Fairchild's troubled gaze met Miriam Stacy's, as it flashed her a glance of undisguised approval, and a softly uttered "Bravo, Anna!" broke the silence.

Then Sadie Browne exclaimed, her eyes dancing with fun: "What a dear old crank you are, Anna!"

"You consider anyone who doesn't think just as you do is a crank, Sadie," retorted Anna, quickly.

"Anna is not a crank, but a reformer," said Miriam, the peacemaker.

"Not that, either. I'm only progressive."

"But, Anna, you surely don't mean we are to work—just like common persons?" and Queen Esther's lip curled scornfully.

A hot flush stained Miriam Stacy's olive cheek, but she said bravely: "If Anna did mean that, Esther, I fail to see anything degrading or dishonorable in honest work."

It was well understood by the girls that Miriam's parents were not wealthy, and were fitting their daughter for a teacher. Regretting her hasty speech, Esther rejoined, with a certain rare graciousness of manner that had won for her the title of "Queen": "Forgive me, Miriam. I did not mean intellectual labor, like that of an artist or teacher; but, as Sadie says, 'to haunt intelligence-offices, waiting for a position.'"

"And mix with those horrid woman's-rights women, who wear divided skirts and short hair and want to vote!" exclaimed Cora, whose ideas of business, hygiene, and politics were vague.

"And not have time or freedom for travel or fun?" queried Sadie. "When we've been wearing ourselves to shadows over lessons and rules and regulations all these years!"

"No dress—no parties—no flirtations—no lovers!" Kitty's sweet childish face was very doleful, as she summed up the woes that would result from the adoption of Anna's plan.

"I don't mean that you shall work all the time, or dreadfully hard—of course not. I simply suggest that we pledge ourselves in this way, so we may learn business habits and methods. Suppose we each try to earn one hundred dollars."

"That isn't very much," said Kitty Kline, thinking of the rapidity with which that sum had often melted away before the temptations of confectioners and jewelers and dry-goods establishments. For Kitty loved pretty things, and a wealthy uncle, whose adopted child she was, supplied her with unlimited pocket-money.

"Little to spend, but a great deal to earn," remarked the president, wisely. "Did you ever earn a dollar in your life, Kitty dear?"

"Not a cent!" was the woe-begone response.

"Poor little Miss Absurdity!" laughed Sadie, "How will she ever learn business habits and methods?" imitating Anna's dictatorial tone to the life.

The class of '83 had not pored over Dr. Hopkins's outline study of man for nothing. No, indeed! Did they not all remember his definition of an absurdity, as something "opposed to a mathematical demonstration"? And what could that mean, but Kitty Kline? During her school life, she had been uniformly and absolutely opposed to mathematical demonstration, from cash accounts to astronomy. Even those enchanting problems in trigonometry, which one could work on for days without coming in sight of a solution, had failed to win her admiration. Hence her name.

"How can we earn a hundred dollars, Anna?"

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Sadie inquired, gravely. "It will be easy enough for you and Miriam—she will teach, and you can do anything; but Kitty and I—beg pardon, Kitty—are so stupid."

"Kitty is musical, and you draw and paint beautifully, Sadie; and I can't do either," Anna suggested. "Why not turn your talents to account?"

"Perhaps some of you will earn it at one grand effort," suggested Miriam. "But you won't have the experience and growth we will have, who must drudge for it."

Anna Fairchild was the daughter of a self-made man, who had instilled into her many of his own progressive ideas. She had been the leading spirit in the class of '83, and was ever on the alert for something new. Anna was tall and angular, with dark curls, which clustered over her head as profusely as ideas gathered within it. The keen brown eyes were clear and critical, but could grow wonderfully tender. Quick to observe, thoroughly truthful, she was inclined to be a little impatient with dullness or timidity or unfairness.

Anna was used to having her plans ridiculed and condemned; but, as she usually carried her point, she felt confident of success now. The girls were sure to yield in the end. After much discussion and persuasion, they agreed to the plan, though all but Miriam and Anna declared they had no idea how the money was to be earned.

It was decided to keep the agreement secret from friends and relatives, and that none of the girls should speak of their experiences to each other, should they meet or write before the two years passed.

And so the meeting adjourned. "It is not so much the pain of the parting," says Bulwer, "as the how and where we are to meet again the face about to vanish from our view."

Two years later, six young women met in the 'senior' room of Merlingtown Seminary. Time had developed and beautified each one, but a strange constraint held them speechless. Esther Morgan broke the silence: "Will you open the experience meeting, Miriam dear? Tell us what you have done with the two years."

Miriam Stacy leaned her graceful head, which sat on the slender neck like a white lily on its stem, against one strong slender hand as she said:

"I can tell little that you do not know. After I graduated, I spent the summer at home, studying hard, for the most part, the work I was to begin in the autumn. I applied for a vacancy in the Tylerville Ladies' Seminary, and was fortunate enough to be accepted. I have taught in the seminary two years; have had classes in algebra, rhetoric, English literature and history, American history, and botany, and have met with fair success. My salary has been $375 yearly, so I have earned more than the sum required. I love my work and my pupils, and have tried to be to them a friend as well as a teacher."

"We all know what a friend you can be!" cried Sadie, gratefully.

"You don't say what a dear, brave, patient girl you have been; but we can guess," added Esther.

"Ah! a teacher's work calls for patience," returned Miriam. "Sometimes, I have grown so discouraged. It is a fearful responsibility, this training young minds in lessons of honor and womanhood."

"Cora, let's have your story." And Queen Esther flashed a sudden sweet smile at the girl who sat so quiet in her arm-chair.

All felt a subtle change in Cora Dayton. She was more independent, more self-sustained, than of old, and her classmates turned to her with interest.

The quick tears sprang to Cora's blue eyes as she began in a low voice: "I wrote to you, girls, of my father's death a few months after our graduation, but I did not tell you that he left brother Charlie and me poor.

"It was a strange experience," Cora continued, smiling sadly at the girls' expressions of sympathy. "Where I had had a hundred dollars for the asking before, I did not have one hundred cents now. Charlie is older than I, and different; brave and proud and independent, and he at once went to work settling up papa's affairs. Charlie sold the house, the furniture, and the horses—everything—and paid all papa's debts. We had only a few hundred dollars left, and went to live in a horrid little boarding-house. I did nothing but cry all the time, and, when I found people snubbing me, and the girls I had been intimate with engaged when I called, I begged Charlie to take me away from Rochester. We went to Philadelphia. Charlie got a position as book-keeper, and worked so hard! I did nothing but cry, and think of papa and the good things we used to have. Poor Charlie, he was always so patient.

"One day, I came across Anna's picture, and remembered our agreement. But I said: 'Of course, I can't do anything now.' I thought I should earn the money from papa in some way. Then I recollected how, when Anna proposed it,

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I thought it so silly for girls with rich fathers to try and earn money, and that work was only for the poor. 'Surely, I am poor enough!' I said. Then I thought what wonderful things I could do with a hundred dollars. Afterward it came to me how selfish I had been, and I determined to turn over a new leaf.

"It was hard work. First, I got out my pretty pictures and 'bric-a-brac' that I had kept stored away, and made our rooms more home-like. Charlie was so pleased, and then I told him I was going to be a better girl. I didn't tell him of our agreement, but I began to plan about earning money. I thought of so many things, but I could do none of them.

"So I painted some little cards and holly-wood articles and tried to sell them; but no one would buy them, and I grew so discouraged! One day, I was in the rooms of the Woman's Exchange, and overheard a lady who was anxious to get some lace-work done. The saleswoman said they were so hurried it was impossible.

"You remember, girls, the only thing I ever knew much about was fancy-work. So I plucked up courage, and told her I could do it. She wanted to see some of my efforts. The next day, I took some pieces to her, with which she was delighted. I made her a handkerchief, and she paid me five dollars. Since then, I have had work from her and the Woman's Exchange, in which she is interested. I have done all kinds of needle-work in lace, worsted, and silk embroidery, also etching and painting, so I got my earnings up to a hundred dollars three weeks ago. I can't originate designs, but I can copy anything.

"And oh, girls, I have been so much happier! It has been so nice to help Charlie, and so good to have something to think of besides our misfortunes." And Cora, who had never talked for so long a time in her life before, without someone from whom to take the cue, paused for breath.

The girls had listened with wet eyes to their friend's story.

"You're a trump, Cora—a regular heroine!" said Anna, warmly.

Miriam Stacy kissed her softly, murmuring: "Brave little girl!"

"You have done wonders, Cora," said Esther. "But why didn't you let us know? We might have helped you, and would have been so glad to do it."

"I did want to write you at first," said Cora, "but Charlie wouldn't let me. He said it would be begging for sympathy."

"You're just splendid!" exclaimed Sadie. "I always envied you the power to make the lovely things you used to at school."

"And oh, Cora! I want lots of beautiful fancy-work for my house, and laces and embroideries for my 'trousseau,' and you shall do them!" cried Kitty Kline, betraying the secret she had been trying so hard to keep till it came her turn to speak.

"Why, Kitty Kline! are you going to be married?" cried the girls. "Tell us at once what that beautiful ring on your finger means!"

Kitty laughed, blushed, dimpled, and was more bewitching than of old.

"Well, girls," she said, with a pretty little air of importance, "I just went in for fun, after I left school! Such delightful balls and Germans and dinners as I enjoyed! Such gay times at Saratoga and Newport and Lake George! I thought of my promise occasionally, but did nothing about it till last summer. My mother's sister lives in a queer little country-place, and she wished me so much to visit her, that I consented. I thought nothing would induce me to stay there more than a week or so.

"You know I can sing," continued Kitty, who had a voice like a lark's. "And I actually got ten scholars in vocal culture, and became so interested in them—and in Walter, who was spending the summer there—that I was at aunty's until autumn, and went home engaged.

"I think I learned the value of money, earning it myself—I may not earn any more, but I'm going to help Walter save it. I can trust him completely. He's just grand, girls! We are to be married in October, and I'm so happy!" concluded Kitty, incoherently.

After Kitty had been kissed and congratulated, Anna Fairchild was called on to speak:

"I began busying myself about different things as soon as I went home," she said. "My work was not planned, like Miriam's, but I had more resources than the rest of you. My father publishes three different newspapers, and I learned to set type in his office some years ago. After I graduated, I went into his office again; setting type, reading proof, or writing locals and editorials, and my father paid me a small salary. I had always a mania for scribbling, so I used to write little stories and send them to different periodicals, that invariably sent them back. I grew discouraged and blue, for I longed to be recognized as a writer; but I kept at it. About six months ago, my first story was accepted. Since then, I have had several published, and have been paid for them. The tide is beginning to turn, and I shall keep on till my success is sure.

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"My oddest experience was in the Western city where I went to visit my brother. At first, I did nothing besides drive and visit; but I did not like the place nor the people over-much. I liked the life and energy and activity I saw; but, having no part in it, I felt like a butterfly in a bee-hive. Then I began to work, and found the city enchanting. While I was only a useless idler, it is not strange that discontent crept into my heart. One morning, I saw an advertisement in the paper:

"'WANTED: A young lady compositor. Call at No. 50, Burton Block.'

"I put on my wraps and went down. I found the room, opened the door, after several unanswered knocks, and stepped into a crowd of men and the usual accompanying cloud of tobacco-smoke. You can't think how crude and embarrassed I felt! A tall blonde young man stepped forward, in answer to my inquiry for the editor. I faltered out my errand, and was told that his brother had charge of the business department, and would not be in before two o'clock. So I left my name, and, promising to call again, thankfully closed the door on all those curious staring men, inwardly vowing never to enter the office again.

"But, when afternoon came, my courage rose; once more I sought 'No. 50, Burton Block.' Much to my relief, I found only two persons present; one, the editor, whom I had met in the morning. He introduced me to his brother. After a few inquiries in regard to my experience and qualifications, he informed me that I could begin work. I had hardly expected to be snapped up so quickly.

"When I told my friends what I had done, I brought a storm of inquiry and reproach on my unlucky head. But none of them hit on the secret wherein lay the charm of the work: that it took me out of myself and my own petty annoyances and heartaches, and gave me something to think of—an object!

"The paper on which I worked had just been started by the three Judson brothers, and it has prospered. I worked for them nine or ten weeks, and then left because warm weather had come, and I wanted leisure for excursions. And I was going home in June.

"I think I learned self-control there, as well as some other things. My employers and associates were thoughtful and courteous, but I necessarily found my position very different from that which I had held in my father's office. Looking back now, I think I may have been somewhat exacting. I missed certain little attentions to which I had been accustomed, but was otherwise treated in a perfectly gentleman-like way." Anna stopped abruptly, and then added: "Now, Esther, do call on Sadie."

"I didn't suppose you had half finished," cried Sadie, regretfully. "My story sounds very prosaic after the thrilling ones I have heard. I worried a good deal at first, for I felt sure I should be the only one to fail to win the hundred dollars. The village where we live is small, and had no greenhouse. I persuaded papa to fit up a small one, and I took charge of it. It has been a success. I have had a boy of fifteen to do heavy work, but I have taken charge of the flowers, potting and planting and trimming, myself, besides making up orders. We have frequent parties and entertainments in Snowdon where flowers are wanted, and the townspeople have been glad to be able to get them near at hand.

"It has been successful, financially. It has almost paid already its first cost, besides expenses. I have liked the work, and have been very happy with my flowers.

"Socially, too, it has been useful, for the young people often congregate in my greenhouse and gardens, and patronize them liberally, besides enlivening me."

Esther's voice faltered slightly as she began: "I went into society at once after I graduated," she said. "Mother and I live by ourselves, and she had not been out much since father's death till I came home. We had many friends—oh! I was so happy, girls, for the first eight months. But then I began to lose my interest in those pleasures. Everything seemed empty and dull, and I grew restless and discontented."

"Why, Esther?" asked Kitty, in surprise.

"Never mind why, Kitty," Esther answered, gravely. "I was listless and miserable, and so I looked about me for something to do.

"You know my grandfather left me a large property. I felt that I ought to be competent to manage my own business-affairs and money-matters. Judge Gray, my lawyer, is a warm friend of mother's and mine, and I persuaded him to let me read law under his direction. I have been doing that for more than a year, and meanwhile have done copying and other work for him so as to earn my hundred dollars. I have been more content than before, and have gained a knowledge of business, law, and finance that I should be loth to resign."

"If that isn't just like you!" cried Sadie. "Hurrah for 'Queen Esther,' the lawyer of '83!"

And so the girls told their stories, but not one made full confession.

Miriam Stacy did not speak of the many

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hours when heart and brain were alike weary—when, crushed by the burden of home and school, she had longed to cast them all aside, and her life with them. She did not tell the girls how she had made herself one with her pupils, identifying herself with their interests, or what an inspiration her own beautiful life had been.

Kitty, rapt in her new love, had forgotten her countless flirtations and the many men she had found interesting before the true knight came.

Cora did not tell how bravely she had fought against discontent and her own fatal weakness. Nor did Sadie relate her struggles with bugs and worms and plumbers, or speak of certain love-episodes among the flowers.

What hint did Anna Fairchild give these classmates of the doubts that had made the years a struggle? What did Miriam Stacy, whose child-like faith was as natural as her breath, know of the suffering of a soul like Anna's?

How little did Kitty Kline, blessedly content with Walter Haven's love, know of the passion of envy in Esther Morgan's breast? No one noticed the tense lines about the proud lips. No one saw the slender hand pressed to Esther's heart, as though it would crush down its pain. No one knew how the weary girl was longing for the lover far away. Hers was the old story of two proud spirits; of exactions and jealousies, of quarrels and misunderstandings, till matters came to open rupture, and Esther bade him go, and learned too late—as we learn so many things—that the brightness of her young life went with him.

The girls had agreed to finish the day with a little dinner at the Raymond House. Here they talked over past and future more at length.

"Will you give up the work, now the money is earned?" asked Anna.

"No, indeed!" replied Sadie, voicing the sentiment of all. "If we drop one work, we'll take up another. 'To be idle is to be miserable,' and heaven bless Anna for teaching us so!" And Sadie rose and proposed Anna's health.

Several other impromptu toasts followed, and then Miriam, in a few graceful words, called upon Anna to respond to "working women." It was a theme on which Anna was ever enthusiastic.

"Working women!" she cried, "the bete-noir of fashionable nonentities! All honor to them! Their lives are more earnest than those of women of leisure; and, therefore, their influence is more powerful.

"Work makes women stronger, happier, more helpful. Work tends to self-development. From working women spring reforms in society, education, and morality—here's long life and larger opportunity to working women:

'Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all,'
'Get work; get work:
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.'"

THE FUTURE, TOO, IS BRIGHT.

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

Oh, tell me not of bygone hours,
  Of days no more I'll see—
Which, though they never can return,
  Are dearer far to me
Than future years that hope will tint
  With e'en delusive light.
Though dearly do I love the past,
  The future too is bright.

My heart leaps forth to meet the years,
  The years that are to come;
And they will bring full many a joy
  To this, my happy home.
Those bygone hours can ne'er return—
  To wish them, is it right?
No: though the olden days were glad,
  The future too is bright.

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"BEYOND THESE VOICES."

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 346.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DIARY OF LOUISE ARMYTAGE.

April 10th, 1874.

MANY times I have thought that I would keep a diary, and, as this is my nineteenth birthday, and I am done forever with classes and governesses, I fancy this is a good moment at which to begin. And first I must say something about my past life. I have had a more eventful existence than usually falls to the lot of girls of my age, and then I have such a good and kind father. I do not think that there are many fathers and daughters that are devoted to each other to the extent that we are. When people pity me for having no brothers or sisters, I can always say to them: But there is papa; and, indeed, I have never felt the want of any other companionship. He has always been such a companion for me, and has helped me in my studies, and looked after my amusements, and chosen my dresses for me, and, best of all, he has made me his friend and constant associate, just as though he were the mother that I lost when I was a baby.

But there is something else that has struck me of late years as being very strange—a something that I cannot define, much less describe, except in the words of a little French poem that I read the other day:

> "I feel
> A love unknown that hovers round my path,
> Sweet as a perfume, vague as is a dream."

If I were a spiritualist, I might imagine that mamma's spirit is always with me, taking care of me and watching over my welfare. Only there are things that happen altogether outside the realms of the spirits. For instance, when I was a little girl at boarding-school near Paris, during papa's absence in America, the cholera broke out in the city, and made its appearance at our school in its most virulent form. And, when I took it, Madame Lesage, the principal, was about to send me away to a hospital, when an elderly lady made her appearance suddenly, carried me off to her beautiful home, and nursed me night and day till I was perfectly well. I shall never forget all that she did for me, and how, when I was at the worst, she watched over me without ever leaving me for a single minute. And I never learned who she was, for, as soon as my recovery was perfected, she sent me home to my father—who had come back at once on hearing of my illness—and she would not even tell me her name. When I asked papa as to who she could possibly be, he said: "Dear child, she evidently wishes to remain unknown. Ask nothing more about her, but never forget her, and let your thoughts of her mingle always with your prayers."

And, the other day, when I took a fancy to that beautiful string of pearls that had once belonged to the Empress Eugénie, and was childish enough to shed a few tears when papa said he could not afford to purchase for me such a costly ornament, what a wonderful thing happened! For, when I awoke the next morning, the pearls lay on my pillow in a lovely case of pale-blue velvet. And it was not papa that had put them there, for he was as much surprised on hearing of them as I was when I first saw them. Then, too, I am always finding beautiful new dresses in my wardrobe—a pink crape, embroidered with silver butterflies, or a white gauze, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, or something else equally elegant. I declare, I must have had a fairy godmother. But it seems to me as if my dear dead mother must have something to do with this delightful mystery, and I always feel like saying, at every new manifestation of its influence, Thank you, mamma!

I wonder why it is that I think so constantly about my mother, for she died long before I was old enough to remember really anything about her. I do not even know if I resemble her at all. There is no picture of her in existence, so far as I know, and papa does not like to have me talk to him about her. He must have loved her very dearly, to be so unwilling now even to mention or hear her name, and never to have married again in all these years. Perhaps the reason that she is so constantly in my mind just now is simple enough. For I am going to be married, and I think that every young girl

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needs the presence and the love of a mother at such a time more than ever before.

Everybody tells me that I am about to make a very grand match. I am engaged to the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, the chief of one of the noblest families in France. I do not think that I am exactly what may be called in love with him—I have been brought up too much like a French girl for that. But I like him very, very much, and I look forward with so great pleasure to the restoration of the old Chateau de Lussac, which is fast falling into ruins, and which is to be rebuilt with part of my dowry. It was a fortified castle in the reign of Philip Augustus, and is one of the few old chateaux of France that escaped destruction during the First Revolution. The duke is a great deal older than I am, and is a tall grand-looking gentleman with very stately manners. After our wedding, we are to go to England, to pay our respects to the Count and Countess de Paris, whom the duke considers to be his lawful king and queen. And then we are to take a trip to the United States. I have never visited my father's native land in all my life, and I shall enjoy going there as a duchess. For, from all that I hear concerning America and American society, they have quite a weakness over there for titled ladies and gentlemen. The duke—he wants me to call him Henri, but I cannot bring myself to accost so grand and elderly a personage by his first name—has given me a very curious old brooch in yellow pearls as a wedding-gift. It is very ugly and very old-fashioned, and, of course, I shall never wear it; but he says that it was given to one of his ancestors by Mary, Queen of Scots, and so I prize it very highly.

It was the Baroness de Menars who arranged my marriage. All the Americans in Paris know the Baroness de Menars, or at least they have heard about her. She is one of the Smiths of Smithville in the State of New York. It appears that the Smiths of Smithville are very great people indeed, and are not to be confounded with any other Smiths, either in England or the United States. And she married the Baron de Menars ever so long ago—when she was quite young, in fact. She is a very old lady now, and is very big and imposing-looking, particularly when she is in full ball-dress, and wears a dress cut low in the neck, and with very short sleeves. Charlie Cresson once described her as the butcher's shop, after meeting her at a party, for he declared he had never seen such a display of undressed flesh outside of the Central Markets. But she is a dear good soul, in spite of all that, and she always takes such an interest in finding titled husbands for her young countrywomen who have fortunes. I am certain that I never should have met the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, had it not been for her good offices.

The contract is to be signed to-morrow evening, and the wedding in the church will take place a week later. Papa has given me such a pretty dress for the contract-soirée—a pale-blue silk, embroidered with little pink rosebuds. I have not ordered my wedding-dress yet, but I have made up my mind to white satin, made with a very long train, and trimmed with fringes of orange-blossoms. But I wonder where my fairy godmother can be at this momentous time. I have gotten so used to pleasant surprises, that I feel quite lost when I have not had one for several weeks, as is the occasion just now. After all, I am very foolish. Of course, it is papa who makes me these beautiful presents, and I am a silly girl to think that there is any mystery about them, except what he chooses to cast around them to make me enjoy his gifts the more.

April 12th. What a strange scene I have passed through! I feel quite dazed and awe-stricken by what has occurred. But I must write it all down, else I can never convince myself that it really happened.

My contract-soirée promised to be very brilliant. There was any number of titled people present—half the Faubourg St. Germain, in fact. The duke was resplendent, and wore all his foreign orders, and looked wonderfully well. I am sure no one would ever have imagined that he was three years older than papa. My dress was a great success, and one of the Orleans princes had promised to act as a witness at my marriage. So everything was going on delightfully, and the contract had just been spread out on the table for our signatures, when there was a ring at the door-bell, and a bustle in the antechamber, and two persons, a lady and a gentleman, walked into the room. The first was not in evening-dress. She was all in black, and had a veil of heavy Spanish lace thrown over her bonnet, and pinned closely over her face, hiding her features almost entirely. Her companion was tall and fine-looking, with very white hair and snow-white mustache, and having an air of great elegance and distinction. More than one of the guests greeted him, as he passed through the rooms, by the name of Monsieur de Lasenne. His companion walked straight up to the table and looked at the contract.

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"Not yet signed, I see," she remarked. "Then I am in time."

She turned and faced my father with a dignified and yet determined air, and I could see her eyes shining under the thick tissue of her veil.

"Mr. Armytage, I grieve to be compelled to interrupt your entertainment for a little time, and to call you and Miss Armytage away from your guests. I must, however, beg for a private conversation of a few minutes with you both."

I heard papa say to her in a low tone: "I can hardly consider this intrusion as pardonable, madame. Cannot you come to my office to-morrow, to settle your affairs at leisure?"

"To-morrow will be too late," she responded, in the same low tone. "I should have hindered matters from going as far as they have done, had I not been detained by professional business for months past in Russia. Will you grant me the private interview that I desire, or shall I tell my story publicly and in a loud voice to all your guests? For it must and shall be told. Before Miss Armytage becomes the wife of the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, it is necessary that she should know who her bridegroom really is."

"Everyone in Paris knows of the high lineage and irreproachable life of the duke."

"Will you summon him to join our conference? I have nothing to assert concerning him that I am unwilling that he should hear."

"I was about to propose that condition to you, as the only one on which I would consent to listen," responded my father, hotly. "I cannot endure to hear the gentleman I have accepted as a son-in-law defamed behind his back."

Monsieur de Lasenne here interposed for the first time. Laying his hand lightly on my father's shoulder, he said in soft and courteous tones:

"There is no question of defamation, my dear sir. Only a plain brief veracious statement which I have consented to make at the request of my good friend here."

"Well, let it be brief at least," said my father, as he opened the door of my own little boudoir, which had not been thrown open for the soirée, and motioned to our unwelcome guests to enter, while he went in search of the duke. He returned in a few moments, looking much perplexed.

"I cannot find him—he has left the house, I understand."

"He could not endure the sight of me, I think," said M. de Lasenne, dryly. "It makes no difference—my story can be told as well without his presence. As to your guests—"

"I have given orders for the supper-rooms to be thrown open, and have requested Madame de Menars to act as hostess for the moment. You can speak, sir, without interruption."

Thus adjured, M. de Lasenne began his narrative:

"Briefly, then, what I have to say is as follows: In the year 1845, I was the director of the Royal Opera at Paris. There came to call on me, one day, in my managerial room, a very old gentleman, who requested the renewal of the privilege of a free and reserved seat, accorded at all the performances at that house by King Charles X, to the Knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. He, the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, one of the last survivors of the old nobility, was a member of the Order. I laid his petition before the Minister of Fine Arts, who presented it to King Louis Philippe. That monarch, ever willing to maintain the traditionary privileges of the aristocracy, especially when granted by one of the later Bourbon Kings of France, assented unhesitatingly to the request.

"From that time forward, the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac was a constant attendant at the Opera. He had never married; but, in default of a son to watch over his movements, he was, by reason of his great age and his infirmities, always accompanied to the theatre by a young Swiss valet, named Henri Nefftzer, who, after settling his master in his orchestra-chair, would retire to a place in the upper gallery. The duke came quite often to call on me in my managerial room, to press on me the claims of a young protégé of his, who had just composed a grand opera in five acts, so I became very well acquainted with him, and also with the aspect of his constant attendant, the Swiss valet. Early in the year 1847, I read in the papers, with sincere regret, a notice of the old duke's death.

"A few weeks later, I was waited upon by a young man, in whom I had no difficulty in recognizing Henri Nefftzer. 'Monsieur Lasenne,' he said, with much importance, 'you see in me the adopted son and heir of the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, and the present incumbent of that time-honored title. I have come to request of you, that you should accord to me the reserved seat in the opera house, so long occupied by my lamented patron and adopted father, a privilege that should, I think, descend to me with his property and his title.' 'My good sir,' I made answer, 'the opera-seat was granted, not to the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, but to the Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost. Consequently, it was not hereditary, and, even if your adoption

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would hold water in the French law-courts—which I very much doubt—you would have no right to it.' He tried to argue the point with me, but I was not to be shaken in my determination, and he finally gave the matter up. Since then, I have never wholly lost sight of him. I meet him occasionally in society, but I do not think that his right to the title he has assumed can be proved in any way. At all events, he is not the descendant of a proud line of peers—he is an ex-valet, the son of a man and woman who keep a very disreputable drinking-shop in Berne, and he is strongly suspected of having stolen the papers and jewels of his late employer, and to have concocted the story of his adoption by the duke, backing it up by the production of forged documents. The family of the de Liancourt-Lussacs is totally extinct, the late duke having been the last survivor of his race, so that there is no one that is specially interested in proving this man to be an impostor. Now, Mr. Armytage, I have told my story. It remains, therefore, with you and your daughter to take such steps in the matter as may seem best to you both. If Miss Armytage persists in marrying this so-called duke, she will at least do so with her eyes open."

"The marriage shall never take place with my consent," cried my father.

"Stop—let me ask one question," said the veiled lady, eagerly. Then she turned to me and said in a gentle but anxious tone: "Do you care for this man, my child?"

By this time, I was crying bitterly, and I felt woefully distressed and mortified; yet, through it all, I was conscious of a vague sense of gladness at being set free from an alliance in which my affections had held so small a place, and in which pride and a love of grandeur had usurped the position of any more tender sentiment. I felt heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and I could only sob out in answer to that kind question: "No, indeed—I hope I may never see him again."

"All is well, then," she said, with a thrill of infinite relief in her tones. "Now, Mr. Armytage, we will take our departure. I doubt if the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac will ever trouble you any more."

My father moved forward to open the door for the departure of M. de Lasenne and his companion. But, just at that moment, something in the gait or gestures of the veiled lady awoke some dormant memory in my breast, and there rose before me the image of my kind untiring nurse and faithful friend of the cholera season. I hurried forward and caught her in my arms.

"Wait—do wait!" I cried, breathlessly. "It seems to me that I know you—that I remember you as my benefactress, who saved me when I was stricken down by the cholera. Oh, yes, it is you—you cannot deny it! Why will you not let me know you, and thank you, and love you as I should do with my whole heart? But who are you, madame—you who seem to be always watching over me like a guardian angel?"

She paused, and I could feel the strong erect form quivering in my embrace as though stricken by some strong emotion. Then she turned up the edge of the veil where it covered her mouth, and kissed me tenderly, once, twice, and thrice.

"Good-bye, dear," she said, very softly. "Do not seek to know me or to learn my name. Only, of this you may rest assured—so long as I live, no harm that I can avert will ever happen to you."

And then she departed, followed by M. de Lasenne. I went with father into the drawing-rooms. They were empty and deserted. All our guests were gone. And on the table still lay, unfolded at full length, the useless contract. This my father took up and tore to pieces, saying as he did so: "Little one, this is the last time that I will ever have a marriage arranged for you in the European fashion. If you are ever to find a husband, you must select one for yourself, like a true-hearted American girl—a man who sincerely loves you and whom you can love."

I am sure that I shall ask nothing better. As I look back on my betrothal, I cannot imagine how I could have been so foolish as to consent to marry a man old enough to be my father, just because he was a duke. How glad I am now that I never fell in love with him. It was very grand and romantic, and all that, to think of being a duchess and a member of one of the oldest families in France, and of restoring the chateau of the ancient race. But a Swiss valet and an impostor! Oh, what an escape I have had!

CHAPTER V.

TWO BETROTHALS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 2d, 1876.

DEAR MADAME FROLLO:

I write to the address that you last gave me, to apprize you of the approaching marriage of Louise. The distaste for matrimony, aroused in her by the unforeseen termination of her engagement to the Duke de Liancourt-Lussac, has been swept away by the fine qualities and sincere

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attachment of her present betrothed. When I brought her to America, to visit the Centennial Exhibition, I had some idea that she would find her fate in this land of honest wooing and unpurchased husbands. And my presentiment has proved correct. Only it is not an American that has won her heart and hand, but a Frenchman—a young artist, named Louis Lafont, whose picture of "Peter the Great at the Grave of Richelieu" is one of the most admired contributions to the foreign Art-Department of the Centennial Exhibition. He is a most charming fellow, as handsome and intelligent as he is gifted; and he is, moreover, very honestly and sincerely in love. The family is an honorable one and of high standing, his father having been General Claude Lafont, who was killed at the battle of Sedan. I think that these names are not unknown to you. We return to Paris in a fortnight, and the marriage will take place as soon as the necessary formalities can be gone through with. Trusting that you are well, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

CHESTER ARMYTAGE.

Madame Frollo, seated before her secretary in her suite of apartments on the Quay Voltaire, meditated over this letter with a happy smile on her lips that transfigured her cold stern features into unwonted softness. "Louis Lafont!" she murmured. "Louis Lafont has won her affections, and will become her husband Her own first cousin—my dead husband's nephew and namesake! Truly, things have shaped themselves strangely and for the best. I can read, between the lines of Mr. Armytage's cautious letter, the lively satisfaction that this marriage affords him. And I—I who must still keep in the background and do my best, unseen and unknown, to aid in the happiness and prosperity of the young people—I feel now that with this marriage, so wonderfully satisfactory in all respects, my task in life is over. I have avenged my murdered husband. I have given peace and luxury and social standing to my child. I have relinquished my post, and hereafter the European police will know nothing more of the keenest and most untiring of their political detectives. Perhaps, some day, Louise may learn to love her friend and benefactress. I think that she does so already, though she has seen me but twice, and knows me not at all. The St. Laurent arrived last night. Louise must be in Paris by this time, and—"

At this point, her meditations were suddenly interrupted. The door was thrown open, and the servant announced:

"Count Paul Vanska."

Carefully but flashily attired, with a gardenia in his buttonhole and a great imitation pearl in his crimson cravat, with a pale sodden face and small half-extinct eyes, the newcomer paused on the threshold and said:

"Good-morning."

Then, as the door was closed behind him, he came forward, saying in a tone of impudent assurance:

"Do you not recognize me, Madame Frollo?"

Slowly tearing to shreds the letter she still held, and looking him fixedly in the face as she did so, Madame Frollo made answer:

"My former servant Paul, I have no difficulty in recognizing you under your new finery and your title. Where did you get the latter, and where have you found means to pay for the former?"

"That is none of your business, Madame Frollo. I have come to talk with you on a very serious affair."

And he drew up a chair, and seated himself with an air of extreme insolence. The lady looked at him calmly, without manifesting either surprise or indignation.

"Wait a moment," she said. "It will not be necessary for you to begin your conversation by recapitulating the events of your past career. After leaving my service, you became the valet of an American gentleman, Mr. Harrison Adair, whom you accompanied to Switzerland. You went with him, one day, to make an excursion on the Sea of Ice at Chamouni. You returned to the hotel in hot haste, saying that your master had fallen into a crevasse, and requesting that help should instantly be sent to him. Guides and porters, furnished with strong ropes, went at once to the rescue; but they had no one to direct them to the spot, for you, the sole witness of the accident, had disappeared. When at last Mr. Adair was found, he had long since ceased to live, if indeed he had fallen living into the ice-fissure. There was a livid bruise on one of his temples, that could scarcely have come there through his fall. It looked suspiciously like a blow from a stick. Moreover, there was neither watch nor money found on the corpse, though the unfortunate gentleman was known to have drawn, that morning, a large sum from his banker's. Next, you turn up in St. Petersburg, married to Annette Landis, a pretty chorus-singer of the French opera-bouffe company then on a tour through Russia. She is known to own some valuable diamonds, which she is fond of displaying and of talking about. She is found dead in her bed, one morning, smothered

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with one of the pillows, and her husband and her diamonds have disappeared together. You are wanted in Switzerland, my friend—you are wanted in Russia—and you are very badly wanted in Paris just now, where you are strongly suspected of having had a hand in the assassination and robbery of the woman called Leonie Vanor, on the Rue des Rosieres. Your countship is a sham and a pretense—your real titles are thief and assassin."

"And to these I mean to add one more—it is that of your son-in-law. Oh, you may frown on me as you will, Madame Frollo. That last title shall be mine before the month is out, or I shall know the reason why."

"A charming son-in-law you would make; but you forget that I am childless."

"I remember that you have a daughter. I come to make a formal demand for the hand of Mademoiselle Christine Lafont, alias Miss Louise Armytage."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know all about the birth and parentage of the young lady who bears the latter name, and who has just arrived in Paris with her pretended father, to have the last preliminaries settled for her marriage with one Louis Lafont, her first cousin on her father's side. I mean that, on a certain afternoon at St. Cloud, the weather being warm, the windows open, and I, understanding English to perfection—I did not live three years in London, as a groom to an English Milord, for nothing—I overheard every word of your conversation with Mr. Chester Armytage, from my post outside on the balcony. Wait—you are going to say—who will believe you? I have here the letter written by Mr. Armytage to his American friend, declaring that he was ruined, and that his only child was dead. I slipped back into the room and took possession of it while you and he were exchanging some last words at the carriage-door. Moreover, the burn on the wrist of the little girl Christine left an indelible scar, and I can swear to it as a proof of the identity of your daughter with Miss Armytage. Now what have you to say? I think I have a strong case and good evidence."

"What is it that you mean to do?"

"I mean to marry the girl, and live for the rest of my days in peace and comfort. If her supposed father refuse my offer, I shall go forthwith to the nearest police commissioner, and will lay before him the documents that will prove the fradulent substitution of your child for that of Mr. and Mrs. Armytage."

"But why marry the girl? See—I am rich—I will pay you handsomely for that paper—Mr. Armytage's letter."

"Not a bit of it. No, you don't, old lady. I want to be sheltered against any possible raids upon my movements by the police. As the son-in-law of the rich Chester Armytage, I can command, not only money, but a secure position. And you must help me to obtain it—you must, do you hear?"

There was a ring of menace in his tones that was not to be mistaken. Madame Frollo rose from her seat and paced the room with rapid steps, her quondam groom watching all her movements with a cynical smile. Suddenly she paused and resumed her chair, having regained all the usual icy calmness of her manner.

"I have thought of a better plan than that," she said. "Marry me."

"You, Madame Frollo—you? And for what reason? What good would that do me? A fair young bride are you, truly, to offer as a substitute for your lovely daughter."

"Listen," she continued, unheeding the sneering mockery of his tone. "As you can imagine, I am willing to make any sacrifice to ensure the happiness and prosperity of my daughter. A union with me will get you completely out of her way, and will answer your purposes in every respect better than a marriage with her."

"Prove that, if you can."

"I can and will. In the first place, I am far more wealthy than Miss Armytage. I can prove to you by irrefutable evidence that, while her dowry amounts to two hundred thousand dollars, my fortune is fully five times as much. I offer you a settlement of the income of four hundred thousand dollars, the principal to revert to Miss Armytage at your death. I promise you full and complete amnesty for all your past offenses against the law. And, for the possession of the paper that you took from the writing-table of Mr. Armytage, I promise you the sum of fifty thousand dollars, payable on our wedding-day, which will be that on which Miss Armytage marries Louis Lafont. Is it a bargain?"

"Madame Frollo, your eloquence is irresistible as well as all-convincing. I accept your offer—that is, if you are sure of being able to guard your betrothed from the wicked machinations of the police."

"You forget the position that I lately held in the ranks of that organization. Possibly, you are unaware of the extent of my power. But, if you trifle with me in any way, or strive to carry out your threats with regard to Miss Armytage, you shall speedily learn something

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respecting it. Once my daughter's future were wrecked, I should have no reason to stay my hand or to spare you. Now, leave me. Stop—your address. I must communicate with you respecting the settlements and the date of our wedding."

Obviously uneasy as to the intentions of his terrible betrothed, the so-called count laid his card on the table, and slipped out of the room. Madame Frollo cast a glance of contempt after his retreating figure.

"And to think that such a shallow scoundrel as that thought to get the better of me. Wait a little, my friend Paul. The game is not yet played out—we shall see which one of us it is that holds the winning cards."

CHAPTER VI.

TWO MARRIAGES.

A PERFECT day, early in November—one of those few lovely autumn days when summer seems to have returned to earth to send through a mist of parting tears one last long glance. The American colony in Paris still talks of the marriage which took place that morning at the American Church on the Rue Bayard—that of Miss Armytage to the painter, Louis Lafont.

Meantime, in a suite of apartments opposite to the church, preparations were going forward for a sumptuous lunch, intended for another newly married pair, Madame Frollo and Paul Vanska, who had just been wedded by the Mayor of that quarter of the city. That functionary had looked with some surprise on the ill-assorted couple that had come to ask for his ministrations, the woman pale, severe, and elderly, with no attempt at bridal elegance about her plain costume of black cashmere, and the man, so many years her junior, with narrow shifting eyes and pallid complexion, and that indescribable imprint of vice which is unmistakable as it is ineffaceable, legible on his unprepossessing countenance. The brief ceremony was speedily ended, and then the husband and wife took their way to the rooms in the Rue Bayard, where the wedding-breakfast, by the care of the latter, had already been set forth in grand array. It was a very silent repast. The hired waiters came and went, and set dainty viands in order, and poured out costly wines, but there was little conversation.

When the waiters withdrew, Paul, more than half intoxicated, took out a packet of papers from his pocket and began looking them over.

"Deed of settlement," he muttered. "Check for fifty thousand dollars—oh, here it is, the famous letter. If I were not a fine sort of a fellow, after all, I would not give it to you, Madame Sidonie. It would be a good thing to blackmail old Chester Armytage with."

Madame Frollo apparently paid no attention to his words. She took the bottle of liqueur from its little waiter—for, contrary to custom, only one bottle had been served—and she poured out a glassful for Paul, and one for herself. A faint odor of bitter almonds stole through the room. He caught up his glass and looked leeringly at her across the table.

"I shall keep the letter, dear wife—dear Sidonie—I have got the money and the deed of settlement, and it will be of use to me for keeping you in order. Here's to your good health, and to our conjugal happiness."

He tossed off the contents of the glass. With one hoarse cry, he fell back in his chair, dying—then sank to the floor, a corpse.

"So my little stock of prussic acid has lost none of its power," murmured Madame Frollo, as she looked curiously at the prostrate figure. "I have taken the place of justice—I have anticipated the guillotine. The murderer of Harrison Adair, and of Annette Landis, and of Leonie Vanor has not gone unpunished."

She bent over the dead man, and drew from the breast-pocket of his coat the packet of papers. These she proceeded to scan, and she cast them, one by one, into the wood-fire that was blazing on the hearth. Over the letter written by Mr. Armytage, she lingered for a few moments, then she threw that, too, in the fire, and looked on till it was consumed.

"All is safe now," she said to herself. "No one lives that knows of the identity of Christine Lafont with Louise Armytage. Denise Lamarque was shot as a petroleum-thrower during the Commune. Madame Laurent died during the siege of Paris. And there lies the last and worst of our foes. The letter, the check, the deed of settlement—all are ashes."

She went to the window and threw it open. From the church opposite, came the clash of joyous bells. The stern hard features softened as she listened.

"The bells—Louise's wedding-bells—they sound to ring me to my rest. Her happiness is secured. I have given her wealth and gladness. She goes from hence to a life of prosperity and joy and mutual love. As for me, my task is ended. What were the words with which Chester Armytage closed his letter? 'To where beyond these voices there is peace.' I go thither—'to where beyond these voices there is peace.'"

And she stretched out her hand for the unemptied glass.

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HOME CULTURE OF HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.

BY JOYCE RAY.

I HAVE been greatly interested for the past five years in the culture of roses, particularly the hybrid perpetuals. For those who have a bit of spare ground, and but little time to bestow on flowers, I think that certain varieties of the hardy roses are by far the most satisfactory.

Many florists call the name "perpetual" a misnomer, as they are not everblooming; but, as they live year after year, I think they may certainly be considered as perpetually with us; and, if not everblooming like the teas, many of the hybrid perpetuals may be made, with proper care, to give their beautiful flowers through a long season.

Hybrid roses grow best planted in beds or masses by themselves, but they also do well when set out like shrubs, in borders or dotted over the lawn. I have a hedge of some forty rose-bushes of different varieties, standing about two feet apart; it grows against a low fence, and borders one side of our carriage-road. A row of roses, set in the lawn, from four to five feet apart, borders the other side. All of our paths, except the one leading to the front door, are bordered on each side by roses, set from eight to nine feet apart, toward the road, and toward the rear of the garden, three or four feet apart. In addition to these, I have only three scattered about the lawn. Close by a side fence, in a long bed, some one hundred feet in length by three feet wide, where I grow all kinds of flowers, I have set, here and there, my hybrid noisettes; while many climbers are trained over the fence. My hybrid teas, as well as many others in summer, occupy an immense circular bed at the back of the house.

Roses like plenty of sun, and the morning sun is best, as that of the hot July and August afternoons is apt to bring forth the flowers too rapidly, and withers them quickly. However, I have found by experience that too much sun is better than none at all.

Ordinary garden-soil, enriched with good fertilizers, will grow roses well. Cow-manure is usually considered the best of rose-fertilizers; but this often cannot be easily obtained. Stable-manure tends to foliage rather than to flowers, and, unless thoroughly rotted, is too heating. I have success in using quite a good deal of pulverized bone, not the ammoniated, together with a small quantity of wood-ashes, well worked in through the soil. Once every week or two, I mix a little of the ammoniated bone-dust, perhaps one heaping tablespoonful, or about the same quantity of wood-ashes, in with the top soil. Soot is also good for this purpose. It is well, if one can get it, to use an inch or so of leaf-mold or muck, for the top of the soil, as it acts as a mulch, besides presenting a nice appearance.

When the buds have set, and during the entire flowering season, I stimulate with liquid fertilizers. Sometimes, once a week, I use a tablespoonful of ammonia in a pail of water for each bush, or guano in the same proportion. If the soil has been much enriched with manure, wood-ashes should not be employed. Roses are strong feeders, and the soil must be well supplied with plenty of food in order to have them produce many flowers. Keep all weeds and grass away, for at least ten or twelve inches from each rosebush, when planted in borders or on the lawn. Keep hedges and beds thoroughly weeded. I find a good mason's-trowel the best implement for weeding and stirring the soil.

A good sprinkling of luke-warm water on the foliage, at night, in dry weather, is refreshing. As for general watering, water thoroughly, if at all. In very dry weather, each rosebush of mine, standing alone, gets two pails of water about every third night. Those in beds and hedge receive a good deluging. Never use hard water. The soil should not be allowed to become hard, but should be frequently stirred, so as to allow all moisture to penetrate the earth, and to give the free circulation of air, essential to the health of plants. When a rose has stopped blooming, I withhold water, except the spraying of the foliage, for two or three weeks; as then, the rose is enjoying a well-earned rest. When growth begins again, and new shoots are peeping forth, recommence watering. If the soil is rich, no liquid fertilizer will be needed until buds form again. Although they like plenty of water, they do not want more than they can assimilate, and dislike exceedingly a wet retentive soil. Of course, in the spring, roses need very little watering, while after a good soaking rain, in summer, they will not

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require water for perhaps a week or more. Soil that looks dry on top often retains moisture, near the roots, for a long time.

The new growth, after a rest, is what furnishes the second crop of flowers. Most of my roses bloom from June first into August, then stop; beginning to blossom again in September, and continuing to do so through October. Of course, certain varieties give a much larger crop than others.

During the blooming season, I always cut each rose with a long stem, taking from three to five inches of stalk with it, where it does not interfere with any buds. In this way, I keep up a continual pruning, thus producing new shoots; which, in turn, give more blooms, greatly prolonging the flowering season. After the bushes are well established, this, aside from cutting out all dead or unhealthy wood, is the only pruning they need from year to year. And to this practice I attribute their constancy in blooming. Of course, when setting out new plants, they should be pruned back somewhat, unless this has already been done, so that the roots may have a chance to accustom themselves to their new quarters, without being called on to supply life to too large a top.

The greatest hindrance to rose-growing is the trouble caused by its insect enemies. The rose worm or slug, most troublesome in June, is quite easily conquered by constant watching and hand-picking. From the last of May into July, I closely examine the under side of every leaf, and, wherever I find a small green worm or a nest of tiny eggs, I cut off the affected leaves and crush them under my foot. When thoroughly done, this is not nearly such tedious work as it would seem, as I rarely have to go over them carefully oftener than once in ten days or two weeks.

Against the green lice, I find tobacco in any form, even to broken stubs left from cigars, laid on the top soil close to the plants, to be an excellent preventive. When I discover these lice, I just crush them between thumb and forefinger; if there are many congregated in the upper part of a branch, bend it over, take a small stick, and brush them to the ground, stepping on them as fast as possible. After this warfare has been crowned with victory, and not even a straggler can be seen making his way back again, I dust the plant with cigar-ashes, especially the tender young growth, as that is where most of them are to be found. This is an excellent preventive; slug shot is also good. I always sprinkle the bush before dusting with either. I beg for my husband's cigar-stubs and ashes, collecting them all winter into a tin box with a cover. I get a goodly supply stored away for summer use, by keeping an ash-receiver near him, on a stand or window-sill, when he is smoking.

The thrips is the hardest and most obstinate enemy to conquer. If you shake the bush, away go hundreds of little white flies. In a moment, back all come again. The best way to get rid of them is to syringe the under side of the leaves with tobacco tea, repeating this operation as long as any can be seen.

Most of the hybrid perpetuals, when once well established, will stand an ordinary winter without protection. But the wood is apt to kill back, sometimes to the ground. If protected, they grow and bloom much better. I bend the branches over as much as possible, being careful to avoid breaking them, hill up with earth, and cover all loosely with clean dry straw to a good depth, laying on bricks or stones to hold it. After putting the straw on my rose-hedge, I lay long boards over branches and straw; they come out beautifully green, even to their very tips. Never use manure, as it causes the bushes to rot. Many persons wind their rosebushes with straw; and, of course, that makes a very sure protection. Do not cover too soon—a few light frosts will do no injury—but wait until plants are well matured, and winter weather is at hand.

Be sure to cut off every rose when full-blown, if not before, as, the longer blossoms are left on the bush, the more they will tend to exhaust the plant. I usually cut my roses when half-blown; many roses, especially when not very double, are much finer before they are fully opened. The old rule: "the more you pick, the more you have," is a good one.

These directions comprise in detail my treatment for hybrid perpetual roses, for hybrid teas as well, and the general principles apply to tea-roses. Of course, the latter require much more care, to have them do well out-of-doors. Roses on their own roots are usually best, as the grafted ones are more tender, and liable to be injured by heavy frost; the old stock remaining, while the grafted part may die off. Many persons prefer to commence with small roses in cheap collections. I grant the cheapness and small plants to be all right, where one intends to have many roses, and has plenty of patience to wait a couple of years for satisfactory results. But it is poor policy, and expensive as well, to allow florists to make the selection, for they usually send any variety of which they have an abundance. One should choose one's roses, as

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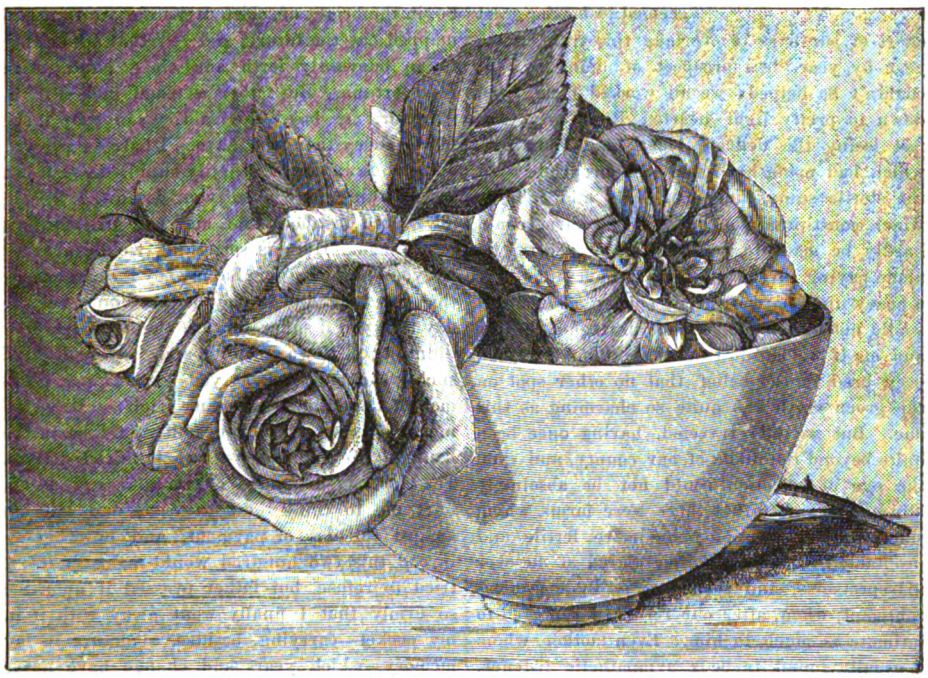
one would choose one's friends for life—carefully.

It is better to pay from two to five cents more on each rose, and get what one wants. For those who can afford it, or only wish for a few, it is well to buy dormant plants, two or three years old. I have tried all sizes, including those budded, as well as those on their own roots.

For fear any should think this culture too hard or too much trouble, I will say that, with my one hundred rosebushes, I do not on an average spend more than one to two hours daily—choosing the early morning—aside from the nightly watering, in which I have the help of my two servants. Of course, it must be an hour's faithful work, and then what rewards we have for our labor! Roses for the house, roses for our friends, roses for the sick, roses to wear, such quantities of roses!

Next month, I will give you the names of my roses, and tell you about their different characteristics; which are the hardiest, and which are the most luxuriant bloomers.



THE WALL BETWEEN.

BY MRS. D. C. FARNHAM.

She wanders forth at the early day,
Over the green and dewy way,

Seeking the clematis white as snow,
Over the fences rambling low.

Young Colin, on the other side,
Mows the meadow sweet and wide,

Stopping awhile his scythe to whet
Near where the maiden lingers yet.

They talk of daisies and growing corn,
Of the new-mown hay, on that dewy morn;

Then pausing, his face in a tender glow,
She over the clematis bending low,

He speaks, she seeking his glance to shun:
"Why may not our hearts and our fields be one?"

She softly answers: "How may that be?
There's a wall between us, don't you see?"

He leaps the wall with a lithesome bound,
His strong arms clasp the maiden round.

She whispers low, with blushing brow:
"There is no wall between us now."

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THE LOST MINE.

BY MRS. CARRIE L. MARSHALL.

WE were very poor. The farm was mortgaged, and, try as we might, we never seemed able to catch up. As father grimly said: "We are always just one train behind time." And it seemed to be the great effort of our lives to overtake this train, with, year by year, less prospect of doing so. It couldn't be helped; we all worked hard, even down to pretty light-hearted Rose, who was fast losing the delicate bloom and roundness which had made her name so appropriate; but the sterile stony jumble of hills and hollows which constituted the bulk of our farm could hardly be made to pay running expenses, let alone paying off the mortgage which hung like a heavy nightmare over our spirits. Perhaps it would not have made so much difference to Rose and me if we had lost the place, though we had been bred in the belief that no other spot on the green earth was quite so charming as this one. But we had traveled, having once been quite beyond the limits of our county, and even the eye of affection could not be absolutely blind to the fact that there were farms which showed every sign of being more fertile and profitable than ours. Father glared at me over his spectacles, and turned away in speechless contempt, when, after our return, I ventured to intimate as much to him. Even mother, whom I usually found to be a sympathetic listener, remarked that: "A fool is never quite a fool until he has traveled." I was too young then to appreciate at its true value this clinging loyalty to the old homestead, and was impatient of a sentiment which I now know to have been both rare and beautiful, though it was expressed in a somewhat intolerant manner. My father had been born and raised there, and had hardly passed a night of the many nights of his long life under any other roof. The place had belonged to his father and grandfather before him. No wonder it was dear to him! But the little ray of doubt which had crept into my mind, as to its being the nonpareil of the universe, grew and spread so fast that, little more than a year afterward, I was bidding good-bye to father, mother, and Rose, bound for the silver-mines of Colorado, where I intended to pick up a fortune in a few weeks; and, with a trifle of the riches which I should have at my command, I would pay off the mortgage—due in a very few months now—then I would build a beautiful house for father and mother, and they should know no more want or trouble. So, in the bright unselfish dreams of youth, I had mapped out the future, and felt that I had only to go buoyantly forth and clasp hands with good-fortune. But father, as usual, lacked faith. "Arthur, my boy," he said, "you may need more money than you have. I hate to see you going so far away so scantily supplied. I won't say anything more about your going. I've said all I need to about that, and you still think it best to go. Here is something we have saved up, you know what for; but my boy is dearer to me than my farm, and it may be that you'll see the day that you'll suffer for just the little that you didn't take, if we keep it; and, if you do have such wonderful luck as you expect"—a glimmer of hopefulness asserting itself—"why, the money's as safe with you as it would be in the bank." He handed me two hundred dollars. The mortgage amounted to two thousand, and it hurt me to think how little we had laid up against the day of payment, and how big an inroad this two hundred would make in it. I tried to refuse, but father pressed it upon me so firmly that I finally went away with it in my pocket—carrying, besides, a picture in my memory, which years and change have never dimmed or altered in the least. I can close my eyes now and see it as plainly as I saw it then. An old couple, with furrowed anxious faces and hair just lightly touched with the white frost of life's sunset, framed in rustling green leaves and blossoming vines, standing watching the stage as it bore away their only son. I can hear the loud out-of-season notes of the robin which was singing in the clump of lilacs by the well, and smell the fragrance of the purple blossoms which surrounded the unseen singer. How often, since then, the song of a robin has overcome me with a rush of sudden unutterable homesick longing!

Fortune did not come bounding to meet me in the new country: but hard work, poverty, and

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disenchantment did. Father's two hundred were spent long before I had found even a "pay-streak" of any kind of luck, and then— The mortgage was foreclosed, and I simply could not go back. I think now that it was wrong to keep away from them in their bitter trouble. Indeed, I thought so then; but my hands were empty. What could I do?

Sister Rose had married a good fellow, and "forehanded," as they say back there, and he gladly gave our parents a home with him. But there was only one spot on earth which could ever seem like home to them, and that, I was resolved, should be theirs once more, if I could only find the mine I lost. I went about prospecting with practical miners for nearly three years after I went West. Then I put in a year, studying assaying and the formation of rocks "dips," "leads," "inclines," and all that rubbish, when I took the field again, as fully qualified to find a rich mine as the next fellow. But I didn't find it; and neither, in nine cases out of ten, did he. So another year slipped away. Of course, I often found "indications," but they never went much beyond that, and the autumn of '85 found me up in the Green Horn range, nearly dead-broke, and more nearly discouraged with the endless useless quest for gold. I had nearly made up my mind to give it all up and go back as soon as the winter set in. Tom Burns was with me; he had been my partner in misfortune—we never had much of anything else—for nearly two years. We had drifted down from near Rosita, where we had been prospecting for the greater part of the summer, intent on making Pueblo before the wild deep snowfalls, which come early in these regions and stay late, should obliterate the cattle-trails which we usually followed, and make traveling almost impossible; but the evening of the second day brought us to the head of the San Carlos Cañon, and we found a deep pool just "wuckin' alive," as Tom declared in Missouri vernacular, with trout. They were irresistible; so we pitched our tent, unpacked our burros, four in number, and decided to camp there for the night, though it was then but little past noon. There seemed no occasion for the burros to stray away, so we turned them out without hobbling, and devoted ourselves to the trout. They were shy, it being so late in the season, and, becoming absorbed in the sport, we paid no attention to our pack-train. But who can read aright the heart of a mule, or who fathom the fell designs which may be lurking there, even while he gazes in your face trustfully, innocently, the picture of mulish simplicity and resignation? When we awoke in the morning, not a burro was in sight. We ran up and down the narrow rock-walled valley, calling and listening by turns for old Jim's responsive bray! But it did not come, and the entire morning passed. Meanwhile, some of the higher peaks appeared to be signaling to each other by means of certain elusive vanishing cloud-pennons, which they seemed to wave at each other and then to withdraw. We would be looking upward at some boldly jutting crag, when all at once a faint misty shadow would come stealing softly over it, clinging lightly to the rock a moment, and then as swiftly disappearing. From the cañon below us, the cloud-vapor arose in a steady stream, constantly increasing in volume. "Old Storm-King has set his kettle on to boil, down there," said Tom. "I wish we could find those blasted donkeys. If we don't get out of this pretty soon, we may not get out at all."

At noon, we put some crackers and cheese in our pockets, and started out for a more systematic search — Tom going back on the trail we had come over, and I following down the valley. I found a cattle-trail, pretty good at first, but after awhile the valley grew so narrow that it seemed only a gigantic crack in the rocks, with a stream running at the bottom; but the cattle-path kept on, literally clinging to the face of the rock. "I wonder," I thought, "with the whole mountain-range to choose from, why any sane cow should take such a pathway as this. There isn't soil enough even to leave a track in!" But I followed on grumblingly, fully expecting to come upon the burros at any minute. I knew that they would enjoy leading me such a chase, and thought it not unlikely that they had slipped away with just this end in view.

I must have gone a couple of miles, when the path suddenly opened out on a green little nook, bright with the changing shadow and sunshine which shifted down through the branches of a group of silver-blue spruce, those majestic monarchs of the mountain solitudes, and there, daintily cropping the tender grass, I saw, not the missing pack-train, but a half-dozen magnificent elks. I was so completely astonished that I stood staring at them, forgetful of the gun at my shoulder, until some slight involuntary movement of mine sent a bit of rock rolling down the cliff. The leader, a royal old fellow, with antlers which I might have walked between with outstretched hands and still left untouched, raised his head, gave one startled glance around, and, with a snort and a clatter of hoofs, he wheeled and went down the cañon,

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followed by the whole squad. Their gait looked clumsy, and, when I recovered my wits, I thought it would be an easy matter to overtake them; but I soon got a pretty accurate idea of the rate at which their swinging loose-jointed mode of locomotion took them out of gunshot-range. Rose and I used to sing a little song, wherein, among other handsome offers to the beloved and apparently obdurate maid, the lover declares:

"I'll chase the antelope over the plain." And I used to give Rose practical illustrations of the speed with which I would chase them, and the manner in which I would effect their capture, supposing I were the lover. I thought of this that afternoon, as, spent and breathless, I paused to catch a last glimpse of the herd as they climbed out of the "draw" into which I had pursued them, and disappeared in a dense growth of quaking aspen. "That fellow may chase the antelope over the plain, and even catch one," I muttered; "but I'd like to see him corner an elk in these mountains. It's lucky for him that he didn't promise to add one to his menagerie." I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock, and I must be at least six miles from camp. Six miles of rocks and precipices, and the sun already obscured by the clouds, which had marshaled in a mighty host, of which the shadowy vapors we had noticed in the morning had been the well-known and sure forerunners. I couldn't hurry; my feet, no longer winged by excitement, seemed to have grown suddenly heavy and springless, and my gun could not have weighed less than a hundred pounds. However, I stumbled along, hoping to get out of the draw and into the main cañon before nightfall. I judged that I must be getting close to its mouth, and was walking cautiously along a bench or ledge which jutted out from a sheer wall of rock, overhanging a tiny stream, which foamed along, noisy and turbulent, forty or fifty feet below, when, all at once, a cloud seemed to have been dropped down instantly, bodily, by invisible hands; and rocks, stream, trees, and boulders swam for a moment in an indistinguishable chaos of cold clinging mist, which left great clammy drops on every shrub and spear of grass, on the stiff sharp spikes of the spruce and fir trees, and turned the trail on the shelving edge of a precipice into a pathway too dangerous for any feet to tread, save those of a goat, or perhaps an elk. My eyes soon accustomed themselves to the illusions of the mist, and it no longer seemed as though the trees and bushes were running at me; but I could not see thirty feet ahead or above me. The wall which rose black and frowning at my side might, for all that I could see, be fifty feet high, or it might reach the stars. I knew that there were trees growing below the ledge, but, when I ventured to peep over, there was not so much as a leaf to be seen—only a misty gulf, from which came the voice of the angry little stream, swelling into a roar in the heavy motionless air. To go on was impossible. I must wait until the cloud lifted, and, if it didn't lift soon, I must make up my mind to pass the night on the edge of the precipice, with the certainty of a snowstorm close at hand. I leaned back against the wall, with a kind of sullen resignation: "Just my everlasting luck. The burros got away because they belong to me, and the elk would have known better than to have shown themselves to anyone but such an infernal fool. They knew I wouldn't think of shooting until they had got out of range." I had a stout staff of jack-oak in my hand, and, as I spoke, I gave a spiteful whack! to a little point of rock which stuck out of the granite mass beside me—

When I was a little fellow, my Uncle Harry gave me a copy of the Arabian Nights, much to the disgust of my father, who did not believe in filling a child's head with such nonsense; but the stories peopled many a solitary hour with gracious and courtly company, or set me longing for a tithe of the riches which came so easily to the fortunate Orientals. I was particularly struck with the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. It never had seemed quite a myth to me, and now! Now I held the lamp, or its equivalent, in my hand! The narrow black dismal cañon disappeared as if by magic. Warmth and light, peace, security, and love were mine, mine, mine!

Gone the bitter years of poverty, privation, and disappointment. Life lay before me radiant, triumphant!

In an ecstasy, a delirium of joy, I shouted, hallooed, and could hardly refrain from dancing on a footing so insecure that the slightest misstep would have sent me headlong into the gulf below. It was this knowledge alone which served to keep me somewhere within bounds. I kept remonstrating with myself, much as though I were talking to an unreasonable second party: "Come now, do be quiet. There's no use in acting like a lunatic; be quiet, or you'll never get out of this place alive," while I stood holding in my hand the bit of rock I had knocked off, and trembling with excitement, for the queer little knob which I had struck at in a fit of petulance was fully one-half virgin gold—

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not in indistinct half-invisible flecks here and there, but in a continuous irregular streak, yellow, glittering, priceless!

When I had grown calm enough to trust myself, I looked carefully up and down the wall, and I found a vein composed of a kind of black conglomerate, nearly a foot in width, which seemed to be laid into a perpendicular rift in the rock; it extended upward as far as I could see in the gloom, and downward until hidden by the shelf upon which I stood, and the black rift shone and sparkled with its millions of golden points and prisms. The rock was very friable, and I easily dug out several large pieces with my pocket-knife. I might have stood there until the darkness fell, but a soft cool touch on my face aroused me. Snow was falling in large soft infrequent flakes, lazily and indifferently, as though there was no need of haste; but I knew that these were only the advance couriers of one of those wintry tempests which so often sweep down upon the mountains, even in October. The mist was lifting, too, and giving place to a soft white light, the benediction of the dying day, before it should be swallowed up in the tempestuous fast-coming night. I knew that my life depended upon my making the most of this light. Hastily thrusting the specimens into my pockets, I only paused long enough to mark the location as accurately as possible, chiefly by means of an enormous silver-blue spruce, which towered in a stately pyramid directly beneath the shelf upon which I stood, and then I hurried away. A few rods brought me to the main cañon, as I had thought they would, and I was walking along a fairly good trail by the time the snow came down thick and fast; but darkness was coming, too, and, as the chill twilight grew deeper, I began to grope my way cautiously, pausing now and then to listen for the voice of the stream, whose course I must follow up. In one of these pauses, I suddenly heard a long-drawn wailing cry, and knew that a mountain lion was on my track. It was rather blood-curdling to hear the silence broken by such a sound, and I took the precaution of bringing my rifle from shoulder to hand, and half-cocking it; but, after the first shock, I was not greatly alarmed. These lions are cowardly brutes, even when hard-pressed by hunger, and it was too early in the season for them to be suffering from that to any great extent. The recollection of my find soon raised my spirits again, and even when a second, and then a third, lion took up the weird concert, I only shouted jubilantly: "Come on, old boys; bring on your sisters and your cousins and your aunts, and we'll all take tea!" But, when a fourth and fifth swelled the discordant chorus, and then as suddenly became silent, I realized that the situation was serious. I listened intently; soon I heard a stealthy footfall behind me, then the sharp snapping of a dry twig close by my side—they were surrounding me with the stealthy caution of cats. The ground was now tolerably level—I had gained the river-bottom—and I broke into a run, firing my gun into the air as I did so; if it had not been for that, they would probably have sprung upon me the instant that I quickened my pace. But the loud report and the burst of flame frightened them, and they fell back, snarling and growling. Soon, however, I heard again the soft pursuing footfalls, and could dimly see dark shadowy forms gliding swiftly among the oak bushes which lined either side of the narrow valley. They will follow anyone in this way for miles, waiting for a chance to take him unaware. If I had stumbled and fallen, they would have been likely to have finished me in short order. I had on a belt full of cartridges, and I now loaded and fired incessantly, knowing that I must be near camp; nevertheless, there were but two cartridges left in my belt, and my gun-barrel was empty, when I heard an answering report and saw a flash of light a few yards ahead. Tom had heard the firing, and had run out to meet me. We saw no more of my pursuers, and were glad to be rid of them without the risk of shooting; for, though cowardly, they are still very dangerous when wounded.

"I was out looking for you an hour ago," said Tom, as we entered the tent, "and then the snow began coming down so fast that I was afraid to go far from the tent, lest neither of us should be able to find it again, especially if the fire should go out. But I found the burros hours ago."

"The burros? Oh, yes! I remember."

Tom looked at me so fixedly that I hastened to explain: "It's a fact, Tom; I actually forgot all about them, and so will you when I tell you, Tom. The fortune's come we've waited for s–o–o l–o–ong! And we're a milli–o–o–naire!"

I never was much of a singer; but Tom is, and I couldn't blame him for picking up a stout stick, and standing resolutely on the defensive, as I roared out this glad refrain. "Don't kill me, Tom; I won't sing another note—"

"You haven't sung one yet."

"No? Well, I won't howl, then. Now listen, Thomas."

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Tom was a gay light-hearted fellow, always singing and joking, and I expected an extravagant outburst; but he heard my story very soberly; he drew a long relieved kind of sigh when I showed him the specimens I had brought. He knew enough of ores to understand fully their value, but he persistently refrained from making any comments until I had had my supper. "You may not know it," he observed, standing with the frying-pan in one hand, and the coffee-pot in the other, "and I presume it would be asking too much of you to expect you to; but you are half-dead with hunger, fatigue, and excitement."

"Hunger? I took a lunch with me!"

"Yes. I noticed it in your pocket, just now. Here it is."

"Well, I suppose I'm hungry if you say so, but I'm not excited."

"Evidently not—call it elevated, if you'd rather; but, if you don't calm down and get rested, how are we to find the place in the morning?"

After supper, I said coaxingly: "Now you talk, Tom, and let my worn spirit revel in the music of your speech!"

Tom smiled rather sadly, but he complied. You'll find that every fellow that you know, or ever have known, who is resolute to resist temptation, brave and energetic, never shirking duty, and never boasting of duty done, has some strong anchor somewhere which is holding his life level. I had known Tom intimately for two years, and had learned to love him as a loyal, uncomplaining, unselfish comrade; but not until that night, when he thought, poor fellow, that our long disappointing search was over, did I hear the story of the orphan girl, away back in Maine, who acted as dining-room girl at a popular seaside resort during summer, and taught school through the long cold New England winters—doing what her hands found to do, and waiting patiently and hopefully for Tom to make the rich strike which he felt so sure of.

While Tom told me the story in a low earnest voice, I understood what his anchor had been. But then, he never was one of the sort to succumb to the coarse allurements which generally prove fatal to the average miner.

Of course, we couldn't either of us sleep, and, as soon as it began to grow light, we were astir. It had snowed nearly all night, but came off clear and bright as the sun rose, and we started briskly down the valley, carrying picks, spades, and a couple of stout sacks; our plan being to take out fifty pounds or so of the ore, and take it down to the smelter as a sample.

Everything looked different, vastly different, under the bright morning sunlight, and covered with a soft unbroken mantle of snow, from what it did in the gloomy dusk of the previous evening; but I felt sure of finding the side canon, or draw, wherein our fortunes awaited us. We tramped on in silence for a couple of miles, and then began to peer into the openings along the right side of the cañon. As we went on, Tom began to look anxious.

"Are you sure you can find it, Arthur?" he asked, after we had returned from a brief examination of the fourth draw which we had thought it worth while to penetrate.

"Oh, yes, we can't miss it. I don't think we have come far enough down yet."

"But, you know, the distance would seem greater to you at night, and in danger, as you were, than it really is."

"Yes, but I ran last night. I assure you it is further down."

If it was further down, we never found it. We hunted until noon, and then we sat down on a dripping ledge—for the snow was melting rapidly—ate our lunch, and tried again. How often we picked our way cautiously into one of those infamous "draws," looking for my chief landmark, the silver-blue spruce on the right-hand side, close under the ledge, with the narrow shelving rock standing high above it! How many times the silvery glittering foliage tempted us on, until we would find the tree on the wrong side of the draw, or, if on the right side, there would be no ledge in sight!

Well, we went back to camp, and we made up our minds to find that spot once more, or spend the winter trying; and we spent it trying. When, after two weeks of fruitless searching, we found that it was likely to prove a long job, we concluded to get ready for it. We built a rough log-cabin, plastered with mud for warmth, a shed for the burros, got up a quantity of fuel for our fireplace, and then took the pack-train down to the city, and brought it back loaded with our winter's supply of provisions. We resolved to stay in the San Carlos Cañon until we found our treasure-trove. But the snow came on so heavily, and continued with so little thawing, that we didn't hunt much that first winter, after all. In the spring, we began in desperate earnest, resolved to have everything in good running order by the time summer opened. For we were still sure of finding the mine. How could we help finding it, if it was not, indeed, a vision of the misty twilight? And that it was not, we still had the samples of ore to prove. But the spring passed, summer

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came and went, and we grew used to the continual disappointment, and made grim jokes on the probability of our living long enough to complete the search. Still, neither of us had any idea of abandoning it, until, one day, Tom came back to camp with a telegram which he had found awaiting him at the rough little post-office, where we went once a week for our mail, saying that Lizzie was very sick, and urging his immediate return. He went, and I stayed on alone. He soon wrote back, saying that Lizzie was improving, but he thought it best to stay with her. She quite recovered, and they were married in a few weeks. I never begrudged her her husband, yet I sometimes wished that she could know how I missed him. I had become so accustomed to his cheery presence, that it was lonesome business doing without him. But I kept on with my work.

And so the weary weeks came and went, came and went. You wouldn't believe unless you had a practical demonstration of it, as I had, the innumerable crooks and turns, the baffling hide-and-seek corners, that the mountains hold.

At length there came a big storm, and the snow lay so deep that I did nothing for two weeks; then, one bright morning, a west-wind sprang up, soft and warm, and the snow, deep as it was, seemed to turn into crystal rivulets as if by magic: for, you see, away up in the mountains, the melting snow is not turned into dirty disreputable slush as in lower altitudes, but runs off clear and sparkling. There is nothing to soil it, and it goes away as clean as it came down; within two or three days, the ground was quite bare except for some heavy drifts upon the northern slopes; but they did not count, as many of them would stay all summer, anyway. So I took my pick and started out once more; but I had never felt just as I did that morning, since my search began. I had been brooding over home-affairs so long, that I was saddened, but no longer sullen or resentful—and I had been both. My mind was full of my poor old father and mother—of their simple unquestioning faith. I remembered how my father used to ask for heavenly guidance and instruction. "A very good thing to do, too," I said aloud, musingly. I had not thought much about that phase of my father's character before, and I stood still, recalling instances wherein he had been "directed," as he called it, idly pushing the damp pine-needles with the toe of my worn boot, and wishing that I might be directed too.

I was standing in the San Carlos Cañon, just opposite the opening to the draw which Tom and I had first explored on that black day, three years before. I had never entered it since; but now a little cluster of falling shingle caused me to look in that direction—a black squirrel was running swiftly along the broken face of the cliff which guarded the entrance. I whistled sharply, and the little fellow stopped abruptly, facing about, with his body bent forward, his tasseled ears cocked up, and his tiny paws folded one upon another, in an attitude which looked so like one of polite remonstrance that I laughed; that startled him again, and he scampered off up the draw—regardless, this time, of my whistling.

In the irresolution and uncertainty of my quest, even so slight an incident as this was enough to decide me, so I said cheerfully, to the fugitive:

"We'll keep each other company, my little friend. I'll go up there too."

The silver-blue spruce still stood below the cliff, silent and majestic as it had stood three years before, and may stand for a hundred years to come; but the stream was swollen by the melting snow, and roared loudly as it rushed over its rocky bed. There was a good trail beside it, and I walked along close by the foot of the cliff, glancing up its sheer face, and sighing as I thought of the disappointment it had given Tom and me that day; but I soon passed it. A few rods more, and the trail, which led upward, made a turn—slight, yet enough to cut off the view behind me and to reveal—

Rose, who has constituted herself my chief critic again, just as of old, said, when I told her that part of my story:

"Don't you think, Arthur, that it was really too absurd of you to faint away when you did actually find the mine? All alone, as you were, too!"

I have never tried to excuse my action—or inaction—to Rose; but, considering all that had gone before, in my own heart I regard it as rather creditable than otherwise. Mother says that the beautiful house that was built last summer on the old place is too fine for her: but father smiles as he tells her "There's no house too fine to stand guard over the old acres, Susan, and nothing on earth too good for my dear old wife."

Tom said that he had no legal right to a share in our great fortune, since he neither found nor lost it, but he has always seemed like a brother to me, and I prevailed upon him to admit the moral right. At last we are a happy united family, none the less so that I have ceased to argue with father when he talks about being "directed."

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KEPT TO THE LETTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE little river gleamed in the spring sunlight, the shadows of the over-hanging boughs marking it, here and there, with black traceries that looked like delicate etchings on a silver belt.

Douglas Bernard gave a strong pull, which sent the bow of the skiff up on the bank under the trees. He proceeded to help his companion out; she managed to slip, and he with difficulty saved her from falling, a mischance at which the foolish young pair laughed from sheer light-heartedness.

Then they mounted the easy sloping hill, on whose brink a knot of sycamores stood like sentinels guarding the entrance to the wood which spread away westward.

"It is too delightful here to go any further," Bride said, and seated herself in the shade, with her back against a mossy stump. "What a lovely sky—what a perfect day it is altogether."

"If it were not my last!" Douglas rejoined, dolefully.

"The last of your life, one might think, from your dismal tone," Bride said, with a tantalizing laugh.

"I may not be able to come again before autumn—that seems an eternity to me, though it may not look very long to you," Bernard answered, reproachfully.

"That's as unjust as possible—a real man's speech!" Bride exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself—at all events, you must say you are! I believe in the discipline of our grandmothers; they always punished naughty boys who would not own they were penitent."

"You are always punishing me, and I am always on the stool of penitence—half the time I don't know why," the young man declared.

"And, talking of grandmothers," Bride continued, "I am sure yours thinks you ought to be spending these last hours with her, instead of wandering about in the society of the most ineligible young woman of your acquaintance in all this neighborhood."

"What do you mean by talking such nonsense—"

"It is good sound sense on the stately old lady's part," Bride interrupted. "You needn't color so furiously—I know she has called me so, often and often! I don't mind—I like her! She's as witty and clever as possible; she is worldly and hard, and so shall we be, at her age!"

"Now, Bride!"

"I am ineligible," the girl continued, lifting an admonitory finger. "My grandfather was a spendthrift—my father followed his example, and my brother, though he is the dearest fellow in the world, has no business talent, and will never succeed in righting matters in the least."

"That has nothing to do with me and my love for you!" cried Bernard, sturdily.

"No, but it has with the grandmother's judgment of matters."

"I am not dependent on her—"

"Now, don't finish that sentence—it will do you no credit whatever!" cried Bride. "Besides, everybody is dependent on everybody—and you owe her affection and respect, for she adores you!"

"I do love her, but I'm my own master!"

"Oh, you shabby fellow—just because she has only a life-right in the Bernard money!"

Douglas uttered a prolonged sound between a groan and a stifled yell, and started to his feet.

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"You're the wickedest girl that ever lived!" he ejaculated.

"There, there—don't shout—you'll scare the birds! And you know I didn't mean it—and I forgive you, so let's talk about something else," Bride responded, all in one breath, putting her fingers to her ears, and treating her unfortunate admirer to another bewildering smile of mingled sweetness and malice.

"Oh, Bride, don't tease me to-day, of all days in the year!" he cried. "I love you so dearly, and you do care for me a little—you do—only admit that, and—"

"You will instantly grow more unreasonable and impossible to manage than ever," she interposed, quickly.

But her eyes fell under the earnestness of his, and the roses which bloomed suddenly in her cheeks were an admission that could not be retracted. She began playing with the leaves and flowers which lay in her lap, lifting them one after another for a close and critical examination.

"Ah, Bride, you will promise—you will consent to an engagement—you won't send me away in doubt and discouragement!" Bernard pleaded.

"I don't think you are in any doubt, and you are too obstinate ever to be discouraged," she answered, but her voice trembled in spite of her laughing words. "Now, let my hands alone, and please stay where you are. I can talk ever so much easier, since—since we must say it all out."

Bernard stopped short, and stood with his shoulders against the trunks of the two nearest trees, the space between them letting in a patch of sky as a background to his tall figure. He thrust his hands deep into his coat-pockets, afraid lest they should seize her in spite of his will, and remained gazing down at her with a sweetness and entreaty which softened his dark face like sunshine. Bride, glancing half shyly up, caught the look, and her eyes grew misty with feeling which would have its way.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" she sang, softly, the line from the pathetic old song bursting involuntarily from her lips. "Yes—yes—I care so much that I—no, stop where you are, else I'll take back every word! Now, I want to be sensible; I don't believe your grandmother will like it—"

"She shall come herself and beg you!" he broke in, eagerly.

"Oh, I've no doubt you could wheedle and threaten her into doing anything," Bride said. "All the same, she wants you to marry her relative, Rose Leighton, that handsome New York girl! And what would my brother do without me—and I have the plantation on my hands beside, and—"

"Your hands are too full, then," said Bernard, "and all your objections amount to nothing. Oh, Bride, you can't go back—you have promised at last!"

Out of the pockets flew his two hands, and Bride was fairly lifted off her feet in an embrace which, for a few seconds, prevented her speaking; and, when she did manage to push his head back, he began talking too eagerly and too sweetly for her to be able to deny or even protest.

Of course, young Mr. Bernard had his way, since Bride's heart fought on his side; and, when they went down the hill, no two human beings could have asked to be happier or have had a brighter dreamland in which to enjoy their bliss.

They took the path which wound along the margin of the little river that shone in the brightness of the gathering sunset and sang a soft refrain to their talk.

Presently, they crossed a stile and reached the orchard which made the boundary-line on that side of the home Bride had inherited. The estate had once been among the largest in that part of Virginia, but by degrees had shrunk in the wasteful hands of several generations of spendthrift Avenals until only a few score of acres and the great rambling brick mansion, sadly out of repair, were all that remained.

At the gate, Bride sent Douglas away; and he went without much demur, because he knew that so doing would enable him to return the sooner.

Before the moon was fairly up over the hills, Bernard's step roused Bride as she sat dreaming in the vine-wreathed verandah.

"You startled me!" she said.

"Don't say you were not expecting me, because that would be a fib," cried Douglas. "And somebody is expecting you. The grandmother wants to see you at once, and she begs you to excuse her, asking you to come to her instead of her coming to you. Indeed, Bride, even you would have been satisfied with the way the blessed old lady received my news. And you'll go—won't you?"

"Certainly I will," Bride answered. "It was good of her not to feel disappointed—or not to show it."

"Now, don't be wicked and go fancying things," he pleaded.

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"I can't help being wicked," Bride replied; "but I'll believe exactly what the grandmother says, because it will make me happier—and you too, you spoiled boy."

They walked across the fields through the moonlight, and, as they passed up to the house, they could see Mrs. Bernard in the piazza.

"Welcome, the pair of you!" she called, as the two ascended the stone steps. "Come here, my new grandaughter, and let me give you a kiss. Douglas seems to think you regard me as the wolf in disguise; but I don't credit a word of it, my dear. He only wants to prejudice us against each other, in the hope it will make us both the fonder of him."

Disappointed Mrs. Bernard certainly was—angry, too—but she was a sensible woman; and, recognizing the fact that Douglas would have his own way, she prepared to put a good face on the matter. Personally, she was attached to Bride, though she did not like the Avenal blood; and, besides, she had chosen another wife for her grandson; so, as she never did anything by halves, she made Bride feel welcome.

The evening passed pleasantly, and, when Bride had bidden her good-night, the old lady sat alone and reviewed the situation, accepting it even inwardly with a tolerable grace, though she could not resist thinking:

"If something should happen to prevent the marriage, I couldn't be sorry! But the boy will have his way, and Bride is a good girl in spite of her faults—and she's not to blame for being an Avenal! All the same, if something should happen! Somehow, I can't fancy her ruling here when I am gone—but it is always the unlikely that comes to pass!"

The next morning, Bernard started North to attend to the business affairs which the death of an uncle had left on his hands. Even in her loneliness, Bride was able to be happy, for nearly every day brought her a letter from Douglas, and the stately grand dame was kindness itself.

But, before a month went by, Mrs. Bernard had reason to recall the old saying she had quoted to herself on the evening when Douglas had announced his engagement: "It is always the unlikely that comes to pass!" Again she whispered the words, over and over, with mingled pain and exultation. She was heartsore for Bride and Douglas, yet she could not help feeling that Providence had wisely and visibly interfered in her boy's behalf.

II.

It was at the close of a lovely summer day; Bride had just seated herself on the verandah. The new moon was in the east—a pale amber light on all objects—the scent of roses in the air—in Bride's hand the letter, that day received from Douglas, which was to be read again a litte later.

The clanging of the gate roused her from her dream; up the avenue came Crumb, the colored boy, who had been down to the village to do some errands.

"I done bring you another letter, Miss Bride," he said, as he got near enough to see her. "Miss Robarts, she hailed me jis as I was gwine by de post-office. 'Here's a letter for Miss Bride,' says she, 'and don' yer lose it'—as if I ever did!"

His mistress bore testimony to his carefulness, which sent him off happy, and then she went indoors. The lamp had been lighted in the parlor; as she entered, she glanced at the superscription on the envelope—it was in her brother's writing.

During the last year, Gerard Avenal had been in Richmond, having secured a place in an insurance company, through the influence of the president, an old friend of his family. Bride could manage the farm much better than her brother had ever done, and she had urged his acceptance of the position.

Gerard Avenal was a weak, soft-hearted, unconsciously selfish man, who had always made a failure of everything he had undertaken. He possessed no more ability to reason and plan for the future than a savage: and, from the time she was thirteen, Bride had managed all business matters as much as she did now at twentytwo.

She opened Gerard's letter, and read it to the end without raising her eyes or uttering a sound, though the first lines warned her that he was menaced by a trouble so black, that, even if the worst of its consequences could be averted, an indelible shadow would remain, so deep and wide that its darkness must shroud her life as well as his own.

Before bed-time, her preparations were complete for an absence of two days, perhaps more.

At noon, an express-train halted for water at the village station, and, by taking that, she could reach Richmond before evening.

She had telegraphed to her brother that she was coming. He did not meet her at the station; when she reached the hotel, she found a note, asking her to come to him—he had been so ill all day that he could not get out.

She went at once to the house, and found him lying on his bed, partly dressed, looking terribly worn and wretched. He received her with a burst of womanish tears, and had to be soothed into composure; but Bride had been accustomed

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from her earliest childhood to pet and hold him up, though he was seven years her senior.

"They're all against me!" he wailed. "I can see even Mr. Burdick thinks I took the money. They will prosecute me, and I shall go to prison —for ten years, maybe. Oh, they'd better hang me outright—it would be more merciful!"

She studied the face, so handsome in spite of its betrayal of weakness, and thought that, whether innocent or guilty, he deserved pity rather than blame—poor sufferer that he was from the follies and sins of bygone generations who had bequeathed to him all their love of pleasure and excitement without the bodily strength and the force of will which had enabled them, though much worse men, to gain and keep a prominent place in their day.

By degrees she got the whole miserable story from him, in a rambling disconnected fashion eminently characteristic of the contradictory half-made creature. He had succeeded for nearly a year in keeping very steady; but, about a week previous, some former boon companions chanced to visit Richmond, and found him out. Supper and cards had been the result, followed by some days of drinking, during which he managed to present himself at the office and avoid the recognition of his state by the leading members of the firm. An express-package, containing a thousand dollars, was missing; it must have been received by him, but he could not account for it; and he was known to have just paid a gambling-debt of some hundred dollars. He told several contradictory stories about the way he received this money: the truth was, it belonged to Bride, and he had drawn it out to pay the interest on a mortgage. It was a sum lately left her by a relative, and she had written to him to devote it to that purpose, believing she could trust him to do it, and so save herself the journey.

As usual, he had to be comforted instead of blamed. Bride did not accept this condition of matters from weakness—she did it to avert worse suffering and shame. She knew that unless she could help Gerard to face the present strait, he would begin to drink again, and, in the partial insanity which it always engendered in him, would make an attempt at suicide, as he had done twice before when in that state.

She left him to go to Mr. Burdick, and, for her sake, that gentleman consented to interest himself in Gerard's behalf. The result of the matter was that Mr. Burdick made good the money-loss; and his solicitations, added to Bride's eloquent entreaties, induced the board of managers to renounce a criminal prosecution, and even to promise that the affair should be hushed up.

But the latter was beyond their power; hints of the wretched business had already crept into the papers; and, when Bride took her brother home, the next day, she knew that the cloud of suspicion resting on him would cast over her own life a shadow so black that her dreams, her hopes, her happiness, must be blotted out in an eternal eclipse.

She wasted no time in passive misery—she should have years and years in which to suffer: what she had to do now was to act.

The night of her return, she wrote to Douglas Bernard, breaking her engagement; then she wrote another letter, almost as hard to frame. A man in Baltimore, who had bought a large tract of land in the neighborhood, had tried to purchase her plantation. She had refused the proposition, thinking that nothing would ever induce her to part with her childhood's home; but she wrote now to accept, if he were still inclined to hold to his former offer and pay down the full purchase-money on the transferal of the deed.

Gerard's wretched condition, both of body and mind, required constant attention, and Bride had her hands and mind so full that the claims of her heart had to wait.

"Time enough to suffer—time enough," she told herself over and over.

Mrs. Bernard was absent from home, and did not return until Bride had been able to decide fully on her future plans; for she had received a telegram accepting her proposal in regard to the sale of the plantation.

Bride heard, one evening, that Mrs. Bernard had returned, and, the next morning, came a note asking to see her. The note was kind enough, but it stated that the writer had been much troubled by a painful report—she wanted Bride to come and tell her it was not true.

Bride, of course, understood what the report was which had disturbed Mrs. Bernard. Within an hour, she presented herself before that lady, who received her with an appearance of carefully-repressed emotion which would have affected Bride more had she not been certain it was a fine bit of acting.

"My dear, dear child!" cried the old lady. "How good of you to come! And now tell me at once that I have been needlessly anxious—there is no truth in this dreadful tale. Some enemy has set it in circulation! Your brother could not—"

"Please tell me exactly what you heard," Bride interrupted, quietly, "then I can answer."

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"That—that Mr. Avenal had had a difficulty with the Richmond Company; that—" Here the speaker paused; but, at an impatient gesture from Bride, she continued: "Well, dear, it has to be said: the report was that he had been accused of appropriating money, would be prosecuted—"

"No, he will not," Bride again interrupted. "The rest of the story is true—quite true."

Mrs. Bernard groaned, and put her hand before her face as she sank back in her chair.

"My poor, poor Douglas!" she sighed. "I had not the heart to write until—oh, I hoped you could assure me there would be no need!"

"I have written," Bride said, calmly. "Mrs. Bernard, I released your grandson from his engagement."

"My brave girl—upright and truthful always!" cried the old lady, rising and holding out her arms, into which, however, Bride showed no inclination to precipitate herself. "But he will never let you go—he is so headstrong, and young people will not understand that the wild passion of early youth is very seldom the love which lasts."

"Mrs. Bernard," rejoined Bride, "you need have no fear—I never break my word—I have vowed not to marry your grandson while I and mine rest under this cloud."

Her listener was convinced, and, with her mind at ease, her kindness and generosity, of which she had a large share, could assert themselves. When she and Bride parted, she had never felt such genuine fondness for the girl, whose firmness and courage filled her with respect.

Two days elapsed before Douglas Bernard arrived to trouble Bride by his suffering, but her determination was not to be shaken.

"I have made a vow," she said, "and it shall be kept to the letter."

"So shall mine," he answered; "it is never to rest until the truth is discovered! I have talked with Gerard—I am sure he never took the money."

Bride could not share this confidence, though she believed that her brother did not remember taking the package. She was convinced, too, that he would never have committed the crime except under the temporary insanity which excessive drinking always produced in him, and these palliating circumstances kept her affection and sympathy from being blotted out by anger and contempt.

Her certainty that Gerard never could be freed from the stain which shadowed his reputation was the key-note of her resolution to separate herself irrevocably from Douglas Bernard.

"I am acting rightly," she said; "all you can do is to make my task as easy as possible. Go away—leave me free to get ready to face my new life. I don't want to talk—I don't want you to write—I don't mean to leave address or trace behind! Of course, we can't disappear utterly—but you must promise not to hunt us up—it would avail nothing—I shall never change."

Douglas at last became convinced that it was useless to attempt to shake Bride's decision—he could only offer his misery, the hope that somewhere in the future the crooked path might be set straight.

III.

"And that is the important matter I wanted to talk to you about, Bride Avenal—I have made up my mind to marry your brother! I chose to tell you myself, instead of letting him. You know, I'm fond of managing things and people."

The color deepened to a painful flush in Bride's cheeks, then died suddenly out, leaving her very pale.

"I—I am taken by surprise, Mrs. Henderson," she began, but the lady interrupted her without scruple.

"Then you must be blind!" she cried. "Why, it would have been plain to anybody, I should think, that I liked Gerard! Good gracious, you don't mean to say you object?"

"No, no! I am more than glad, for my brother's sake, but—but— Oh, Mrs. Henderson, has he been perfectly frank?" Bride asked, breathlessly. "Has he told you everything about—about himself?"

"Mercy on us, child, I should hate to have any man do that!" the handsome widow said, with a merry laugh. "But, if you mean about that wretched insurance company business, yes—long ago—I got it out of him soon after we made acquaintance."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Bride rejoined, face and voice full of relief. "Now I can tell you that your news makes me very, very happy!"

"That's enough!" said the widow, kissing her cheek. "I am sure we shall get along—I'm awfully fond of Gerard. In the first place, I don't believe he ever took the money. As for the suspicion, nobody here knows about it; and, anyhow, most of the nice men in this region have something worse on their record than such a trifle. You see, I was born in this part of the world, and I've lived in it thirtytwo

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years, and things which might seem important in your eyes don't affect me in the least. I shall expect you to like me! You can get on without Gerard—so far as managing the ranch goes, he is of no use whatever—you see, he was born for ornament, as some people are for work."

"Of course, I like you," Bride averred, truthfully; "and Gerard is as kind-hearted as he is good-natured. He is clever, too, only he does need taking care of—but you have head enough for both."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Henderson, complacently. "If he should misbehave, I'd box his ears and put him to bed! I like something to pet; I'm a rich woman, and I can afford a husband who is rather helpless! I think that was Gerard's charm for me from the first! I've always been surrounded by such big coarse men! Now, there's a touch of the feminine element in Gerard which suits me, because I've a little taint of masculinity in my nature."

It was quite true, yet Mrs. Henderson was a very attractive woman, well-educated and handsome, and so bright and witty that one could easily overlook her freedom of speech and little eccentricities of manner.

The sheep-farm Bride had purchased was situated in one of the loveliest valleys which even that region of marvels, Southern California, can boast, and Mrs. Henderson's home was in a town only a few miles distant.

Two years had passed since Bride brought her brother to the quaint old house set down in the midst of trees and flowers, and began her new life. Matters had prospered sufficiently, so that she had no anxiety for the future, where material prospects were concerned, and she had too much on her hands to have leisure for repining and regret.

With the assistance of a skilled ranchman, Bride had from the first managed matters herself, and Gerard found as much occupation as he cared for in keeping the books, and giving such help, here and there, as Bride needed. His terrible experience seemed to have completely cured him of the vice of gambling, and, though he drank sometimes, he was never guilty of any excess. From the outset, Bride made him comprehend that there was a limit to her forbearance, and he accepted the condition without a struggle.

It was only about nine months since, that Gerard had become acquainted with Mrs. Henderson. He had known her for a good while before she and his sister met, and, though she often drove or rode out to the ranch, and occasionally made visits of several days, it was only lately that it had occurred to Bride, the frank determined widow might be persuaded to accept Gerard if he should ever happen to stray into asking her—Gerard never did anything from a fixed resolution.

Now, the consummation had come about, and it speedily seemed the most natural result in the world, as agreeable things so soon do to us all. Sometimes, when rejoicing over the future, and feeling that a great weight of responsibility was removed from her own shoulders, Bride could not help reflecting on the inexplicable manner in which human destinies are arranged. It certainly seemed odd that the cloud cast over her path by her brother should have interfered so little with his happiness, while it had been permitted to wreck hers. But Bride had long since learned that it is a waste of time to brood over such mysteries. She had learned, too, that it was wise to cling as much as possible to optimistic theories, in order to counterbalance the pessimistic facts of existence; and, by consistently acting on this principle, she made life's daily road pleasanter for all who trod it in her company, and, therefore, easier for herself.

Gerard Avenal's good fortune in winning the rich handsome widow was speedily followed by a new ray of sunshine, which he received with a placid composure that caused Bride a little exasperated wonder, while it mightily amused his promised wife.

A fortnight before the date fixed for the wedding, Bride received a communication from Mr. Burdick, informing her that Gerard's innocence was thoroughly established. The real culprit had been caught in an attempt at embezzlement, and, as he had acted as assistant bookkeeper when Avenal was accused, it had seemed probable that he might be the guilty person in that affair, though, at the time, no suspicion pointed to him. He was given the hope that a full confession would tend to a mitigation of the sentence which must inevitably follow his trial, and, under this pressure, he admitted that he had taken advantage of Avenal's fit of intoxication to steal the express-package.

The joyful news came late one afternoon, and Avenal rode at once into town to impart it to his betrothed. Bride spent her solitary evening in writing to Douglas Bernard, for the first time since they parted. She had heard often from him, but the epistles had gradually grown less frequent, and during the past few months no tidings had reached her.

Her letter was friendly and frank; but it contained no word which could sting her to

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remember, in case his feeling had changed and the old dream had lost its sweetness. She did not allow herself to think definitely or to form any distinct hope—at least she told her reason so—but the whole world seemed suddenly to have brightened, and she felt a pleasure in the mere fact of existence to which she had long been a stranger.

The next day, Mrs. Henderson drove over to the ranch, her usual high spirits augmented tenfold by the joyful intelligence in regard to her lover.

"I knew the truth would come out sometime—I said so when Gerard told me the story—now didn't I, young man?" she demanded, glancing triumphantly from Bride to her brother.

"Of course, you did," Gerard answered, with a look as full of admiration as if the discovery of the facts had been her work.

"Then always remember that I have the gift of prophecy, and show me respect accordingly!" cried the widow. "You see, Bride, I know how to claim my rights and dues, which is more, I fancy, than you'll ever learn, clear-headed as you are."

The three spent several very happy hours together, and, when Mrs. Henderson declared that she must drive home before dark, Bride left the lovers seated in the verandah, and went up to her own room for some letters which she wanted Gerard to post.

She took the epistles from her writing-desk—stopped to look at the direction on the envelope which bore Bernard's name. She pressed the paper to her lips, and, catching sight of her own image in the glass, blushed as hotly as if she had been surprised by a stranger in her bit of girlish folly. The words of the old song recurred to her—the sweet words which for so long she had not trusted herself to recall: "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," she sang, softly, and went downstairs, still murmuring the refrain.

The pony-carriage was ready; Mrs. Henderson and Gerard were still seated in the verandah; he was reading aloud bits from some Eastern journals which Mrs. Henderson had brought.

Just as Bride reached the lower hall, she heard Gerard exclaim:

"By Jove, here's news!"

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," Bride sang below her breath, as she passed on toward the outer doors, holding her letters in her hand. She heard her brother's exclamation, and asked as she reached the verandah: "What other news have you, Gerard?"

"Oh, just listen to this!" he said. "Where is it now? I've lost the place—it's about Douglas Bernard."

"You need spectacles," Mrs. Henderson interrupted, and Bride had to wait while Gerard hunted for the column he wanted, and the widow kept up a fire of raillery.

"Ah, here it is!" he cried, exultantly. "Listen, Bride—he was rather an admirer of hers once, Elsie."

"Will you read, or let me?" Bride asked, quietly.

Mrs. Henderson shot her a quick glance, but Gerard noticed nothing unusual in his sister's voice or manner, and began to read with great emphasis:

"Among the weddings announced for the autumn, that of Mr. Douglas Bernard and Miss Rose Leighton is attracting—"

He read on through a paragraph of considerable length, but Bride caught no other word as she stood motionless in the doorway, with the red glow of the setting sun striking full on her face. Mrs. Henderson gave her another covert glance, then snatched the paper from Gerard, declaring that she must start at once.

She made a great commotion, and kept her escort occupied; not a word to the sister did she utter beyond an affectionate farewell, but she felt that Bride's cheek was like ice as her lips touched it, and her woman's intuition told her at least something of the truth.

Bride kept her stand till the pony-carriage and the attendant horseman turned into the high-road, then she descended the steps, and began to walk to and fro along a path which ran by the side of the house and down the hill at the back of the garden. She felt cold and numb; those words Gerard had read were still ringing in her ear—the death-knell of her youth! She knew now that her hope had never died, only lain dormant, and that under the sunshine of yesterday's news it had blossomed into beauty as suddenly as an amaryllis unfolds its leaves.

She perceived that she was still holding the letters; two of them she put in her pocket, and walked slowly on. Presently she came in sight of a fire under a great tree; old Huldah was making soap in a huge kettle, looking like an old witch as she stirred the compound and chanted a tuneless song.

Bride went up to her, examined the soap, listened to Huldah's remarks, then stooped, thrust her letter into the blaze, and watched it consume.

"Soap-making, sheep-raising, house-cleaning—these are the things fate gives me to do,"

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she said to herself, as she walked away. "Well, I'll do them as thoroughly as I can! Dreams and hopes and happiness might be pleasanter; but they are for other people—for Gerard and Elsie—for Douglas and Rose Leighton! Life is hard on me, I think—but it is of no use to groan—and it will end sometime—sometime!"

IV.

THE days went by, and one beautiful morning Gerard and the widow were married, and started on a trip to the East, two such happy mortals that it was pleasant to see their faces.

It was late in the afternoon when Bride reached home—it was a comfort to know she would find herself alone there.

She had been kept busy during the past week, and was really very tired; but she did not on that account allow herself to rest. Proctor, the manager, claimed an interview, and, when he had gone, she held audience with several other persons. After that, there were household operations which Huldah wished her to inspect, and it was growing twilight before she found leisure to seat herself in the verandah.

"I must find more work," she was thinking; "I must fill up my life somehow! I haven't Gerard to think about any longer—I shall need new interests to occupy the place he held! Well, they will come in good season—duties and responsibilities never fail to do that."

There was a step on the grass; a voice called her name; she looked up, and saw Douglas.

An hour later, they were seated there side by side—the full moon pouring down a flood of enchanted light to illuminate their paradise.

"The two names were correct, but they ought to have been reversed! It is my cousin, Bernard Douglas, who will marry the fair Rose," Douglas had explained. "The grandmother says she only wants now to see us married to have every wish fulfilled."

"And it was you who found out the truth about Gerard—oh, why didn't Mr. Burdick say so?"

"I told him to keep my name back—I wanted to tell my own news! And to think that my letter missed, and the telegram also—you ought to have had that yesterday."

"I have you—which is better," she replied. "Oh, this pays for all—Douglas, Douglas!"

"Say the rest," he pleaded.

So, with her head pillowed on his breast, she sang softly the refrain:

"Tender and true; Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

A GRAVE.

BY LILLA PRICE.

Oh, bury me under the soft blue waves,
'Neath the rush of the waters free;
Let me find my rest 'neath their foam-tipp'd crest,
In the depths of the murmuring sea.

No bell shall be toll'd, with its mournful sound,
No funeral-pall shall be spread;
But a solemn hush and a soft sad rush,
As the waters close over my head.

A tangle of seaweed shall be my shroud,
And a mound of coral my bier;
The voice of the sea shall my requiem be,
And my sleep will be tranquil here.

No roses nor lilies may deck my grave,
Nor marble shall mark my rest,
But the wonderful flow'rs of the ocean bow'rs
Will lovingly twine o'er my breast.

Then bury me under "the sad sea waves,"
Where the winds moan soft and low;
Let the tears that are shed for the deep-cover'd dead
With the shimmering wavelets flow.

THE DEWDROP.

BY T. J. TAYLOR.

It nestles 'mid flowers and grasses
In tremulous quiv'ring gleams;
Bathed in the sunlight, it flashes
With ten thousand golden beams.

It looks like a pearl of the ocean,
It looks like a diamond rare,
As it takes the tints of the rainbow
And scatters them through the air.

Like a tiny lake in the mountains,
It lies in slumberous rest,
While the lights and shadows of morning
Mirror themselves in its breast.

It changes its bright sparkling colors
In the blushing light of morn,
Till, caught in the folds of a sunbeam,
It fades—the dewdrop is gone.

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A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, AUTHOR OF "A LEGAL FETTER," "LUCK OF ASHMEAD," "A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 371.

PART III.—A YEAR LATER.

CHAPTER VI.

A CLAMOR of merry voices; a bouquet of sweet girl faces, bent over dainty bits of fancy work; the flash of jewels on white hands, and the flutter of pretty ribbons and laces.

Then a small gold thimble was tapped lightly on a table, and Ruth Myrick said:

"Girls, girls, we must have peace, or we shall never bring order out of chaos—remember that."

In a moment, all was quiet, while every face turned eagerly toward the speaker. She had not changed much in the twelve months that had passed since we heard her make her humiliating confession to Katherine Gifford. Her beauty was heightened by an expression which formerly never softened the face of naughty Ruth Myrick; she had lost some of the rosy glow of lip and cheek. But it rather enhanced and refined her dark loveliness, and one saw there was still plenty of spirit and resolve in those black eyes and the curve of that resolute chin.

"If we must have two entertainments," she continued, addressing her attentive companions, "for the benefit of the hospital, we can have the theatricals later, and give our whole time to the fair now."

"Oh, yes," cried one girl, with enthusiasm: "because, if we wait until later, Fred will be home for the Easter holiday."

"That is well," smiled Ruth.

"And then," cried Madeline Owen, "Cousin Larry is coming back in about a week, and also Mr. Morris, Kate Gifford's old flame."

"Rue knows all about that," said the first speaker; "she sees Kate Gifford quite often, and they write four times a week!"

"I must plead ignorance. Kate has been in New York for the last eight weeks. I am expecting her here every day, to make me a visit."

"Did you hear that she was coming with Mrs. Gifford to spend the winter at Elland?" asked Belle Martin, the first speaker.

"Yes," said Madeline Owen. "Larry wrote that Mr. Morris would only remain home two months, and would then return."

"Poor Kate," said Rue; "I am surprised that Mrs. Gifford wants to live at 'Elland.'"

"But your cousin, Madeline—will he return with Mr. Morris?"

"No, indeed!" said Madeline, dimpling with pleasure. "Laurence is coming home to take entire charge of the estate, and be the head of the family. Girls, you should see his picture. Such a mustache; and he is so handsome. Don't you wish he were your cousin?"

"I'd rather be his friend!"

"Cousins do not count!"

"You cannot marry him; we can!"

"What, all of you?"

"Don't be boastful, Madeline!"

"My dear girls, you are enough to drive one wild," cried Rue, with her hands over her ears, as this storm arose. "Let us come sensibly back to the subject in hand. We shall be ready for our fair in a week."

"Wait a week longer, and our cousin will be home," laughed Belle Martin, with a sly glance at Madeline.

"Do as you think best about that," said Rue, her color varying a little.

"No, we defer to you, Rue," cried several voices.

"It matters very little to me. I should like to have Eric Morris's assistance for our theatricals. He is excellent in such things. We must be thinking of some good play."

"Oh, yes; what shall we have? Papa suggested 'Love in a Village' and 'The Wonder, or A Woman Keeps a Secret,' but I thought he was laughing at me, for I never heard of them."

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"No, they are both old dramas. Nevertheless, he was making fun of you, Belle, for the titles are more applicable than the dramas, for our use," said Rue, smiling.

"Brother Tom said we ought to try Shakespeare—"

"Oh! oh!" from a chorus of shocked voices.

"Why not, girls?" asked Rue. "Some of the scenes are not so difficult."

"Yes, and Tom said you would make a lovely Katherine, Rue, in the play called 'Katherine and Petrucio.' I never read it; did you?" inquired the innocent girl, who evidently adored brother Tom.

A burst of irresistible laughter rippled forth, as Rue flushed hotly.

"Tell your brother to reserve his criticisms until he sees me in the role. But tell him, also, he will never be called upon to play Petrucio," she said, unable to refrain from laughing at the puzzled expression on little Nellie Leland's face. She, in turn, grew as rosy as Rue, as she exclaimed, to their further amusement:

"I am sure Tom meant it as a compliment. He admired Rue very much before he was married!"

"As if we did not all know that at one time Tom Leland would have given his eyes to win Rue," laughed Belle to Nellie, as they were putting on their wraps.

"I am sorry if I repeated something unkind. I never remember—oh! I am so sorry!"

"Never mind—your brother won't; and Rue never bears a grudge. Besides, she has Dick Olcott and his fortune at her beck and call."

Rue sat thoughtful, alone, after the last sweet maid had kissed her fondly and departed.

So, she mused, Laurence Owen was coming back; cured, no doubt, of his youthful folly in loving her. A changed being, with different views of life. She should never again see the youthful face that had grown white at her cruel words. She could call up no other vision of him than that pale sad one. How could she meet and greet him, knowing he had received and scorned her repentant appeal? How he must have loathed her, to resist those burning words. She dragged herself through the whole valley of humiliation, as she sat in the already lengthening twilight of the early spring. She could not see the fire burning low on the hearth for bitter tears, when a hand was placed over her eyes, and a warm kiss fell on her cheek. Springing gladly to her feet, "Kate, Kate, you darling!" she cried, and was folded in Miss Gifford's arms.

"You did not get my note?" asked Kate, as, the first joyous confusion over, she laid aside her cloak.

"It may be here. Con brought the mail, and I forgot to look at it after the girls left. When did you come, Kate?"

"At five-thirty. And, Rue dear, I have such a request to make. I know you will think me mad."

"I will try to suppress any opinion until I am positive."

"Well, you know, mamma is to come to 'Elland' to-morrow. The house is all in order, and the servants there now. I want to sleep at 'Elland' one night before mamma arrives, and I want you to come with me to-night. Don't refuse me, Rue. We have just time to drive over before dinner. I telegraphed they should have dinner ready at seven. Come, dear, don't say no." Kate spoke pleadingly.

"What whim is this, my wise woman?" demanded Ruth.

"Call it a whim, or what you will, I shall not tell you until I get you there."

"Is it true Eric will be back so soon?"

"He will arrive in New York harbor in three days. Larry is with him. Answer, Rue—will you go to Elland with me?"

"I suppose I must submit. Besides, papa is away, and it is a temptation to escape myself to-night, and the possibility of a visit from honest lumbering Dick Olcott, whom my father seems to think a valuable attachment for life. I wish I could do more than like him a very little."

"Pshaw! Rue, remember the old saw, and don't marry a dull man because he is good. But run, put on your warm cloak, for the air is keen, in spite of its being April. Can you take the doughty Conrad with you, and have him remain also?"

"More and more mystery. Kate, what do you want of Con the irrepressible?"

"Wait and see!"

With this vague promise, Ruth was forced to be content, as she sped away to make ready for the drive and send word to Conrad Mulligan, who had become a domestic in the Myrick household within the last year.

They were soon on their way to "Elland," Rue persistently haunted by memories of her last drive thither, and Kate quiet, but evidently a little nervous.

They found the house warm and pleasant, and the servants ready with an eager welcome. A dainty dinner was served, during which they discussed many matters, but Kate avoided all explanation of her strange request, and Rue

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sought to conceal her curiosity. After dinner, Kate said:

"I have a fancy for spending the rest of the evening in my room, or the one I have chosen as mine. Conrad can bring our tea there when we ring for it."

"Very well; but why should Con be our cup-bearer?"

"Another whim, Rue. I like his honest countenance," laughed Kate, but she did not conceal her nervousness.

"Alas! he never succeeds in speaking the truth. Honesty, he thinks, is not his best policy," sighed Rue, as she followed Kate up the broad stairs. Thus, it may be seen, Con's veracity had not increased with his years.

Kate led the way to the room in which hung the first Mrs. Morris's picture.

The old-fashioned furniture had not been altered, but various little touches of modern comfort bespoke the handiwork of Kate's maid. Two cosy willow rockers were drawn up to a crackling wood-fire, laid upon shining brass andirons. This brought their chairs directly opposite the portrait, which hung over the high wooden mantel.

Rue sank comfortably into her seat.

"This is delightful," she said. "Wait until you have entered Paradise entirely—an old maid's Paradise. Did you not have Fanny put your tea-gown in your valise?"

"Oh, yes; and see, your good Mary has laid yours and mine ready. Now for the luxury of China silk and slippers, instead of the perfume of hot-house flowers and the compliments of men! I am getting so, I hate hot-house posies and—"

"Not men, Rue—surely you were not going to say that!"

"Yes, and I mean it. They are just like the posies, the perishable delight of an hour, and then you have exhausted them."

"Dick Olcott, perhaps," replied Kate, sententiously; "but Eric—"

"Oh, we always except Eric!"

By this time, both were clad in the soft folds of the silk tea-gowns, Rue in a rosy glow of color, while Kate's blonde beauty shone like a moonbeam in contrast with the ivory-tinted dress. Sitting before the fire, in comfortable attitudes, Kate rang for the tea-tray.

Conrad brought it in, and to him Kate said:

"Con, when I ring, do you come yourself."

Conrad bowed and departed.

"And now, Rue," said Kate, as they sipped their tea from dainty china, "I will gratify your curiosity. When Eric left here, a year ago, it was with the firm belief that his father had made a second will, that was not forthcoming."

"What did Eric think became of this will, pray?" asked Rue, lazily.

"He hardly knew what to think, but he was sure his father had not left him penniless, after having so freely forgiven him the past. Not long ago, he had a strange dream. Of course, you know the codicil of the old will left him his mother's picture."

"Yes," said Rue, as Kate paused, "what a sweet face she had." Both looked silently at the picture a moment, then Kate continued:

"I will read you what Eric says of his dream, in his own words."

She drew a letter from her pocket.

"You remember my writing you Laurence and Eric left the expedition sometime ago, and had been making a walking tour through Italy. They have slept in all sorts of odd places, even on the ground, wrapped in rubber blankets. Fancy Laurence exposed in this manner; but you do not know how his aunts coddled him. Well, this is what Eric writes:

"'Last night, we slept at a small inn on the road not far from Naples. As usual, I was thinking, before I fell asleep, of my darling'—oh, horror! I did not mean to read that part. 'I was just falling into a doze, when I found myself at Elland. I seemed to be sleeping in the bed that stands just opposite my mother's portrait. I gazed at the picture as I lay there, until the tears rolled down my cheeks. Then I thought my mother came into the room, sat down by the bed, and smiled at me. She put her hand on my head and said:

"'My son, you wish for riches; what would you do if you had your desire?'

"I replied quickly: 'Marry my sweet Kate, mother.' She smiled again and kissed me. 'And is this your only wish that wealth would gratify?' I thought a moment, and said: 'No, mother dear, I would do something, also, to make your memory prized by all the world.' But she shook her head, still smiling. 'And nothing for the glory of God, my son?' she asked. At this, I seized her hand and kissed it, just as I used to do long ago. 'Yes, mother,' I cried, 'my whole life shall glorify His name. I will strive to be faithful, and use my money in His service, with a thankful heart for all His mercies.' And then I thought she kissed me over and over again, and, leaving me, went to the picture, and, lifting it from the wall, stood gazing at me, until I saw her no more, and awoke with my face wet with tears. The dream has haunted me ever since, but has comforted me ever since. It has reminded me how unworthy I am to have great wealth placed in

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my hands, and that God knows best. And, if I can only make you my wife, dear Kate, I shall try and trust Him more and more, and forget the hard past, and live with purer, more unselfish, motives. Ah, Kate, dear Kate, teach me to bow to Him and be patient.'"

Kate paused, her voice trembling, and Ruth winked away the drops shining in her lovely eyes.

"And now," said Kate, after a moment's silence, "can you imagine what all this has to do with our being here?"

"No. I confess I am still in ignorance."

"I will tell you." Kate rose excitedly. "I want to look behind that picture. I have not rested since I got this letter. I first worried about Eric. One will be a little superstitious, and he had this dream just before his setting sail for America. But like an inspiration came the thought of examining the picture. Mr. Morris was very eccentric the last few months of his life. He died in this room, unwilling as mamma had been to come here. Eric vows his father was afraid of mamma, and in awe of your father's advice. I came to-night to examine the picture. Mamma once here would oppose me, or ridicule my folly, if it prove folly. I asked you to bring Conrad because the other servants would talk it over, and mamma hear of it. I will bribe Con to silence. May I ring for him?"

"Do as you think best," said Rue. Never had she seen Katherine so moved. Her lovely face was brilliant, and her eyes shone like stars.

Kate directed Con to bring a step-ladder. She said she fancied the cord of the picture over the mantel was very weak, and she wanted the picture taken down. Con returned in a few moments, and was soon on the ladder.

The portrait was almost full-length, and the frame of heavy gilt.

"Carefully, Con," warned Kate, as the picture swayed when he attempted to lift it. A cloud of dust rose as he stirred it on its hook.

"It is mutherin' heavy!" quoth Con, as step by step he lowered it to the floor. The girls were eagerly examining the back of the picture, when Conrad exclaimed:

"Luk at the little cupboard in the wall, will you, now! Ain't it a dandy place for kapin' secrets!"

Kate looked up and gave a cry of delight. In the wall, directly where the picture had hung, was a small closet. In a moment, Kate had mounted the ladder. She wrenched open the little door with eager hands, drew out a folded paper, and then fairly flew down the ladder, waving the document over her head.

"He knew, if Eric had the picture, he had everything. Oh! how foolish we were, not to understand him! See—see—Rue, it is the latest will, and I have found it—have found it!"

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Myrick aided Kate in all the arrangements business entailed by the discovery of the later will. He found that the document was legally drawn by a lawyer unknown to him, that he was no longer executor or legatee. He even sent the dispatch apprising Eric of his good fortune in being his father's sole heir. He saw that the witnesses were forthcoming, and heard the lawyer from New York affirm his work in the drawing of the will. No stone was left unturned to authenticate the document.

Then, while Kate waited eagerly and blissfully her lover's arrival, Mr. Myrick confronted the ruin that stared him in the face. He had speculated, and lost heavily. Up to the time of Mr. Morris's death, he had been in great anxiety; his property, even the house he lived in, which was Ruth's in her mother's right, was heavily mortgaged. The Owen estate held this mortgage. When, however, he became executor of the Morris estate, and legatee as well, he was able to borrow on the prospect of his legacy, and thus tided over his danger. So, with the old fever for speculation strong upon him, he sent the other half of his anticipated legacy after an unlucky venture, thinking to redeem the first sum. He fared as well as men sometimes do, and, now that the later will placed all the management of the estate in Eric Morris's hands, Mr. Myrick was aghast at the condition of his own affairs. Nor was he quite ready to account to Eric for his year of stewardship. That element in his nature that grasped, and, if failing the first time, reached in another way to attain his end, was, in his old age, gratified at the expense of his character for scrupulous honesty, and he acknowledged his error in the face of this new discovery, and trembled at the thought of exposure or disgrace.

But still more did he lament for his child. If Rue were only well married! How could he endure that ruin should overwhelm his darling! Mr. Myrick felt, if she was safe, he might yet extricate himself without encountering so ugly a word as disgrace!

Amidst all this, he suddenly remembered who held the mortgage, now that the Owen estate had passed to the heir. Laurence Owen had been very much in love with Rue at one time. Why should he not return and still find her charming? He would, it is true, be at the

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mercy of these two young men, Laurence Owen and Eric Morris, but he had been an old friend in both families. Would they deal harshly with him? Youth was apt to be both rash and stern. Still, he would bide his time. Then there was young Dick Olcott—perhaps Rue would accept him, and he would give his father-in-law the assistance he needed. Drowning men catch at straws. Mr. Myrick sent for his daughter to come to him in the library.

Rue had just completed her toilette for the evening, and was about to depart to the fair for the hospital fund, when she received her father's message. She had been so hard to please in her dress, that her maid was in despair, and the delay caused by many alterations had detained her until very late. In spite of the lovely dress and rich jewels she wore, she had a dissatisfied look in her eyes and a little pettishness in her manner as she entered the library. Mr. Myrick gazed at her fondly.

"Well, papa," she said, "tell me quickly what you wish, for I am very late. I have charge of the flower-booth with Kate."

"I have intended speaking to you for days—ever since this affair of the will transpired, and since Eric Morris's return," he answered, slowly.

"Will not to-morrow do?"

"I should prefer speaking to-night. I will not keep you long. Has young Olcott spoken yet?"

She cast a half-indignant glance on him.

"No. Nor do I intend he ever shall have the opportunity," she said, coolly.

"Do you know you already have an unenviable reputation for being a jilt?" He spoke sharply. He was very much harassed, and, moreover, fancied he detected contempt for his motive in her tone.

Her face burned hotly, but she only flashed on him a glance of pained surprise, and said quietly:

"Nevertheless, I shall not try to change that reputation by accepting Mr. Olcott."

"I beg your pardon, Rue. I was rude. I spoke hastily," he replied, proud of the firm tone and dignity of speech in his daughter; "but, my dear girl, something must be done soon, and I should gladly see you accept Dick Olcott."

"Are you tired of me?" she asked, sharply.

"No, no, my daughter, not that. But you are old enough—"

"But, if I should never marry," she interrupted. "I am tired of it—all. I find no man who will not bow down and kiss my shoelace, and I—can never marry the man whom I do not respect—and—"

"My dear child! I would not have you do so. Only listen while I explain something very sad to you."

And then he told her as much as he dared of his affairs, cleverly making it clear that her marriage with Dick Olcott would be an untold advantage.

She left him, bewildered and shocked. All the way to the hall, she was meditating on what he had told her. And to think her father owed Eric Morris, and, worse still, Laurence Owen! She felt Eric would understand, and try to alleviate her father's trouble; but Laurence—ah! why should he show kindness? This debt must be paid. House, home, jewels, all must go, that this money might be forthcoming. Life meant luxury to Ruth Myrick. She could only think of poverty as she had encountered it once or twice in her Sunday-school work—wretched ill-smelling houses, dirty streets, and sad-eyed women. Even marriage with Dick Olcott would be better than this! She shuddered, and drew her warm cloak about her, and thought of honest Dick's loving eyes, and sighed. Oh! that she could feel, for him, what surged through her heart when she wrote that hapless wild appeal over a year ago!

She was very late in arriving at the hall. The busy hum of voices, gay strains of music, greeted her as she threw aside her wraps and hastened to join Kate in the flower-booth.

"Rue, you are here at last!" cried Belle Martin, rushing up to kiss her. "Give me some change for a dollar, Kate. Ruth, you ought to see Madeline Owen. She is at the Oriental booth, and making such a goose of herself over Larry Owen."

"He is her cousin—" began Rue.

"Fiddlesticks! but you should see him! He has improved so much! But oh, I see Dick Olcott making his way toward you," and Belle tripped off, while Rue turned to greet Mr. Olcott.

All the evening, Rue continued to be the recipient of pretty confidences about Laurence Owen.

Eric came for Kate later in the evening, and she reluctantly left Rue in charge of the booth.

"She is not well to-night," said thoughtful Kate, as she moved away on Eric's arm to make a tour of inspection through the hall.

"Has she seen Laurence?"

"No. He came and talked with me awhile before Rue got here. How changed he is. Did he ever speak of that letter she wrote him?"

"No. You bound me to silence unless he

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should refer to it. He has scarcely mentioned her name during our absence."

"You think he has got over his love?"

"I do not believe he cares a fig for her. But he seemed to leave his youth in Brompton."

It was quite late in the evening, and Rue was bending over her flowers.

To the disgust of Olcott, she had sent that gentleman and Belle Martin away on some pretext, and, although glad of this reprieve from his presence, Rue was feeling a little forlorn, when a tall figure stood before her, and she heard a voice whose cadence she had never forgotten say in a pleasant genial way:

"I want two bunches of roses, red and white, if you please. Ah! Miss Myrick, have you no welcome for me?"

She knew she murmured something and extended her hand, but she did not study the change in the handsome face before her, until his pleasant voice sounded again, as he bent to select his flowers.

Only the voice remained to remind her of the boy who had been her luckless wooer. This man, with the frank eyes and genial manner, the dark mustache drooping over a firm mouth and chin, the easy confidence of assured position, had no place in her memory. He said as he selected his roses:

"They are for my aunts. And I believe you have never met them. Can you leave your duties here long enough to go the length of the hall with me? We are such old friends, you should grant me that pleasure."

A thrill of delight swept through Rue. His very voice sent hope and joy to her heart. She left Belle Martin and Mr. Olcott in charge of the booth, they having returned opportunely, and then passed down the hall on Laurence Owen's arm.

Mr. Owen led his lovely companion to the Oriental booth, where the Misses Owen had been accommodated with chairs. They were very fine-looking old ladies. Rue felt more drawn to Miss Annie. Miss Jean had such keen eyes, and she looked Rue through and through, as the girl answered Miss Annie's gentle questions. Laurence exchanged merry badinage with his cousin Madeline, and seemed indifferent as to the impression Rue was making on his relatives.

"You must come and see us, my dear," said Miss Annie, retaining Rue's hand a moment as she bade her good-bye. "We are two old ladies who make few visits, but we will be glad to see you in South Walsingham."

"Thank you," said Rue, almost shyly.

"I think they made a mistake in not placing you at this booth, instead of Madeline," said Miss Jean. "You are far more of the gypsy type, and have proved your title by stealing my sister's heart. I do not need to add my persuasions to hers for an early visit," and she smiled, and the smile was so like Laurence's, it proved the only pleasant memory of her that remained with Rue.

Laurence conducted her back, and, as they went down the long hall, he said, after a pause:

"Miss Myrick, I trust you will call upon my aunts. They will appreciate the attention. Then there is something else I should like to say. A little over a year ago, I was foolish enough to put you to the trouble of refusing me. I also, in my boyish passion, felt sore over what I have lived to see was very wise and prudent on your part. I hope you have forgotten all that passed then, and that we meet as sincere friends."

Oh! the pain of those smooth glib words! She felt her hand tremble on his arm, and involuntarily clutched her fingers upon his coat-sleeve. All the glad hope called forth by his tone a moment before seemed crushed forever. She tried to steady her lips, but they quivered as she replied:

"Grant me also a modicum of youthful folly, in my manner of refusing you."

"It is a bargain, then," he said, cheerily. "We cry 'quits,' and are friends. Thank you very much. And now I have safely convoyed you once more to your own domain. Queen of hearts and roses!"

He spoke lightly as he bowed with a little mock deference, and she passed into the flower booth. He lingered, however, to chat with Belle Martin, not failing to hear Mr. Olcott's reproachful tone as he accosted Rue, and her low reply. It did not escape Laurence that she looked pale and weary. Mr. Olcott, however, evidently had his grievance, and it was not hard to see that Miss Myrick was becoming more vexed every moment. She appeared to be busily arranging her flowers as she answered him, and she made a heedless stretch across a large candelabrum. The flame flared, caught the evergreen twined about the base, and blazed up.

Laurence sprang to the rescue, but saw with dismay that Rue's sleeve, of a light fabric, was also on fire. Frightened cries rang through the hall, then all was confusion and excitement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A TALE OF A TALE.

BY MRS. J. M. OAKLEY.

MILY," said my sister, as I entered the breakfast-room, one sunshiny June morning, "look what the postman has left for you." And she held up a large square envelope.

"Evidently an invitation to another college commencement," I said, languidly, as I sank into my chair. "I found a gray hair this morning, and I attribute it entirely to the commencement season. Essays on Protoplasmic Energy and orations on The Moral Uses of Pessimism are too much for my poor brain. You needn't hand it to me, Kate—I have forsworn the learned young graduate."

"Well, this will not compel you to resort to hair-dyes," said Kate, as she scrutinized the seal anew. "If I am not mistaken, this is the monogram of Mrs. Thompson Tyler."

"Mrs. Thompson Tyler?" I exclaimed, taking the envelope and breaking the seal with an eager hand.

Mrs. Thompson Tyler! The very name suggested an atmosphere of elegance and gayety. Mrs. Thompson Tyler was the autocrat of our village, the dictator of our social customs, the arbiter of our social destinies. She had the handsomest house in the village, and entertained with a lavish hand. Her husband, some years before, had been elected to Congress by the dominant party, and had served his country in Washington for two successive terms. Since then, Mrs. Tyler had wielded a still greater influence over our village affairs. She shed around her the aroma of our national capital: she could discourse fluently of Cabinet Ministers and Ministers Plenipotentiary; her house was adorned with souvenirs of her Washington sojourn, and she delighted to tell which Mr. Secretary had particularly admired this or that elegant trifle. It can be imagined, then, how potent throughout Smithville was the name of Mrs. Thompson Tyler. Not to know her was, in an intensified sense, to argue yourself unknown, and anyone so unfortunate as to incur her disapproval was straightway dropped from every visiting-list in town.

What wonder then that, as I scanned the dainty epistle, visions of pleasure rose up before my eyes.

"It is to be a garden-party! How perfectly delightful—"

"I ought to tell you," said Kate, interrupting my exclamations of delight, "that Charlie Tyler is at home. I saw him yesterday, but didn't mention it—for I knew you wouldn't be interested in such a trifle." And she looked up mischievously, while I felt my cheeks redden.

"Of course the party is for him, then," said mamma. "We must arrange to have you go, Nell." And she sighed, knowing the restricted state of our finances.

"If Charlie Tyler is to be there, I shall not go looking like a fright," I exclaimed, bitterly, a great wave of disappointment breaking over me.

Charlie and I had been chums before he went abroad, four years ago, and I had caught myself many a time thinking a great deal more about him than circumstances warranted. Of course, he had forgotten me, a little country-girl, long ago.

"Well, there is no use saying anything more about it," I said, waking from a reverie in which Charlie Tyler, lawn-fêtes, and new dresses were mingled in charming confusion. "My white dress is hopelessly done for; and, as I never had, and never expect to have, any other party-dress, the sooner I make up my mind to it, the better."

"If there were only something of mine you could use," said mamma, looking unhappy over the knowledge that her one company-gown was an old black silk, so mended and turned and twisted that, every time she wore it, we expected to see it go to pieces before our eyes.

"If you could only have one of those lovely white sateens," said Kate; "only twenty cents a yard, and so pretty and stylish."

"There is no use talking about 'only twenty cents a yard'; for, if the whole dress-pattern were 'only twenty cents,' I couldn't get it," I said, feeling that fate was using me very hardly indeed.

If I only could do something to help make the living, had been my cry ever since I had left school. But, in a little village like Smithville, what could a girl do? The teachers in the public school had held their positions so long and were so satisfactory, that it was hopeless to

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think of supplanting any one of them. I had talked of opening a kindergarten for the little children, but could not get the promise of enough patrons to warrant any outlay in learning the system. Smithville did not take kindly to educational novelties. As to painting plaques, fans, and china cups, I had no ability that way, and did not attempt it. Things were so desperate, that I was willing to sacrifice my pride and become a milliner or a dressmaker; but there were already more of both than Smithville could support.

There was simply nothing to be done but to settle down and be a burden on papa, who had enough depending on him, as it was.

We were all more or less pinched in Smithville, with the exception of a few families, so no one thought the worse of us for doing our own work and turning our dresses; but it seemed just now as if, turn and twist as we might, we could barely draw together those implacable "two ends."

"Yes," I repeated to Kate, as we were making the beds that morning, "I shall have to give up the idea of that lawn-party, and of every other party, too, this summer, thanks to Dr. Green's awkwardness, though I don't believe that dress would have held together through another washing, anyhow."

"Well, it does seem hard that you can't go, when it is really Charlie Tyler's party, and you and he such friends," said my young sister, sympathetically.

"I doubt if he remembers my existence," I replied, a lively hope in my heart giving the lie to my words.

Kate answered the door-bell just then, and came back with a paper which had been pushed under the door.

"Here is your opportunity!" she cried, waving a copy of the Weekly Gossiper under my eyes. "The editor asks for original short stories, and promises to pay liberally for those accepted."

"What has that to do with me?" I asked, slapping a pillow vigorously.

"Now, you know," said Kate, "you have a lively fancy, and are always making up stories for the children—why can't you set to work and write one for this paper?"

"I never could do it in the world," I said, aghast.

"Oh! but you could," said Kate; "you could surely write a story as good as this," and she began reading aloud one of the weekly sentimental narratives.

"That is pretty bad," I admitted: "but I doubt if I could do as well," though, at the same time, my mind began groping about for a possible plot.

Kate kept urging me all day; she knew I could do it, while mamma said nothing but: "It will do no harm to try."

The day was a busy one. There was fruit to put up, the week's ironing to do, one of the boys' trousers to mend—there always was a pair of trousers to mend—and callers to entertain. We had more callers than usual that day, for everyone in our set was excited at the prospect of the lawn-fête, and several of the girls came to talk it over. But, while ironing, shelling peas, washing dishes, or talking to visitors, my mind kept running on my story.

After the children were all in bed, I sat down with mamma and Kate by the sitting-room table, and began to talk over my plot.

"Of course, I must have lovers. She, beautiful but poor—he, rich—"

"That will never do," cried Kate. "King Cophetua is played out."

"Well, then, how is this: She, rich and elegant. He, a groom in her father's service."

Murmured applause from my critics.

"She rides daily in the park. He accompanies her. Her esthetic eye pleased with his manly beauty. She invites his confidence. His modest yet learned conversation enslaves her attention. One day, her horse takes fright. She is about to be thrown. He rushes—"

"Too hackneyed," remarked my mentors.

"Here is another: Stern parent observes her partiality. Discharges groom. Great bunch of roses daily left at her door. Mystery deepens. Months elapse. Roses continue. No groom. Stern parent fails. Poverty stares them in the face. She tries the stage. Sees groom in the audience. Faints amid great applause. Revives in the green-room, to find groom bending over her. No groom after all, but English lord. Orange-flowers. Diamonds. Voyage to England. How does that strike you, my critics?"

"It is not any more improbable than many of the stories one reads," said mamma, mildly, but Kate cried out:

"Capital! It is sure to succeed."

"And now," added my enthusiastic coadjutor, "I'll do your share of the work to-morrow, and you work as hard as you can."

Two weeks were to elapse before the fête, so I hoped to be able to finish my story in two days, and, by allowing a week in which to hear from the editor, would still have time—should fate and the editor prove propitious—to manufacture the much-desired dress.

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How I toiled at my desk for the next two days—and nights, too, for that matter—for I consumed not a little midnight oil. Fortunately, the stories were expected to be short, originality and a certain liveliness of style being the requisites; so, by the end of the second day, I had brought my hero and heroine all through their trials, and dispatched them across the seas to a long-deferred but perpetual honeymoon. With a trembling hand, I folded up my manuscript, and, not without a twinge at the number of stamps it required, entrusted it the post-office. The manuscript being gone, hope, which had buoyed me up so far, promptly departed also. My spirits sank to the lowest level. I felt that I had made a laughing-stock of myself, and my fancy pictured vividly the smile of derision which would light up the editoral countenance at the sight of my unhappy production.

"It was a waste of time, paper, and stamps, and I'll never hear from it again," I reiterated, dolefully.

Mamma and Kate stood my solid comforters, Kate particularly—asserting over and over, with the ardor of sixteen, what a good story it was, and how superior to the generality of the Gossiper's contents.

The week I had allotted for the examination of my manuscript ebbed slowly away, and no word from the editor. I sent to the post-office three times a day, till finally the postmaster asked if Miss Nellie were expecting a love-letter, she seemed so anxious. Eight days elapsed, nine days, and then I gave it up in earnest.

"I should have heard long ago," "I couldn't get the dress made in time now, anyhow," and "Please don't say anything more about it."

On the afternoon of the tenth day, my little brother came bounding in with "Here's the letter for you, Nell!" My heart thumped violently as I took it. It was assuredly from the Gossiper; the address was in the upper left-hand corner, and the whole aspect was official. My hand trembled so, I could scarcely open the envelope. Mamma looked up sympathetically from her mending, and Kate, her hands stained and dripping with the fruit she was preparing for supper, hopped up and down in her excitement. As I nervously unfolded the letter, a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor.

"A check!" cried Kate, snatching it with her sticky hands.

And then how we hugged each other in delight! It was several minutes before my happiness allowed me to read the letter or even to look at the check. The editor wrote briefly that the story was accepted, and that he enclosed a check for ten dollars.

Ten dollars! It seemed a fortune to us all. In an hour's time, mamma and I had gone down-town, cashed the check, purchased the pretty white sateen, and were at home cutting it out.

I never knew ten dollars to do so much. By mamma's careful management, it bought not only my white sateen, but a pretty blue one for Kate, new gloves for the garden-party, and a little fresh lace to lighten up mamma's old silk.

Mamma had practical ideas about dress-making; and, with her help, I had, in the two days' time, as pretty a costume as I cared to see. I drew the last stitch just in time to dress for the fête. As I took a parting survey of myself, I felt that I had never looked prettier. The creamy material fell around me in graceful folds; dainty crêpe-lisse softened the outline at neck and wrist; a cluster of jacqueminot roses out of my own garden shone darkly at my waist; and, altogether, I did not envy even a queen.

The fête was a great success; the weather was perfect, the moon full, and the stars fairly outshone by the Chinese lanterns that radiated their brilliant hues from every tree. The girls said my dress was lovely, and the boys crowded around, entreating for the privilege of a dance. As for Charlie Tyler, he came up as soon as we entered the house, shook our hands warmly, and said more nice things than I can remember, about his pleasure in seeing old friends again. He kept close by me nearly all evening, and claimed more dances than anyone else, saying that he had four years' dancing to make up. How could I be anything else but happy? It was not only that Charlie was Mrs. Tyler's only son and a great catch—he was the kindest and most generous-hearted boy in the whole world; and I had always been fond of him. Moreover, during the four years he had been abroad studying medicine, he had won no end of praise and fame, and all Smithville was proud of him.

Well, the fête came to an end, as the loveliest fête must come; but Charlie insisted upon walking home with me, and wanted to know how soon he might call. Kate, the dear girl, had sat up for me, in her eagerness to hear all about Charlie, and we had such satisfaction talking it all over.

I was very tired, the next day, after so much expectation and sewing and dancing, but not too tired to be pleased when Charlie came to take me to drive. Even now it is a pleasure to look back on the four weeks that followed the fête.

Charlie called at our house nearly every day

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on some pretext or another, and soon without any pretext at all. His homecoming was made the occasion of a perfect round of gayety. Picnics, tennis, boating, and driving parties followed each other in rapid succession. Our little society had never been in such a whirl.

One evening, there was to be a moonlight picnic in a pretty grove just at the edge of town, and Charlie called for me as usual. Something had happened to hinder my dressing, and I was obliged to keep him waiting for a few minutes. When I entered the parlor, I found papa and Charlie in an animated discussion over the tendencies of recent fiction. My entrance stopped the conversation; but, when we were well on our way, Charlie began again:

"I admit the influence for good which the highest class of fiction must always exert; but consider the number of stories—foolish, illogical, and false—with which, weekly and monthly, the country is flooded! They are not only silly—and silliness would be bad enough—but they are absolutely pernicious. They give to young readers thoroughly wrong ideas of life. And think of the appalling popularity of the stuff! Take, for instance, the Weekly Gossiper—a number was thrown in at our door this morning, or I should never have known there was such a paper—it claims to have a circulation up in the hundreds of thousands, and I have no doubt it can verify its claim. It furnishes to all those readers a weekly supply of enfeebling literature, narratives of impossible events couched in schoolboy English. I glanced through one of its stories, and found it a type of its class. A millionaire's daughter becomes enamored of a handsome, cultivated, refined, and generally impossible groom, whereupon the father dismisses the groom, the only sensible thing in the story. The millionaire becomes impoverished, the daughter goes on the stage, and, by some sort of hocus-pocus—the author is not very clear on this point—the groom turns up as an English lord, and the inevitable marriage concludes the absurd narrative. Now, the effect of such twaddle is to encourage girls to flirt with grooms and to teach disrespect to parents; for the father is represented as stubbornly in the wrong from beginning to end. I tell you, the person who poisons the mind with such perilous stuff is just as guilty as he who would scatter strychnine in the market-place."

I walked along during this outburst with averted head, thankful that the friendly night could veil my burning cheeks.

A poisoner! I shuddered. But how could my little tale produce such awful results? Surely, Charlie had exaggerated. Perhaps—and the thought nearly deprived me of motion—perhaps he had discovered that I was the author of that miserable story, and had taken this way of letting me know his opinion of it and me. I glanced down at my pretty dress with loathing. What had it not cost me? I dared not open my lips for fear my trembling voice would betray my feelings; but, fortunately, Charlie was too much carried away by his subject and his indignation to heed my silence.

When we arrived at the picnic-ground, it must suddenly have occurred to him that I had not said a word since we started; for he led me under a lamp and gazed searchingly into my pallid face. If I looked as I felt, I must have been ghastly indeed. Charlie, evidently alarmed, made me sit down, brought me some coffee, and was assiduous in his attentions. I tried to rally my scattered forces and take my usual share in the fun, but in vain. At last, I pleaded a sudden headache, and started for home.

Of course, Charlie accompanied me, and was profuse in his sympathy; but I was too much in a daze to understand what he said. Finally, I made out that he was mingling words of love and condolence, and I said bitterly:

"Take care what you say to a poisoner!"

"A poisoner?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Yes. Isn't that what you called me?"

"What I called you? Why, my darling, what are you thinking of? Tell me," he said, drawing me tenderly to his side: "What did I say that could be so misinterpreted by my little sweetheart?"

And then, in his arms, and soothed by his caresses—for we were on our porch by this time—I sobbed out the whole story.

I could tell how he laughed at and condoled with me; how he complimented my ingenuity and berated his own stupidity, how he soothed and caressed me—but why spoil the old, old story?

LOVE.

Oh, tell me how love cometh?
It comes unsought, unsent!

Oh, tell me how love goeth?
That was not love that went!

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HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

HOME MILLINERY.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

A VERY good idea, whenever one happens to have a little spare money or to be shopping in the city, is to buy any pretty remnants of silk, velvet, or ribbons that are offered as bargains. Such things are sure to come in use sometime in the manufacture of one's head-coverings.

Fashions are apt to be revived every three or four years, then these bits can be utilized, even if out of style when purchased. Flowers and ornaments may often be secured very cheaply, and kept for future need.

Some account of my various experiments in home millinery may prove suggestive, so I will narrate the history of several. Perhaps the most daring feat I ever accomplished was ripping the braid very carefully off the frame of a fine foreign straw, and sewing it on another shape. After succeeding in this attempt, I felt emboldened to undertake almost anything in the same line. This bonnet, which was trimmed with velvet, was afterward altered for winter wear by covering the crown with velvet and substituting velvet strings for those of ribbon which had been on it in the summer.

A beaded bonnet has been very useful to me. After wearing it one season, I ripped off the beaded net and covered another frame. When I grew tired of this style, I covered still another shape. As the edges of the net had become frayed, however, I put narrow black lace around the brim to conceal this worn appearance. Finally the net, or rather what was left of it, was utilized by one of the girls. She had worn in the summer, at the seaside, a rough black straw poke, trimmed with black tulle and roses. In the autumn, she ripped up this hat, and cut off the brim so as to make one of the capote-shapes much worn of late years. She hid the rough edge of this hat with a puffing of black silk, and covered the crown with the best part of the beaded net and the tulle, an aigrette of jet in front being the only new thing about this stylish autumn head-gear, which will answer for early spring by substituting a bunch of violets for the aigrette.

The same young lady converted her last summer's head-covering into an evening-bonnet for winter wear. It was a capote, the crown covered with point d'esprit, the brim with black velvet. In front was a full bunch of white ribbon loops and chrysanthemums. The whole thing didn't cost more than two dollars, as it was made at home. By covering the white net crown with silk to match a dress, and mixing the silk in with the ribbon in place of the chrysanthemums, she has so altered the hat as to make it suitable for winter wear. Next summer it can, with very little trouble, be restored to its original appearance.

An écru straw bonnet, which I mentioned in my last article, has quite a remarkable history. It was pressed twice—a thing which milliners will tell you cannot be done. Of course, the straw was a good one in the first place. When new, it was a rather large hat, and, when first pressed, it was made into a sort of turban. The second pressing altered the turban into a little bonnet. The same trimmings served, with slight changes, for all three shapes.

These general hints will suggest similar economies to fertile brains, and now for some specific directions. The first thing to do is to gather all your materials together and have everything ready. If your velvet is not new, it must be thoroughly brushed and then steamed.

Take an iron, not too hot, and over its flat heated surface lay a thin clean piece of muslin that has been wet and very slightly wrung out. Over this steaming surface pass very rapidly the wrong side of the velvet. If you have no one to help you, set the iron in a vessel which it fits; but, if someone holds the iron, the steaming can be done much more easily. Be sure to do all this as rapidly as possible. Another thing to remember is carefully to remove all threads left in any of your materials from former sewing before either brushing or steaming. The same piece of velvet may be steamed more than once, particularly if it is of a good quality. Just here let me say that fine velveteen costs about as much as the cheaper grades of silk velvet—which contain, of course, some cotton—and is sometimes more durable.

Ribbons may be improved by careful pressing, as well as by an occasional use of the dyes

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mentioned in my last paper. Lay a thin piece of slightly dampened muslin over the wrong side of the ribbon, on that put a piece of brown paper, and apply the iron; or put the ribbon between two layers of paper. If much soiled, try dyeing the ribbon—you can not injure its appearance, and may very probably succeed in improving it.

The same hat or bonnet can be altered into a variety of shapes. For instance, straw or felt hats with broad brims may have these turned up, first at one side, then the other, now in front, now in the back, whichever shape is most in accordance with the prevailing fashion. Nowadays there is such a variety of modes worn, that ladies can to a great extent follow their individual fancies, and everybody is not condemned to wear either a poke or a Gainsborough as formerly. This is lucky for the owners of narrow purses.

A really fine straw hat is worth sending to the milliner's to be pressed into another shape when you become tired of one style, but very often alterations that prove satisfactory may be made at home. A black straw hat grown rusty may be improved in appearance by a careful application of good shoe-polish, odd as the idea may appear.

A hat or bonnet frame may be cut, pressed, and twisted into any number of shapes until it becomes limp, when it must be discarded. A capote of the same material as the dress makes a pretty and economical head-gear, as we generally have scraps enough left from our gowns to cover a twenty-cent frame. Cloth, silk, or even cashmere is available for this purpose.

The first thing to do is to line your hat. If it is light in color, use any thin material—such as mull, India linen, etc.—which you may have convenient. If the bonnet is dark, and you have no silk of the same color, take old black silk, such as the covering of a worn-out umbrella—a very useful material, by the way. The lining must be put in with great care. Cut a straight piece that will fit in the crown, or sew two pieces together so as to get the required size; join the ends. Hem one edge, and gather with a drawing-string. Sew the other edge on the wrong side into the crown, so that when turned on the right side the gathered edge will fall inward, and draw the latter close enough to fit the crown; but don't have your lining wide enough to fill it. Remember, in trimming a hat, to take as few stitches as possible—only just enough to hold it together. Facings are harder to manage, and require practice to succeed with them, particularly plain velvet ones, which must be perfectly smooth. If you buy new velvet, get sufficient to cut out a piece that will exactly cover the brim. A facing may, however, be pieced together neatly and look well. Silk facings are usually shirred on. The same remarks apply to crowns also. With new velvet, etc., cut out the crown in one piece, although you may make a nice-looking bonnet from scraps carefully put together. It takes from a yard to a yard and a quarter of velvet to make an entire bonnet. For bands or folds, the material should be cut bias; for covering the whole bonnet, it should be straight. Loops of ribbon, each requiring a half-yard, are much used now on hats. To make a full enough bunch, at least three yards are needed, unless the ribbon is very wide, when less will do. If you cover the crown with any other material than velvet, it should be shirred or plaited, whichever you can do the best. Thin materials always look better shirred. Lace bonnets are much worn with the lace dresses which have of late years been so fashionable. They may be made of lace to match the gown, and need no addition except a bunch of flowers. The arrangement of the trimming must, of course, be in accordance with the style in vogue. "Peterson's" fashions will give you a good idea of that.

Straw and felt hats are easily trimmed. They may either be faced or bound with velvet. In the latter case, put the binding on very carefully. Cut the strip the required width and length, sew the wrong side on the upper part of the brim, join the ends very neatly, turn over, and slipstitch on the inner part of the brim, turning in the edge. If you want a narrow binding, sew the wrong side close to the edge. A facing is put on in the same way, except that it is sewed so close to the edge that it does not show on the upper brim. A straw hat which is not new should always be wired. If light in color, a careful scrubbing will be found very beneficial, should you not care to pay for having the hat cleaned.

A very pretty idea for evening-bonnets, and particularly appropriate for spring, is to cover a small frame entirely with flowers, such as violets, pansies, or daisies. Bind the edge with silk or velvet, and have any kind of strings you please—tulle, ribbon, or lace. Indeed, you may dispense with strings altogether. Artificial flowers are so cheap nowadays that an exceedingly effective head-gear of blossoms need cost but a trifle.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a morning-costume, of figured striped flannel, combined with plain to correspond. The front of the dress is of the striped material, the sides and back of the plain. The dress is cut in one, and belted from the side seams across the front. The pretty cape for the shoulders is adjustable, and can be added to the costume at pleasure. It is made of the striped material, rounded in front, and running into a short point at the back. The edges of the flannel are pinked-out, and a fall of soft lace is put on under the scalloped edge. Elbow-sleeves, edged with a corresponding fall of lace. A longer sleeve may be used, if preferred. This costume may be carried out in printed and plain China silks or sateens. Three yards of striped yard-wide material, and four to five yards of plain, will be required. The quantity of lace will be determined by the size of cape, etc.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, with Directoire jacket in black velvet. The skirt is of plain

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peau-de-soie, in black, gray, or dark-blue or green, or else the skirt may be of cashmere or Henrietta-cloth. The full round skirt has a knife-plaited ruching of the material around

No. 3.

the edge of the skirt. The jacket opens over a full chemisette of cream-white surah, crêpe, or China silk, over that a vest of the same. The waist-band is of the same material as the skirt. The revers of the jacket are faced with silk, and three large buttons on either side are the only trimming. Small turban bonnet, edged and trimmed with velvet. Five yards of twentyfour-inch velvet for jacket. Six yards of double-fold material for skirt, double the quantity of single-width material for this costume.

No. 3—Is a walking-dress, of self-colored nun's-veiling. China silk, summer Henrietta-cloth, or mohair. This dress is cut in one piece, and opens V-shape back and front on the bodice, the space being filled in with black or same colored moiré. The material is fulled upon the bodice, back and front, as seen in the illustration. Broad sash of moiré, commencing at the arm-seams, ties in long loops-and-ends at the back. The front of the skirt opens over a moiré petticoat. Full sleeves, with deep cuffs of moiré. Small turban of cream-white crêpe, trimmed with velvet ribbon and bird to match the costume. Ten yards of double-width material. Five yards of moiré for front and sides of petticoat, collar, cuffs, and vest for this costume.

No 4—Is a walking or seaside costume, for a young girl, of batiste, gingham, or challis. The plain round skirt is edged with six rows of

No. 4.

narrow watered ribbon to match either the ground color of the material or the pattern printed upon it. The shoulder-cape is adjustable, trimmed to match, with four rows of

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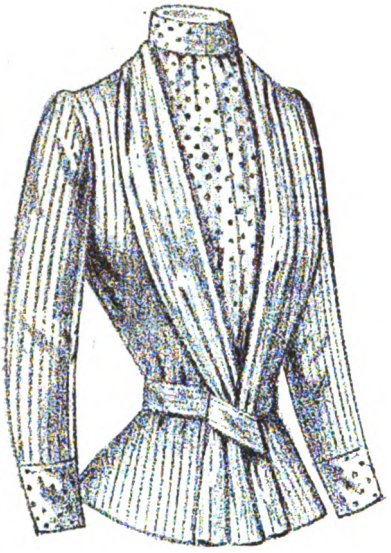

A

No. 5.

ribbon. The sleeves are plaited close to the elbow, where a full puff of plain material, corresponding with the kind of the dress, but of the color of the trimming, is inserted, being fulled into the elbow, and again into the cuffs. A full plaited fichu begins at the back and

No. 7.

crosses over the bust, and is held in place by the wide belt to match the trimming of skirt.

No. 6.

No. 8.

Straw hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips and loop of ribbon. Twelve to fourteen yards of material.

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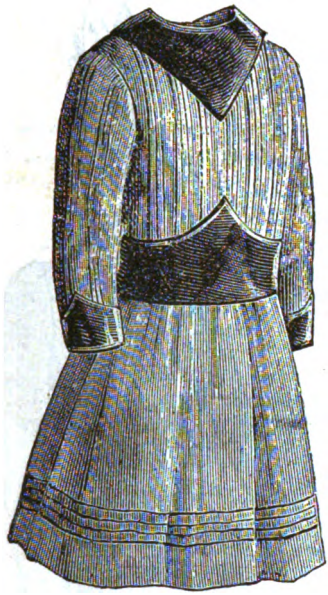
Five pieces of narrow ribbon for trimming will be required.

No. 5.—This elegant blouse is of striped and spotted foulard, and may be made of any color. The blouse itself is of the stripe, and has full draped fronts opening over a vest of the spotted



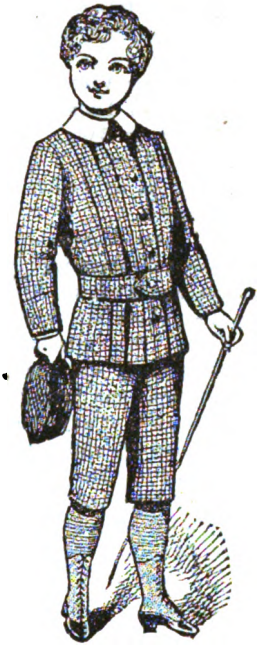
No. 9.

material. The waist-band is of the striped, and the cuffs and collar of the spotted, silk.

No. 6.—This little girl wears a smart little dress, made of dark-blue serge, trimmed with white braid, made with a novel little jacket, with pockets and ornamented with small revers. This opens over a blouse of white cambric or nun's-veiling, and shows a good style in the plainest and most inexpensive material for seaside or mountain wear. It can also be applied to ginghams and piqués for wash-dresses.

No. 7.—Child's nursery pinafore, of serge, flannel, or gingham, ornamented with tucks, fancy braid, and embroidery. The edge is scalloped and buttonholed, with either wash-crewel or French working-cotton.

No. 8—Is a dress, for a girl of ten to twelve years, with a corsage-blouse. A pretty model for making up either a wash-flannel, such as tennis-flannel or gingham or batiste. As the style is very simple, it needs no description, and can be easily followed from the illustration. The collar, cuffs, and front piece are of plaid goods to match. A leather belt confines the waist.



No. 10.

No. 9—Is a novelty, for a boy of four years. The dress is made of serge or flannel. Collar, cuffs, and waist-band of velvet or velveteen.

No. 10—Is a Norfolk suit, of Scotch tweed, for a boy of eight to ten years. Scotch cap to match.

PHOTOGRAPH-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a new and pretty design for a photograph-holder: For the foundation of the photograph-holder, cut a piece of cardboard eight by eighteen inches; this is to be covered on one side with plush, and the other with satin, and the edge finished with a cord. It is folded so that the outsides stand five inches high, and the centre four. The cord is fastened across to hold it in position. The outside may be painted or embroidered to suit the taste. This makes a pretty ornament for a parlor table.

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CORSAGE WITH VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

On our Supplement, this month, we give one of the newest patterns for a bodice. It consists of six pieces:

1. Half of Vest.
2. Half of Front of Bodice.
3. Half of Back.
4. Side-Back.
5. Revers on Bodice.
6. Sleeve.

The vest and over-bodice are cut almost precisely the same, only observing the over-bodice is a trifle shorter and is marked by a continuous straight line, also where the front is cut away to display the vest. The darts in both vest and over-bodice are precisely the same. The vest may be made of piqué and braided for a wash-dress, or, if the dress is of any kind of woolens, then make the vest of white corded silk or cashmere, and braid it. The collar and cuffs to correspond. The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The collar we do not give, as it is a simple high collar to fit the neck.

COLORED DESIGN FOR BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, for our colored plate in front of book, a fifteenth-century design for a border, for curtains or table-cover, or it may be made to cover the whole surface of a small table-cover or book-case hanging, also for a sofa-pillow. Too much trouble cannot be taken in choosing a background upon which to work. In color, a soft warm gray or cream-white, if used for a small table-cover. Cream-white satin will make an exceedingly handsome cover, with the design all over it. The clover-leaf, in each long leaf, is done in gold-colored filoselle. The whole design is outlined in gold thread, also the stem of the clover-leaf. The gold thread is couched down. This is done by laying the gold thread in place, and sewing it down by an over-stitch in gold-colored silk. The long leaves are to be either filled up solid in this golden-brown or any other color desired, but this will be very effective. A good effect, and an easy way of producing it, is to outline the entire pattern, working the clover-leaf, and then painting in the

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solid brown with water-colors — using pongee for a background, or butcher's-linen: either takes the paint very well. As a border for curtains or book-case hanging, this design will be very effective. It is a copy of some old church work.

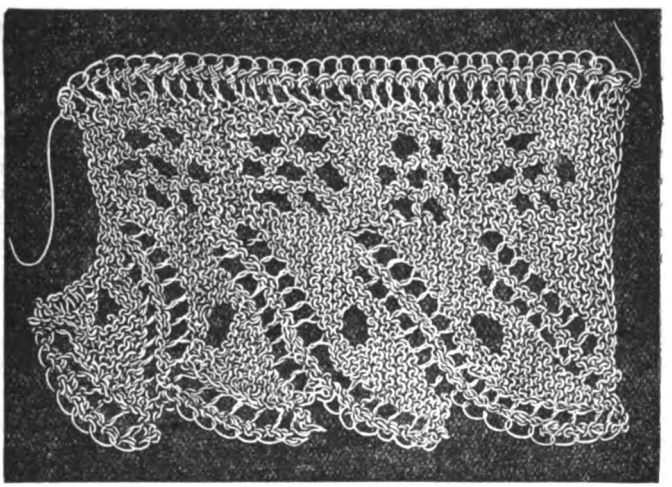
DESIGN FOR SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design which we give on the Supplement, for a sofa-cushion, may be done either in outline or in satin-stitch embroidery, and in one color or the natural colors of the flowers, basket, barrow, etc. This is one of the new Louis XVI designs.

KNITTED LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Abbreviations.—*k*, knit; *n*, narrow; *tho*, throw thread forward; *p*, purl; *tog*, together.

Cast on 22 stitches, knit twice across plain.

1st row, tho, p 2 tog, k 9, tho, n, tho, n, k 1, tho 3, n, k 1, tho, n, k 1.

2d row, tho, p 2 tog, k 4, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 14, tho 2, p 2 tog.

3d row, tho, p 2 tog, k 3, n, tho 2, n, k 3, tho, n, tho, n, k 5, n, tho, k 2.

4th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 16, p 1, k 4, tho 2, p 2 tog.

5th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 1, n, tho 2 n, n, tho 2 n, k 2, tho n, tho n, k 4 n, tho, k 2.

6th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 14, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2, tho 2, p 2 tog.

7th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 3, n, tho 2 n, k 5, tho n, tho n, k 3, n, tho k 2.

8th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 16, p 1, k 4, tho 2, p 2 tog.

9th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 1, n, tho 2, n, n, tho 2 n, k 4, tho n, tho n, k 2, tho k 2.

10th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 14, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2, tho 2, p 2 tog.

11th row, tho, p 2 tog. k 3, n, tho 2 n, k 7, tho n, tho n, k 1, n, tho k 2.

12th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 16, p 1, k 4, tho 2, p 2 tog.

13th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 15, tho n, tho n, n tho, k 2.

14th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 21, tho 2, p 2 tog.

15th row, tho, p 2 tog, k 16, tho n, tho n, k 3.

16th row, bind off 3 stitches, k 19, tho 2, p 2 tog.

Repeat from first row.

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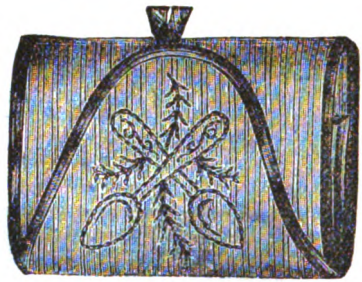
CASE FOR TEASPOONS; CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This case, which is both pretty and useful, is made of ticking, lined with red flannel, and a stem-stitch design is embroidered upon the flap with blue and red cotton, the rims being bound with red braid. The compartments for the teaspoons are formed likewise of the ticking, and embroidered with herringbone-stitches in blue cotton. A handsomer case, for a wedding-present, can be made of plush, and lined with chamois leather, the edges being bound with satin ribbon. It is an excellant thing to keep spoons, which are not in common use, from scratching.

PATTERNS FOR DRAWN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of book, several patterns for drawn-work, all of which are simple, and need little if any description. After the threads are drawn the width desired, the first thing to do is to hem-stitch both sides, catching up four threads every time, and making the opposite side correspond; then the patterns are worked in by knotting together of two or more of the bunches of threads already separated by the hem-stitching, some by one or two rows, like cat-stitching, others by lapping the thread, by passing a thread through the centre. The illustrations show how this is done better than any written description.

DESIGN OF TULIPS, FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a bunch of tulips to be worked in outline or solid embroidery, in crewels, linen floss, or heavy silks. The design may be repeated, making a border, or it may be powdered all over the curtain — parts of it taken for intermediate sprays, scattered between the larger ones. For the foundation of curtains, use linen, Bolton sheeting, or unbleached muslin. This design is also suitable for a small table-cover, etc. By powdering, we mean scattering the design in different places all over the article to be embroidered.

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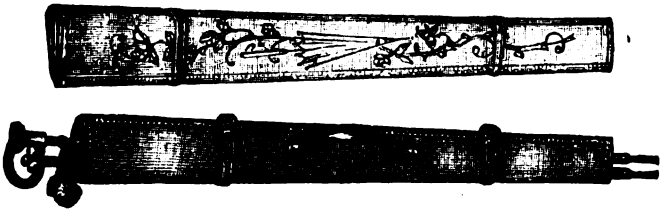
LAMP-SHADE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty shade for a lamp may be made of chintz, thin figured silk—such as foulard, India, etc.—or of colored paper; if of the latter, that which is striped diagonally is the best. The material is firmly plaited in the collapsing style known as accordeon kiltings. It is edged with a fringe to match, and supported over a wire frame.

COVER FOR UMBRELLAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cover is formed of two parts of strong gray linen of equal length and width, bound with leather. One part is embroidered in stem-stitch, and the handle fixed to the other part. Two leather straps hold the cover together. Any simple design, such as is given on the upper illustration, can be easily and quickly worked either in silks or linen filoselle.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HOME SANITATION.—The importance of educating women in this matter cannot be too highly overrated. It is a seven-league stride in the right direction, that physiology and kindred subjects are now so generally taught in public and private schools for girls.

It has been already amply proved that, when thoroughly instructed, women make better and more efficient sanitarians than men.

In an address on this subject, Benjamin Richardson, M.D., President of the British Medical Association, and one of the foremost sanitarians in the world, made certain statements which deserve to be quoted:

"I want strongly to enforce that it is the women on whom full sanitary light requires to fall. Health in the home is health everywhere; elsewhere it has no abiding place. I have been brought, indeed, by experience to the conclusion that the whole future progress of the sanitary movement rests for permanent and executive support on the women of the country. When, as a physician, I enter a house where there is a contagious disease, I am, of course, primarily impressed by the type of the disease, and the age, strength, and condition of the sick person. From the observations made on these points I form a judgment of the possible course and termination of the disease, and at one time I should have thought such observations sufficient. Now I know them to be but partially sufficient; a glance at the appointments and arrangement and management of the house is now necessary to make perfect the judgment. By this glance is detected what aid the physician may expect in keeping the sick in a condition most favorable for escape from death; and by this is also detected what are the chances that the affection will be confined to one sufferer or distributed to many. As a rule, to which there are the rarest exceptions, the character of the judgment hereupon is dependent on the character of the presiding genius at home, or the woman who rules over that small domain. The men of the house come and go, know little of the ins and outs of anything domestic, are guided by what they are told, and are practically of no assistance whatever. The women are conversant with every nook of the dwelling from basement to roof, and on their knowledge, wisdom, and skill the physician rests his hopes. How important, then, how vital, that they should learn, as a part of their earliest duties, the choicest sanitary code."

Physicians may well gladly welcome and encourage the constantly increasing army of women who are making a practical study of sanitarianism and every branch of nursing, whether to follow it as a profession or to render themselves more competent to fulfill the duties of wives and mothers.

It is not too much to say that in the near future women will, through their practical knowledge, become the doctor's most numerous and efficient aids, since, as a renowned medical authority has said: "The prevention of disease is a higher and more useful branch of medicine than therapeutics."

EARRINGS are not so much worn as they used to be, and it is thought in fashionable circles that they are gradually disappearing from good society. Many of the youngest, prettiest, and most elegant women in Paris have already given them up. When worn they have only a single stone, called "solitaire."

ABOUT DRESS.—Every year sees the different classes of dresses more clearly marked from one another. Our grandmothers would have stared to see the hard-and-fast lines we now draw between dinner and ball dresses, visiting and morning gowns, town-frocks and country ones, and the fashion which makes our tennis or boating frocks as distinct from others as is a man's attire for those delights to his ordinary garb. Yet there is good sense in the present rule in such matters, and the fitness of things being studied is no sign of extravagance, as long as no arbitrary and absurd whims are insisted on. A dress that is entirely suitable to the occasion will be much longer before it looks old-fashioned, than if it be worn at times and places for which it was not originally designed; and, though more gowns may be required at the outset, they will last much longer and look much fresher to the end than if they were worn in season and out of season. Of course, when very strict economy is necessary, a woman who has the instinct of dress will so arrange that almost every gown shall be "contrived a double debt to pay," and chosen so as to be suitable whenever it is worn. To most women, dress is a pleasure, and a right one; and when the feminine instinct is crushed or lacking in a woman, so that she does not care how she looks, it shows a want in her nature.

A WONDER BALL is a charming present for an older sister or for mother. It is a favorite birthday gift in German families, and is made by winding a skein of yarn or worsted into a ball, and hiding little presents here and there. Select yarn that you know will be useful, take the prettiest present for the foundation, wind until it is covered; then put in another, cover that, and so on, until all the presents are hidden. Of course, they cannot be found until the yarn is knit off, hence these balls are sometimes said to be for lazy people. Certainly the stocking or mitten grows much faster when every little while a pretty gift drops out. Such a ball usually affords amusement for the whole family, especially if the gifts are from different individuals, and no one has seen any except his own.

THE CURIOUS WEATHER PLANT, discovered by the Austrian Professor Novak, will shortly be exhibited in England. The Professor has received an official certificate that the weather forecasts of his plants have proved right in ninetysix cases out of a hundred. Just now the plants predict an earthquake shock within one hundred German miles south of Vienna. These forecasts have proved exceptionally valuable to colliery owners, by affording time for precautions against explosions.

WEARING THE FAMILY COAT-OF-ARMS EMBROIDERED ON the front of the bodice is the latest feminine freak in Paris. The fashion was set by Princess Waldemar of Denmark, daughter of the Duke de Chartres, who displayed the joint arms of Orleans and Denmark on the left of her dress, just above her heart. Some ladies sport their monograms elaborately executed in gold or silver.

THE BEST OF THIRTEEN.—A lady writes: "My mother has taken 'Peterson' since 1859. She says it is the best magazine she ever took, and she has taken thirteen different ones."

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How to Grate a Lemon.—The grating of a lemon is a most simple operation, and it may seem that everyone must know how to do it; but this is far from being the case. As many curdled custards and sauces are caused by this fact, the right way in this case is very important. The object of using grated rind of lemon is to obtain the fragrance and flavor, which differ very greatly from any extracts, however good. Now the whole of the oil which contains this fragrance is at the surface—is, in fact, the yellow portion of the rind; therefore this, and only this, must be removed with the grater. The white part underneath is bitter, and will cause milk or cream to curdle, but it contains no part of lemon flavor. Yet when lemon flavor is called for, the lemon is often grated down to the pulp in parts, while the yellow rind is left on in patches. A lemon should be grated evenly, beginning at the end and working round it, using as small a surface of the grater as possible to prevent waste. The habit of turning the lemon as you grate comes as easily as to turn an apple under the knife when peeling. Generally twice across the grater and back between each turn will remove all the essential oil, but, while guarding against grating too deeply, care must be taken to remove the whole of the yellow surface. A well-grated lemon should be of exactly the same shape as before, have no deep scores into the pith, and have an oily-looking surface.

Expand the Lungs.—God intended all women to be beautiful, as much as He did the roses and morning-glories; and what He intended they should become, they would, if they would obey His laws, and cut indolence and corset-strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to expect to be handsome, with the action of her lungs dependent on the expansive nature of a pennyworth of tape, is as absurd as to look for turnips in a snowbank, or a full-grown oak in a little flower-pot.

Crewel-Work.—To prevent the colors from running in the washing of crewel-work, make a solution of vinegar and cold water, and let the article soak in this for ten or twelve hours, then wash in tepid water with a little soap. The proportions are a half-cupful of vinegar to three quarts of water. The colors will be found not to have changed in the slightest degree, and will look almost as fresh as when newly worked.

To Rub Furniture.—If very dirty, wash off with a flannel cloth dipped in equal parts of vinegar and water; dry instantly and thoroughly, and at once rub with flannel which has been dipped in linseed oil and carefully wrung out; finish with dry flannel, and rub hard and long. Elbow-grease counts for a good deal in keeping furniture bright.

Repetition—unwearied, but somewhat varying in form—that is the best method of education, and the secret of accurate learning. To read two books on the same subject impresses a fact more vividly than one alone, read twice over.

Miss Karolina Widerstorm, the first Swedish lady doctor, has been engaged by the Thule Life Insurance Company for the examination of women who want to insure their lives. The number of such women in rapidly increasing.

A Forgiving Spirit.—She that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which she must pass herself; for everyone has need to be forgiven.

Better Than Any.—A lady writes: "I like your magazine better than any other. Your patterns are exceedingly useful for painting and outlining."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Songs of a Haunted Heart.—By Minna Irving. New York: Belford, Clark & Co.—Our readers are familiar with Miss Irving's verse, for "Peterson" was among the first to recognize her rare gifts, and some of her very best fugitive pieces have been contributed to these pages. This volume cannot fail to add greatly to her reputation, and must give her a prominent place among our younger poets. There is a mingling of strength, passion, and sweetness in her poems which gives them a wonderful charm. Miss Irving not only has the faculty of composing "musical numbers," and the gift of a rich and varied fancy, but she possesses the strong imagination and the creative power which mark the distinction between genius and talent.

The Empire of Amaraca. By Thomas De St. Bris. New York: Amaraca Publishing House.—The author of this interesting book tells us that his object is to present in a clear and simple style his discovery of the real origin of the name of America. He certainly makes out a powerful case, and, as a prominent reviewer has well said: "The work can but have the effect of deterring writers of school histories from perpetuating a story which has long been doubted, frequently denied, and never established by proof."

A Demoralizing Marriage. By Edgar Fawcett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is an exceedingly interesting story—written with great vigor. The heroine is altogether the finest personation of youthful womanhood to be found in any of the author's works. The plot is well sustained, and the incidents and dialogue are effective and dramatic. Mr. Fawcett has for so long been a contributor to "Peterson," that his numerous admirers among our readers will gladly welcome this latest production from his pen.

The Old Countess, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a sequel to "Lord Hope's Choice," lately issued by the same house. The two stories make one of the most charming of Mrs. Stephens's novels. The incidents are striking, the plot well managed, and the characters are drawn with great skill and fidelity to life. The volume is issued in neat paper covers, and sold for twentyfive cents.

Theo. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the most charming of Mrs. Burnett's popular novelets. It is a genuine love-story, and is told in a delightful fashion. The hero and heroine enlist the reader's sympathy from the very beginning, and he follows the course of their history with unflagging interest to the happy solution of their youthful troubles.

Alma, or Otonkah's Daughter. By Gay Waters. Chicago: J. S. Denison.—This is a thrilling reproduction of Indian reservation life in the great Dakota, and portrays vividly the ignorance and avarice of Government officials in their dealings with the Sioux. The narrative is replete with pathos, and the work will interest a large class besides mere story-readers.

My Son's Wife. By the author of "Caste." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Of this book, the London Athenæum says: "It places its writer in the highest rank of female novelists. A stronger, brighter work of fiction has not appeared for many a day." Like "Theo," this story is issued at the low price of twentyfive cents.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Fragoletta." By Rita. J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.

"The Englishman of The Rue Cain." By H. F. Wood. J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.

"The Cost of a Lie." By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.

"The Hands of a Clock." By Wm. M. Runkel. New York: The American Publishing House.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

DID YOU EVER send to a store for some article, and find when you got it that it was better than represented? If so, you know how it feels to be satisfied, and what a pleasure it is to know of a business house which carries on business in an upright honorable way, and strives hard to give everybody the very best quality of goods that can be had for the money. Now we, that is, the publishers of this paper, have purchased goods from the Great London Tea Co., which is advertised in this magazine, and have found them to be just the kind of a firm described above. Hence, we gladly tell our readers this fact, and urge them to write to the Great London Tea Company, 807 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and secure their price-list of teas, coffees, etc., for we actually believe you can get a better article for the same money than you can get in your home stores.

ARE YOU GOING TO EUROPE?—The Check Bank, Limited, established in London 1873, trustees of which are The Right Honorable John Bright, The Right Honorable Earl of Beauchamp—bankers, The Bank of England—sells checks from one pound upward, which are cheaper than postal orders or letters of credit, payable on sight at upward of two thousand banks in Europe; they are equal to cash, and absolutely safe. For full particulars, address the American Agent of the Check Bank, E. J. Matthews, Bankers, 2 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

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THE HALL'S BAZAR DRESS FORM CO. have received, from "The American Institute Fair," the medal of superiority, which is the highest award the judges had power to give in this particular class. In this case we can heartily endorse the decision of the judges. After having used them, you wonder how you ever got along without them. Send to the Hall's Bazar Dress Form Co., 883 Broadway, and get a circular that will give you full information.

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XIV. SUMMER DIARRHŒA OF INFANTS. CONCLUDED.

That milk is a factor in producing cholera infantum has been proved again and again. Heat and atmospheric influences in close apartments, alleys, etc., in cities, have much to do with the causation of diarrhœa, but their chief evil effects are manifested in the food. This complaint is most prevalent among the poorer classes of cities, where fresh milk is almost unknown. The time elapsed between the milking and delivery to consumers is several hours; so that, especially in very hot mucky weather, it has frequently begun to undergo lactic acid fermentation when it is served to families. In other words, milk soon sours, and is often just at the point of "turning" when bought, and then it is kept at a high temperature, and often in a foul atmosphere—and milk is a rapid absorber of impurities—and in this condition it is given to and consumed by the young, already relaxed and weakened by disease and want of pure fresh air. Such milk is a common exciting cause of diarrhœa, and should be prohibited during treatment, and replaced by Peptonoids, Soluble Food (Carnrick's), mutton-broth, beef-juices, rice or barley water, etc., while lactopeptine should always constitute a good part of the medicinal treatment. Even when pure and fresh, cow's milk contains too much caseine, forming curds in the infant's stomach, and is hard to digest, and too little sugar, which makes it less nutritious. When curds are rejected by vomiting in early life, or appear undigested in the passages, caseine is the offending material. In these cases, milk should be withheld, or diluted with three times its bulk of water up to the twentyfirst day; from the third to the sixth week, one part of milk to two parts of water; from the sixth week to three months, two parts milk to three parts water; and, at six months, three parts milk to one of water. A good substitute for milk is barley water and cream—three-fourths to one-fourth. But the Soluble Food above mentioned, or the Lactated Food (W. & R.'s.), or Nestlé's Milk Food, are the foods now highly esteemed by the profession. The Soluble Food is healthy cow's milk peptonized in the country, after which its water is expelled by evaporation, and its nutritive portion reduced to a powder. The Lactated Food is cooked and predigested, and closely resembles in composition and effect mother's milk, and is much more economical than many other foods. The writer has recently seen two most remarkable cases of puny shriveled infants become fat and healthy from the use of this food, showing that digestion and assimilation were set up at once. Properly prepared milk food should not require the addition of milk at all, but be sufficiently nutritious in itself. Foods for infants and children should contain a large per cent. of milk solids, obtained by the evaporation of milk in vacuo; partially and uniformly digested by experienced chemists, so as to break up the firm consistency of the caseine of the cow's milk, which then becomes more like human milk. A good food should contain about forty per cent. of wheat, with the starch converted into dextrine, which is soothing to the alimentary canal, and stimulates gastric secretion, and five to ten per cent. of milk sugar. And we are persuaded and convinced that Carnrick's Soluble Food, beef peptonoids, and Lactated Food, with lactopeptine in some form, are the most suitable foods for infants and children, especially when laboring under any form of summer complaint or diarrhœa.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

TO USE COLD MEATS.

Mutton Pie.—Cold mutton may be made into very good pies, if well seasoned and mixed with a few herbs; if the leg is used, cut it into very thin slices; if the loin or neck, into thin cutlets. Place some at the bottom of the dish, season well with pepper, salt, mace, parsley, and herbs; then put a layer of potatoes sliced, then more mutton, and so on till the dish is full; add the gravy, cover with a crust, and bake for an hour. Or the remains of underdone joints may be made into a very good family pudding, by cutting the meat into slices, and putting them into a basin lined with a suet crust; it should be well seasoned with pepper, salt, minced onions, covered with the crust, and boiled for about three hours.

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Cutlets of Cold Mutton.—Cut the remains of cold loin or neck of mutton into cutlets, trim them, and take away a portion of the fat, should there be too much; dip them in beaten egg, sprinkle with breadcrumb, and fry them a nice brown in hot dripping; arrange them on a dish, and pour round them either a good gravy or hot tomato sauce.

Stewed Beef and Celery Sauce.—Cut three roots of celery into pieces two inches long, put them in a stewpan with a pint of good gravy, two onions sliced, and simmer gently until the celery is tender; let the gravy cool, then add the beef, cut into rather thick pieces; let it just boil up, and serve with fried potatoes.

Beef Rolls.—Mince the remains of some cold roast or boiled beef tolerably fine, with a small amount of its own fat; add a seasoning of pepper, salt, and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer should the roll be very large.

Beef Patties may be made of cold meat, by mincing and seasoning beef as directed above, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty-tins.

DESSERTS.

Cherry Tartlets.—Make some paste with one white and four yolks of eggs, four ounces of sugar, and six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a pound of flour, and a little water; work it lightly, roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, line some patty-pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice, and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Take a pound of cherries, remove the stalks and stones, and stew them with plenty of powdered loaf-sugar and a little water, adding a few drops of cochineal. When quite done, remove the rice from the tartlets, fill each with stewed cherries, put them in the oven to get quite hot, and serve; or they may be allowed to get quite cold, and so served.

Apple Gâteau.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water, to cover it; peel, core, and slice two pounds of good baking apples; put them in a stewpan, with water to cover them, and let them simmer till quite soft; drain off the water and beat the apples till smooth, or press them through a sieve, and add a little grated lemon-rind and sugar to that; put the water which is drained off into a saucepan, and add the gelatine. When this is dissolved, stir in the apple, first allowing it to cool; mix all thoroughly; pour into a damp mold, turn out when cold, and serve with cream and sugar. If liked, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream can be put with the apple pulp, which may then have a pint of good custard poured round it.

Children's Pudding.—Take a deep dish the size required, chop some apples finely—sufficient to fill half the dish—and as much grated bread as will fill the other half. Butter the dish, put a layer of chopped apple at the bottom, sprinkle with sugar and a few bits of butter, and cover with the breadcrumb; then another layer of apple, sugar, and butter till the dish is full, leaving a layer of crumb at the top. Cover closely, and steam three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven; then uncover, and brown quickly before sending to table.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GREEN INDIA SILK. The underdress is of silk, of the color of the India silk, and is trimmed with three narrow bias folds put on above a fringe with a netted heading. The bodice and back of the skirt are of the figured India silk; the sleeves, revers, and wide sash about the waist, and which falls low on the left side, are of the plain silk. Folds of white India crêpe are placed in the open front of the bodice. Large hat, of gray straw, trimmed with cherries.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CASHMERE. The front is made of plain cashmere, gathered at the waist, and trimmed with two flounces with a woven border. The overdress is of a darker shade of cashmere, and falls without any looping. The bodice is of the darker shade, with a shoulder-cape and front made of a woven border, and the sleeves, chemisette, and collar are of the lighter cashmere. Straw hat, trimmed with feathers and a bow over the forehead.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE FOULARD. The underskirt is of plain foulard, plaited. The overdress is looped high at the side, but long in front and at the back. The bodice is of the plain foulard, with revers, cuffs, and large square pockets of the figured material. The full skirt-front is of plain foulard. Straw hat, lined with velvet and trimmed with a band of figured ribbon and a cluster of ribbon and feathers.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING AND RED WATERED SILK. The watered silk skirt is quite plain, falling over a very narrow knife-plaiting of the silk. The overdress is long in front and at the back, is looped high at the sides, but falls without any drapery in the middle of the back. The long bodice has revers, cuffs, and pockets of the silk. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and poppies.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BROWN SPOTTED GRENADINE AND LIGHT FAWN-COLORED SURAH. The underskirt of the fawn-colored surah, plaited and trimmed down the front with brown butterfly bows. The overdress, of the grenadine, is long and unlooped, and has a revers on the left side, of the fawn surah, striped with narrow ribbon. The close-fitting bodice has a plaited vest of the surah, and is trimmed on the left side with brown butterfly bows. Straw hat, trimmed with brown ribbon and one very large pink rose and foliage.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, MODERNIZED DIRECTOIRE STYLE, MADE OF SELF-COLORED CHINA SILK OR NUN'S-VEILING. The front and sides of the skirt are trimmed with a wide gathered ruche of the material across the bottom. The back-drapery hangs straight. The full round waist has a sash of figured China silk to correspond with the dress, which is arranged on the bodice as seen, the front being fitted to a shaped lining, and fastens at the left side with hooks-and-loops which are concealed. The ends of the scarf, which are fringed, tie at one side. Plain coat-sleeves, with a large puff at the shoulder. Cuffs and collar are composed of a gathered ruche of the material to correspond with the edge of the skirt.

FIG. VII.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF PALE-PINK CASHMERE OR CHAMBRAY GINGHAM. The plaits forming the yoke, back and front, are feather-stitched down with either silk or linen-floss, and the edge of the skirt is scalloped. A sash of ribbon, two and a half inches wide, ties around the waist, ending in loops-and-ends at the left side.

FIG. VIII.—THE DIRECTOIRE CAPOTE. The brim is lined with black velvet; the flowers are large pink roses, with their foliage. The bows-and-strings are of black velvet, which are tied beneath the chin. The strings may be omitted, to suit the taste and comfort of the wearer.

FIG. IX.—COSTUME, OF FIGURED BATISTE. The newest designs and colors are red-and-black, blue and black or white, the ground being in the color and the design in either black or white. The underskirt falls in natural folds at the back, and the overskirt is draped in front as a long tablier. Pointed bodice, with velvet revers and a white muslin vest. Sleeves with velvet cuffs. Small bonnet, of straw or lace, trimmed with loops of ribbon and flowers to correspond with the costume.

FIG. X.—SLEEVE, OF BLACK NET, DOTTED LACE, CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, made rather loose over a silk under-sleeve, full at the top, where it is gathered under a silk strap; at the hand, it is plaited under a band and bow of ribbon.

FIG. XI.—SLEEVE FOR DRESS, OF CROSSWISE-FIGURED

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FOULARD, SATEEN, ETC., plaited lengthwise at the top of the arm, where it is put into the shoulder with a frill of standing lace. It is draped on the inside of the arm, above the cuff, which is of a plain material to correspond with some predominating color in the dress.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GRAY MOHAIR OR NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt has three bands of watered ribbon on the bottom. The overdrapery is quite plain, being shaped on the left side to display the underskirt. The back is slightly puffed. The pointed bodice has revers, and opens over a vest made of the watered ribbon. Coat-sleeves, puffed at the armhole. Hat of gray straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gray and black wings.

FIG. XIII.—CHILD'S COAT, OF STRIPED CLOTH OR FLANNEL. A simple coat with straight cape, shaped at the neck by several rows of gatherings. Sleeves full at the wrists, into small cuffs. Hat of straw, faced with velvet to correspond with the coat and trimmed with standing loops in two shades of ribbon to match.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SCOTCH FLANNEL. The underskirt is plain. The overskirt is longer and wider than the under, but is simply looped at the left side and back. The jacket-bodice opens over a full skirt of soft China silk or nun's-veiling in cream-white; the waistband either of the same or of the material of the skirt, at pleasure. Plain coat-sleeves. Hat of soft gray felt or straw, the brim faced with velvet and trimmed with a small bird-of-Paradise in front.

FIG. XV.—TOQUE, FOR A YOUNG LADY, OF SOFT SILK, trimmed with ostrich-tips and bows of ribbon to match.

FIG. XVI.—STRINGLESS BONNET, OF BLACK LACE OVER RED SURAH, and enhanced with a wreath of either roses or tulips.

FIG. XVII.—TENNIS-COSTUME, OF FIGURED TENNIS-FLANNEL. The skirt is either an accordeon skirt or else it is simply kilt-plaited. The revers, cuffs, and sash are of cream-white cashmere or flannel. Tennis-cap of white cloth, with the rackets embroidered on one side.

FIG. XVIII.—TENNIS-COSTUME, OF MARINE-BLUE FLANNEL, combined with white cassimere or cloth. Down the front and at each side are plaits, folded and trimmed with the blue flannel, as seen in the illustration. The revers of the jacket, edge of the sleeves, and vest of the white material. Sash of surah silk, fringed at the ends. Sailor-shaped hat of straw, either white or dark-blue, trimmed with a band of either the white cloth or blue flannel and a rosette of the cloth with pinked-out edges.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As a rule, skirts fall in straight lines—though, for sateens, ginghams, zephyr cloths, and most very thin goods, a fuller drapery is absolutely necessary; but this drapery is lengthwise, and not at all bunchy, so the effect is of a plain, not much-trimmed dress.

Bodices have to a great extent lost the severe, close-fitting, tailor-made appearance, and are now much trimmed: they have revers, or are plaited, or gathered, or in some way ornamented; but this is left largely to individual taste.

Sleeves of the tight tailor-made fashion have also given place to a kind of moderated leg-of-mutton sleeve—which, while it is not full about the lower arm, is not tight; and, if the top part is not very full, it is cut with more roundness and is higher on the shoulder than formerly. Some persons object to the high full sleeve, as giving the appearance of a high shoulder. A sleeve slightly full and gathered on a band at the wrist will be popular for the warm weather.

The fashions of the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one are mixed in one costume frequently. The clinging draperies and short waists are of the time of the Consulate and First Empire, such as Josephine wore; the long close-fitting coats, with the wide revers, are of the Directoire; the leg-of-mutton sleeves are of the time of Louis Philippe; and the magnificent brocades rival such as were worn at the Courts of Louis XV and Louis XVI; yet all these styles may occasionally be found in one dress.

The new colors are too numerous and too delicate to describe; all the soft and faded shades of blue, pink, green, yellow, dull-reds, soft grays and browns are worn, but none of the full vivid tints of some years back.

Designs on India silks, foulards, challis, and sateens, etc., are large and not very close together; conventional flowers have given place to Japanese and other conventional designs.

Scotch ginghams are of the loveliest combination of colors, and frequently in large stripes, domestic ginghams and calicoes usually of smaller patterns.

Black lace is much used for dresses, and, in some respects, has replaced the once favorite black silk in a woman's wardrobe. It is suitable for young or middle-aged and for a very simple dress; or, if a more elaborate one is needed, it may be brightened up with jet or ribbons or flowers.

Nainsooks and other white goods are much liked for younger persons; they are usually made up with embroideries or some of the wonderful woven laces which now come so cheap. The bodices are usually full and round.

White nun's-veiling, camel's-hair, etc., are made for older women, and are quiet yet dressy in appearance.

Mantles are usually short at the back, come well over the arms, and have long ends in front; this is rather reserved for dressy occasions.

The long cloak and ulster are made of light material, and, with the short jacket, are the favorite for ordinary wear, traveling, etc.

Bonnets are still worn small, close-fitting at the sides, and round at the corners, and many of them are without strings. They are more round over the forehead, not nearly so pointed as they were, and the trimming is spread more across the top, though some still cling to the high loop in front.

Straw, chips, and braids are popular, as well as bonnets made of gauze, lace, crêpe, and tulle. Flowers, butterflies, buckles, and a variety of gilt, silver, and steel ornaments trim these bonnets.

Hats are growing larger and lower in the crown.

Long black net veils will be found too warm for the summer weather, but gauze ones will be worn quite over the face for traveling.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS, FOR A GIRL OF TEN TO TWELVE YEARS, OF FIGURED CHINA SILK OR PRINTED BATISTE. Our model is in one of the new reds, the design printed in black. Plain skirt, has a hem and three tucks. The round waist is plaited from shoulder to waist-line, both back and front. Plain coat-sleeves, with a full puff at the top. A plaited waistband fastens at the left side, under a rosette of the same. Hat of red straw, trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon to match, with some sprays of green leaves intermixed.

FIG. II.—COSTUME, FOR A BOY, OF BLUE FLANNEL. The band around the skirt is of white cassimere or cloth, and is feather-stitched on with dark-blue embroidery-silk. The yoke, collar, and cuffs are finished in the same way. The sash, of the white material, ties at the back.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF BLUE PLAID WOOLEN OR GINGHAM. The skirt consists of three flounces, which are scalloped and embroidered with either wash-silks or linen-flosses in two shades of blue to match. The revers on the waist and the cuffs of the full sleeves are finished in the same manner. The full vest-front is made of plain material to match. Hat of straw, trimmed with the material and quills to match.

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ACROSS THE SANDS.

SEE THE STORY

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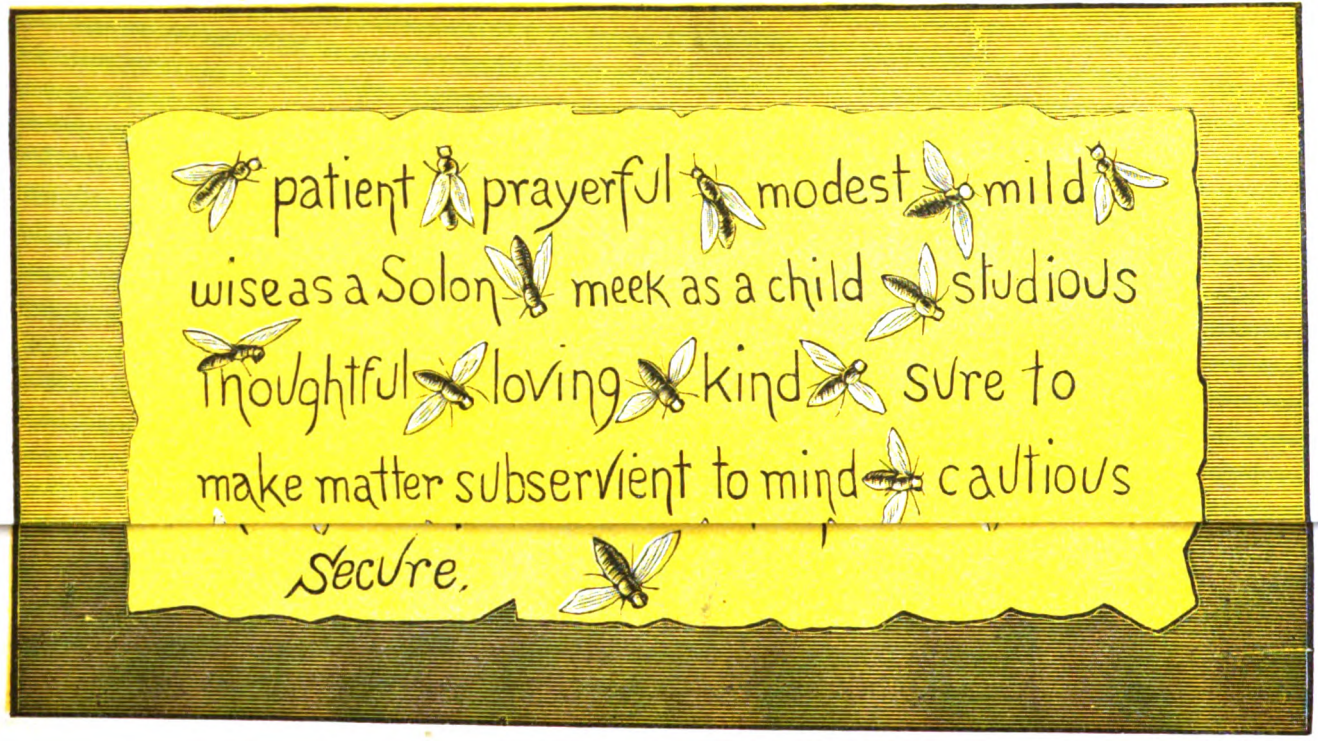

BLOTTER-COVER

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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DRESS FOR COUNTRY. WALKING-DRESS.

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TRAVELING-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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NEW STYLES OF BODICE. NEW-STYLE SLEEVE.

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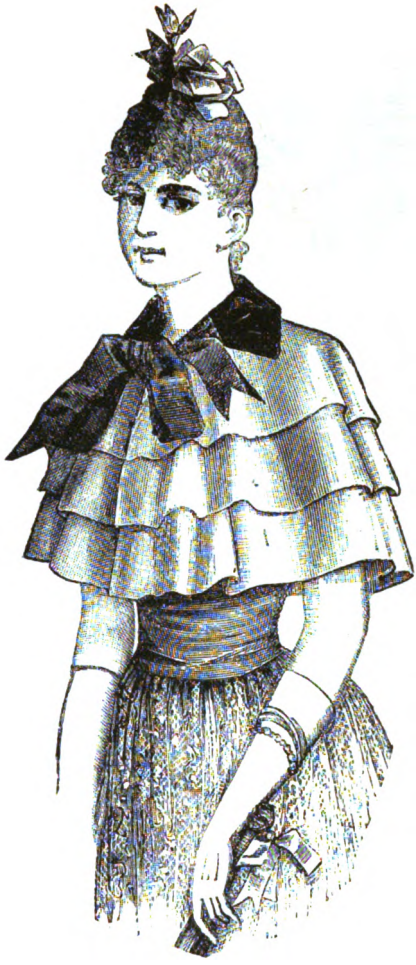

BONNET. CAP. HEADDRESS. TOQUE.

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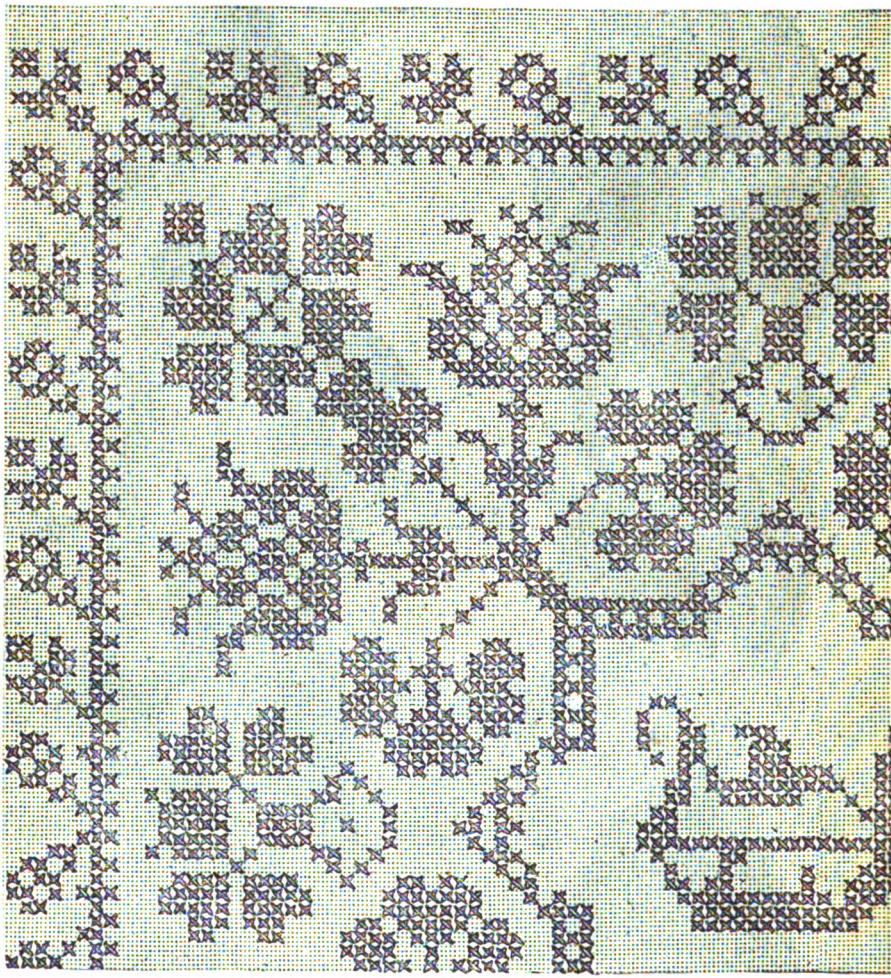

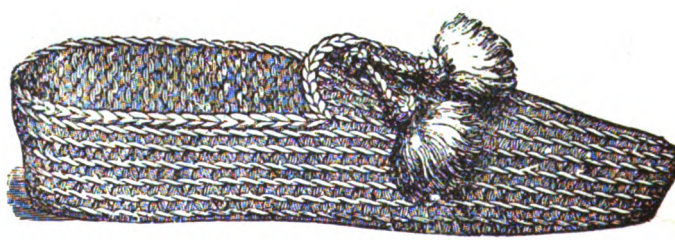

CORNER FOR LUNCH-CLOTH. SHOE IN CROCHET.

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SOFA-BLANKET LAMBREQUIN FOR MANTEL.

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FOND HEARTS MUST PART.

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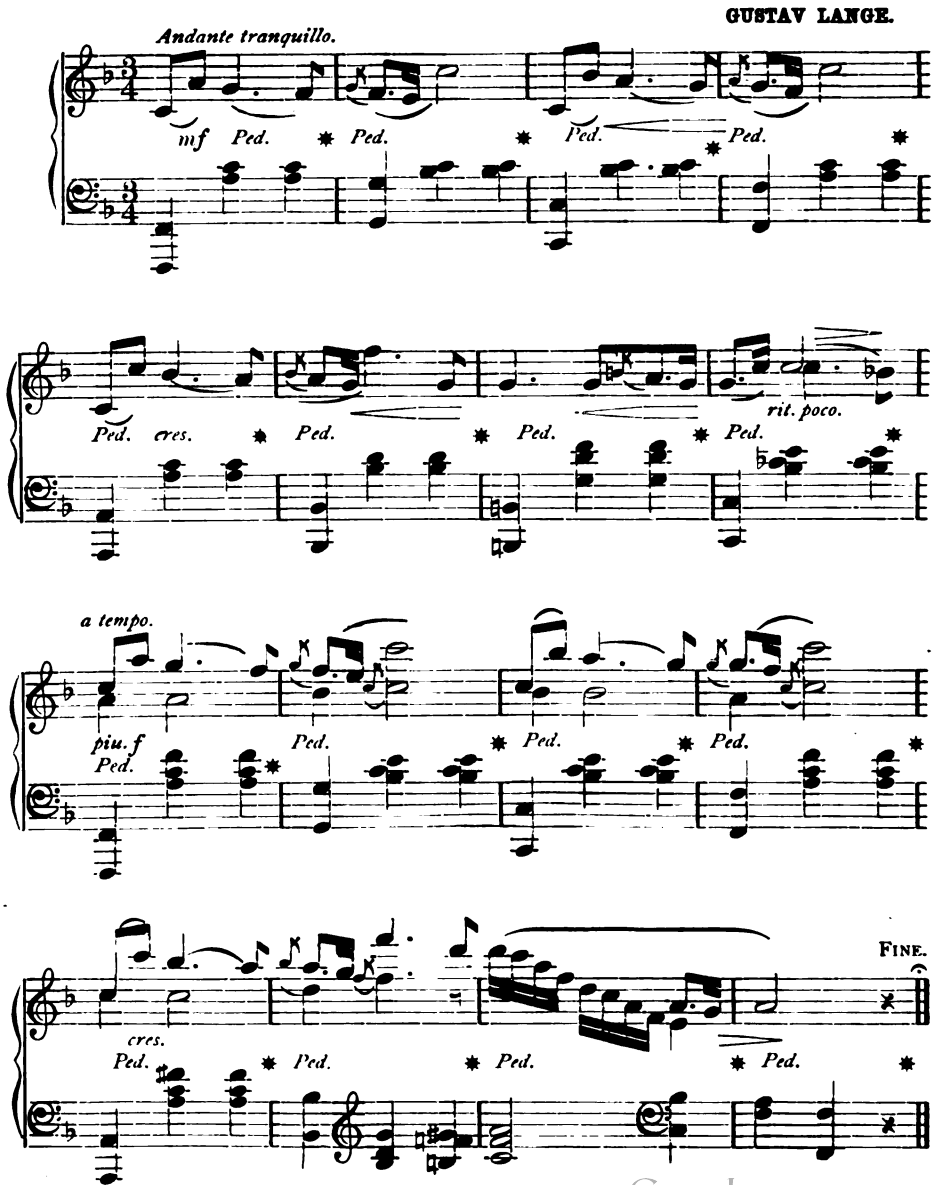
GUSTAV LANGE.



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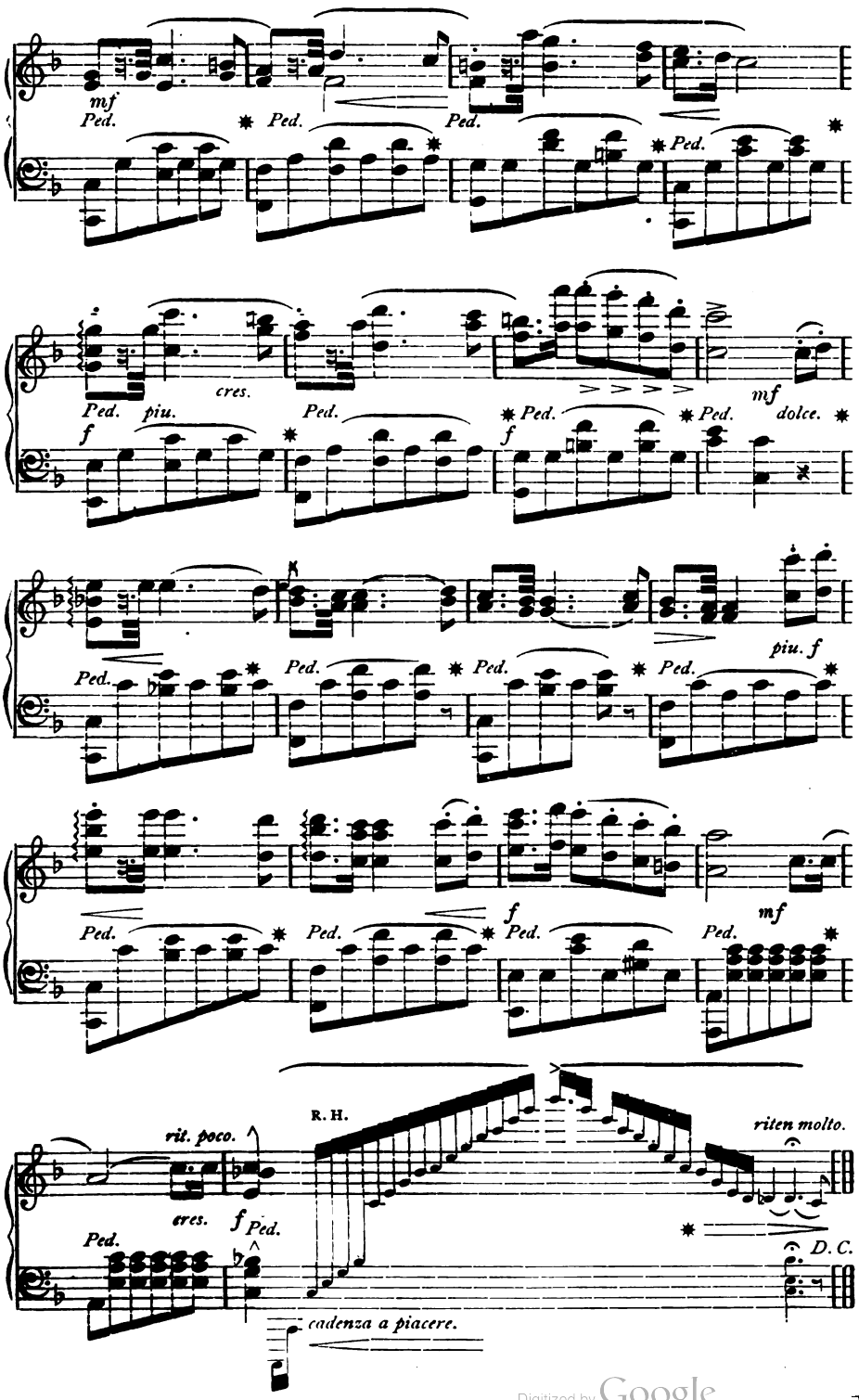

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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DICK MORTON'S MESSENGER.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.

THE stillness of a summer night brooded over the landscape. The great country-house with its widespread grounds seemed wrapped in silence. It was early yet, but the moon was full, and had just risen above the treetops.

One of the long French windows, opening on the balcony which surrounded the mansion, was open, and a young girl stepped out. She looked about her with appreciative pleasure in the beauty of the scene, and then, with a little sigh, she sank into a large wicker rocker, and, leaning back, gazed dreamily off into the west.

"Dear me! How late William is with the mail this evening. He certainly ought to be here by this time." As she spoke, she drew out a tiny gold watch and held it in the moonbeams. "Eight o'clock!" she exclaimed. "How I do wish he would hurry. I will surely have a letter to-night, and, if he isn't here soon, some tiresome people will happen in, and I shall not have time to read it till they have gone," and she frowned a little impatiently as she spoke. Presently, however, her expression changed, and a smile curved the charming mouth. "Dear old Dick! I wonder what he is doing now. Not enjoying the moonlight, for, let me see, the sun is still high in the heavens in Idaho—it must be nearly five o'clock in Pine Gulch. Perhaps he is thinking about supper, while I am thinking about him! Poor fellow," and she closed her half-audible reflections with a little laugh, ending in a longing sigh.

At that moment, the sound of wheels became audible, and, gazing towards the road, Alice Verney saw the coachman stop the light buggy in front of the great iron gates, and, regardless of dignity, hurried down the long avenue to meet him. He threw the reins over the horse's back, and jumped out, mail-bag in hand.

"Is there anything for me?" was the young lady's eager inquiry.

"Yes, miss," was the answer, and the man gave his burden into her eagerly outstretched hands.

Back to the house she hurried, and, taking the key which she had obtained from her uncle, she unlocked the bag and examined its contents. Sure enough, there were plenty of letters addressed to: "Miss Alice Verney—Larchdale—Rockport—New York," but not one in the handwriting for which she looked. A cloud of disappointment, almost anxiety, came over her face.

"I cannot understand it—I never waited so long for an answer," she murmured, and slowly entered the house to give her uncle his correspondence.

The next morning, when Alice wakened, she felt as if something were wrong—the world out of joint. Then she remembered that she had not received the expected letter from her lover in the far-off Western mining-camp, where he was seeking his fortune. She rose, feeling disturbed but hardly alarmed, and arrayed herself in rather a half-hearted fashion

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for the picnic on which she was to go that morning. She had anticipated a pleasant day, for she was not at all inclined to mope in Dick's absence, but now a cloud seemed cast over everything—even the sky looked gray.

The picnic passed off as picnics usually do. The party were principally neighbors, with the exception of two or three visitors staying in the vicinity, and Alice would have considered it a very uneventful day but for one of these strangers. He was introduced to her by Mrs. Graham as Mr. Reese—a tall, rather good-looking man, with an air and manner which suggested the West. Indeed, that was where he came from.

"Somewhere in Idaho, I believe," said Mrs. Graham, "a place I know very little about. I suppose it is inhabited. Now, Colorado, California, and even New Mexico one hears of, but Idaho! It sounds dreadfully vague—but I suppose he's all right. Will vouches for him—they were at college together."

Alice's heart gave a sudden leap at the familiar name. "Did he know Dick?" Then she thought, how foolish! Idaho was an extensive territory. She smiled a little at her friend's words. Mrs. Graham was unconscious of the interest which the mention of the far-off locality awoke in the girl's breast. For Alice's engagement had been kept secret, owing to the opposition of her uncle, the nearest relative she possessed. The old gentleman objected to his heiress's marrying a poor man.

The stranger and Miss Verney were a good deal thrown together that day, and he made himself exceedingly agreeable. Though not foolishly vain, nor given to fancying herself the object of men's admiration, Alice could not help thinking that Mr. Reese watched her with unusual interest. It almost rendered her uncomfortable. Perhaps he had met Dick! But, even in that improbable event, he would scarcely know about her.

That evening, before she went to bed, Alice wrote again to her lover, and anxiously awaited a reply; but none came. A week went by—an interminable week, it seemed to Alice. She had visitors, and went about just as usual. The little town was even gayer than ordinary. Other strangers had arrived in the neighborhood, and dances, picnics, drives, rides, and tennis-matches were the order of the day. No one guessed what Alice suffered, unless she sometimes fancied it might be Mr. Reese. And then she told herself that was absurd! If she

could hide her misery from her nearest and dearest, how could the acquaintance of a week discover it?

To be sure, she felt that she knew him well in some ways, for he was constantly with her whenever possible, and there was a fascination of manner about him which put people quite at their ease. Will Graham declared he was a splendid fellow, and everybody in Rockport accepted him as such.

More than a week after the picnic, Alice received a package from Mr. Reese, with a little

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note accompanying it. The brief message was as follows: "I send you these, but I should like to see you as soon as possible. Let me know if I may come."

That was all, but an undefined feeling of apprehension came over her as she read the lines. She hurried up to her room and opened the package. It contained a small but capacious portfolio. She recognized it at once, and her heart almost stood still. Surely it was one she had given to Dick. She opened it with unsteady fingers. It was full of letters. She picked up one and looked at it. A sudden chill came over her. She emptied the contents of the case on the table, and stared at them. Yes—they were her own letters—to Dick.

An hour later, a small boy handed a note to Mr. Reese. It contained the single word: "Come." He went at once; but, when he reached Larchdale, he found visitors on the porch. Among them was Alice. Glancing at her, one would not have known there was anything amiss. She met Mr. Reese with her usual graceful welcome. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Have you ever seen the greenhouses, Mr. Reese?" she asked, carelessly.

"I have never had that pleasure," he replied.

"Shall I show them to you?"

"I should be delighted, if you would," he returned, rising as he spoke.

The rest of the party were comfortably seated, so, as they had all seen the conservatory, they laughingly declined Miss Verney's invitation, and the two set off together. As they passed down the gravel walk, neither spoke. Once within the silent greenness, the girl turned and faced her companion. She was deadly pale, a fearful tenseness in her whole bearing.

"Tell me quickly what you have to say," she cried, in a sharp strained voice. "The gardener is not here—we are quite alone."

"I don't know whether you will ever forgive me," he began, in a low tone. "But I thought perhaps it would be better to hear it from me than anyone else, so I came."

"I—I do not understand. Is—Dick dead?"

The words rang out very clearly on the still air.

"I wish he were," came the answer. "It is worse. He has been false to you. Let me explain. I will try to be as brief as possible. I wish you could sit down," and he glanced about at the brilliant blooms and cool leafage amidst which they stood.

The girl shook her head with a gesture of impatience, and the young man went on:

"We fell in with each other sometime ago, and went together to Pine Gulch. We have been friends and partners ever since. He told me about you. When—when he heard I was coming East, he begged me to take you those—letters—he said he could not write—he had the grace to be ashamed of himself."

She stopped him with an imperious movement.

"Don't," she whispered.

"Forgive me—but if you only knew how it makes me feel—I who, though I have no right—worship you."

His voice sank as he spoke the last words, and Alice did not hear them. She failed to see his glance—her eyes were fixed on the western sky.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" Alice asked, in a tone of dull despair. Then she went on: "I don't think I quite understand yet. Do you mean he is in love with someone else?"

The man bent his head in silent assent, as if it pained him too much to speak. Finally he said gently:

"Shall I tell you all about it—how he—" the speaker stopped.

"No. It does not matter," came the reply, in a hard cold voice.

"At least, you forgive me for telling you—you cannot guess how hard it was for me—" again he paused.

"You have been very kind," she answered, in the same tone, holding out her hand as she spoke.

He clasped the slender fingers tenderly, but she half turned and hid her face in her handkerchief—not because there were tears in her eyes, but as if to shut out an unpleasant sight.

"Forgive me," she whispered. "Indeed I do not blame you—I shall soon get over this, but just now I—will you pardon my not wanting to see you?"

"I understand," he returned, sadly. "Good-bye; I will go up to the house and make my excuses and adieux."

A moment afterward, Alice was alone with her misery.

Two days later, Henry Reese was whirling toward Chicago in the limited express. He had not seen Miss Verney since the day in the conservatory, though, in answer to a note, he had received a thick packet from her. His manner was somewhat altered since that—to Alice—dreadful morning. He wore an air of complacency and self-satisfaction as if he had done his whole duty.

The engine slowed up in the station at

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Chicago, and he glanced carelessly about. Suddenly his face changed—he gave a violent start as he caught sight of a pale haggard individual coming with invalid's tread through the gate. When the train stopped, Reese sprang out and hurried up to the sick man.

"Dick!" he cried.

The other looked at him, a strange mingling of doubt and joy in his face.

"My dear boy! Thank God you are alive," Reese went on, rapidly. "I was afraid I should find you gone. Did you understand? Did you doubt me? Oh, how I hated to leave you alone in that wretched camp, with only those miserable miners and coolies."

The two men had clasped hands, and, as the elder spoke, the doubt on the invalid's face vanished, leaving only the joy.

"I was afraid they would murder you in my absence," Reese said.

"No, they only robbed me," was the bitter rejoinder.

"Fiends!" exclaimed the other; but his friend did not see the strange look of relief which came into the listener's face.

"Tell me—Alice—where is she?" came next, the eager question.

"Wait," answered Mr. Reese, slipping his arm in that of the trembling speaker, and drawing him out of the station. "I will tell you all about her when we reach the hotel. She is well, though."

"Tell me now," cried the sick man, impatiently, his pale face flushing; but his companion's only answer was to hurry him up the hotel steps.

Five minutes later, Dick Morton had flung himself on a chair, and was listening to his friend's story. When it was ended, the poor fellow, exhausted by his recent illness, long journey, and this latest blow, laid his head on his arms in utter despair. While speaking, Henry Reese's face wore an expression of deepest pain, although he had assumed, as men often do when greatly moved, his most careless attitude, and was resting one knee on a chair, his hand in his pocket.

At last, Morton lifted his head.

"I was going East," he said, wearily. "Now it is of no use. I will turn back."

A few weeks passed. Mr. Reese returned to Rockport, and once more was in constant attendance on Miss Verney. She tried to overcome her repugnance to him, but only succeeded in concealing it. One day in October, they found themselves alone in the greenhouse, the rest of the party having passed out.

"Wait a moment," he cried, eagerly, laying a detaining touch on Alice's arm. "I must speak—I have waited—tried to be patient, but I have loved you since I first saw you. Tell me, is there no hope?"

She gazed at him sadly, and answered:

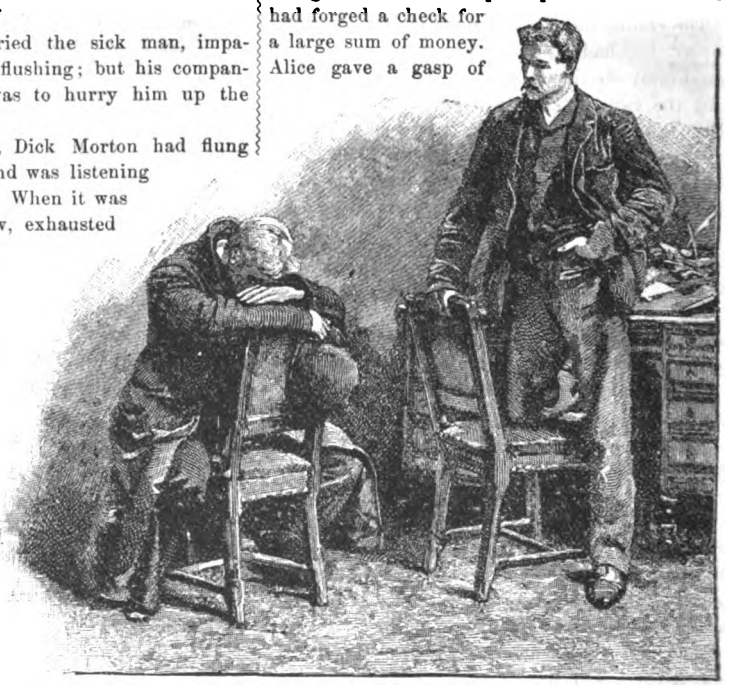
"None whatever."

"I will wait twenty years if you will only promise to try—to forget—"

Alice interrupted him.

"It is no use," she said, gently but decidedly. "I know. Perhaps it is a humiliating confession to make, but, if I live to be a thousand, I shall never care for anyone again. Please remember, my decision is final."

By noon the next day, Henry Reese had gone, and, by the close of the week, the little village was full of excitement. Will Graham had received positive information that his quondam college-mate was an unprincipled scoundrel—he had forged a check for a large sum of money. Alice gave a gasp of



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horror when she first heard the news, then a sudden wild hope awoke in her heart.

"He must have deceived me about Dick," she told herself, over and over again.

As soon as she could think clearly, she decided what to do. She went straight to her uncle and told him the whole story.

"I am going West to find Dick," she said. "I know he is true to me—I was mad, to doubt it."

Looking at her, Mr. Verney saw it was useless to oppose her, so, in company with an invalid friend who was glad of the trip, Alice started out, like Evangeline, to find her lover. After many months of wandering, spring found them in a large hotel in one of Colorado's numerous health-resorts.

Soon after their arrival, Alice went into the balcony. At the farther end, a young man sat on a low seat. His head was half turned toward the west, where the gorgeous sunset lingered on the highest peaks, though the plains to the east lay in shadow. Something familiar in the figure stirred Alice's pulse. She hurried forward. He turned. She gave a low cry:

"Dick!"

"Alice!"

Then there was silence.

"Are you still Miss Verney?" asked the young man, rising, with an air of elaborate politeness.

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A deep flush rose in Alice's cheek.

"Yes," she answered, gently, "I have never changed."

Dick sprang eagerly nearer.

"Tell me, what do you mean?" he cried. "Surely, when you sent my letters back with the message that you loved — someone else—"

"I sent no such word," she broke in. "And you returned mine first."

Dick had been pale before — but he grew paler now.

"Never! I never sent your letters back. I have always loved you," he ended, sadly.

Alice's whole face lit up as she spoke:

"It must have been treachery on that man's part. I do not understand, but—he brought me my letters, and said you wanted me to set you free. Of course, I did so—"

Dick waited for nothing more, but, with a glad cry, held out his arms, and, for the first time in long dreary months, folded his betrothed to his heart. When he released her, she gently pushed him into the chair, saying tenderly:

"Dearest, you are not able to stand. You must sit there. Tell me, have you been ill?"

"Yes, but I shall soon be well now. Your face will effect a speedy cure." His countenance wore an expression of perplexed thought. He was trying to comprehend the mystery of their separation. At length he spoke: "Reese must have been false to me," he said, with sad conviction, "though I do not understand why. You see, we fell in with each other on our way to Pine Gulch, and, as we were about the only two decent men in the handful who had started the camp, we concluded to join forces. I thought the world of him. Then I was taken ill. Sometime during the first few days, I told him all about you, and made him promise if I got very bad he would send for you. I gave him your address. Well, for several weeks, I was delirious. When I came to my senses, I found myself alone. When I was able to crawl about, I discovered that all my valuables, among them your letters, had disappeared. There was a note from Henry, saying he had started to find you."

"Oh, what treachery!" murmured Alice.

Dick sighed and went on:

"You see, I didn't know how much time had passed, and, of course, I thought the other fellows had robbed me. As soon as I could stand on my feet, I started eastward. In Chicago, I met Reese. He explained to me how he lost your address—hunted until he had found you, and finally showed me my letters and gave me that cruel message. I believed in him implicitly."

Then Alice told him her story, as she leaned against the vine-wreathed railing and looked down into her lover's pale happy face.

Dick's health had been terribly shattered by his terrible illness and the shock received while still only half-recovered. He had been traveling about in search of health, and he had found it, indeed, when he found Alice.

On their return to Rockport, a letter awaited her from Reese, in prison for forgery. It said:

"I loved you from the moment Dick showed me your picture. And then—I may as well confess—he told me you were rich—an heiress, and I needed money. When I saw how ill he was, I conceived the plan of separating you. It succeeded, but I did not gain by it. Perhaps you will find Dick again—I hope so. Maybe then you will forgive me."

And, in the sunshine of happiness which illumines their united lives, Alice can easily forgive the wretched man who claimed to be "DICK MORTON'S MESSENGER."

MY LADY.

BY ROBERT OGDEN FOWLER.

Her face—no rarest flower that grows
  In blossoming fields, so sweet as it!
The color of her fair hair knows
  Its likeness in the pale-gold wheat;
Her smiles are all like summer boons,
And sweet her breath as scented June's.

Her lips are redder than the deep
  Warm blood that stirs her gentle veins;
Her voice is music half asleep,
  Heard in the sound of happy rains;
Her eyes shine like a wondrous gem
Plucked from some royal diadem.

The summer knows her, and its flowers,
  And all the wondering ways thereof;
For her await no darksome hours—
  Time follows not the feet of Love,
Since Love is born of God—but Time!
What is he save a mortal mime?

Oh, dewy flowers that kissed her feet!
  Oh, fields she laughed and lingered in!
Treasure the touches of my sweet;
  For, when the summer dawns begin,
I'll bring her to you, 'mid the swells,
Of fields and flowers, of wedding-bells!

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WHY SHE SURRENDERED

BY KATHERINE KEENE.

"COOKE, Hanson, Greeley, Livingstone—Pshaw!" came impatiently from the lips of a tall good-looking man, glancing rapidly over the open register at a well-known American banker's in Paris.

"Mrs. Walters—Miss Shirley—" Here he paused; he had evidently found what he was searching for. Taking out a small Russia-leather blank-book, he carefully jotted down the address opposite—37 Avenue d'Antin—then, turning to that day's entries, he wrote in a bold legible hand: "Reginald Loring, New York," and then closed the book with an air of satisfaction and relief. Sauntering into the reading-room, after exchanging nods and a word or so with various men standing about, he took up a "Galignani" and was speedily absorbed in its columns.

He was well built and remarkably well dressed, but with such an air of carelessness that the observer was immediately convinced that it was the result of accident, not of intention. He had an open frank face, but the irregularity of his features forbade the possibility of its being called handsome; in fact, a pair of honest gray eyes were all that redeemed it from absolute plainness.

Just at that moment, he looked at his watch. "Three o'clock," he soliloquized; he rose with a look of determination, and left the room. Once outside, he stopped to light a cigar, and then hailed a passing cab, into which he jumped, and was rapidly whirled over the soft asphalt pavements in the direction of 37 Avenue d'Antin.

It was a sunny April day; the fresh young leaves were just peeping forth, and the birds were twittering on the boughs. All the gay well-dressed Parisian world was out for its afternoon promenade—coquettish nursemaids, picturesque in their Normandy caps and great hoops of gold, were throwing dangerous glances at admiring gendarmes as they tripped along after the troops of children. The carriage-way was blocked with brilliant equipages on their way to the Bois de Boulogne, to see and to be seen.

Loring had been so absorbed in watching the changing crowd, that he had not noticed his quick progress. At that moment, he glanced up. "By Jove," he said, filled with dismay. "A moment more, and I shall be there, and not an idea in my head! What decently plausible excuse can I give for putting in an appearance? The girl will think it absolute persecution, and I don't know but what she's right; but it's my only chance. Give her time to think, and I'd stake my life she'd say 'No'! Bless her little heart!"

And now a word as to the "not impossible she":

Helen Shirley was a woman of twentyfive, and not pretty as prettiness goes—with beauty of freshness and coloring. It is difficult to describe the fascination of her face, but that it was charming was an acknowledged fact. She had large dark eyes, and a quantity of rippling chestnut hair, beautiful mouth and teeth, and a graceful willowy figure. These were her only claims to beauty. Too few, women thought, to account for the admiration she always received in society.

Of course, the question was often asked: "Why had she not married?" Her obstinate refusal of many good offers furnished an unfailing grievance to her aunt, with whom she had lived since childhood.

The two had been just a month in Europe—and why had they come? "Simply," as Helen told her aunt when proposing the voyage, "because I don't want to think."

"Pshaw," returned Mrs. Walters. "Why don't you tell the truth, and say that you're afraid your hour has come at last, and that, like other women before you, you're in love?"

"I am not in love a particle!" cried Helen. She told the truth, but not the whole truth. The fact of the matter was, she feared she was going to be.

"Well!" went on the other, rapidly, "if you're not, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here is a charming fellow, well educated, good-looking, rich, and perfectly devoted to you! What on earth are you waiting for?"

"Oh," Helen exclaimed, "this wretchedness of having to decide whether you like a man well enough to marry him—and, if you do, whether you will—a week hence! It renders life a burden."

"So you acknowledge there's a question in your mind?" rejoined her aunt. "In other

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words, you're going away to make a decision. Poor fellow! I hope absence will dispose you to be gentle with him."

Reginald Loring was the "him." After a short delay, he had obeyed an uncontrollable impulse and followed the ladies to Paris, where he had only just arrived. Now, it is very evident why all his ideas vanished, as he drove into the courtyard of 37 Avenue d'Antin. A moment's talk with the concierge revealed the fact that madame is at home; the idea of a gentleman inquiring for mademoiselle was too shocking for his French mind to grasp, so he ignored it.

"The third floor, if monsieur will be so obliging."

Monsieur was obliging to that extent, and climbed a number of slippery varnished stairs, until the sight of a visiting-card, "Mrs. B. Walters," fastened above the bell, brought him to a standstill. A quick pull brought a neat little maid—who, looking like the stage soubrette, with her hands in her apron-pockets, begged monsieur to walk into the salon.

Monsieur complied, his heart sinking within him. A portière was pulled aside, and he was ushered into a pretty room, overflowing with bric-à-brac and bright with flowers and sunshine which streamed in from an open window.

Mrs. Walters was alone and seemingly absorbed in some intricate bit of lacework over which she was bending. On the visitor's entrance, she rose, and, sweeping forward, welcomed him with the most impressive cordiality. Even Bijou, a much-beribboned Skye terrier, was urged with great gravity to come forward and say "How d'ye do?" to Mr. Loring.

"He was looking very well." "And how was his charming mamma?" "Didn't he find the changes in poor dear Paris very, very sad?" "Did he have a quick passage?"

All these—and, it seemed to him, a thousand more—questions were thrown at his head in quick succession. By a powerful concentration of his mental powers, he came out of the ordeal comparatively well. He made an occasional blunder, such as saying that his mother was much improved by the number of new streets which had been cut through, and that Paris had been suffering a good deal lately from her old neuralgic headaches. However, as Mrs. Walters never paused a second in her chatter, for his replies, he did not allow his conversational misfortunes to weigh heavily on his soul.

Half an hour passed. Loring began to feel fidgety. It was certainly very stupid in Mrs. Walters—who, of course, knew that he didn't come for her sake—not even to mention Helen. At last, his patience became exhausted; seizing an opportunity when Mrs. Walters paused to take breath, he said, with what he flattered himself was an air of sufficient indifference:

"And Miss Helen—I trust she is well. Is she not equal to seeing an old friend, this morning?"

Mrs. Walters gave a little start.

"Sure enough," she said, as if the idea of Helen had just occurred to her. "Where can the child be? Will you ring for Nanette? Or—no, I will go myself." And she vanished through the curtained doorway.

Presently, to Loring's unmitigated horror and surprise, he heard voices—not a properly-modulated murmur, but the voices loud and distinct—of persons a good deal in earnest and saying exactly what they thought. First came Mrs. Walters's tones, suave and persuasive:

"Now, Helen darling, I implore you—do be nice to him; he deserves it, after coming all the way from New York for his answer. Say 'yes' to the poor fellow, and put him out of his misery."

"Or into it," returned Helen, quickly, her voice with the sharp metallic ring it always took when she was irritated. "But won't it be time to answer the question when it's asked?"

"Well, at any rate," said her aunt, pettishly, "I wish you'd make up your mind one way or another—I am heartily bored by the whole affair. Of all stupid objects on the face of the earth, a man in love is certainly the most so. What I've undergone for the last hour, waiting for you to come in! There he sat, glaring at me vacantly, never volunteering a remark, and answering everything I said upside-down, with one eye on the door all the time. Well, you're going at last. I suppose you'd better ask him to dine with us. I'll offer up prayers that he may recover his lost wits by that time."

Then a soft "swish" of skirts, and the luckless eavesdropper knew that Helen was coming toward him, would see the half-open door, and at a glance take in the whole situation.

How terribly awkward for all parties: for Mrs. Walters, to know that she had been caught red-handed, as it were, in the act of vituperating a wretched youth, even then under her roof; for Helen, that she should have been overheard by him discussing the probabilities of his own proposal; and for him—what a downfall to his pride!—who had so plumed himself on his power of being agreeable to any woman, old or young. "Glaring vacantly"—what a very unpleasant phrase that was! Then the ludicrous side of the affair struck him, and he shook with uncontrollable laughter.

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Just at this unfortunate moment, in came Helen. As he had foreseen, she instantly knew what had happened, and, like the wise general that she was, immediately arranged her plan of action. She looked as pretty as possible in her closely-fitting velvet dress, with a great bunch of fragrant rosebuds at her belt. Annoyance at this wretched contretemps had brought a bright flush to her cheeks, and, as she stood welcoming him, Loring thought he had never seen her look so lovely.

She sank nonchalantly into a low chair with: "Own yourself converted now, Mr. Loring, to the truth of the old saying 'listeners, etc.'"

"My dear Miss Helen," he answered, laughing, "there was no need for conversion. I always believed in it, but now I shall proclaim its truth from the housetops. Besides, your aunt only told the truth. I confess it sadly, but I haven't a shadow of doubt that I did glare vacantly, and that I did keep one eye on the door."

Helen glanced up doubtfully; but, seeing Loring's solemn countenance, went off into a peal of silvery laughter, but sobered down as if by magic when he resumed:

"And then, Helen dear, you know she was perfectly right, as to what I came to Paris for. I shall not try to say how much I love you, and how happy you would make me, for you know that already. Now tell me, dearest, is it to be 'yes' or 'no'?" Then he sat quietly, looking at her with grave honest eyes.

Helen put up her hands appealingly. "Ah! don't!" she said. "I was so afraid that you would speak this morning, and—I'm—I'm—not ready."

"Not ready?" he repeated, eagerly, grasping at her words. "You mean you don't dare to say 'yes,' and you—" then he took her hand, and looked down at her pretty troubled face—"don't want to say 'no'!"

His touch brought her to herself.

"Exactly so!" she said, quietly. "I am too fond of you to be guilty of the injustice of marrying you without love, and I am selfish enough to dread losing an old friend by saying 'no.' Why do you wish to marry me? Why can't you be satisfied with matters as they stand? Such good friends as we are."

"Good heavens, Helen!" exclaimed he, impetuously. "Haven't I told you that I love you? Do you think me a man to be satisfied with this namby-pambyness? With me, it must be all or nothing! Decide for yourself!"

Helen sat motionless, her color coming and going, her heart beating faster and faster. What should she do? Her chance for life's happiness might be in her hands; her brain whirled, she could not think.

"Well, which is it?" said Loring's voice, gently, in her ear.

A great longing came over her to put her head down on that broad shoulder, and give up the fight; but she conquered it, and so, disgusted with herself, woman-like, she visited her annoyance on him.

"Ah!" she said, nervously, "how stupid the best of men can be at times! Don't you know that, if you press me in this way, you will make me hate you? Give me time." And then, with a quick change of mood and a mischievous glance: "You ought to be in the seventh heaven that I don't say 'no' on the spot!"

Loring knew then that his opportunity was gone; that, when Helen relapsed into her everyday coquetries, his fate was to play mouse to her ladyship's cat for as long as it should seem good to her.

One last effort, however, he made.

"Helen dear," said he, gravely, bending over her, "will you tell me in a week?"

A shade crossed her bright face, and her lips trembled.

"Yes," she said, affected, in spite of herself, by his gravity. "In a week." And then, like a child who has made up its mind not to be beguiled into any more serious or instructive conversation, she took the reins into her own hands, and his chance was gone.

In a moment, Mrs. Walters came sailing majestically into the room, with such perfect unconsciousness of having said anything at all remarkable, that Loring was threatened with another attack of an hilarious nature. She sat down, and immediately joined in the conversation with such gusto that Helen, glad to have the burden taken off of her shoulders, relapsed into silence. She was very uncomfortable. Without intending it in the least, she had almost engaged herself. Well, why shouldn't she? He was manly, straightforward, and good-looking—here she stole a glance at him through her long eyelashes—rich, and he loved her dearly. Her reverie was broken in upon by Mrs. Walters's turning to her and saying: "I am trying to persuade Mr. Loring to dine with us this evening, but he pleads an engagement."

Helen looked up, and met Loring's eyes brimming over with fun. Mrs. Walters's bland civility was too much for him.

Helen blushed, one of her quick wild-rose

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blushes, and, looking away with a sense of shyness very new to her, murmured very indistinctly:

"Won't he borrow a woman's privilege for once, and change his mind?"

But he was not to be persuaded, and, after a few words as to the following day's engagements, took his departure.

Helen stood at the open window, with the soft spring breezes blowing in on her, and saw his straight tall figure walk briskly away. "A week," she thought; "a week's a long time. Of course, I shall know in a week." A horse-chestnut was just bursting into bloom in the gray courtyard outside, its pink and white blossoms making little flecks of color on the high stone walls beyond; a military band, marching by, sent its "tum te tum" floating merrily over the housetops. All was bright and happy, and, strange as it was, it all seemed a little more complete since Loring's arrival.

What glamor is it that the fair enchantress Paris throws over all strangers? Years seem like months under her magic sway, hours like moments. Helen's week was all but gone, only two days remained, and where had it flown? She could remember nothing but a confused jumble of pleasure, like a child's kaleidoscope, bright and glittering in every direction she glanced at it. But one voice, one face, appeared in everything, like the chorus in an opera; would it come in at the last scene? Yes. Helen had decided that, love or not, she now cared for him to such a degree that he had become a necessity to her—a part of her life. Should she tell him so now—this morning? That was the question!

It was raining hard, one of those pitiless chilly rains which, when they invade the sunny capital, make of it an abomination of desolation. People seem to get so pitifully wet there, and trot along in such very light-colored wraps, with such grieved and troubled countenances, and then the drivers of the multitudinous hacks all look so shiny and slippery in their rubber coats, that they cast an additional chill over the scene.

Helen, bewitching in her morning-dress, was sitting in front of a bright fire, warming a pair of very pretty feet on the edge of the grate. Should she tell him or not? A soft flush came over her face as she thought. The little gilt clock on the mantel struck. Helen started. "Two o'clock! Why, that is certainly strange! Reginald was to have been here at one, but probably some stupid visitor's detaining him," and she thought of the visitor, whoever he might be, with great disapproval.

Another half-hour passed, and then it became Reginald's turn to suffer.

"There is no excuse for this," she thought, severely, "nothing should have detained him until this time. When he does make his appearance, I shall certainly tell Nanette to say 'Not at home,'" and she moved toward the door.

Just at this moment, came a sharp and authoritative ring, the sound of heavy feet, and the voices of two or three men, then she heard Nanette in horrified exclamation. Full of curiosity, she walked toward the door. She saw a sergeant of police, and close behind him two other policemen, to whom Nanette was addressing herself with a great deal of importance and gesticulation. On seeing Helen, he removed his hat quickly, and, putting his feet carefully into the first position, made her a profound bow.

"As madame is not at home, they tell me, I may be allowed to ask mademoiselle a few questions."

"Ah! non," put in Nanette, her French sentiment urging her to interpose between the barbarous law and mademoiselle's fiancé, for that, Nanette has decided in her busy little mind, was the position Loring occupied in madame's household.

"Hush instantly, Nanette," commanded Helen, and then, turning to the officer, she said in exquisite French: "What is all this about?"

"Simply, mademoiselle, that, in the name of the law, we demand all information with regard to a certain Mr. Loring."

Helen grew deadly pale, and leaned against the door for support, at which Nanette burst into a fit of theatrical sobbing, wrung her hands tragically, implored mademoiselle "to calm herself."

With a quiet but imperative gesture, Helen at once stilled the girl's outcries, and then, turning to the man, said very calmly:

"I will answer anything you ask me, but tell me first what has happened to him."

"Ah, mademoiselle," he replied, with a shrug, "you ask too much!" and then, with a return to his official manner, he added, gloomily: "We can only hope—nothing. Monsieur has disappeared; the police were notified of the fact at eleven this morning by his valet, who was naturally much alarmed by his absence. Now, mademoiselle, permit me! First, as to the character of this man, Harris by name?" referring to some notes written in spider-like characters on a slip of paper.

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Helen, her brain swimming, and feeling that it must be some horrible dream, answered that he was a perfectly reliable and trustworthy servant.

"And now, mademoiselle, excuse me, but the question is of so delicate a nature, had not the servant better withdraw?"

"By no means," answered Helen, haughtily; "you can ask me nothing Nanette may not hear!"

"Very well," replied the official, solemnly. "Had monsieur any reason for committing suicide?" in a ghastly tone, and riveting his eyes on the lady's face.

Helen shivered. Reginald! Suicide! What nonsense! He the picture of life, with everything bright to live for!

"None whatever," she said, steadfastly.

"Mademoiselle speaks as one who should know," the man replied, not impertinently, but gravely, as if stating a fact.

"I do," said Helen, calmly, white to her very lips, "for I am to be his wife if—" As she spoke, the force of that "if came over her. "Impossible—nothing could have happened to him!" In that second, her whole future life seemed to rise up before her, desolate and wretched. But that man and his dreadful catechism must be answered.

For half an hour she was tortured. "At what time did he leave the house? Where did he express his intention of going? How could he be identified?"

These questions, in every conceivable shape, both Nanette and she answered over and over again. Finally, the officer was satisfied and took his departure, and then Helen went to her room and bolted the door.

What agonies she suffered. At every step. she saw some foolish trifle that reminded her of him. On the window-seat, some sweet-smelling purple violets; on her dressing-table, an absurd little trinket, a souvenir of a gay dinner. How distinctly she recalled his face, as he handed it to her the following morning, and she had hardly thanked him, not daring to look up for fear he should read more than she wished him to in her eyes. How cold, how ungrateful, she had been! Oh, but for an hour back again, just to tell him. And she paced restlessly up and down the room. She could not weep, the shock had been too overpowering. All that she could do was to move restlessly about, listen to the regular ticking of the clock, and watch its gilt hands travel slowly on.

It was growing dusk. She could see from her window the myriad red and green lights of the cabs zigzag slowly down the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde. Where could her aunt be? Could she have heard the awful news, and gone to make further inquiries?

Just then the bell rang.

"Thank God," she thought, "Aunt Walters, at last." She rushed to the door, and saw Reginald Loring in the act of handing a very wet and dripping umbrella to Nanette, who was staring at him with awe-struck eyes, as at one risen from the dead.

Helen stood riveted to the spot, and then, with a gasp, for the first time in her life, fainted dead away.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself lying on a couch in the salon, and Reginald leaning anxiously over her, Nanette hovering in the background.

The use she made of her recovered faculties, much to Loring's consternation, was to burst into tears. His first impulse was to call Nanette; his next, to do just the opposite, and send her as far away as possible, and then to clasp Helen in his arms and kiss her pale face passionately.

"It is 'yes'?" he whispered. "I'm two days before my time."

"Ah!" she said, piteously, "how can you joke? If you only knew what I have suffered. But where were you? What was it all about?"

There was a ring of proprietorship in Helen's voice that filled his foolish young soul with pride and vainglory. Remember, he was only just engaged.

Meekly he hastened to reply:

"It all lies in a nutshell. On my way home, I met Dick Curtis—you remember Dick, poor fellow. Well, he was looking like the very dickens; he asked me to go with him, and have a talk about his affairs. In fact, he made a clean breast of it. He'd been gambling, and was head over ears in debt. I staid at his rooms all night, helping him straighten matters; and, this morning, took the repentant prodigal down to his family at Versailles, where I left him enjoying his minced veal prodigiously. Of course, with my usual luck, I missed the train. It never occurred to me that that blessed booby of mine would take it into his precious head to give the alarm, and frighten my little girl; but then, perhaps, Helen, had it not been for him, I shouldn't be the blissful idiot I am now. I'll bless Harris to the end of my days."

"No," said Helen, with a faint smile, "not Harris. It was the police sergeant—he had so many buttons!"

And Reginald was sufficiently happy to include even that personage in his gratitude.

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IN ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

I.

THE scenery of St. Tammany Parish, which stretches northward from the upper shore of Lake Pontchartrain, is peculiarly varied.

There are graceful winding streams, coursing between banks of white sand, and shadowed by moss-draped woods of oak, hickory, and magnolia; there are clear springs rising in tangled glades, and lying like great cups of cold water within green-grassed rims; there are savannas all set with rainbow-colored flowers, spread like soft carpets under the trees; there are laughing hills, and swamps of cypress, and sweeps of pine woods, where one may wander at will over the clean needle-sprinkled land, and among tall purple-tinted pillars—fairer far than any fashioned by man.

Odd bits of human life have strayed hither—all seekers—gold-seekers, one might call them—taking gold as the emblem of all that which is most precious to each—bread, health, forgetfulness, solitude.

For the greater part, those who are bread-seekers have, as the years roll on, developed into a people physically thin and yellow, mentally stoical, dreamy, and content, seldom rising above the log house, the patch of corn, and the field of yams, and owning, perhaps, a drove of unfed, unhoused cattle, wandering wild. For the rest, misanthropes, invalids, neglected scholars—many have gone to their long sleep. They lie unsung, save by the pines sighing above their unknown graves.

But, beside all these, there are a few who love the depths and the streams and the woods of St. Tammany, who seek there the gold of pleasure, angling in the deep streams, drinking from the cool springs, breathing the resin-scented air, and galloping through the clean pine aisles.

Macdonald Osborne was one of these. An old uncle had bequeathed him his fortune and the rough hunting-lodge in St. Tammany, where he had dwelt thirty years. Enamored with the charms of St. Tammany, Osborne wandered over the wild country, enjoying a sense of freedom eminently grateful to an independent nature.

About ten days after taking possession of the old lodge, he one morning lost his way, and, while seeking a short cut to the Tangipahoa River, struck a gray fence. It trailed, snake-fashion, first through the pine pillars, then down a slope of oaks and magnolias into a bit of low-land, and over a trickling stream, up again through a copse of dwarf oak bushes, thence into open land, where tall uncut grass stood in an apparently deserted field. The June sunshine spread like a golden flood over the still level of the field. There was scarce a breath of air stirring, and the heat burned intense.

Osborne tramped along with seven-league strides. He lifted his clear brown eyes and looked forward, shifting his rod as he walked. A green mass of foliage stood silhouetted against the blue sky.

"Shade at last," he muttered, and was about to climb the low gray rails, seeking these denser woods, when lo! the fence-trail broke, and he found himself in a broad lane, grass-grown like the fields, save for a foot-path threading the centre, and marked either side by the faint sign of wheels. Beyond the road-way, stretched another field, shut in by another gray fence, and lying tawnily naked in the blinding light.

Osborne looked up the straight lane. It was hedged either side by wildly growing black-berry bushes—a few late berries yet hung among the thick leaves. The whole might have been taken for a study in yellow—so glowed the sunlight, so still each leaf, so still all the world. Osborne could hear only the sighing of pines, and, after a little, the faint drowsy crow of a cock. Far ahead, at the end of the lane, he could see another gray fence of smooth planks laid lengthwise, with great spaces between, and, beyond these, trunks of trees and shadows and long moss-trails droop-

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ing still in the dark depths, and, back of all, a large house, framed and clasped by the low-hanging boughs of the great trees.

A dog barked as he yet tramped onward, and then, gazing forth from the shadow of his broad hat-brim, he saw a woman appear in a wide-opened doorway, step out on a broad gallery, shade her eyes with her bared hand, and look forward.

"An enchanted palace," thought Osborne, while he pushed open a big rickety gate and passed among the moss-draped shadows. "Rather a gloomy princess," for the woman was tall, slender, and dressed in black.

He walked now on a broad bricked path, so green and slippery from growth of moss that it was with difficulty his great hunting-boots kept footing. There were ferns growing beneath the trees, and there were also patches of bare yellow ground, for the soil here was the yellow clay soil of the pine-lands, and verdure did not thrive in these shades. Tiny flecks of sunlight sifted down, here and there, on the moss-grown walk. A gray-white dog—a spectral creature—came forward, sniffed suspiciously at his boots, then turned and walked by his side. The house loomed dark and large before him — quiet, still, gray — the roof lost among branches overhead. It was a great double house, built of wood. The white paint of walls and the green paint of window-blinds, time had merged into a soft pale-drab, tinted, here and there, by green mold.

As Osborne approached nearer, he saw another figure, passing slowly back and forth close by the gray house-wall—a woman's figure, monotonously moving from end to end of the long gallery. When he had reached the steps, he looked up, took off his hat, and stood a moment almost hesitating. He had been something of a traveler—had met with many varied experiences, had thought himself proof against surprise —and so perhaps was somewhat dismayed, finding himself a bit startled by his surroundings and a bit awed by the clear dark eyes and pale face and questioning gaze of the tall woman before him.

"Pardon the intrusion—I have lost my way," he said, at last, in answer to these questioning eyes. "I was hunting for the Tangipahoa, and—"

"And you have come very near the Tangipahoa," interposed the tall woman, in a clear cool voice. "It lies just there," lifting her long white hand and waving it westward.

The gesture was one of dismissal, and for such probably most men would have taken it; but Osborne was rather different from most men.

"The sun is overpowering. Can I find a sheltered way for reaching the river? Will you allow me to pass through your grounds?"

He looked wistfully down the gentle slope, all shaded with tall trees and at whose foot he thought the river must lie.

"Lucretia, daughter, why don't you ask the gentleman in? And why don't you tell him that he can pass through the grounds here?"

The thin querulous voice came sharply through the stillness. The walker had paused in her monotonous motion. She held a large rubber ring in her thin hands; it was attached to a string, and the string was hung by another ring to a long wire fastened against the wall near the ceiling. Osborne's amaze, as he noticed this, passed away when he saw the face, now turned toward the daughter; the eyelids were closed—the mother was blind.

"You can take your way through the trees, if you prefer," said the daughter, in her clear vibrating voice. It sounded like an echo—an echo of something dead and gone. And the eyes—they were like the echoes of looks that had died.

Osborne felt attracted yet repelled.

"Thank you," he responded, with a courteous smile. "And, before I go, will you kindly give me a glass of water?"

"There is a spring of fine water near the river," she replied. "You pass it as you go through the trees at the foot of this hill."

"Lucretia," again called the mother, "Lucretia—what do you mean?"

"Only, mother, the water is cooler and sweeter than any we have to offer. But—" here she paused an instant—"but I will give you the water."

She moved away into the broad hall beyond, and, as Osborne mounted the old steps, he could see her lithe stem-like form distinctly outlined. The hall extended straight through the great house, the double doors beyond were wide opened, and a deep vista of sunlight served for background. Thrown as on yellow canvas, the black figure moved hither and thither.

"Take a seat, pray," said the mother. "No, do not trouble yourself—I can find my chair, although I am blind. I have found it many years. And so you have lost your way? Ah, young men are not the woodsmen they used to be! How far have you come?"

"I cannot tell, madam," replied Osborne, who had stood his rod against one of the moss-tinted pillars and had seated himself on an inviting

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settee of bamboo. "Perhaps, as the bird flies, scarce three miles."

"Scarce three miles? Our nearest neighbors are three miles distant—Kallade, the drover—Gilbert Kallade, the holder of a stock-farm. Do you stay with him? He has a pretty set of cattle."

"No," replied Osborne, marking the keenness of the face expressively turned toward him. "I—"

But, just here, the tall daughter advanced, and her thin white hand held forward a goblet all misted with the coolness of the water within. Osborne noted the slender finger-tips, and, through the mist, noted the cleanly-cut flowers of the crystal vessel.

"Very aristocratic and dainty. Lovely glass. Never saw such queer people," he thought, as he drank. Then aloud: "Thank you; I don't think any spring can give cooler water. Let me save you the trouble." And he walked into the hall and stood the glass on an old mahogany sideboard.

He had time for one glance down the long walls. They were hung with portraits. It was an odd fancy—but somehow, it seemed to him, there were lines and lines of white faces looking out from gloomy depths, and the eyes were filled with a whispered calm, like echoes caught from hushed lives.

"You will have no difficulty in finding the river if you go directly down the slope," said the clear voice, which would never again quite leave his ears.

"Thank you," replied Osborne. "Pardon if I have intruded. Perhaps, some day, ladies, you too may lose your way; and—allow me—I am your neighbor, as neighbors go in this part of the world. If you did not know my uncle, you probably have heard of him, in his secluded life. I will leave my card."

The standing figure did not stretch forth her hand to receive the bit of pasteboard. But Osborne would not be rebuffed: he called up the smile whose winning brightness had conquered many hard hearts, and, as he laid the card on the arm of the blind woman's chair, said in his rich voice:

"I am Macdonald Osborne."

He did not look at the blind mother; he looked, rather, into the white face of the daughter, and met calmly the cold gaze of her dark eyes. He hoped she would give her name in return; but, as she did not, he took his rod, picked up his discarded hat, bowed, and, with renewed thanks, slowly descended the gray steps.

As he passed under the shadows, he fancied he heard his name repeated in the querulous voice of the blind. He turned and looked back; the daughter was bending over the mother's chair; he could see her dark head beside the white cap.

A whiff of wind blew the moss-trails—grew strong and stirred the ferns at his feet. When he moved to go on, two bits of white pasteboard came dancing among the green fronds. Osborne looked, and then looked again; the bits of white danced along like two little fairies—both nestled coquettishly against the green of a low cluster, then danced off again, whirling and waltzing among the bending fronds.

Osborne blew a long low whistle.

He had recognized his card, torn in half.

He whistled a second time, and then he laughed—a queer little laugh, like a challenge.

It tinkled faintly among the arched boughs above, and died away long before it had reached the gray gallery.

II.

THE Tangipahoa waved like a broad watered blue ribbon between its dark wooded banks—not very wide here, beyond the sloping hill stretching down from the gray house. The slope and the walk were longer than Osborne had anticipated; perhaps because he had not gone in a straight line, but had advanced rather in a slanting direction and toward the foot of the field stretching on the other side of the broad lane. However, the woods were pleasant—a green twilight most refreshing—and the breeze which had stirred on the slope still followed him as he walked.

An old log, extending into the blue river, presented itself, after awhile. There were deep waters lying about the further end, and luscious green leaves floating boat-like nearer the shore: altogether, a tempting and promising spot for an angler. Osborne set his great boots on the slippery surface. He was very sure-footed—had climbed mountain rocks where others had failed. But the most expert fall sometimes, and so it happened that this very confident, brave, and daring American found himself suddenly astride the brown log, his feet dangling either side in the clear water, his rod, caught tantalizingly in vines above, snatched quite from his careless grasp. He presented a picture of a thoroughly astounded and demoralized fisherman: for truth compels me to add that the jar of the fall had thrown his hat on the back of his head in that very unbecoming and dissolute style adopted by most inebriates.

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Now, when people fall, they seldom rise at once—they generally glance around, as if seeking the cause or the number of eyes that have witnessed the accident. Certainly, the latter consideration could not have influenced Osborne, as he sat an instant turning his eyes above and below, regarding the rod dangling above, the feet dangling below, and the little waves circling around, quite as if his boots had been stones cast into the clear river. Yet, as he looked, a laugh, so faint and malicious that it might have been the echo of the one he had sent forth on the slope above, came tinkling and fairly twinkling about his amazed ears.

He glanced upstream and downstream, slowly settled his hat on the top of his brown locks, as slowly and with all the dignity possible drew his boots from the water, and, profiting by experience, carefully set them on the treacherous log, dexterously disentangled the dangling rod, stood a moment winding the loosened line, and then walked downstream. He had seen a large gray mill rising amid the foliage below and standing on piles in the clear water. He felt curious to know who had witnessed his downfall and who had tossed that odd little laugh over his discomfiture. It had come from the direction of the mill—probably there was someone in the old building; at any rate, it was a picturesque spot, and he was exploring.

Approaching nearer, he saw that the mill was a ruin. The huge water-wheel had stood quiet so long, that green mosses draped the great spokes, and grew like miniature garden shrubbery on the broad still rim. The planked way leading to the upper story was very old, the boards loose, the piles supporting them slanting in a graceful weary way, as if tired of the long-borne burden.

Osborne, remembering his late downfall, advanced cautiously. He was surprised, stepping at last beneath the roof, to see the extent of the building—was truly amazed at the beauty of tint and coloring. Far above, the roof shot upward in a sharp ridged point, extending across from end to end. All the spaces overhead, filled with rafters rising beyond rafters in intricate confusion, were draped and hung with the tender greens and browns and deep-reds of fern and moss; birds, apparently disturbed as he entered, flitted hither and thither about their hidden nests; two long sunbeams, glinting down from holes in the old roof, seemed as the poles of Jacob's ladder, pointing heavenward. Below, disclosed twixt the old gray logs of the floor, set far apart, and dressed here and there with moss and fern, like the rafters above, poured the flood of blue water—a dulcet song, breathing upward as it circled about the gray piles below.

Osborne, a keen lover of the beautiful, stood like one entranced. There was a look of reverence tempering his strong face. He walked slowly forward and gazed about, like one entering the hallowed aisles of a strange cathedral.

A pile of boards arose before him, and two square slender posts shot up straight toward the roof. The boards had evidently lain there a long time, for they were almost a bank of lichens, the clinging tendrils so exquisitely delicate that the explorer felt almost sorry as he climbed among them with his great boots. He hurriedly vaulted over, took one step forward, then stood, slightly opening his brown eyes. He had quite unexpectedly stumbled on a bit of human life—a girl looking at him fearlessly from the depths of opaline eyes, the upturned face gleaming white from a frame of red-gold hair. She was seated on the floor, leaning somewhat against the pile of moss-grown boards.

"I beg your pardon," said Osborne, hastily pulling off his hat. "I did not know there was anyone here—or at least—"

"Don't stand there," interrupted the girl, in a clear voice and without evincing the slightest embarrassment. "That floor is unsafe. When you walk, take the sleepers. You may fall into the water below."

Osborne moved.

"Thanks for your advice. I have already had one fall," he continued, quite confident, as he spoke, that the girl before him had tossed that little laugh over his downfall.

"Yes—I saw you."

"You certainly had a fine view of the disaster," responded Osborne, turning to glance upstream through the wall of the mill, which, at the upper end, was quite open.

"Oh, yes. And you've no idea how comical you looked, astride of that old log. I wondered if you didn't feel—" here a little ripple of laughter —"I wondered if you didn't feel as if you had gone back to the days of your babyhood, and were riding your grandfather's cane—of course, on an enlarged scale," she added, as in afterthought.

"Horrid little witch," reflected Osborne, and he bit his lip while she talked.

"I suppose, then, it was you who laughed?" he asked, aloud.

"I suppose it was. I generally laugh when I see anything to laugh about," she continued,

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indifferently. "I am quite unconventional—I have grown up like a weed. Oh, look—it is almost out. The shell has opened."

She had not regarded him while talking, but sat bending her gold head forward and gazing intently toward the square pillar.

"What is almost out?" inquired Osborne, approaching and looking curiously on the spot among the mosses where her regards seemed fixed.

"Why, the cicada. Don't you see?" and she pointed a white finger toward a dark spot showing now distinctly in the brownish moss. "He's been so lazy. I've been here more than an hour, waiting for him to break forth. I just love to watch them. I found this one wriggling about in the lane, and I knew what he wanted. I knew he was trying to get out of his shell, and I thought I would bring him here and let him break out of his chrysalis in a prettier place than the lane. See, see—the wings are just beginning to show. They are beautiful—like thin gauze—like a lovely ball-dress. He is going to make his debut, like the girls I read about in story-books."

"I can't see very well," said Osborne, bending forward a little.

She moved her eyes an instant, and looked toward him.

"Why don't you come nearer? Take care. Here, you can sit by me, and then you can watch. Don't be afraid. The floor is strong here—old cypress planks. Now—isn't that better?"

"Decidedly," acquiesced Osborne, as he settled himself on the cypress floor by the girl, and leaned against the plank-pile.

I think, after he had laid aside rod and hat, he quietly pinched his arm, to see whether he was dreaming.

"Decidedly," he repeated. "What a beauty he will be. Do you often watch them?"

"Oh, not so very often. But," here a white hand, which Osborne thought looked familiar, brushed back a few stray locks falling like streaks of gold over the white forehead, "but I feel to-day as if I looked at myself."

"At yourself?"

"Why, yes," said the girl, lifting her opaline eyes and gazing calmly into his questioning face. "This is my birthday; I am eighteen to-day. Don't you see? I am, as it were, breaking out of the chrysalis, from childhood into womanhood. I am a grown woman to-day."

"A woman?" inquired Osborne, lifting his brows. She did look so very childish, sitting there and nestling her red-gold head against the mosses.

"You don't believe me. Ah, that is because you have not seen how tall I am. Just look."

She arose, shooting upward gracefully into the tender light. Her blue muslin gown fell in soft folds about the slender lissome figure. She was indeed tall, and, as Osborne looked up and she looked down, like a flower bending on a stem, she seemed, in height at least, a woman.

"Yes," he said, answering the earnest interrogation of her grave eyes, "yes, I see you are quite a woman in stature. But the mind," assuming an air of sober wisdom and half rising as the girl reseated herself, "the mind—"

"Oh, we Magruders all have tall bodies, and clear good minds to correspond," she answered, carelessly. And then, as if quite forgetting his presence, she bent her head and eyes on the now fast-opening chrysalis, saying thoughtfully: "I wish I had a dress like those wings."

"Would you wear it on your birthday?" asked Osborne, looking down as he leaned against the high pile of boards.

"I would wear it right now."

"What! here in this mill?"

"Here in this mill. Why, where could you find a prettier place?" she queried, turning her head toward him and again fixing him with her scintillating eyes.

"Nowhere," answered Osborne, glancing above and below. "It is the prettiest ruin I have ever seen; not grand, but just lovely. Just—"

"Just what?"

"Nothing," said Osborne, biting his lip under his mustache. He had intended saying: "Just a fitting temple for your beauty"; but somehow the words spoken to that unconscious soul seemed profane.

"I don't like people to commence saying something, and then stop; it sounds deceitful. We Magruders are never deceitful."

"It seems to me, 'we Magruders' have a great many rare qualities," said Osborne, gravely, while regarding her with amused eyes. "Tall, with minds corresponding to the great height, and not deceitful; quite a superior race altogether."

"It's true—every word. I don't care to talk any more; only—" She paused a moment; her face was flushed.

Osborne could see that she was very angry, and hastened to apologize.

"I beg your pardon—I was rude, though not intending to be rude. I do enjoy your frankness. Most people think a great deal of themselves, and go about saying, like hypocrites, that they are poor miserable sinners, and all the time think themselves saints. Now, really I should

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not like to tell you or anybody else how horribly conceited I am. I really believe I think myself superior to all the world. I think I might have been a Napoleon or a Washington, if the circumstances surrounding their lives had surrounded mine. There—I shall make no more confessions. I hope I have said enough to convince you that my conceit quite matches the Magruder conceit."

"But we are not conceited. Now listen: We are horribly stubborn; we are bitter enemies; we don't forgive. God cannot love us, I think." She was looking sadly now into the blue waters, singing below their soft song. They seemed murmuring a sweet accompaniment to her low words, spoken almost in the voice of one dreaming. "I think sometimes that is why our bodies are stricken in the very core of our being. We are consumptives. Years ago, grandfather came to these pine-woods with his ten beautiful girls and boys. The eldest was a girl of my age, and she was fast passing away. Physicians said the pine-air would perhaps restore her health; so grandfather built a big house and lived here. But the pines didn't help very much; they all lived, those girls and boys, to be women and men. My father was forty when he died. They all tried other lands; but they all came back here to die. There's only Aunt Lucretia left now; she's thirtyfive. I suppose she'll go too, after awhile; at least— Oh, but I forgot"—here the girl looked up, a swift color rising in the dismayed face—"you. It must seem odd for me to talk to you in this way. Aunt Lucretia would be displeased, and—"

"Aunt Lucretia?" interrupted Osborne, who had silently listened to this strangely-proffered family history. "Do you live in a large house, not far from here?"

"Of course. Where else should I live? You didn't think I lived in the mill, did you?"

She lifted her brows as she spoke, making of them two dark interrogation-points on her white forehead.

"I was at your house, this morning," said Osborne. "I lost my way, and went there to find it. I saw two ladies. One of them was blind."

"Yes—grandmother. She became blind when Aunt Lucretia was a young, young girl—only fifteen: and then Aunt Lucretia took care of the house and of everybody—even of me. She was just seventeen when I was brought to her. Oh, dear! I wonder whether I shall grow to be like Aunt Lucretia," and she brushed her hand over her forehead with a singularly graceful gesture, as if driving away an uncomfortable thought.

"What do you mean?" asked Osborne, with interest.

"Oh, I don't know—still and quiet and sad and deep and—I can't explain. Somehow you never can understand Aunt Lucretia. I suppose—well, you see this lovely creature. He's all dressed in thin gauze, and he has jewels on his head, and he's all full of soft hues that no one in the wide world can imitate. Well, in two days all that will be gone. He will be dressed in gray-black, and the jewels will be like jet, and the hues will be just like clear dark ice, and—oh, well! I think Aunt Lucretia was once what my beauty here is, and now—" she shrugged her shoulders slightly, put forth a white finger, and touched the soft gauze wings.

"Now," interposed Osborne, taking up the broken thread of her speech, while a vision of the dark figure, standing forth against the background of sunlight, arose before his mind, "life has made her calm and sad—it has clothed her in garments of care, and—"

"There—there! See! It is out—quite out, and I am eighteen—and—"

"But," interrupted Osborne, looking into the uplifted face, all sparkling and brilliant with delight, "does your life lie behind you, like that dark ugly shell? Have you not sweet memories of childhood?"

The girl knotted her white brow as in thought, looked out down the sunlit river, and answered gravely:

"Yes—oh, yes; but I think I want to see the world. I want to know life. Sometimes I drop little chips into the water there below, and watch them float away, and wish I could follow them out into the broad ocean, and over to Italy. My mother was from Italy—ah! there he goes—there he goes. See the beauty—I wonder whether I shall ever go out into the wide world. I wonder whether that is given me as a sign. Generally, they stay ever so long, just where they come from the shell. Look how he floats out into the sunlight. Ah, he is gone—he is gone."

In her eagerness, she had risen, and she stood pointing forward her white hand, her eyes following the glistening creature as it spread the newly fledged wings in the June sunlight. Osborne, standing beside the excited girl, fancied he could almost see her soul leap forth, soaring beside the fluttering jewel. As it disappeared, she sighed, passed her slender hands over her brow, and, stooping, picked up a straw hat, which she settled over the gold hair.

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"I must go now. My clock says it is time. Those two sunbeams are my clock," and she looked at him with laughing eyes. "I know just where they fall, each hour of each month. I think it is the prettiest sun-dial in all the world."

"Do you," said Osborne, gravely, "do you, indeed, take that black shell as the emblem of your past—as the emblem of your childhood?"

He pointed to the split shell, clinging black on the brown and green moss.

"It is ugly," she said, stretching forth her white hand and drawing the dead legs from the moss, which they yet clutched as if living. "So—go."

She dropped the little dark hollow case through the opened floor, looking down as it fell into the distant water.

"I cannot say that it is the emblem of my childhood," here she looked with thoughtful eyes, from under her hat-brim, into Osborne's expectant face; "I cannot say so, for there was Aunt Lucretia."

"And do you love her?"

A quick gleam of surprise flashed over the girl's features, and, as she turned to move away, she said softly:

"Aunt Lucretia was father and mother and all to me. I—I have done wrong—" for the first time, Osborne detected a tone of embarrassment in the young creature's voice. "I ought not to have talked to a stranger—Aunt Lucretia will be displeased. Only it seemed—"

"Seemed what?" asked Osborne, as she stopped and played nervously with a little silver whistle, which she had drawn out by a blue ribbon from the folds of her dress.

"Well—I suppose I was lonely, and it seemed as if you had come to pay me a birthday visit, and I forgot myself, and talked—talked just because it was my birthday, I suppose—and as I ought not to have talked to a stranger. Very silly—wasn't it?" she asked, shrugging her shoulders.

"Well," said Osborne, "so I am a birthday visitor."

"Ah, but you didn't know."

"Of course not. However, that does not change the fact."

"What fact?"

"Why, the fact that this is your birthday; and that I have paid you a visit."

"No," she said, pushing behind her ears some straggling strands of gold hair, "and I suppose I shall always remember—because, of course, I shall always remember my eighteenth birthday. I must go now. Sambo's waiting for me in the wood below."

"Who is Sambo?"

"Aunt Sophie's little grandson. He's a little darkey who goes about with me always; and, when I need him, I blow this whistle." And she tapped her rich sweet lips with the tip of the whistle. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," responded Osborne.

"Oh, I forgot to say, if you want to fish, just by the big wheel is the best place. You can climb down by those timbers."

"Has the mill stood this way long?"

"Yes; ever since grandfather had the big lawsuit which ruined him. You know I told you we were obstinate—obstinate and unforgiving."

She had turned back to tell about the fishing, and she stood now regarding him gravely.

"May I wish you many happy birthdays?"

"Thank you," she responded, evidently surprised at the sudden change of subject.

"And may I tell you my name, and will you tell me yours?"

"Father named me 'Lorelei.' What is your name?"

"Macdonald Osborne."

The girl's great eyes grew larger, and then a flush, like the first flush of dawn, deepened and deepened on the cheeks till they glowed even as the hot noon of that June day.

"'Macdonald Osborne,'" she repeated.

"You seem surprised," said Osborne, somewhat taken aback by the reception accorded his self-introduction. "Have you ever heard the name before?"

"Yes." The voice now, in its cold vibration, recalled the voice of Aunt Lucretia. "Yes—it is the name of our great enemy. We Magruders do not forgive."

She turned abruptly and moved away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR ACTS.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him comes early or too late!
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
The fatal shadows that walk by us still.

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THE CULTURE OF HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.

No. 2.

BY JOYCE RAY.

IN describing the best kinds of hardy roses for general cultivation, I select from the hundred and more varieties with which I have had experience.

Commencing with the red and crimson sorts, I must first name the old favorite, General Jacqueminot. This is certainly as popular as ever, and will always hold the first place among dark roses. Such a rich glowing red, with a softness as of velvet; not so very full, but of beautiful form, from the bud to the full-blown rose. In its half-blown state, it is perfection. I have two of this variety, and get many lovely blooms through June, July, and until the middle of August, when they take a well-earned rest; blooming again in the autumn, but not so profusely as in early summer.

Another good rose, for general cultivation, is Madame Chas. Wood. This rose is valuable because, besides its great profuseness in bloom, it blossoms constantly all summer, and is one of the freest hybrids. It is very large, full, and double, of a clear crimson, having usually a magenta tinge, although the shade varies. Because of its sometimes over-blooming, the flowers are not always of first quality. Any imperfect buds must, therefore, be picked off, and occasionally it is a good plan to leave very few to flower, so that the plant may not exhaust itself.

The Louis Van Houte is also one of the freest and most constant bloomers, but it has the drawback of being quite a tender variety, requiring more care and protection than many others. It is bright-red, of medium size, very full, and highly perfumed. This rose is considered by many the finest red ever sent out, and its coloring is indeed superb.

One of the most satisfactory roses is Pierre Notting. It is a strong vigorous grower, a very free bloomer, and is particularly fine in the autumn. It is a bright-crimson, a shade lighter than General Jacqueminot, not very double, but of fine form, large and very fragrant. It has fine-pointed buds.

The Triomphe des Beaus Arts is a good rose, large, bright-crimson, resembling General Jack, of which it is a seedling. It is inferior to its parent, although a strong grower and free bloomer.

The Xavier Olibo is a superb rose, and one of the darkest. It is velvety maroon, with blackish-red shading, and is large, well formed, and quite full—a rather dwarf grower.

Prince Camille de Rohan is another very dark rose, almost black, of large exquisite form and shading. It is very fragrant. This variety is quite shy in autumn. The Duke of Usk is the nearest approach to a scarlet to be found. It is very double, of medium size and a good form, a very early bloomer and strong grower.

M'lle Marie Rady is a good crimson variety, somewhat on the magenta. It is large, full, deliciously fragrant, and has fine lustrous foliage, but is not quite so constant a bloomer as we could wish.

Chas. Margottin is a fiery-red rose, large, full, and very sweet, retaining its color well. Alfred Colomb, another seedling of General Jacqueminot, is only exceeded in popularity by its parent. Its flowers are large and brilliant-red, very full, fragrant, and of splendid form. It is one of the most useful roses for general cultivation.

Marshall P. Wilder is one of the newer sorts, and its improvement over Alfred Colomb consists mainly in its blooming qualities, as it is in flower all summer, after most of the other varieties have ceased blossoming.

Madame Masson is a very free-blooming hybrid; a large double rose, of a deep crimson. Charles Lefebvre blooms freely and grows vigorously; a good variety to train as a tree-rose—the purplish-crimson blossoms fade quickly in the sun. The American Beauty is, strictly speaking, a hybrid tea; but it is classed in some catalogues as a hybrid perpetual. Many persons consider it to be nothing more than an old French rose—Madame Ferdinand Jamain. Whatever that old rose may have been, I am

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an enthusiast over this newcomer, which I have cultivated for three years. Its color is a deep pink, almost crimson. It is easy to grow, and blooms continuously the summer through. The flowers are of immense size and very fragrant. It requires protection during the winter.

Among other good red and crimson roses may be noticed Crown Prince, General Washington, Earl of Pembroke, Jean Liabaud, Annie Wood, Pæonia, Pius IX, Abel Carrière, Harrison Weir, Marquis de Castéllane, Beauty of Waltham, and Maurice Bernardin.

Chief among deep-pink roses ranks Anna de Diesbach, also called Glory of Paris. It is of a deep rose shade, bright and glowing, very large, double, and fragrant. It blooms abundantly, off and on, all through the summer. It is a very hardy plant and easily managed. La Reine is a favorite old variety. It is a strong grower and blossoms freely. One of the best garden varieties is Paul Neyron, as it is very vigorous, grows rapidly, and produces larger blossoms than any other rose.

There are many beautiful bright-pink roses—some lighter, some deeper. The following, I think, are the best for garden cultivation:

Magna-Charta is large, full, and fragrant, and has fine foliage. It is a very hardy, vigorous, free bloomer. John Hopper, though an old rose, is very reliable and satisfactory. Madame Gabriel Luizet is of extra large size, very fragrant, and of exquisite shape. It is a delicate fine satin pink, with silvery shadings, deeper in the centre. It is a free and constant bloomer. This is really a magnificent rose. Antoine Mouton is a good vigorous variety, with blossoms of a peculiar lilac-pink.

Nearly everyone knows the graceful La France; but, for those who do not, I will say, see one in order to appreciate it. It is of most exquisite form, of extra size, fullness, and fragrance. The color is a soft, dainty, glowing pink with silvery shadings, and the blossoms do not fade easily. It blooms profusely from the first of June until the first frost. If you can have but one rose, let it be La France, as almost everybody succeeds with it.

Another beautiful soft pink rose is the Queen of Queens, which blooms profusely until autumn. Probably no rose has more admirers than the Baroness Rothschild. It is a good grower and very hardy; a constant—but, with me, not profuse—bloomer. Still, one rose of this variety is worth a dozen of more common sorts. The foliage comes up so close to the flower as to make an exquisite bouquet. A new and very promising rose is Mrs. John Laing. It is bright-pink, very fragrant, and blooms all through the summer. Even a young plant I had surprised me by its freedom in growth.

Among the delicate salmon and shell pinks. Captain Christy precedes all others. It is a favorite with me among roses; it, like La France, is a hybrid tea, and hardy with protection. The color is a delicate peachblow, shading deeper to the centre. It is large, double, and highly scented. It is very free-flowering, but requires care to make it do its best, and should be disbudded if blooming too profusely, as then it is apt to have imperfect blooms. One cannot imagine anything more lovely than a perfect Captain Christy.

Caroline de Sausal is an old variety, of a beautiful salmon-tint. It grows well in the autumn, but is very subject to mildew. Another beautiful light rose is the Countess de Sereyne. It is flesh-color, sometimes mottled with pink. One remarkable feature about this rose is its freedom of bloom in autumn. It also gives a good many flowers all through the summer. It deserves and requires the best of care.

Sydonie is a delicate pink rose, large, full, and well formed. It has especially fine buds, and is a free bloomer and good grower. Rosy Morn, with its lovely salmon-pink blossoms, well merits its name.

Eugénie Serdier and Thyra Hammerich are desirable varieties, very large, and of a beautiful flesh-tint.

Marguerite de St. Amande is a delicate pink rose that is especially fine in autumn.

Other good salmon or pale pink roses are Madame Sophie Fropot, Anna Alesieff, Pride of Waltham, and Heinrich Schultheis.

Other brighter pinks are Madame Alice Duncan, François Levet, Madame Prosper Langier, Princess Antoinette Strozzio.

No rose in my garden gives me so many flowers as the hybrid noisette, Madame Auguste Perrin. The flowers are only medium size, soft pink, double, of perfect form, and quite fragrant. From the first of May to November, it is nearly always full of buds; and almost every morning, even during the hottest weather, I can pick several blooms.

There are numerous white roses, but very few pure white, nearly all having a delicate pink or shell tint. Many of them are quite small. I will name the larger ones, as well as the best of the others.

Mabel Morrison is a very large rose of waxlike texture. It is a sprout from Baroness Rothschild, and, in most respects, is identical with

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that variety. The Marseille de Lyon is as near perfection as a white rose can be.

Coquette des Alpes is a beautiful rose, tinted pink. It is quite large, of very free growth, and is one of the best, as it blooms profusely and quite constantly. It is a hybrid noisette, like most of the more prolific and perpetual-blooming white roses.

Among the most beautiful blush-roses are Madame Nornan, Eliza Bocle, and Marguerite de Roman. They are all exquisitely formed, double, fragrant, and free bloomers, and the blossoms of the last-named are very large.

Madame Plantier is not a true hybrid perpetual. It blooms only once, early in the season; but, at that time, it is literally covered with its pure white, fragrant, double flowers, which last for a long time. It is especially adapted to cemeteries and hedges, as it is as hardy as an oak and forms large dense bushes. Another variety, very much like this, is Madame Hardy.

Among the other good white roses for general culture are Madame Fanny de Forrest, Baron de Meynard, Madame Gustave Bonnet, Lady Emily Peel, Madame Françoise Petit, and Madame Alfred de Rougement.

Next in order come hardy climbers. These bloom only once, early in June, and are then covered with their lovely blossoms. There are also numerous varieties of monthly prairie-roses, which make a great growth, and are valuable to cover walls, arbors, and trellises. They possess no fragrance; but they bloom in large clusters, and require less care than the hybrid perpetuals. It is only necessary to cut off the dead shoots and keep the long rambling branches within proper limit, so they will not present a ragged appearance.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy,
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up unto the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

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A HEARTBREAKER OF CHINCAPIN.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A LONE STAR BO-PEEP," ETC.

GHR-R-RR-RRR!

It was a singular sound—not unlike the rapid uncoiling of a broken clock-spring. I checked my horse abruptly There was nothing to be seen on the trail-road ahead—nothing in the scant heat-laden mesquite thicket beyond. The way was dusty, the sunlight blinding, the air breathless. I had recourse to my pocket-flask for inspiration.

Ghrrr! gh-r-rr! ghr-rr-rrr-rrrr!

This time there could be no mistake. I dropped my flask and struck my pony sharply with my riding-quirt. He sprang into the air as if about to leap some obstacle. At the same moment, I felt him shudder beneath me from a blow delivered with such force that the shock was communicated to my saddle. A second later, he halted suddenly, trembling from head to foot as if stricken with the ague.

There was no help for it. My predicament dawned upon me at once. With a sudden sense of helplessness, I realized that I was thirty miles from home, and that my horse had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

Nevertheless, I was on my feet in an instant. I whipped out my pocket-knife, and, before poor "Concho" was aware of what I was up to. I had lanced the wound, setting it to bleeding freely. Then I threw the bridle over his neck and turned back upon my steps, hoping to discover the reptile that had caused so much mischief.

It was some time before my efforts were successful. Hidden in the short "curly mesquite" grass, and almost identical with it in color, the hideous creature lay coiled, ready to spring. Its broad triangular head was held erect and turned backward upon its folds, regarding my movements intently, while it incessantly darted backward and forward its tremulous vibrating tongue. So suddenly did I come upon it, that for a few seconds I halted breathless as if fascinated. Then I began searching about for a stick or a stone with which to do battle with his snakeship.

Now, the singular thing about encounters with snakes upon our Texan prairies is this: that it is almost impossible to find a missile with which to open the attack. At such times, it seems as if the ground had been picked clean of everything aggressive. Moreover, should you be so fortunate as to chance upon anything, it is ten to one that, in the excitement of the moment, you will not be able to hit the reptile at first, and the combat results in a helter-skelter skirmish, during which it is necessary to use great care to avoid stepping upon the snake in recovering the object thrown.

I had been so foolish as to set out upon my journey without a revolver, and, being now reduced to the expedient of searching for some natural weapon, I was quartering over the ground as carefully as though walking on eggs, when an equestrian shadow fell across my path, and I was hailed suddenly:

"Oh, stranger!"

I looked up. A young girl, mounted on a brown mustang, was regarding me attentively. She wore a purple jersey, which served at once to clothe and enhance the curves of a mature yet girlish figure. Her dress was of plaid woolen stuff. A bright-colored worsted cap—similar to those known at the North as "Tam O'Shanters"—covered her head, beneath which her long dark hair escaped and tossed upon her shoulders. I caught a glimpse of a silver spur attached to the boot which peeped rather saucily from beneath her habit. My eye had scarcely taken in these details of her costume when the young woman accosted me:

"What ye got there—a pet?"

"Something of one—that's a fact," I rejoined, rather amused at the query, as well as pleased at the meeting. "Have you a revolver?"

The girl eyed me narrowly a moment, backed her mustang a few paces, and then, with a toss of her head and an unmistakable Southern accent, replied:

"Natchally."

"Lend it to me," I suggested, taking a step nearer to her and holding out my hand.

She uttered a mocking laugh.

"Not much," she returned, with emphasis, wheeling her pony around smartly; "if there's any shootin' to be done in this outfit, I reckon I'm doin' it!"

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"Well," said I, embarrassed as well as amused by this prompt rejoinder, but with the usual masculine contempt for a woman's prowess with the pistol, "there's a big rattlesnake over yonder; if you want to, you can practice away on him."

The girl glanced in the direction I indicated. In a few moments, her quick eye caught sight of the hissing reptile.

"I'll soon fix him!" she said, with a decisive setting of the lips. "Come around here, 'Skeeter'—what's gone with ye?" and she plied both whip and spur upon the unwilling mustang.

But for some time past "Skeeter" had been aware of something dangerous in the neighborhood—something which his timorous nature resented with attent ears and quivering muzzle. Being now urged in the direction in which the danger lay, he became very obstreperous, starting back at every turn, snorting, and otherwise expressing his unwillingness to go forward.

"I reckon I'll have to try him from here," the girl said, at length, drawing rein on the nervous animal. The snake lay coiled a few paces away.

She drew a large six-shooter from its holster in front of her saddle, and, cocking it, took deliberate aim at the reptile.

There was a breathless moment of expectation, then the heavy arm exploded with a shattering report that made the pony start back a pace or two and rear violently. The girl dropped her revolver, in her effort to control her horse. But her aim was, nevertheless, unerring. The rattlesnake was precipitated for some feet over the prairie, where he lay knitting and unknitting his helpless coils. I could hardly repress a cheer at the success of her marksmanship.

The girl gave an exclamation of triumph; then she relaxed sweetly.

"I reckon that settled him," she remarked, gazing down at the dismembered serpent. "See: I shot him plumb in two. Now, pardner, I'll trouble you to hand me thet thar six-shooter and to cut off them rattles."

She drew a small hunting-knife from a belt she wore and handed it to me, as she spoke.

I cheerfully complied. With a smart blow of the knife, I severed the rattles from the dead carcass and placed them in the dimpled brown hand she extended to receive them.

"Thet's the ninth this season," she remarked, complacently, "and, I reckon, the biggest. I expect, someday, to have one of 'em set in silver for a breastpin. How does thet strike you?"

I replied that I had seen large rattles set thus, and that the effect was very pretty. Actuated by an impulse I hardly understood, I advanced a sudden proposition.

"I tell you what I'll do," I said, as the girl turned the rattles about in her hand, shaking them now and then in hopeless rivalry of their dead owner: "You let me have that set, and I'll get them mounted for you over at Fort Worth, the next time I go there—only let me know what name and address to send them to."

"Will ye now?" the girl replied, with a flash of pleased surprise in her bright brown eyes. "Well, thet's mighty clever of you, natchally." She tossed the rattles carelessly back to me. "Any time ye find anyone comin' up our way, all ye need do is to tell 'em to leave it for Lil Yancey at the post-office at Chincapin. Everybody knows me, and the postmaster is very careful of anything thet's left for me. Thet comes along of bein' rather gone on me, I reckon."

I overlooked this frank statement of Miss Yancey's, as I carefully wrote down name and address in a pocket-notebook.

"Ye needn't write thet all down," the young woman remonstrated, evidently in some alarm at my formality. "Though, for the matter of thet, it's all over town; and sometimes it comes in right smart handy. We're so far away here, and news don't get to us very reg'lar. Jes' now, paw and maw hev gone down to Chincapin, to spend a day or two, and I'm left all alone at the ranch. Bein' sorter lonely, I reckoned I'd take a 'pasear' on my own account."

She paused to ascertain if I grasped her facts. Finding that I did so, she was apparently about to enlighten me still further in regard to domestic matters, when her gaze fell upon my luckless mustang.

"My grief!" she ejaculated, her eyes dilating with surprise. "Why, pardner, what's gone with yer horse? He looks like he was in pretty bad fix."

I turned and regarded poor Concho. He was standing exactly where I had left him, and was indeed a most pitiful spectacle. The poison had already encroached upon his forelegs, distorting those members from their true proportions. The muscles of his chest were so abnormally swollen, that the flesh lay in huge folds, falling down and giving him the ludicrous effect of having hastily assumed a pair of trousers that were much too large for him. His lower jaw had dropped helplessly, and the wretched animal was overcome by a spasmodic and convulsive shuddering.

The girl regarded the mustang for a few moments with breathless interest; then she turned quickly to me.

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"Now, we've got the boys fairly started," she remarked, "I reckon we can have a few minutes to ourselves. Are you fond of music?"

At these words, I cast my eyes about me, and was surprised to see that the room contained an open piano, on which were scattered sundry sheets of music. There were lace curtains in the windows, tastefully gathered with ribbon. A handsome Brussels carpet covered the floor. On the small centre-table stood a variegated bouquet of wild flowers.

Miss Yancey seated herself at the piano. I was greatly surprised at this evidence of her accomplishments.

"Do you play?" I exclaimed.

"Right smart!" she replied, with becoming modesty.

She ran her hands carelessly over the keys. I cannot say what Miss Yancey sang—I was not familiar with the ballad; but I was deeply impressed by the formality of her preliminaries. She gazed at me first intently, with a depth of feeling in her eyes that made my heart palpitate; then she permitted one hand to rest lightly and carelessly on mine, while she turned over the leaves of her music. I began to feel alarmed. When she finally began to confine herself to the piano, she declared melodiously that her heart was a sentimental "river that flowed to the sea"; but her manner compelled my belief that the direction of this passionate "river" was alarmingly personal; that she was a "twofold existence," but that her "soul" spent most of its time in my neighborhood; in fine, that all she "cared for or knew" was that she "worshiped me without wherefore." I was indescribably touched. But, through all the fascinations of this affecting ballad, thrilled the conviction that there were four able-bodied and jealous suitors in the adjoining room who might be disposed to resent this preference by force of arms. The situation was embarrassing. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, when for the first I realized that we were not alone—a groan, as sudden as it was agonizing, filled the apartment. Miss Yancey sprang up in some confusion. A strong odor of bergamot permeated the atmosphere—the barber was seated in an easy-chair, in an attitude of hopeless dejection.

The supper was not a cheerful one. Although Miss Yancey gave me the post of honor at her right hand, and poured the tea gayly, and presided generally with frontier grace, the dejection of the barber seemed to have infected the rest of the company. Several times, I caught the blacksmith and postmaster exchanging glances, and even the editor seemed to have enshrouded himself in an atmosphere of gloom. Nor did the situation improve during the evening. In vain, Miss Yancey invited her amatory contingent into the sitting-room, and, with music and animated conversation, endeavored to raise the spirits of her guests. They disposed themselves in different quarters of the room, where they maintained a stony and critical silence; seeing which, the young lady lavished most of her attention upon myself.

It was growing late, when a humorous conviction began to dawn upon Miss Yancey. As yet, not one of her Chincapin admirers had evinced the slightest disposition to return home. During the last hour or two, these gentlemen had drawn closer together—forming, as it were, a hostile camp and indulging in suppressed but apparently unfavorable comment upon our gayety. It was evident that the entire party had decided to pass the night at the ranch.

Finding that one or two ill-concealed yawns had little or no effect upon the obvious purpose of her guests, this practical young lady brought matters to an issue with her usual directness: she arose, and, taking a lamp from the mantel-shelf, lighted it in a manner which showed unmistakably that she was about to retire, and, holding it in her hand, advanced to the centre of the room.

"'Pears to me, boys, none of you are reckonin' to get over to Chincapin to-night," she said; "and, there bein' so many of you, you'll hev to skirmish around natchally to find room. I'm goin' to give Mr. Brown the spare bed-room, and, when you've filled up the other ones, what's left over will hev to camp out or go in the barn. Ez for me, I've been up since sunrise this morning, and I'm going to bed."

Saying which, Miss Yancey indicated the various bed-rooms that gave upon the sitting-room and retired to her own apartment, in another quarter of the house. I did not trouble myself about the disposition of my companions; but, not finding the company particularly agreeable after her departure, I soon sought my room. Here, I made the customary brief night-toilet and threw myself upon the bed.

III.

But not to sleep. For a long time, I tossed about restlessly, like one in nervous dread of his surroundings. Although fatigued by the ride of the day, I found myself scarcely able to close my eyes. A strange presentiment of insecurity possessed me, accompanied by amusing reflections upon the demoralizing tendencies of Miss Yancey's charms, as evinced by the disaffected coterie in the adjoining room.

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Apparently, the same wakefulness possessed these worthies. There was no movement among them that suggested the slightest intention of going to bed. From time to time, their voices in conversation filtered through the canvas partition-wall of my bed-room. The rattle of tin cups upon the centre-table and the occasional "gluck" of a bottle—evidently passed from hand to hand—betrayed the social character of their vigil. The tenor of their remarks was manifestly depressing; and, as each speaker delivered himself of his convictions, I could hear him punctuate his discourse with abundant expectoration into the glowing grate. Not being particularly interested in their reflections, I was not giving special heed to them, when I was startled into sudden attention by the sound of my own name. I raised myself upon my elbow and listened.

"And this yer shrimp—this Brown, what do ye reckon is his game?" said a gruff voice—evidently the blacksmith's.

"Gone on Lil!" exclaimed the postmaster, in a tone of energetic conviction.

"Seen her out ridin', ye know, and, bein' struck by her style, he allowed to come up here and get the inside track of us fellers," was the jealous commentary of the barber.

"Ain't he bitin' off a leetle more than he can chew?" inquired the blacksmith again, in a tone of sarcastic disbelief.

"Wouldn't gamble on it!" rejoined the postmaster, suspiciously. "Ye seen how they kem up to the ranch—ridin' the same hoss—ez sociable and free ez ef they was on a picnic. 'Twouldn't ha' mattered to Lil ef we fellers hedn't been in a mile of the place."

There was an ominous silence, evidently devoted to jealous consideration of this statement. At last the blacksmith's voice broke the stillness.

"It's gittin' too thin, Lil's cottonin' to every blamed tramp and ringin' 'em in on us," he remarked, complainingly.

"An' it ain't the keerect thing—her takin' advantage of the old man and old woman's absence to do it," said the postmaster, piously overlooking the surreptitious character of their own visit.

"And, ef she does, air we the men thet air goin' to stand it?" rose the voice of the barber, tremulous with alcoholic excitement. "What air we settin' here quiet—like so many turkles on a log—a-watchin' of him fur? What's the matter with our jest natchally histin' him out o' this, and settin' him off on his travels?"

A hum of approval and the rattling of the tin cups on the centre-table greeted this query, amid which the voice of the editor, hitherto withheld, made itself audible:

"Thar ain't but two things, boys," he said, gravely, "thet's altogether kalculated to do the present subject justice. One of them is tar—and the other requisite is—feathers. This tenderfoot hez come along here and camped on us, with the evident purpose of fascinating the prettiest and most attractive young woman in the Southern country. I don't take no stock in any fairy-tale about snake-bite, or anythin' happenin' to his hoss—that's all made up by him to give us fellers the go by. Natchally, it behooves us ez men, and ez friends of hern, to make an example of him to the community at large."

There was a shout of approbation from his hearers.

"Tar and feathers!" continued the editor's voice, steadily, "is the medicine thet I prescribe. An' now how's the job to be done? Thar's a chunk of the fust out thar in the wood-shed, and a brass kettle and a broom handy; but, allowin' thet you're all agreeable, where are we goin' to get the feathers?"

There were several suggestions, ill-considered and violent.

"Yes," said the voice. "Shavings is good, and broken corn-cobs is—perhaps—better, but we ain't got one, and it'd take too long to pervide the other; an', sich bein' the case, I allow thet sawdust is about our size. Thar's plenty of thet at the woodpile."

The abrupt closing of a door put an end to this unhallowed colloquy. Silence followed.

To say that I was alarmed by what I had just heard is to give but a feeble notion of my feelings. As I lay still a second, and pondered the utter helplessness of my position, a horrible nausea took possession of me that seemed to render me incapable of any movement. Struggling against this weakness, I sprang from the bed and hurried on the few articles of clothing I had laid aside, my teeth chattering, my knees smiting together in an agony of fear and excitement. For I was utterly without resource. About me stretched the bleak and boundless prairie. The village of Chincapin was ten miles away. I was unarmed. I had not even a penknife with which to defend myself against four able-bodied and desperate men, who had just declared their intention of subjecting me to the most inhuman indignity, if not of taking my life. And my horse—to which the frontiersman flies in all times of danger and extremity—was worse than useless, and separated from me by at least a mile of unknown country.

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I was standing in the centre of my bed-room, half paralyzed by these reflections, when a sudden shaking of the window-sash attracted my attention. A new terror seized me. Hesitatingly, I groped my way to the window. In the pitchy darkness outside, I recognized some huge misshapen bulk and a cloaked figure that appeared to be beckoning to me. Half doubtingly, I raised the window. To my joy, it was Miss Yancey, enveloped in an old "slicker" of her father's and holding by the bridle the horse we had ridden together that afternoon.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You haven't got a moment to lose. The boys hev got jealous again, and hev laid off to brand you, and hev a tow-row gener'ly. It's more than I can stand, and I reckon, when paw comes back—"

She had led the pony alongside the window as she spoke. I knew by the sound of his footfalls that his feet were muffled. As she stooped to take off the mufflers, I grasped the bridle she had abandoned and stepped from the window-sill into the waiting saddle.

With the grip of the good horse beneath me, my courage returned. In a transport of joy and gratitude, I turned to my fair deliverer.

"Don't stop for thet," she said, abruptly; "you hevn't time!"

She appeared to be tugging at something beneath her coat.

"And here! I reckon you hevn't any!"

She pressed her six-shooter in my hand.

"You must make a break for it," she said, breathlessly. "Ride as if Old Nick were after you. Don't stop to think of me."

"But are you safe—provided they lose me?" I asked, in my perplexity.

"Sho! they won't harm me!" Miss Lilian returned, nothing daunted. "You know they're all bos of mine—I'll keep 'em in order. Don't forget to send me thet breastpin!" she added, with a sudden feminine inspiration. "Now go, and don't shilly-shally any longer."

She disengaged the hand which I had held in my hurried parting, and made a sudden impetuous movement as if to stampede the quiet Skeeter. Her haste was well-timed: as the pony bounded forward, the glare of a brandished torch fell full across the darkness, and I beheld the blacksmith and the postmaster just ahead of me, struggling with the contents of a heavy corn-basket.

The sudden apparition of my mounted presence for the moment disconcerted both, and, in that moment, I was upon them. A thin thicket of mesquite, through which I was moving, made it impossible to swerve aside. There was a sharp collision in the brush, the torch was extinguished, and, as I endeavored to force my way through the thorny chaparral, I realized in the sudden darkness that something was hanging to my pony's bridle. Rising in my stirrups, I used my revolver as a club, and brought it down with all my force.

The blow was given blindly, but fortune favored it. Hardly had it been delivered, when I felt the weight upon my bridle relax, and, with a crash and a bound, my horse had cleared the thicket, trampling under his feet some heavy body that fell beneath them. I was free again, and galloped rapidly away.

I did not check my horse's pace until I reached the town of Chincapin, where I left the exhausted Skeeter well-nigh foundered. Nor did I find it expedient to visit that never-to-be-forgotten locality. But, upon arriving at Fort Worth, I had a lengthy interview with the most fashionable jeweler, and, a few days later, purchased the only horse in town with an undeniable record. These pledges of my heartfelt gratitude I dispatched by messenger to Miss Yancey, and, ere long, received intelligence of their safe arrival. And I treasure, among the keepsakes which I do not show to everyone, a letter of thanks remarkable alike for its orthography and handwriting, in which I am informed that my pony, none the worse for his accident, awaits me whenever I see fit to brave again the dangers which environ this heartbreaker of Chincapin.

UNDYING LOVE.

BY THEODORE B. DALE.

I LOVE thee, dearest, yet I feel
My love is cast away;
I dream of thee throughout the night,
And hopeless am by day:
I love thee with a love untold,
In good report or ill,
And, even if I love in vain,
Dear one, I'll love thee still.

I love thee fondly, and my love
Shall last as long as life,
Although its bark may shipwrecked be
Upon the sea of strife;
And, should I know my hopeless tears
Would sorrow's chalice fill,
I'd drink the dregs, and, 'midst my pain,
Repeat—I love thee still.

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ACROSS THE SANDS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE sky was gray and overcast, and the incoming tide beat against the bluffs complainingly, bringing with it the sorrowful echo of a wind far out on the ocean.

Maynard Reade stood on the beach, gazing seaward, with the rugged pile of cliffs at his left, and in front the wide sweep of waters.

He had no business to be there; he ought to have been more than a mile off, in the old gray barn that stood within hailing-distance of the old gray farm-house which he called home, as his father and grandfather had done before him. Another pair of hands was needed in the hay-packing, and Maynard had never been given to shirking his portion of any labor which had to be performed. Yet here he was, at four o'clock on this September afternoon, wasting his time in profitless wanderings; nor was it the first occasion, by many, on which, during the past weeks, he had been guilty of similar derelictions from duty.

His mother had begun to wonder what ailed the boy; he too had wondered when the fever first seized him, but he soon learned the nature of his malady, and did not attempt to hide the knowledge from himself. He was insanely in love—a natural enough consequence of being a young man of two-and-twenty with an athletic frame and an even more powerful imagination.

Pauline Dorimer had, three months before, dawned on Reade's horizon, and her first smile kindled the flame which burned so fiercely in his heart. Fate meant the pair to make acquaintance, and so it was brought about in orthodox romance fashion, by the young man's saving her from drowning when she had recklessly swum too far out into the surf.

He was thinking of that day, as he stretched himself on the sand and lay staring up at the sky. He went carefully over the incidents of the weeks which had succeeded the adventure, while the slow beat of the tide sounded an accompaniment to his reflections, and the face of the woman he worshiped floated before his eyes like a beatific vision.

In a way, Reade felt his love to be madness, though pride and ambition whispered that he had a future—could he not render it worthy of her acceptance? He meant to try; but he wanted the assurance that she would care, and as yet he had not dared to put his longing into speech.

He rose with a sigh, and decided to return home. He had hoped to meet Miss Dorimer; but it was growing so late, he felt certain that if she had been down on the beach she must have gone back to the village by another path. With a stick which he had cut as he crossed the alder thicket near his house, Maynard stood punching holes in the sand, and thinking vaguely of his plans for the future. He began tracing lines on the smooth hard surface, and presently noticed that he had accidentally made the outline of a great heart—nothing was wanting but the curves at the top. He drew these portions very carefully; the design was really capital, and, with a smile, half amused, half sad, he formed some letters in the centre.

As he stopped to regard his work, he heard the jingle of a horse's bells just beyond the corner of the bluff, then the sound of a shrill boyish voice uplifted in objurgation eloquently and indiscriminately distributed on the universe in general. Presently Reade caught sight of Farmer Gaines's old pony, wagon, and son Bobby. There was evidently something wrong, for the lad jumped down from his seat and surveyed the harness hopelessly while he held his restive beast by the bridle.

Maynard hurried forward to the lad's assistance, without pausing to efface his sketch.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" he called.

"The dod derned breechin's bruk itself somehow, and this little catamount won't stand still so I can tinker it," rejoined the boy, without taking the trouble to turn his head.

"All right, Bobby, you hold on there, and I'll

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see what can be done," Maynard answered, good-naturedly. "Oh, we'll easily manage this if you've a piece of twine."

"It was a wonder there was anybody in reach, and it'll be jist my luck if I hain't a bit of string," grumbled Bobby, exhibiting a misanthropy worthy of a nineteenth-century poet. But his pocket yielded up the requisite article, and before long he was laughing at Maynard's jokes, though as soon as possible he stopped, and, by way of thanks for the aid he had received, observed despondently that he expected the "consarned thing would break again afore he got half-way home."

Just as Maynard started to help Bobby, a young lady had appeared on the sands, coming from the opposite direction. She was a tall slight girl, carrying her summer hat in one hand, and holding a great bunch of cat-tails in the other; a stylish creature in spite of her simple dress and rustic shoes, with a face which was fascinating rather than handsome—an odd contradictory face, which to any keen observer plainly revealed the salient good and evil points in her character.

She saw Reade disappear behind the bluffs, and, as she neared them, the light breeze blew toward her the voices of the two speakers, and she smiled at Bobby's misanthropic utterances. She reached the drawing and stood for a little, looking down at it. She smiled again, then frowned, then glanced toward young Reade and sighed.

At that instant, Maynard turned his head and saw her standing there. He hastily finished his task and walked toward the lady, remembering with a hot flush that he had forgotten to obliterate his foolish work and the tell-tale initials.

As he drew near, Miss Dorimer took one of her cat-tails and drew several heavy perpendicular and horizontal lines across the sketch.

"How do you do, Mr. Reade?" she said, as he reached her side. "I have just put a finishing-touch to your triumph of artistic skill. Hearts are like raspberry-tarts—the more crosses you put on them, the stronger they are."

"I made that by accident," Reade answered, as he set his foot on the drawing, while his face grew scarlet afresh and Miss Dorimer gave a wicked little laugh.

"Don't let Bobby Gaines drive off," she said; "he must carry my cat-tails home. They're a heavier load than the most-heavily-crossed heart could be."

"I'll give them to him," Reade replied, holding out his hand for the rushes.

"Bobby must take me also—I am too tired to walk any further," she said, looking down at her heavy shoes, which were at least two sizes too large. "I soaked my boots hopelessly in the Grainger bog. Luckily, I came out near Mrs. Millicent's cottage, and the good soul kindly lent me these."

"I thought you meant to go beyond the bluffs," Reade observed; "I went down there, then came round here. I concluded you had not come, and now—"

He did not finish his sentence; but his voice expressed a keen disappointment, to which Miss Dorimer apparently gave no heed. As they reached the wagon, she said:

"Bobby, you want to drive me home, I know."

Bobby grinned, but immediately qualified that involuntary show of satisfaction by adding:

"Wal, I s'pose the old pony and trap'll stand it ef you can; an' I do' know as you weigh much more'n a nextry bag of flour."

"You're a delightful boy, Bobby," she cried, laughing gayly. "I'm going to propose getting up a prize for you as the truth-teller of the neighborhood."

"I don't want none," Bobby averred. "Prizes allays means Sabbath-school books, and what I want is the seekle to 'The Perary Pirate of the Dakota Divide'—it's called 'Golden-Tressed Theresy; or, The Queen of the Phantom Band.'"

"You shall have it, Bobby, before you are a week older," Miss Dorimer promised, as Reade helped her into the wagon.

"I must say good-bye; poor old Tony mustn't be asked to drag my avoirdupois up the hill," the young man said, trying to laugh, though every feature in his handsome face showed the disappointment he felt.

Miss Dorimer echoed his farewell, and Bobby started the pony; then she glanced back at Reade, standing, the picture of misery, in the middle of the road, and laid her hand on the reins.

"Bobby," she said, "you must let the pony walk all the way, else I shall get out; I can't have some disciple of the immortal Bergh arresting me for cruelty. Mr. Reade, are you waiting to give us a quarter of a mile in advance, in order to have the pleasure of passing our caravan? It would be kinder to walk by the wagon, and give a push now and then to encourage the pony."

Bobby giggled, and Reade hurried forward with a suddenly-illuminated countenance. Miss Dorimer addressed most of her conversation to her small charioteer; but she looked and smiled at Reade till the foolish young fellow was filled with such ecstasy that he seemed, to himself,

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walking along a glorified way which could lead to no less commonplace bourne than elf-land or Paradise.

Pauline Dorimer was three years Reade's junior, to count by time, but double that in experience, and, though she looked like a poetess and could dream like one on occasion, prided herself on being as practical and hard-headed a young woman as could be found within the range of New York society.

Her mother suffered from some internal malady, and had been ordered a season of perfect quiet. Pauline needed the repose also, and the same was true of the family exchequer; for she and her parent habitually lived beyond their means.

Miss Dorimer was tired, disappointed, and dissatisfied, and not disposed to grumble at the banishment to that dull New England coast village. She could appreciate nature, and had yearnings for a higher, wider life. She was never more dangerous than when this mood took possession of her, and it held full sway when she arrived at Nescott.

Not long after her arrival, she had written to a friend who asked how she managed to support life in that desert:

"I assure you that vegetating is a very agreeable process. I know just how the asparagus feels while it is growing—I like asparagus. I have developed a taste for walking; I swim; I read—fancy finding all Balzac and De Musset in the garret, left by some stranger who good-naturedly died in the hotel! I sleep enormously; I eat ditto. I listen to mamma's complaints till I'm tired, then I scold her. I sleep again; then I eat; then I walk, or drive a diabolical little donkey, with mamma in the cart beside me, prophesying our speedy death till I wish it would happen.

"The next day, I carry out the same programme, and the next and the next—there is never any change.

"Oh, betweenwhiles, I attend to the education of a youth of the neighborhood. It is true that he finished his college course only a few months ago, and graduated with high honors; but he has still a great deal to learn. He is a remarkable youth, both in mind and appearance, with eyes like a Newfoundland dog's and a gift for composing exceedingly musical verses in my honor. He thinks me a goddess risen from the sea. I am educating him rapidly. Will it make him happier? Will he be grateful?

"I fear not—humanity never is. I expect, ater, he will curse the hour when he met a goddess; but, doubtless, the discipline will do him good. Besides, it is only my vanity that makes me suppose him to be deeply impressed—he never has confessed it."

The recollection of that letter flashed into her mind, as the pony jogged slowly on, and she talked to Bobby and gave Maynard Reade smiles and glances which went to the very core of his heart, while his earnest soul looked at her from those truthful brown eyes. The words she had written caused Miss Dorimer a guilty sensation. She had known when she wrote them that they were not true; but she had never felt the extent of their falsity as now. The man loved her—he was a man, not the boy she had styled him; and she admitted, too, that his love would be worth the possession of a far worthier nature than her own. Unfortunately, this remorseful softened mood only rendered her more bewitching, and fettered closer the chain which bound poor Reade.

When Miss Dorimer reached the hotel and went upstairs to see her mother, she found that lady in a state of pleasurable excitement over a letter she had just received.

"How lucky it is that I have got so well and strong!" she cried. "Here is a pressing invitation for us to visit the Hunters at their country-place. They want us by the thirtieth."

"That will leave us just eight days here," was her daughter's only reply to the announcement.

"What an odd girl you are!" Mrs. Dorimer exclaimed. "I thought you would be crazy to get away; even I begin to feel the dullness, now I am so much better."

"Naturally! Then the Hunters always make one's stay with them very enjoyable," Pauline answered, as she moved about looking for a suitable place to bestow her rushes.

Mrs. Dorimer watched her in silence for a moment or two, then she said in a quiet voice, oddly at variance with the eagerness in her eyes:

"Colonel Haversham will be there."

"And a large party besides, no doubt," rejoined Pauline.

"Last year, he was greatly taken with you," Mrs. Dorimer went on, in a somewhat injured fretful tone. "If he hadn't been so suddenly called back to Montana, I'm sure he would—would have made you an offer. His mine has proved a wonderful success: he's a millionaire already. I—I'm sure he was dreadfully in earnest. You—"

She stopped abruptly as Pauline looked at her, though the girl's face exhibited neither interest nor impatience.

"Very likely," she said. "I know what you

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want to say, mother; but we needn't go over the matter—I understand perfectly my duty as a woman of the nineteenth century. Relations, governesses, novels—they all teach it. Money! position! a rich husband!"

She began quietly; but, before she ended, her low voice had grown fairly violent in its passion.

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Dorimer, after another brief silence, "they are all very good things, certainly."

Pauline began to laugh, and turned to leave the room.

"Bravo, little mother—so they are!" was her answer. "Now, I must brush my hair, and we'll have tea."

While she was gone, Mrs. Dorimer sat indulging in agreeable visions of the future, in which Colonel Haversham played the part of an admiring husband, with a warm regard for his mother-in-law.

Whatever her daughter's meditations might have been, they had left no trace on her features when she appeared again. The two talked pleasantly on various subjects—discussed the proposed visit; but, though Haversham's name was several times mentioned, no further reference was made to his fortune or his possible intentions.

Mrs. Dorimer habitually went to bed early; it was part of the régime she had been following; and, as usual, Pauline read her to sleep, never leaving this task to the faithful maid, as so many young women would have done, while pluming themselves on being dutiful and self-sacrificing to a degree which Pauline would have declared that she was far too selfish even to wish to attain.

It was barely half-past nine when Miss Dorimer went downstairs. She glanced into the parlors, where the score of guests still left were trying to find amusement in music, cards, scandal, or flirtation, according to their tastes; but the scene was not sufficiently alluring to induce her to enter. She passed on through the hall and out into the piazza, below which a lawn dotted over with clumps of hardy evergreens sloped down to the beach. The full moon hung over the waters, fringed by a few white clouds that intensified its golden light. The sky was a great turquoise dome, the sands a sweep of molten silver, and through the distance came the sound of a clear tenor voice, so sweet that its lack of cultivation did not jar on the ear.

"I am going in," Miss Dorimer said, after listening for a few instants. She spoke aloud, as if replying to a person who had just uttered some remonstrance. "I am going in."

She stood still awhile longer, gazing out over the waters, then descended the steps and slowly crossed the lawn. As she neared the shore, she saw the singer coming round a curve just above the hotel grounds. Almost at the same instant he caught sight of her, standing quite near—looking, he thought, like some beautiful spirit in the moonlight.

"You are a very ill-conducted young man," she called. "All sober-minded people in these parts are getting ready for bed, instead of playing troubadours on the sands."

"And what about yourself?" Reade asked, regarding her with happy eyes.

"I am here on an errand of duty," she replied. "I heard you from the piazza, and came to warn you that it was high time for you to be at home. Didn't you tell me you had to get to work at some unearthly hour?"

"Ah, but you see old Jake Evans broke the hay-press this afternoon; so to-morrow must be a holiday."

"Reckless troubadour! You appear to exult instead of properly regretting the loss of time and money."

"I know I ought to regret both," he replied, laughing; "but, as you often say, there are so many things one ought to be sorry for that one can't care about."

"Don't ascribe such sentiments to me," rejoined Miss Dorimer, austerely. "I doubt if I ever made the remark—anyway, I never mean what I say; and, besides, it was intended to show you how dreadfully such theories sound."

"Somehow, I felt sure I should see you again this evening," cried Reade, after he had duly laughed at her nonsense, which seemed to him so witty. He drew an envelope from his pocket, adding: "I meant to leave this for you at the hotel—there's just a line to say that I should be free to-morrow. You have so often wanted to walk over to Charton Hill—"

"And is that all you had for me?" she interrupted. "Didn't you confess to-day—it was hard work to make you—that you had written some new verses which I was to read?"

"I—I did put them in the envelope," he said, shyly.

"Then I forgive you; and, as mamma has agreed to drive out to-morrow with old Mrs. Tracy, we will have our walk. And, since poetry is always prettier repeated in the moonlight than read in sober black-and-white, I want to hear yours now."

Reade began his lines in a somewhat faltering

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voice, which gained clearness and force as he went on. He had a natural gift for declamation, and recited the poem well. Although in her own praise, Miss Dorimer's critical faculty was too strongly developed for her to have enjoyed the stanzas, had they been weak and trashy; but they were both musical and full of pretty fancies, with here and there a metaphor which gave evidence of real imagination.

Up and down, in the moonlight, they walked for a full hour. There was nobody to spy on her movements or even suggest any impropriety—not that Miss Dorimer would have cared much for the opinion of the little colony still lingering in the hotel. She made Reade talk, as she had the power to do—of books, of his hopes, his dreams—and she enjoyed the hour as thoroughly as did the enraptured young man.

After she reached her own room, Miss Dorimer recollected that she had not told Reade they were so soon to go away. She would speak of it during the next day's ramble.

"He will miss me at first," she thought, as she sat brushing out her hair. "Heigho—I verily believe I shall miss him!" She leaned her head on her hand and gazed absently into the mirror, while the events of the pretty idyl they had lived during the past weeks floated before her vision as palpably as if photographed on the glass. She rose abruptly, muttering: "Upon my word, Pauline Dorimer, I believe your brain is softening; luckily, you are going away. The boy will soon forget—if he does really care. As for you—well, you are to fulfill your destiny; and, if Colonel Haversham condescends to ask you to marry him, you are to accept the blessing thankfully. Yes—I will tell Maynard, to-morrow, that I am going."

The next day came and passed, and the two made their excursion; but Miss Dorimer did not inform Reade that the date of her departure had been set. She told herself afterward that she had scarcely remembered it; when she had, he was talking on some subject which interested her, and she would not interrupt him. Then the walk was so nearly at an end, it seemed a pity to cloud its close by an abrupt announcement of the disagreeable fact.

Several days elapsed, and still she had not broached the subject. Then Mrs. Dorimer received a letter from a friend, asking them to make her a short visit on their way to the Hunters' country-seat. This change of plan would necessitate an immediate departure; but, without waiting to consult her daughter, the invalid sent a telegram accepting the invitation.

A couple of hours after Pauline heard this decision, Maynard Reade called at the hotel to leave some books which had been lent him by Miss Dorimer. The young lady was out, but her mother was seated in the piazza, and she welcomed the visitor with the friendliness she always showed him, having no idea that he could be presumptuous enough to lift his eyes to her daughter.

"I am so glad to have an opportunity to bid you good-bye," she said, after the interchange of a few courteous speeches. "We are off even sooner than we expected. You know we meant to stay several days yet, but we start to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" he echoed, stupidly.

"Oh, yes; I had a letter this morning. So glad to have seen you! I dare say you will find Miss Dorimer somewhere on the sands. Good-bye, Mr. Reade—good-bye."

He crossed the lawn and passed along the beach through the red glare of the gathering sunset. She was going away—there was room for no other thought in his mind—going away. Of course, he had known that she could not tarry much longer; but to have the certainty that the separation was at hand flung at him with such abruptness roused a mental tempest in his impulsive nature of which a sober-minded practical person could hardly have conceived the possibility.

He could not find her on the shore near the hotel; he crossed the little creek and hastened toward the bluffs below the village. He saw her seated on a ledge of rock close to the water, watching the sunset with the wistful dreamy look in her face which he knew so well.

"Pauline!" he cried. "Pauline!"

It was the first time he had ever called her by her name. She turned and saw him standing there with his white face and blazing eyes. The very tone of his voice had told her that he knew the truth.

"I was wondering if I should miss you," she said.

"You are going away, to-morrow, to-morrow!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes! You have seen mamma? It is rather sudden—but, of course, it had to come."

"What am I to do—how am I to live?" he cried.

"Of course, you won't remain here much longer," she rejoined. "You don't want to be a farmer on a small scale! You have a fine career before you, if you make use of your talent and education as I know you will."

"I can, if—if—"

"We have talked of it all so often," she con-

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tinued, apparently not noticing his half-completed sentence; "I can't give you any more wise advice! Oh, I shall look for great things from you—mind, I shan't be content with your making any ordinary reputation or success!"

"And you care—you do care!" he exclaimed.

"Why, are you not one of my best friends? I feel as if we had always known each other! Who could care more than I?" she answered, speaking so quickly that he could not interrupt. She knew what avowal trembled on his lips—she wanted to keep him from making it—she must at least spare his pride that humiliation. How handsome he looked—how full of strength, mental and physical! Oh, he was a man of whose love any true woman might be proud—be glad to wait for while he sought fame and fortune: but she could not; she was too petty—too worldly—too utterly of the earth, earthy!

All she could do was to spare his pride a little; so much generosity she might show—she who, to gratify her vanity, amuse her solitary hours, had led him on deeper and deeper into the mazes of his fool's paradise, which was to end so suddenly in a desert more barren than the sea-sands at their feet. But no; she had not been wholly influenced by vanity and selfishness! The idyl of the past months had done more than exercise a strange fascination over her—it had rooted itself into her inmost heart! She had tried to laugh at the idea, but it was true: she knew it now—knew that she loved him, and, besides remorse, must bear her part of the suffering.

"You care—you care!" he repeated, but she went resolutely on without heeding his passionate utterance:

"When you have published your book and are famous—your very first one is to make you so—remember, I prophesy it—"

"If you say so, it will!" he cried, holding out both hands, while the glory in his eyes seemed to scorch her very soul like fire. "And then I may come to you—then I may say—"

"You will fairly look down on me and my silly narrow life!" she broke in. "I shall have married my rich admirer—be steeped to the throat in worldliness! Oh, I hate myself for worshiping wealth and luxury, but I could not live without them! So my destiny is settled—a miserable mean one—but I am worthy of no other!"

"Married?" she heard him mutter.

"Oh, you must give me a little pity in the midst of your scorn," she hurried on. "You see, money is god nowadays—it is only geniuses like you who can afford to hold it in contempt! It is necessary to my existence; I'm a terribly hard commonplace creature at bottom! I've not been my real self during these weeks—the sea-air has made me a dreamer! I must wake up now; I am going back to actual life—to the real world—to my petty ambitions—to—to a rich husband!"

She broke off with a bitter laugh which cut her heart as cruelly as it did his. The misery in Reade's eyes filled her with horrible pain and remorse. She longed to fling her arms about his neck—to cry out that she loved him—to bid him leap with her into the sea—at least they might die together, since she was not courageous enough to live with and for him.

"I wonder if I am crazy?" he gasped. "It isn't possible that it is you who are speaking, or that you are in earnest!"

"It is my real self—you see what a contemptible self, too!" she replied. "And I am in earnest! Oh, look! There come some of those tiresome people from the hotel—we shall have to go back with them."

"I can't!" he groaned. "Oh, don't leave me like this."

"Mamma will need me," she urged.

"But this evening—there is so much I want to tell you."

She lifted her hand; she was determined that afterward he should be able to remember he had not actually put his heart into words—it would be a little consolation.

"I must go," she said, "and this must be the real good-bye! Of course, we shall see you before we leave—but I can't stop any longer now! Oh, don't be angry with me—you never would believe what a miserable delusion I am—I warned you!"

"I have not made any complaint," he answered, hoarsely. "You mean what you said about—the money—the rich husband?"

"I do mean it," she cried. "I am fit for nothing else—so greedy for wealth that I must have it, if I had to sell my soul for its possession. Oh, those dreadful people, here they come!"

Without a word of farewell, Maynard strode round the corner of the bluffs and disappeared, leaving Pauline Dorimer overwhelmed by a sensation as if some supernatural being had just looked her soul through and through with pitiless eyes, whose scorn and condemnation must cast a blight over every pleasure, every success, during all the years to come.

In the night, Mrs. Dorimer was seized with an attack of spasms, and, during the next day, remained alarmingly ill. Fortunately, she had

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the care of an excellent physician, who was enjoying a short season of rest at Nescott. He had known her for years, and, being well acquainted with the nature and progress of the malady from which she suffered, was able at length to subdue the violent paroxysms.

Pauline did not leave her mother until nearly two days had elapsed, and then, assured by the doctor that it would only require an interval of rest to restore the invalid to her ordinary health, she consented to go to bed.

The next morning found Mrs. Dorimer so much better, that the mercurial lady was already inclined to rebel because the physician would not allow her to rise and threatened to keep her still a prisoner for an indefinite length of time.

In the afternoon, Pauline went out for a walk, taking the road which led toward the hills. She reached a point from whence she could see Reade's house, nestled among the old apple-trees. She had turned her back on the shore, because the mere sight of the glistening waters recalled that parting with Maynard and the bitter pain and remorse which had kept their hold even in the midst of her watch beside her mother's sick-bed.

Reade had not even sent a message—a word of inquiry or sympathy. How utterly he must despise her! And how thoroughly she deserved his scorn!

That long vigil had proved a terrible ordeal to Pauline Dorimer. Constantly occupied as she had been with material cares for the sufferer, she had ample space for thought—or, rather, thought forced itself on her, in spite of her efforts to concentrate her mind on the actual duties of the moment. Maynard Reade's reproachful eyes haunted her every instant, and the recollection of her unworthy conduct grew always more unendurable. But one thing was certain: suffer as he might, his pain could not be greater than her own, and it could not last so long. He would learn to regard her memory with indifference, and this dream of his youth, when some chance might recall it, would only cause him a half-cynical, half-amused wonder that he could ever have believed himself really in love with a creature so vapid and worthless.

She was about to retrace her steps, when she heard her name called; and out from a neighboring field Bobby Gaines emerged, breathless with haste.

"Oh, Miss Pauliny," he cried, "be you bound for the Readeses? I'm goin' to the store for something they wanted. I told Mrs. Reade I knowed you'd have been over to ask about Maynard, only your mar was took so bad—"

"What is the matter with Maynard?" Pauline interrupted, sick and faint with a sudden fear.

"Land's sake! hain't ye heard?" demanded Bobby. "Why, it's a meracle he wasn't killed, his shoulder was broke, and he struck his head against the rock—"

"Stop! tell it so I can understand!" she cried, clutching the lad's arm and shaking him back and forth in her excitement.

When the story was made clear, she knew that Reade had met with his accident that evening, as he rushed away from her, maddened by the conviction of her unworthiness, eager only to escape from the false idol he had so blindly worshiped; if he died, she should be his murderess.

Half an hour later, she was seated by Mrs. Reade in the old farmhouse, and had heard a detailed account of her trouble from the sad-eyed little mother:

In falling, Maynard had struck his head so heavily against a point of rock as to cause concussion of the brain, and had lain insensible for many hours. He had recovered from that comatose state, and, though his fever raged so high that he was partially delirious, the doctors held out good hope that the most serious danger was past. But there was a strange restlessness about him for which they could not account; he seemed to have some heavy weight on his mind, and he must be relieved of this before the peril could be considered really over.

Then the poor mother wrung her hands, crying that she was helpless; she could give the doctors no clue; she only knew that for weeks her boy had not been like himself; but he had offered her no confidence, though always the best son ever woman had—the very best.

He was asleep at present; if Miss Dorimer liked, she could go in and look at him. It was very kind of her to come—Maynard would be pleased when he heard of her visit.

Pauline softly entered the room where the sick man lay. As she approached the bed, he opened his eyes and looked vaguely about. His glance fell on her; he stretched out one hand with a smile, calling faintly:

"You do care! you do care!"

She sank on her knees by the bed and pressed her cheek against his pillow.

"I love you!" she said, in a low clear voice. "My love is not worth having; but, since you want it, it is yours."

"Oh, I can get well now," he answered, and fell asleep, with her hand held fast in his

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The doctor would not hear of Mrs. Dorimer's making a journey till a fortnight had elapsed, and, as she could not leave in season to pay her promised visits, she was content to remain in their quiet retreat and enjoy the beauty of the bright autumn days.

Maynard Reade was able to leave his bed and take short walks and drives. Pauline had not wavered from her resolution or regretted it, though she marveled what the future would bring, and wondered how she was ever to make to her mother a confession which would strike that lady as little short of insanity.

One afternoon, there came another letter from Mrs. Hunter, imparting news which filled the invalid with hot indignation. She had just finished reading the epistle, when her daughter entered; and she cried in a horrified voice:

"Only fancy! Annie writes it is proved that Colonel Haversham has a Mexican wife down in Montana! Did one ever hear of such wickedness? Passing himself off for a single man!"

"No, he only did not mention the fact of his being married," rejoined Pauline, laughing. "Well, his Mexican charmer is welcome to him, mamma."

"Yes; for Mrs. Hunter says he is not nearly so rich as people thought," Mrs. Dorimer answered, in a tone which showed that the fact was a great consolation.

Pauline wondered anew how she was to tell her mother that she had promised to wait for a penniless man till he should be able to support her. She had three minds to do it then, and have the shock over; but it required even more courage than she possessed.

Presently she went down to the beach. As she sat there, she was thinking of her pledge, her future, and exulting at her own content and happiness. Life looked so much higher and broader; she was so ashamed of the old existence, the old self! She was glad that sacrifice would be necessary; proud that she found herself capable of regarding it without fear.

She looked up, and saw Maynard Reade coming across the sands from the direction of the hotel. She walked quickly forward to meet him, crying:

"Oh, how imprudent! How could you come?"

"Very easily," he answered, with a little laugh. "I drove over—Bobby Gaines brought me in the pony-wagon."

"But why didn't you send him to find me, instead of walking here?" she asked, as she made him seat himself on a great beam which lay conveniently near. "You saw mamma—she told you where I was?"

"Yes, indeed, I saw her," he replied, with another little laugh of sheer happiness.

"What has happened, to put you in such high spirits?" she asked. "One would really think some wonderful good luck had just befallen you!"

"The greatest that can ever come, you brought, the first day you paid me a visit," he replied.

"Oh, if I could only believe that!" she sighed. "I know it was so in my case—but for you—if I have done you a wrong—"

"In giving me happiness?" he interrupted. "Oh, your mother congratulated me heartily, and she told me something else—that she would give me a warm welcome as her son."

"Maynard!"

"Yes, indeed—just that, though you do survey me with such incredulous eyes," he answered. "Can you think—can you guess what has happened?"

"No, no! But since it makes you glad—"

"It was the only blessing I lacked," he said, "and even that has been granted—just to offer you! Do you remember my telling you of an uncle who went to California before I was born, and had never since been heard of?"

"Yes—well?"

"He is dead, Pauline, and—his fortune comes to me."

"THOUGH IT TARRY."

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

"Though it tarry, wait for it,"
It will surely come;
Like the carrier-pigeon,
Hasting to its home.

Though the sunshine tarry,
And the night is long,
Someday brings the sunshine;
Someday rights the wrong.

Waiting, then, for someday,
Even dark days go;
And some bright day shall find us
Sooner than we know.

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IN THE MONTH OF JUNE.

BY MISS LEE M'CRAE.

WILL you turn your eyes toward Kansas, and fix them on the fertile valley of the Chikaskia, while I tell you a story as old as love is?

It was a pretty site for a house, with that long sweep of prairie-land before it, which gradually sank into a channel for the lazily-flowing river. There were cornfields and wheatfields of seemingly limitless extent to the sides and rear of the house, which, in comparison to its extensive surroundings, appeared to be smaller than it really was. It was new and neat—just such a house as a good carpenter will build you, if you give him carte-blanche and five hundred dollars to do it with.

There were no fancy curtains at the windows, no vines at the doorway or flowers in the yard, no tin cup tied to the pump, or any of the small comforts around which betray a woman's touch, so that a Westerner with practiced eye would soon declare it a "bachelor's ranch."

As if to verify this statement, the door opened and the bachelor himself appeared. He stood on the threshold a moment, nervously brushing and rebrushing his hat, while his brand-new boots and "best clothes" gave a rather uncomfortable expression to his face and a restrained motion to all his movements.

But, if purity of thought, honesty of purpose, and an unruffled temperament make—or the lack of these things mar—a beautiful face, then we may call the young man fairly handsome, notwithstanding his pale eyes, his tawny mustache, and the fact that his hair was retreating distressingly fast from his forehead.

Closing and locking the door, he started down the road, walking at first with a swinging gait, which gradually increased to the quick energetic tread of a man bent on one purpose, engrossed in one thought—his destination.

The road was typically Kansan—wide and level, with only two deep furrows which wheels had worn in muddy weather to break its monotony; but there were plenty of tangled weeds along its sides—such weeds as nature loves to make, seemingly, to atone for their uselessness and to entrap the attention of passers-by—weeds which certainly must amuse her inventive genius. But he did not bestow a glance upon anything; perhaps it was because he had been over the road rather often. At the end of his mile's journey was Jeanie McDowell: and who, knowing Jeanie, would wonder at his heedlessness of aught else?

While still quite a distance down the road, the setting sun showed him a group of three figures before a comfortable-looking farmhouse.

He peered eagerly at them for a mement, then smiled contentedly and hastened onward.

The three persons—two girls and one young man—were engaged in a game of croquet; not very intently, however—for the taller of the girls carelessly threw her mallet on the ground and exclaimed:

"There is Mr. McMurray coming! Jeanie, let's sit down and rest," as she dropped into a chair. Then she added questioningly: "I thought he didn't come here since—any more."

Jeanie's face saddened—for her friend would have said "since Carrie died"—and she replied quietly:

"Mr. McMurray is not like other folks, you know, Netta, and perhaps he finds consolation in coming."

"Or sees some resemblance to Carrie in you," Netta went on, heartlessly.

And her escort chimed in: "Perhaps he thinks 'one of the name as good as the same.'"

Jeanie made no answer except to say, as if to herself:

"I wish he would not come."

"Oh, don't you worry—I'll entertain him! I just love to hear his Scotch brogue and trap him into mistakes! Why, the other evening—" And Netta chattered on until he was within hearing-distance, while her fiancé looked at her as admiringly as if her smallness of soul were a thing to be proud of.

"Gude-evenin'! gude-evenin'!" the cordial voice called before its owner was fairly within the gate; and soon he was among them, shaking hands all around and accepting a mallet and an invitation from Netta to be her partner in the next game. It was enough of itself to make one conclude that life must be worth living, just to see the gladness which shone in his eyes as he looked at Jeanie.

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But was she not well worth looking at, with her dark eyes and her brown hair, in which the sun was twisting threads of gold?

The sunlight was all gone, but a round-faced moon was smiling down on the busy players, when a horseman came up the road. Mr. McMurray was bending low over his balls; but he could not but observe how happy Jeanie's voice sounded as she said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Windom! You are just in time for our next train."

After greetings were interchanged and they gathered at the stake, there came an awkward pause—for there were four balls and five players!

Mr. McMurray grasped his mallet tight, glanced at Jeanie's confused face, and then handed it to the newcomer, saying hurriedly:

"You take my place: I want to see Mr. McDowell."

So he spent the hours—nine, ten, half-past ten—sitting by the door, talking about crops, listening to the clicking of the mallets, and wondering if she wouldn't come soon.

As if to condole with him, Jeanie's big dog came and sat close beside him, rubbed its head against his arm, and finally lay down at his feet.

The shortest bliss is worth the longest, weariest waiting, he thought—and, at last, she came in alone.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you had gone home," she said, as she seated herself on the doorstep. In reality, she had forgotten all about him.

Then they talked of croquet in general, their game in particular, speculated as to when Netta and Mr. Rolph would be married, and so on, until he said:

"You have heard of the picnic, next week? Will you go with me, that day?"

Jeanie gave a little start, and then said quietly:

"If you wish it—yes."

And, over and over, the words, simple and childlike, came back to him as he retraced the homeward road.

He walked slowly now, as if he had no destination at all, and said aloud: "I wish a good many things. Will it always be 'yes,' Jeanie?"

She leaned on her windowsill and thought within herself: "I wish he had not asked me. I don't want him as a lover. He was nice when Carrie was here, and treated me like a little sister. They weren't engaged, I know—don't believe either cared for the other; but— Oh, well—he has been such a good friend, I must treat him well. I wish Willard had asked me first. It will teach him a good lesson. But I shall be good to Mr. McMurray as can be—dear old Jim!"

The picnic-day came, and with it, as early as permissible, Mr. McMurray.

Surely, Jeanie had never looked so pretty before, he thought; and he knew she had never treated him so kindly.

Instead of deserting him on the grounds, as she had sometimes done—though he always managed to find an excuse for such ill-treatment—she hovered near, like a guardian angel, protecting him from Netta's merciless fun-making and the ill-concealed laughter of her satellites.

It was a perfect day, a jolly crowd of young people, and, altogether, a model picnic, in Mr. McMurray's estimation. But, in the afternoon, the fun began to wane; even the winning sides lost interest, and threw down their racquets and mallets to lounge in the shade, agreeing with one accord that it was the very hottest day of the season.

So they talked and laughed, told anecdotes and jokes on one another, and did not notice the oppressive stillness of the woods, the silence in the insect-world around, or the seething clouds on the northern horizon.

Jeanie was standing under an old tree, reciting a parody to the intense amusement of the group before her, when suddenly a dreadful sound fell upon their ears. As if petrified, they gazed upward to the angry cloud above, and then to the bending, swaying trees around, realizing at last that this was no ordinary rainstorm, but a hurricane, that had come to their picnic.

"Jeanie!" shouted Mr. McMurray. And he sprang forward, as if to catch the great tree that broke above her head. He hurled her from the dangerous spot, but could not save himself.

Carefully, tenderly, yet with all haste, the young men cut away the boughs and lifted out his unconscious form, while Jeanie stood by, heedless of the pouring rain or the entreaties of her companions to seek shelter with them in a cabin near-by.

"For me! for me!" she repeated, half audibly and with more agony than had come to her in all her past compressed into those moments.

But he was not dead; and, as soon as the storm swept past, they bore him to his father's house, making a very sorrowful procession for a returning picnic-party.

One morning, many days afterward, Jeanie sat by his bedside, swaying a fan to and fro and entertaining him with bits of neighborhood-

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gossip, making him forget for awhile his pain and the awful fact that his left arm had been taken away by the surgeon's knife. Every day she had come, bringing sunshine and health to the heroic sufferer; but never had she seemed so tender or happy as to-day. He looked at her as he had looked at her often before, and said earnestly:

"Are you very glad I am getting well, Jeanie?"

"How can you ask such a question?" she exclaimed. "If you had died, I should have felt all my life as if I had murdered you."

"Is that all?"

"All?" repeated Jeanie, confusedly. "No. You—I'm glad for you; and then—I'm glad—for I want—you at my—our—house on the nineteenth. Willard and I are to be married then, and of course my big brother must be present and be my—"

A spasm of pain came over his face, and she bent over him anxiously.

"It is too mu—tight, that bandage!" he groaned.

She loosened the band, bathed his feverish head, and bent over him with a loving smile, as she said good-bye and whispered:

"I'll tell you all about it when you are strong enough to hear it."

He waited till the last footfall had died away, and then buried his face in the pillow.

It was the eighteenth of June, the day before Jeanie McDowell's wedding, that she stood in her father's door and watched the sun sinking out of sight.

"A cloudless sunset means a clear to-morrow," she murmured. "A blessing on the bride on whom the sun shines." And away she went to arrange the ribbons on a dainty white dress.

Mr. McMurray stood in the doorway of his own home and looked at the same setting sun. It was his first visit since the memorable day of the picnic, and it was to be his last; for he was going to start that night for "auld Scotia-land"—back to the hills and heather of his native soil.

He had said to his brother: "Since I have been ill, I long for the old home, Geordie; I'm tired of Kansas. I want you to take my farm and work it as if it were your own, sending me whatever rent you feel like. All I ask is that you take care of the trees and do not sell my black ponies."

He had finished packing up the few cherished articles he wished to take as reminders of his Western home, and now stood in the door, looking sometimes within the house and then without, as if to take the picture too across the sea.

He looked over his cornfields, and remembered that another hand would gather the fruit of his toil.

He saw the machinery in the field where he had left it so joyfully to attend the picnic; he heard the ponies crunching their corn in the stable near-by, and he knew he would never feed them again.

A piteous whine drew his attention; and, limping toward him from the hedge, came Jeanie's dog, and crouched at his feet with a wail.

He stooped to pat the dog's head, and was horrified to see the blood dripping from a painful and fatal wound in his shoulder.

"Oh, Bruno! poor Bruno! this is a hard world, isn't it? You will die, Bruno: I had better kill you. Would to God I could kill myself!"

After a long silence, full of bitter thoughts and moans more sad than any sobs, he entered the house and returned with a small revolver.

He caressed the shaggy head once more with his one bruised hand, placed the muzzle near its heart, and fired, then turned and disappeared in the darkening night.

THOSE CREOLE EYES.

BY LILLA PRICE.

A PAIR of eyes like wells of light,
So darkly soft, and softly bright;
With richest bronze their tinting vies,
A golden glint within them lies—
Those lovely Creole eyes.

They brighten when the heart is glad,
And droop in sorrow when 'tis sad;
In mirth their laughing twinkle shows,
And through their tender softness flows—
Los ojos Criollos.

They flash in scorn—a scathing beam—
And in their mocking splendor gleam,
While dauntless courage in them lies,
And foe and fate alike defies—
Those sparkling Creole eyes.

Their limpid depths are crystal clear,
And truth and purity shine here;
But rarest beauty they disclose
When in their depths a love-light glows—
Los ojos Criollos.

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A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, AUTHOR OF "A LEGAL FETTER," "LUCK OF ASHMEAD," "A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 461.

PART IV.—REPARATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEW moments ended the excitement.

Mr. Olcott had beaten out the flames at the cost of severe burns on his hands, and the frightened group of girls were stifling hysterical sobs and laughter. But, though Olcott had quenched the fire with ready presence of mind, it was Laurence Owen's arms that closed about the half-fainting form of Ruth Myrick and bore her, under Kate's guidance, to the dressing-room.

There he laid her on the sofa, hastily examining the round white arm with the half-burnt sleeve, breathing a thankful exclamation that only a black smutch stained its fairness. Belle Martin and Nellie Leland came into the room just as Laurence looked up at Kate with this fervent exclamation. He was still kneeling, one arm under Rue's head. She opened her eyes, and, seeing his face so close to hers, colored deeply, and murmured:

"I cannot—thank you!"

Then he gently withdrew his arm, not betraying any embarrassment, however, as he rose to his feet.

"Your thanks are due to Mr. Olcott," he said, kindly but a trifle coldly. "I confess I had no power to move when I saw you were on fire. He was very prompt and courageous."

"I most go home at once," she said, raising herself, only to fall back weakly. Something in the action and the glance she gave Laurence evidently moved him to speak, but he checked himself as Mr. Olcott hurried into the room.

"Ruth, you are not hurt!" he cried, forgetful of every presence save hers.

"No, no. I am only nervous. I was so frightened. How can I thank you?" said Rue, then added in a low voice of entreaty: "Will you—"

"Miss Myrick, my aunt's carriage is at the door, ready to take you home," Laurence's voice interposed, in smooth tones. He had been absent only a moment, but he had Ruth's cloak on his arm, and Kate was already wrapping the pretty head in the soft white nubia; and, before Mr. Olcott realized the intention, or Rue could remonstrate, Laurence was gaining his way.

Ruth said not a word. To Mr. Olcott's anxious whisper as to a call on the morrow, she murmured dissent, and then clung to Laurence's arm until she safely reached the carriage. Arriving at her own door, she found Laurence once more waiting to conduct her into the house, nor did he leave her until she was safe in the care of her faithful maid.

* * * * *

Eric and Laurence were to stay in Brompton that night, and, as they walked together under the stars toward the hotel, Eric said suddenly:

"Larry, did you receive a letter from Ruth Myrick just before our departure last year?"

There was a moment's silence, then Laurence, who was struggling to light a cigarette in the face of an opposing breeze, replied:

"No letter written by Ruth Myrick ever reached me. Confound the matches!"

"Well, right or not, I am going to tell you. She wrote a letter, asking your pardon for her conduct. She thought it would reach you before you left South Walsingham. But she never got a reply, and so was doomed to the silence women seem born to suffer—heaven help them!"

"Eric, if you have another match, be kind enough to give it to me," was the irrelevant reply. "Ah, thanks! now I can listen comfortably. Don't be vexed, Eric. Let me see: you said she repented a little, did you not? I have a fancy penitence is becoming. She is fairer than ever."

Eric was annoyed, but he only said indifferently, quoting a favorite poem:

> "What care I how fair she be,
> If she be not fair for me."

"But I do care a little," said Laurence, tossing his cigarette aside, after all his care in lighting it. "Just so much that I am determined to marry that woman, and no other."

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"I am free to confess I do not understand you," said Eric, in a wondering tone.

"Only this: I believe Ruth Myrick will marry me now, and I mean to make her my wife."

"Bravo!" Eric spoke, with sarcasm. "I am sure you will win. You have money and position now. A girl of Ruth's temperament has more than the usual woman's prerogative of changing her mind under the circumstances."

"She wrote me a letter, repenting her conduct when she knew me as Arthur Owen's heir. The repentance has a strange flavor of worldliness. I am glad you mentioned it, Eric. You think she will marry me for my money, now?"

"Perhaps! I may be unjust. She is a friend of Kate's, remember."

"Then she shall marry me for that, if she pleases. Her father is in a very sad condition, financially, I hear. I hold a heavy mortgage on his property in Brompton. How has he acted toward you?"

"He has been putting me off for days, and I knew it was to gain time," Eric replied. "I never trusted him as my father did. But, Larry, do you intend to buy your wife?"

"Yes, if need be," with cool impudence that did not conceal a defiance in the tone.

"Go slowly, Larry! I cannot see you rashly commit a worse folly than that of a year ago. I see you love the girl yet, and—"

"Love will not enter into this bargain, my friend. I am going to buy my wife, and abide the issue. If money prove a greater power than love, we will profit thereby. Keep silence, Eric, whatever my course may be—only remembering that, should I fail again with Ruth Myrick, I shall not do so until I have proved that revenge is sweet. Good-night."

"One moment, Laurence—"

"No more to-night, Morris—I am in no humor for it. Forgive me, and, as you love me, let me go."

CHAPTER IX.

The morning after the fair, Ruth Myrick awoke with a dull sense of pain weighing upon her. It was a novel sensation for our gay little heroine. She pressed her hands to her forehead, and tried to sleep again and cheat herself into believing that her father's revelation and Laurence Owen's presence at the fair were part of some confused dream.

Until Laurence's cool light words rang in her ears, she had not realized how much hope had lain dormant in her heart since the day when she discovered his power to wake her conscience and prove her a tender-hearted woman.

She had looked eagerly forward to this meeting; she had longed for the old admiring love she remembered in his frank glance. Now, alas! Rue sighed wearily, and rang the bell to summon her maid.

Fanny entered, bearing a lovely basket of English violets and a dainty note. There was no card with the flowers, but the lines read:

"Dear Miss Myrick:

I trust you are fully recovered from last evening's nervous fright. If so, it will give me great pleasure to call on you to-day, between four and five. Sincerely your friend,

Laurence Owen."

It was wonderful, the new life that came to Rue with these written words. All the morning, she sat near the violets and sang softly at her work. She did not ponder over her father's trouble. Was not Laurence coming at four o'clock? All her thoughts went forward to meet that hour, as if with his presence every anxiety must cease. She was completely absorbed in the thought of this happiness soon to be hers. No shadow dimmed the sunshine of her anticipation; so it may be understood that Ruth Myrick had surrendered absolutely, and, as is usual with the heart that holds out the longest against love, the tide had turned with overwhelming force, bearing her toward happiness or unutterable woe. Ah, had she seen the stern curve of Laurence Owen's lip when he said, the night before, "Revenge is sweet"!

She was looking her best that afternoon, as she awaited his call. She was clad in soft pink cashmere, the neck cut square and filled with lace, while against her bosom nestled the purple-blue violets. The color came and went in her cheeks, and she looked sweeter, gentler, and in every way more lovely than the arrogant young woman who had given Laurence Owen that cruel answer a year previous.

From four to six, in Brompton, was a fashionable time for calling. The young society-people made many of their engagements for the evening at this hour. Rue was nervously anxious no one should call during Laurence Owen's visit. But she had received no word of inquiry from Mr. Olcott, and she feared that he might come in spite of her prohibition. How vexatious it would be to have them meet in her presence! She was spared this annoyance, however; and, at half-past four, Mr. Owen was announced.

Something in the childish frankness of her greeting seemed to speak of the change in her feelings toward him. But he felt no responsive thrill of pleasure; he was as self-possessed and

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genial as on the preceding evening, leading the conversation into easy channels and fascinating Rue all the more in that his manner seemed devoid of any effort to win her regard. He appeared to feel that his call conferred a favor, and Rue, under the glamor of this new phase of his character, was not quite sure herself that it did not.

During his visit, Fanny entered with a huge bouquet of hot-house flowers, roses and azaleas. They had a card attached, and Fanny brought a note with them. Rue glanced indifferently at both card and blossoms.

"Read the note," Laurence said, in the easy tone of authority which a woman sometimes finds pleasant to obey. While she read, he admired the roses.

"Will you pardon me if I answer it?" she asked, looking up from the page.

"Certainly," he replied; "but I hope poor Olcott is not to be doomed to disappointment?"

"How do you know that the note is from him?" she said.

He laughed softly, and lifted the card attached to the bouquet.

She gave a little pout of vexation as she seated herself to write. She gave the note to Fanny, saying:

"Send this at once. And stop—one moment. Take these flowers away."

"You will surely give them a place of honor," Laurence said, in a lazy teasing tone.

"Leave them where they are, Fanny." Rue spoke quietly. "Pardon me, Mr. Owen; I did not notice how much you were enjoying them."

Then, as Fanny departed, Ruth added petulantly:

"I am glad you like them. I hate hot-house flowers."

"Can you get any other at this season?" asked Laurence. "These roses are exquisite."

"I prefer violets," she said, laying one small hand on the blossoms nestling against her bosom. "They remind one of spring, woods, and green fields, and all sorts of pleasant things."

"A favored person must have been the donor, for them to find a place so near your heart, Miss Myrick," he said, with a quizzical smile.

"I have not thanked you for them yet. They came this morning, when I was feeling very forlorn, and cheered me like the voice of a spring full of promise."

He raised his eyebrows in well-feigned surprise.

"You are kind, to credit me with such thoughtfulness," he said. "Was there no card attached?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Rue, blushing deeply. "There was no card, and they were brought to me with your note."

"It was a natural mistake. But, since you no longer know who sent the violets, will you not accept Olcott's roses?"

"No; I like these violets best," she replied.

"Will you tell me why you refused Olcott's invitation for the theatre this evening?"

"I cannot imagine what gratification it would be to you to hear the reason, or how you came to know the contents of his note."

"He told me he intended taking you to hear Modjeska; we were discussing a theatre-party last evening. Madeline wished to go. Olcott is an old chum of mine, you know. He is a good fellow."

"A very good fellow, indeed." she said, imitating Owen's tone; "so good that I find him at times a bore. I refused to go to-night because—because I—"

"Your usual caprice," he interposed, coolly. "I hoped you had outgrown such folly."

"You are hardly polite," she flashed, angrily.

"No? I only recognized the old spirit anew, as in the preference for violets over roses. You used to adore roses. I hoped your nature had changed with your preference, but I am mistaken."

"You try to hurt me," she said, her eyes filling with tears; "you are not generous or kind."

"Two attributes you value highly, and probably practice toward Olcott," quoth Laurence, with cool nonchalance.

"Mr. Owen!"

There was no anger in her tone now, only an appeal that was almost a sob.

He stepped quickly toward her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, softly, taking her hand in his. "I was rude, and, what is more, untruthful. I sent the violets," and, bending quickly, he pressed his lips against her soft neck.

She started back, confused and blushing.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed; "I could not help it!"

"I am not angry," she murmured, in a faltering voice, and then he walked to the window and stood gazing out.

At this moment, the opportune entrance of Fanny relieved their mutual embarrassment.

Miss Myrick glanced at the two cards on the tray which the maid handed her, and said:

"Show them in." Then, as Fanny went out, she added to Laurence: "Kate and Eric—I am so glad you are here!"

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The visitors entered, and cordial greetings were interchanged. The four had much to discuss concerning the approaching marriage of Kate and Mr. Morris, and grew quite merry over their five-o'clock tea.

Laurence lingered until the others had taken their leave.

"I have made an unpardonably long call, Miss Myrick," he said, lightly; "but I wanted to ask you if you will accept an invitation from my aunt to dine at 'The Lindens' to-morrow? If you will promise us the great pleasure, I will call for you at four, and we will drive over. There will be no other guests.".

Rue hesitated a second; then, meeting his glance, her own fell, as she replied:

"I shall be very happy to accept your invitation."

"Thank you," he said, simply, and bowed himself out of the room.

The following day, Ruth was restlessly happy in looking forward to her second meeting with Laurence Owen. She knew Eric Morris had been with her father all the morning, and once she fancied she heard Laurence Owen's voice in the hall leading to the office and library.

Her father kissed her tenderly at luncheon, and she thought he looked less haggard than usual; but there was a sort of pity in his caress which she could not understand. Was the blow soon to fall? No, she could not believe the world would frown on her now, when even in his absence she was listening ever for the voice that filled her with hope and assurance of safety. She could not speak to her father of the hope within her. To him, this wonderful revelation of love in her nature would mean but a safe refuge from a life of privation. Besides, it would have seemed a sacrilege to breathe a word of her happiness in any human ear.

One may well wonder that she realized so little what a rare revenge it would be for Laurence Owen to deceive her, as she had deceived him so short a time before. But her awakening heart only recognized the noble nature she had cruelly wronged in her ignorance and folly; and, with the beautiful humility of true affection, she cried in her heart: "I am not worthy!"

It was an humbleness no one imagined could find place in Ruth Myrick's character. Even the man who was about to risk his life's happiness on so doubtful a venture felt no surety of ultimate success, still less of finding peace in its attainment.

Imperturbable, unmoved, he put aside all softer feelings and gave himself up to the spirit of conquest, which determined to conquer if he could not win.

When Laurence Owen came to take Rue to dine with his aunts, he was in a mood such as she could little appreciate in him. He looked grave, and was rather quiet. His face was set in stern dignified lines, and Rue thought the change from airy nonchalance rather becoming. He explained to her briefly that he had been undergoing business vexations all the morning. The mills at West Avon were giving him trouble, and he found many matters connected with the estate in a bad condition.

Miss Myrick's reception at The Lindens was delightful in its frank hospitality. Miss Jean and her sister were charming hostesses, and Madeline was very fond of Ruth.

Laurence preserved the same quiet demeanor, having a little conference with his aunt, Miss Jean, immediately after dinner. Although the consultation was in an aside, Rue was so acute to all that affected Laurence that she knew both parties were vexed and spoke sharply.

Toward the close of the evening, Madeline coaxed their guest to play. Ruth was an excellent musician; her talent had been thoroughly cultivated; but to-night she played as she never had before—it seemed fairly the music of inspiration. She closed with one of Mendelssohn's exquisite themes. Laurence quietly left the room as the last note died away; Miss Annie came and gently kissed Ruth. When she rose from the instrument, however, Miss Jean, who had watched her nephew through this scene until his exit, said in a low tone:

"How is it you seem to have ten souls in your fingers and so little soul elsewhere?"

The voice was stern, while tears were brimming the eyes so like Laurence's. Ruth felt sure then that Miss Jean knew all the past. She also felt the spirit of rebellion rising within her. A flippant answer was on her lips; but Miss Jean laid a kind hand over hers, saying:

"Perhaps, though, we have misunderstood you."

Rue could only say "Thank you" and feel disturbed and vexed. It was the sole incident which marred her evening's pleasure, and the drive home was one of rare delight. Laurence was so gently grateful to her for the pleasure she had given, and quietly yet delightfully confidential in telling her of his past life. Yet, after all, when she reached home and thought over what he had told her, he might have told an utter stranger as much! It was his manner of telling it, she concluded, and was satisfied.

Mr. Owen's attentions to Miss Myrick soon

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became a subject of comment in Brompton. Mr. Olcott retired from the field, baffled by this hot and hasty wooer, who seemed to carry everything before him. Once or twice in the fortnight that followed, Rue strove to brave the displeasure of her persistent suitor. She roused to her old resentment at his interference on more than one occasion. She might have been a dove beating against a stone wall, for all it availed her. Once, when she grew very angry, he frightened her by an equal burst of passion, that left no room for her displeasure, and filled her with dismay. Yet no lover could have been more charmingly penitent, or so won her by his penitence.

Yet he never said: "I love you, Rue!" those words so sweet to hear. But love is patient when it is deep and strong.

Once she asked her father how his affairs stood.

"Eric Morris is the son of my old friend," answered Mr. Myrick. "He knows I have been unfortunate, and he is very considerate. Laurence Owen is in every sense a noble fellow, and in time our affairs may be adjusted. After that, my daughter—" he kissed her to complete the sentence, and she dared ask no more.

One evening, she had been at a large reception with Mr. Owen, and, on their return, Laurence accepted her invitation to enter, as he had done a year before. The former scene was vividly brought to the minds of both, as Ruth led the way to the same little room, where the gas burned low. Laurence spoke first.

"This scene reminds me," he said, "of a former folly of mine."

"Long repented?" she asked, lightly, reaching to turn the gas up a little.

"But never forgotten. A man does not soon forget an experience that teaches him bitterness of spirit. If he does, he is a fool." He spoke sternly.

"Is no reparation possible?" she asked.

Her white cloak had slipped from her shoulders, and she stood looking at him wistfully. She made a rare picture, the tasteful dress she wore contrasting with the fair white neck and arms. He saw her hands tremble as she tossed her flowers and gloves on the table. But he regarded her gloomily.

"Yes, there is one way in which you can expiate the past, if you so will," he said. "I intended asking permission to call to-morrow morning, but, since to-night offers the opportunity, I will speak at once."

In the pause he made, she moved so as to rest her hand on the table. Her face grew a little pale at his tone.

"I think you know, Miss Myrick," he continued, "that your father is very heavily involved, financially. In fact, it is hardly possible for him to extricate himself honorably, without depriving himself and you of all that goes to make life desirable."

"I can work," she said, flashing a defiant glance at him.

"Pardon me if I remind you," he returned, with a sarcastic smile, "that what you could earn would hardly keep you in gloves! There is scarcely a position which you are competent to fill, accomplished as I grant you to be. Your father is an old man—too old, in fact, to raise himself from the ruin threatening him. I hold one mortgage which would alone swallow up the greatest portion of his property. More than a year ago, I was boyishly foolish, and made you an offer of my heart and hand, the former full of love, the latter ready to toil and strive to make a fortune for you. I was young, foolish, hopeful, and passionate. You wisely refused the very sentimental offer. I now make no profession of sentiment. I have learned to know the world and your heart better. I offer you luxury, a pleasant home, all the freedom you crave, and, the day you are my wife, I cancel the mortgage I hold upon your father's property." His voice rose and fell evenly. The pleading expression in her eyes had no power to change the sternness of his face.

"And I—I—refuse—your offer," she gasped.

"Consider well before you reply," he said. "You asked just now if you could make no reparation for the past. Is it nothing to save your father from ruin?"

"My father? Ruined?"

"I must use the ugly word, to be truthful. You have hitherto led a life of whim and will. Curb them now, if you have any daughterly affection, and buy from me, as I buy from you, what no heartfelt devotion and love could effect. I promise you freedom after marriage. I will not interfere with your pleasure. I will endeavor to make you happy in your own way. I do not plead with you. I shall not grieve if you reject my offer. It is only a matter of moment as it affects you and yours. Do you accept my proposal?"

She turned from him, and, shaken by sobs, buried her face in her hands. He started forward; then, checking himself, stood grasping the back of a chair with sudden force. His face grew white with pain, as her sobs fell on his ear.

"I thought—you—loved—me!" The words broke forth like those of a child full of grievances.

"That is too trivial a question to enter into

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our compact. In this year, I have grown older, wiser, and richer, and my wisdom teaches me that you care little for any man's honest affection. I have yet to prove it. Will you marry me?"

"Does my father wish it? Does he know—"

"Of the sacrifice? Yes. I told him weeks ago that you had it in your power to save him."

Laurence's voice had fallen from sternness to a monotone, as if rehearsing a part. She forced back her tears and turned to him bravely.

"All you have said I deserve—more, perhaps, than you can realize. If you will accept a wife on such terms, I consent to your proposal. Since it is a matter of barter and exchange, I may demand all the conditions. When do you expect me to fulfill this engagement?"

"On the twentieth day of May," he replied, coolly.

She started in surprise.

"It is impossible!"

"It is possible, and our marriage must take place on that date."

"It leaves hardly three weeks' time!"

"You forget it does not take two days to make a bargain."

"I must ask you one question." She spoke pleadingly, and moved toward him. "When you left me, last year, I wrote you a letter. You did not reply to it—you doomed me to bitter silence. Did you mean this as punishment?"

"Your letter failed to reach me," he replied, slowly.

The knowledge acted like fire on her quivering nerves. She was safe. He had never read those burning words. He did not know she loved him. She gathered all her forces together.

"You have judged me fairly," she said, proudly. "Fate has then decreed that you should buy what you could never win. Answer me one more question: Is there none of the pure love left that you offered me a year ago?"

"Not an atom of the old love remains," he replied, curtly.

"It is well. I did not wish to wound you in the future. You used to be very sensitive."

"I have grown older and wiser. Until to-morrow, then, good-bye." He would have taken her hand, but she drew it away—when, before she could divine his purpose, he kissed her on the lips and forehead.

"Good-night," he said, gently, meeting her startled glance. "You forget that you are my promised wife—I demand so much as my right."

He left her standing in surprise and confusion, the warm blood rushing to meet his kiss upon her forehead, her heart beating wildly with wounded pride.

CHAPTER X.

A NINE days' wonder fell upon Brompton when the announcement was made that Laurence Owen was not only engaged to Miss Ruth Myrick, but would wed her in three weeks. Eric Morris went at once to his friend, but could make little of Laurence's replies.

"Marrying in haste, to repent at leisure, Larry, I fear," Eric concluded.

"I shall expect Mrs. Owen to fulfill the latter portion of the adage," came the answer, with cool sarcasm. "I shall not repent my bargain."

He asked Eric to sustain him, however, by being "best man," to which his friend consented reluctantly.

Kate, who had been busily engrossed in the mysteries of her own trousseau, abandoned her affairs to make a trip to New York with Ruth. But Kate was as little pleased with the state of things as was Eric Morris.

"It does not seem right. Rue is not really happy, and I never saw Laurence so morose as since his engagement," she said to her lover.

"I fancy Laurence is endeavoring to make Rue's proud spirit bend to his," Eric rejoined.

"He may as well try to chain the west-wind," Kate said, positively.

"Wait and see," was Eric's oracular reply.

Mr. Myrick alone appeared satisfied. He had only one short interview with his daughter on the subject, during which he said:

"My child, do not think I would sacrifice you. Once, in my harassing anxiety, I begged you to consider Mr. Olcott's offer. But I want you to marry no man against your will. Laurence has told me of the canceled mortgage. It is generous conduct on his part. He is really a noble whole-souled fellow. But no woman should take this step blindly. Do you love Laurence Owen?"

"He has not asked me to love him."

"But you are happy and satisfied in marrying him? Answer me truthfully."

"I am satisfied," she said, "and I marry him willingly."

"And there is no one to whom I would more willingly resign you. Laurence has developed a wonderful business capacity. He is managing the estate very cleverly. You will be a wealthy woman all your life, Rue."

"What more could I desire?" she asked. "Believe me, papa, it is as it should be. I have a small heart, but great desires!"

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And with this he had to be content. But he smiled when alone, as if he had a secret knowledge of the human heart, and knew its weakness.

Laurence was a devoted lover, if lavishing delicate courtesies and costly gifts is any test. Rue alone knew how coldly distant was the manner of bestowing these presents and attentions; how distrait he was when with her. She endeavored to pursue the same cold even course, so natural to her before this tide of love overwhelmed her soul. Often, after one of these evenings spent under such restraint, she paced her room in a whirlwind of passionate impatience. Once or twice she was tempted to entreat him to try and awaken the old sweet love in his heart—to pour her wealth of love at his feet, and leave the issue in his hands. The thought of a life spent by his side without his affection was agony to her. Yet to deprive herself now of the torment and pleasure of his presence was equally impossible. Altogether these last days before her marriage were full of such strange fluctuations of joy and doubt, as could not fail to make a lasting impression on Rue's fast-developing character.

Laurence was absent several days in each week. The mills at West Avon had engrossed much of his time before his engagement. Rue got to hate the sound of Avon in those days. Her father was continually consulting with Laurence, and she always heard this word, and saw the cloud deepen on her lover's brow afterward. The subject of the wedding-journey met with so much indifference on the part of the pair concerned, that Kate grew very much vexed. It was finally settled that they were to go immediately to New York, and what this curious young couple decided upon, further than this, no one knew. Rue's lack of interest spurred Laurence to the first really impatient speech he had made since their betrothal.

"I leave the decision with you," he said; "your word is, of course, my law. I pray heaven I may fulfill it!" with a sarcastic curl of his handsome lip, but just so much of sincerity as to perplex her.

Kate scolded, cajoled, and irritated herself by trying to make them interested in their own wedding preparations, and ended by taking the entire anxiety upon herself. She and her mother came from Elland to stay with Ruth until what Eric insisted on calling the "fatal day."

Madeline Owen and Kate were to be bridesmaids. Belle Martin constituted herself general adviser.

"It was so sly of you to capture our hero," she said, merrily, to Rue. "They say Dick Olcott is inconsolable."

"He'll soon find consolation," said Rue, laughing.

CHAPTER XI.

The night before the twentieth of May was dark and cloudy. The bridesmaids looked anxiously at the sky and sighed as they left the church, where they had been rehearsing the safe conduct up the aisle. The wedding would take place at noon the next day. It was to be a very English affair, out of deference to Miss Jean Owen's old-country ideas.

"It looks very like rain," said Madeline, as they came out of the church.

Laurence was about to help Rue into the carriage, when a boy ran up to him with a dispatch. Laurence tore it open hastily, and read it by the fast-fading light.

"No bad news, I hope?" said Eric.

"No, but I must catch the express to West Avon. I fear there is sad work down there."

Rue saw that he closed his lips sternly, as if more moved than he cared to manifest.

"You will go home with the ladies?" continued Laurence.

"We may as well take you to the station first, Laurence," Rue said. "What is the trouble at Avon?"

"There is no necessity; I have plenty of time," he answered, ignoring her question. "I will be back on the first train to-morrow morning. Good-evening."

"Don't miss your train, Larry," called Eric, laughingly; "remember, you have an imperative engagement at noon!"

"Do not fear," was Laurence's reply, as he strode away.

Rue watched him go with a sinking heart. It seemed to her he would never return. Then she reproached herself for the nervous fear. But his departure was the knell to her last hopes of setting herself right in his esteem before marriage, for she had resolved to tell Laurence this night that her love belonged to him, and that, without his return, life would be a dreary waste. She had felt she must not meet her wedding-day with other than the truth on her lips, come what might. Now, alas! she had waited too long.

The twentieth dawned with lowering sky, gusts of rain, and freaks of sunshine, that savored more of April than May. Rue was very passive. Her bridesmaids lamented the storm and chattered over the array of presents. Eric came to Kate toward noon, saying nervously:

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"I have seen nothing of Larry. He has evidently missed the morning train."

"He can come by the second train, then, and get here at ten-thirty; it will be late, but no matter," said Kate, calmly.

"That train has been dropped," said Eric, shaking his head. "I fear he will not discover it in time. If so, he can hardly get here by hard driving before one o'clock."

"Eric! you do not mean it?"

"Yes, indeed! I only found it out myself a little while ago. You must not tell Rue. How does she look?"

"Don't! You speak as if she were dead and laid out," protested Kate. "She is very quiet. She wanted me to tell you that she particularly wished to see Laurence before going to the church. Have you telegraphed him?"

"Yes—but have had no reply. I am really at my wit's-end, Kate, since he has failed to come. I cannot understand such an absence. He was to meet me at eleven, and we were to be here half an hour before going to the church. Delay at this time is simply outrageous. I have had the wildest thoughts—"

"What were they?" Kate demanded, her own glance answering his guiltily.

"I am ashamed to utter them, yet I see you have caught the reflection," he replied.

"Oh, Eric—the shame, the dishonor, the unmanliness, of such a revenge—"

"Tut, tut, Kitty—it is too ugly a thing even to surmise. Yet, if I thought it possible, dear as he is to me, I would gladly—kill him!"

"Oh, hush, Eric! Telegraph again, and wait. I must go to Ruth."

"Heaven help the girl! Good-bye, sweetheart—thank God we will have no such wedding-day!"

Kate entered Rue's chamber about half-past eleven, clad in her white robes, but alas! bearing no message to explain the non-appearance of Laurence Owen. As yet, however, Rue had felt no alarm. She knew Laurence's first arrangement had been to come to the house at eleven-thirty and then proceed to the church. She only judged he had refused her request for an interview before the ceremony, and intended giving her no time for those words she longed to utter. It was his last discourtesy as a lover. She encountered Kate's glance, her dark eyes burning feverishly amid the deathly pallor of her face. Even her lips were white, as she asked:

"Laurence is here?"

"He has not come yet, Rue," Kate replied, trying to speak unconcernedly.

Madeline was at the window, and she motioned Kate to give Rue her vinaigrette.

"It is very late," she said, as Kate went up to her. "I wonder Laurence is not here."

For reply, Kate raised her finger to her lips. But Rue caught the movement; she paused in her walk up and down the room and looked at Kate.

"I cannot understand his refusing me these last few moments," she said. "What have you to tell me? Why is he not here?"

"I am sure he has missed his train; it is nothing more," Kate said, soothingly.

"I wish you would leave me," Ruth returned, with sudden pleading in her tone; "I want to be alone."

As she spoke, Mr. Myrick entered, looking much distressed. Rue went to him, and clung about his neck.

"My poor girl," he said, "I fear something serious has happened to Laurence."

"Oh, I know he is dead or dying!" sobbed Madeline, wildly. "He would have been here long ago, had he been able to come. He is dead! he is dead!"

Kate tried in vain to stifle the childish wail; but Rue listened, repeating Madeline's last word in a tone of relief.

"Dead," she said, turning to her father. "Ah, you know it! I see it in your face. Tell me, father—I can bear it! Oh, my love—"

"Ruth, Ruth, my child, I know no more than you. I fear the worst."

Then Kate cried:

"The carriage is here, and Eric—"

"And Laurence?" Mr. Myrick asked.

Kate hesitated, then turned from the window.

"No," she said, in a trembling tone. "No, Eric is—alone!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A LESSON.

PATIENT the wounded earth receives the plough's sharp share,
And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to bear;
The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel,
But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal.
So, patient under scorn and injury abide;
Who conquereth all within, may dare the world outside.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

POULTICES.

In a bad case of inflammation of the lungs or inflammation of the bowels, the first thing that the doctor orders is poultices.

Unless there is an experienced person to carry out his orders, he does it with fear and trembling; for he knows that, valuable as poultices are when properly applied, they may be so made and put on as to do the patient more harm than good.

If a poultice is made so soft and sloppy as to wet the clothing, or so stiff and hard that it contains no more moisture than a pine board; if it is allowed to stay on until it is cold, and then taken off, and the surface of the skin that has been covered by it is left exposed while the nurse prepares a fresh one, there is every chance that the inflammation will be increased instead of lessened, and the sufferer injured, not benefited, by the application.

The object of a poultice is to apply heat and moisture to the part affected, so as to relax the tissues. When there is great pain, as in colic of the intestines, or when an abscess is forming, nothing is more soothing and comforting than a good warm poultice.

Flaxseed meal is the best material for the purpose, and two or three quarts should always be kept in the house, in readiness for an emergency.

To make a medium-sized flaxseed poultice, have a pint of water boiling in a clean saucepan, take a handful of meal and stir it into the water, then another, until the mass is thick and smooth, but not too stiff to spread easily. A little practice will teach the right consistency. It need not cook after the meal is in.

Have ready a piece of cotton two inches larger each way than the poultice is to be when finished. Spread the flaxseed evenly upon this about half an inch thick, leaving a margin of cotton one inch wide all around it. Cover the surface of the poultice with a piece of cheesecloth, muslin, or any thin material, to prevent it from sticking to the skin or soiling it. Turn the border of cotton up on the poultice like a hem, on every side. This effectually prevents the flaxseed from oozing out round the edges. Lay the poultice on a hot plate, cover it with another hot plate, and carry it to the bedside.

Before putting it on the patient, lay the cheek against it to be sure that is not too hot. This precaution is particularly necessary when it is to be applied to an insensible or paralyzed person or a child. Remember that the middle of a poultice is hotter than the surface, and let it rest on the skin for a few moments before fastening it in place. By raising first one edge, then another, and letting in a little air, the flesh becomes accustomed to the heat, and it can be easily borne.

Cover the poultice with two or three layers of brown paper and a folded piece of flannel, to keep in the heat, and fasten it in place with a broad bandage or a towel pinned around the part.

If it is intended merely to keep the part warm and moist, it must be changed only once in two or three hours. If steady heat is desired, a fresh one must be put on more often.

Before beginning to change it, have the hot one ready-made and brought to the bedside. Unfasten the bandage, remove the paper and flannel, lay the hot poultice over the cold one, and slip the cold one out from underneath it. By this means the skin is not exposed to the cold air. Then cover the hot one, replace the bandage, all is as snug as before.

When a poultice is discontinued, have ready a piece of dry flannel, lay it over the poultice, and draw the latter away. Take a warm dry cloth in the hand, pass it under the flannel, and wipe the moisture from the surface. Fasten the flannel over the part, and keep it covered for a few hours.

If the poultice has been applied to the chest and there is much pain and tightness, it is a good plan to warm a little oil in a tea-cup set in boiling water, rub the chest with it, and cover with several thicknesses of cotton batting. This should be removed by degrees, by tearing off a little piece at a time.

A jacket-poultice can be made by cutting two pieces of flannel large enough to cover the back and front of the chest; hollow them out to fit the neck, slope them to fit the shoulders, and hollow to fit around the arms. Sew strings to fasten on the shoulders and under the arms, line them with cotton batting. make two poul-

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tices as large as are required, and fasten them inside the jacket, back and front, with safety-pins.

When they are to be changed, have the fresh poultices ready, loosen the strings, unfasten the pins, draw out the cold poultices, and put in the hot ones without removing the jacket.

If flaxseed meal is not to be had, other substances may be used instead. Oatmeal, buckwheat-meal, and corn-meal make tolerable substitutes. Turnips and carrots, boiled soft and smoothly mashed, can be used. Mashed potato is better than nothing.

Onion poultices are now ordered by many eminent physicians in cases of spinal meningitis, although they used to be considered an "old woman's" remedy. The large silver-skin onions are the best. Bake them until perfectly tender, break them with a spoon, and spread on the cotton.

Slippery-elm, mixed with flaxseed, makes a very soothing poultice.

Starch poultices are used for cancers. Mix the starch smooth with cold water, and pour boiling water on it from a tea-kettle, stirring all the time. It should be a thick paste when done, not to run.

Hop poultices are used for the relief of pain. Sew the dry hops in a flannel bag, lay a piece of stout cotton in a basin, leaving the ends hanging over the sides of the basin; lay the bag in it, pour over enough boiling water to soak it, take up the dry ends of the cotton, and wring the poultice in it until it is dry enough not to drip, then apply it. Equal parts of wheat-bran can be mixed with the hops, and the poultice laid on top of the tea-kettle until it is hot and moist with the steam.

When there is much pain, a teaspoonful or two of laudanum can be poured over the surface of any of these poultices and laid on next to the skin.

A disinfectant poultice for offensive wounds can be made by using carbolic acid, one part to sixty of water; or corrosive sublimate solution, one part to five thousand of water, instead of plain water, for making the poultice.

A small poultice for a sore finger can be made by pouring boiling water on breadcrumb; but it dries too soon to be of much use for a large one.

All poultices should be spread and covered in the way directed for a flaxseed one. It is much neater than applying them directly to the skin.

A mustard poultice is made in the proportion of one tablespoonful of mustard to eight of meal. Remove when the skin is well reddened. In traveling, it is sometimes impossible to get the materials for a poultice. Always carry a rubber hot-water bag and old flannel. Wring out a double piece of flannel in the manner described for a hop poultice; lay it on the part, with the hot-water bag over it.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

The skin should be thoroughly cleansed once a day. Have the room warm, and the water only a few degrees cooler. Stay in the bath five minutes, keeping yourself either under water or pouring wet all the time. But it is after you leave the tub that the really important part of the bath begins. Dry yourself thoroughly with two towels; then take a stiff flesh-brush, and try with all your might to rub your skin off. A cocoanut-fibre brush is the best; and, to get at your back, it is a good plan to have a cocoanut-fibre mat hung against the wall, to rub yourself against. Keep up this friction for at least ten minutes. You could not invest the same amount of time more usefully. There is no such remedy for a feverish habit as this, nothing like it to relieve the internal organs from undue heat and congestion of blood, and to free the lungs from oppression. Moreover, it actually increases the size of the muscles and makes them firmer, by causing the blood to circulate more vigorously in them. As to its effects upon the elasticity and beauty of the skin itself, that will be obvious enough at a glance. It is the brush, not the toilet-bottle, that furnishes the only true bloom of youth. But the morning bath and rubbing-down alone are not sufficient. If, during the day, you get into a perspiration, do not allow the moisture to dry on your skin. Never come in from a walk, or a horseback-ride, or a row, and sit down as you are. Go to your room, take off everything, and use the brush. It may seem inconvenient at first, but when it is done you will rejoice, and soon it will become a matter of course to you. This friction after exercise is of great importance; so much so, that it may be affirmed that three-fourths of the benefit of any exercise is lost without it. If you foresee that it will be impossible, after your exercise, to take a rub-down, then it will often be better to choose the rub-down instead of the exercise.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

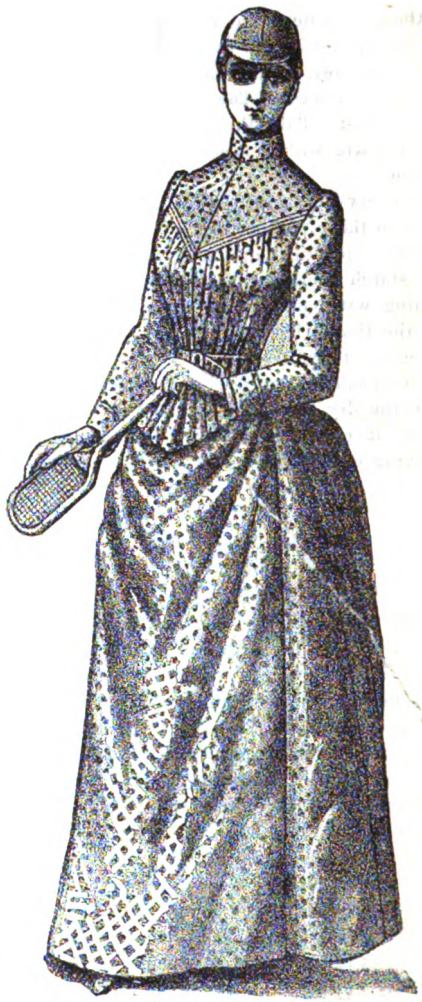
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a new and stylish model for a spring ulster. It is made of striped Scotch tweed, and cut in the close-fitting shape so popular,

No. 1.

but with the addition of the three shoulder-capes. These capes are cut on the shoulder, and fulled in to give the high effect. A turn-over collar is arranged upon the ulster, and the capes fasten under it, with a large clasp in front. A pocket on the right side is ornamented by a thick cord and tassels, as seen in the illustration. Turban hat in straw, trimmed with loops of ribbon and field-flowers. Five to six yards of cloth will be required for this garment.

No. 2—Is an exceedingly simple and stylish tennis-costume, of dotted wash-flannel. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and hangs straight at the back. It is made without a foundation. The bodice is gathered both back and front into a pointed yoke, the fullness at the waist being arranged in flat plaits under a waistband or tennis-belt, ending in a pointed



No. 2.

basque, back and front, from under the belt. Plain coat-sleeves and high collar. Tennis-cap of cream-white cloth. Ten to twelve yards of flannel will be required.

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No. 3—Is a simple lace gown, made of piece lace over a black silk or sateen. The left side

No. 3.

is ornamented with long loops-and-ends of black velvet or satin ribbon, and the waistband, which is pointed back and front, is to be of the same

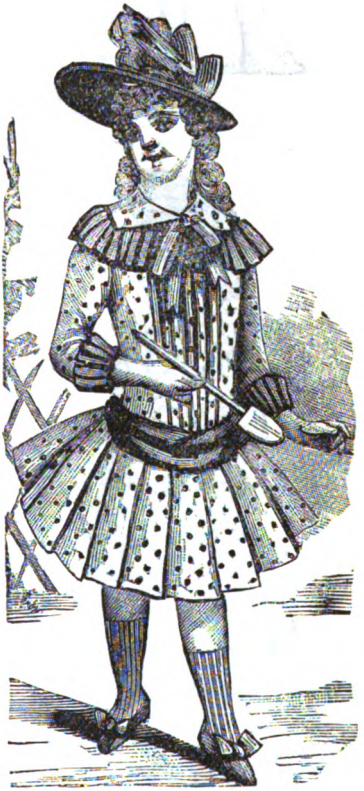
No. 4.

material as the bows. The bodice is close-fitting, and sleeves to the elbow.

Nos. 4 and 5—Give the back and side view of a stylish skirt, of lace, grenadine, or China

No. 5.

silk, to be trimmed with a jabot of lace and ribbon down the left side.



No. 6.

No. 6.—The Alice frock, for a little girl, is of cream-colored serge or challis, spotted with

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No. 7.

No. 8.

No. 9.

Dresden-blue, with shoulder-cape and cuffs in plaited blue China silk. The folded belt is of the same blue silk, and tied in sash ends at the back. A narrow ribbon to match ties the turn-down collar of the dotted material. Hat of straw, trimmed with loops of wide ribbon and faced with blue velvet to match the dress. Dotted and plain gingham could be used instead of the challis and silk.

No. 10.

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No. 7.—We have here a pretty frock, for a little girl of five years. It is to be made either of challis, cashmere, or zephyr-cloth, in any pretty light color. The yoke and hem of the skirt and waistband are composed of alternate rows of insertion and puffs of the material.

No. 8—Is a sailor-costume, of blue serge. Plaited skirt with blouse, having a sailor-collar, trimmed with braid. Under jersey with embroidered anchor. Sailor straw hat.

No. 9.—French over-all blouse, of batiste and embroidery. The full front is gathered at the waist, both above and below the band, which is ornamented with two rows of stitching. The ends tie at the back. The top of the waist takes the form of a plaited guimp, with embroidery below an upright collar at the top.

No. 10—Is a child's nursery-pinafore, of speckled and plain flannelette. The pinafore is plaited back and front, and trimmed with bands of the plain. Pockets at the sides, of the plain. Cuffs and collar to match. This pinafore can be made of figured and plain gingham, or of plain dark gingham, with bands of white cambric.

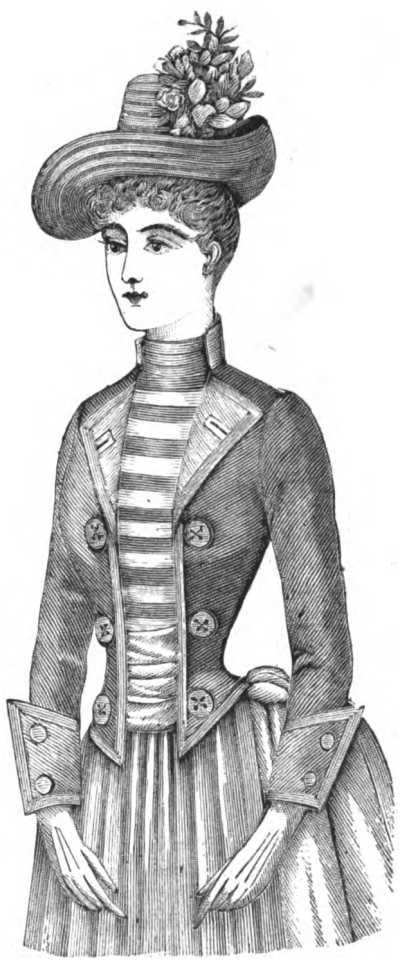
EMPIRE BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, on our Supplement, the entire pattern for one of the new Empire bodices. It may be used as either a house or walking jacket. It consists of seven pieces:

1. Half of Under-Front.
2. Half of Side-Front.
3. Half of Back.
4. Half of Side-Back.
5. Half of Over-Jacket, with Revers Attached.
6. Sleeve.
7. Collar.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The over-jacket is indicated by a straight continuous line, showing the front with revers attached. The shoulder and under-arm seam correspond with the under-front. The dart of the jacket corresponds with the second dart of the under-front. The cuff is marked on the sleeve also by a continuous line. The jacket may be made of the material of the dress or of cloth or velvet, trimmed either with gold braid or plain silk or worsted braid. Metallic buttons. The sash is draped upon the under-front and ties in a knot-with-ends on the left side.



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DOUBLE SHOPPING OR TRAVELING BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For this pretty and most useful bag, cut two strips of different materials: one, for the outside, thirtytwo and a half inches long and twenty-one and three-fourths inches wide—for this, choose a piece of brocade, flowered chintz, figured sateen, or striped coutil, or embroidered reps, serge, or cashmere; the second strip or lining, in plain sateen or Turkish twill, is cut a little longer, about forty inches, to have the extra length projecting at each end, to be turned down like a binding over the fancy material. Join together the two pieces, and turn inside-out; hem down the binding, and, at about one inch lower down, mark two rows of running-stitch of half an inch, to form a case for the draw-strings, for each of which over a yard of ribbon will be required. Repeat at the opposite side, and, in the centre of the breadth, stitch closely a horizontal seam, which will divide it into two parts and give two pockets. Now fold it in two, so as to have the two frilled mouths and strings at the top and the dividing seam at the lower or widest part.

DESIGN FOR COVER FOR BLOTTER.

BY MISS E. S. WELCH.

The unique colored design which we give in the front of the book is a cover for a blotter. If one will pause long enough to glance at these bees, she will find them "a swarm worth hiving." The paper on which the lettering is done is of a cream tint; has rather a rough surface, being linen. The edges are cut to present the ragged appearance. The lettering may be done in one color or in gold, and the card pasted on a sheet of yellow blotting-paper, several other sheets of the same, and, in the background, fastened to the top one by a few invisible stitches of yellow silk, taken in the jags across the top. Silk may be used in the place of paper.

LAMBREQUIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A pretty design is given in the front of the book, for a drapery for a mantel or shelf. It is made of cloth or felt, and the medallions and straps are of velvet, embroidered in some simple designs of flowers, etc., and then appliquéd upon the valance by some pretty fancy stitches in gold-colored silk. Tassels of silk and gilt to match. Or the tassels may be omitted.

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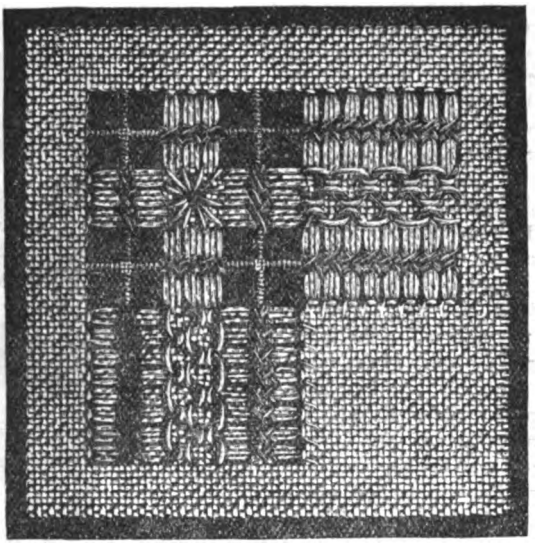
A FISH-CLOTH, IN DRAWN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cloth should not be larger than will lay well upon the border of the dish. On the dish in which the fish is served, a smaller dish should be reversed, under side up, or else a fish-drainer, then the cloth be spread over, and the fish upon this. Therefore, this uprising must be allowed for in placing the cloth. Take an oblong piece of white coarse butcher's-linen, place the fish-dish upside-down, and, with a pencil, trace the size of the cloth, but not wider or longer than the dish. Then draw the threads as in the engraving. Then, with either white or colored ingrain cotton, work according to the design, in herringbone-stitch on the drawn threads, and any fancy stitch on the parts undrawn. Then continue to draw the threads for three inches longer. Previous to cutting any threads away, the material must be thickly oversewed with fine white cotton. The same design may be adapted for any little tea-table cloth or tray-napkin.

CORNER FOR LUNCH-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the book, a handsome design in cross-stitch, to be worked upon butcher's-linen, as a border for a lunch-cloth or small table-cloth. The work may be done in the colored linen-flosses which are warranted to wash.

DESIGN IN WILD ROSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The beautiful design of wild roses which we give on the Supplement is intended for a screen, toilet-cover, cushion, etc. It may be done in outline or in satin stitch in the natural colors, the stamens in the centre of the flowers in yellow silk and French knots.

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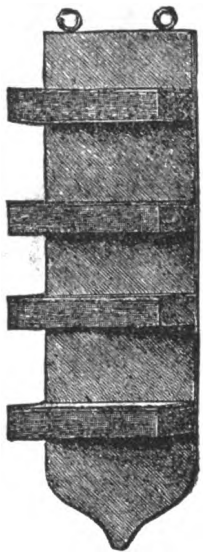
A NOVEL CABINET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A novel cabinet, useful as a receptacle for letters or any odds-and-ends, can easily be made of a thin piece of board about a yard long and exactly the width of cigar-boxes. Four of these boxes will be required to make the cabinet, and each of them must be of the same shape and size. Small screws must be used to fasten the boxes on the board, at equal distances apart. Two screw-eyes should be placed in the top of the board, so that it may be hung on hooks fastened in the wall for the purpose. The board may be cut in an ornamental design at the bottom, or it can be left square and still look well. When the boxes have been securely fastened on the board, paint the entire cabinet the color of the woodwork of the room in which it is to be placed. If you wish it to be more ornamental, paint the cabinet pure white, and, when dry, give it a coat of varnish; it will then have the appearance of the enameled white wood now so much admired. After the varnish is perfectly dry, a delicate tracery of gilt in some graceful simple design can be made across the boxes and on the board at the top and bottom.



DESIGN FOR CHILD'S TABLE-COVER OR CRIB-QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design in outline, to be worked in crewels or linen-floss on linen or Bolton sheeting, for either a nursery-table cover or a crib-quilt. For a floor-blanket, the designs may be cut out of bits of red, black, blue, green, and other colored cloths, and buttonholed down on to a heavy cloth or flannel foundation. A very useful warm blanket for the baby to play on can thus be easily made, and baby will be amused by the figures of animals, etc. Bolton sheeting is a coarse, heavy, twilled cotton sheeting, very much used to embroider on. For a winter quilt woolen is better than cotton.

SOFA-BLANKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a new style of blanket. It is made of a pretty piece of figured China silk, mounted upon a piece of fleecy colored flannel. The edges are bordered with either plush or velvet, and the bows are of ribbon to match the China silk.

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BRUSH-CASE, OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This case is made of gray or brown linen. It has two pockets—one for the hair-brush, one for the comb. The edges are bound with braid, and the flap embroidered in outline with colored washing-silks. Narrow ribbon or braid strings tie the case. We give the case open and closed.

COMFORTABLE SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give the pattern for a comfortable bed-room shoe. The material used is double Berlin-wool or four-thread fleecy of any color; bone hook. To begin the shoe: Make fourteen chain, pick up thirteen stitches, then draw the wool through the first stitch; *, then wool over the needle, draw through two stitches; repeat from * to the end of the row. Third row: Pick up sixteen stitches, increase by picking up the back stitch; take up the seventh stitch, increase one in back stitch; pick up the remaining six stitches, increase every alternate row until there are twenty rows, then pick up twelve stitches only on the right-hand side. Tricoter for eighteen rows. Cast off. Leave seven stitches for the instep, pick up the remaining twelve stitches. Tricoter for eighteen rows, as on the other side. Cast off. Sew together the two eighteen rows. Double-crochet all around the top of the shoe. To make the tassels, take twelve strands of wool four inches in length, tie with strong thread every inch, then cut the wool between each tie of thread; then pull out the wool with the fingers to make them look fluffy; then take a coarse darning-needle threaded with wool, *, pierce it through the centre of the balls, and crochet sixteen chain; repeat from * for the four balls, and sew them on the slipper. Sew in a cork sole the size required, and on the back of the sole a piece of rough American cloth or canvas. These shoes are nice for those with cold feet, to draw on over ordinary slippers.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LUNCHES FOR TRAVELERS.—The ordinary plan for compounding basket-luncheons is familiar. Bread and butter are made the substratum; cold meat, if at hand, is added; and, as relishes, cake, fruit, pickles, cheese, or even pie.

Now, this style of purveying is not eminently wise. Buttered bread—indeed, even bread without butter—unless used a very few hours after packing, acquires by pressure, in the close warm atmosphere of a car, a certain disagreeable musty taste hard to describe but easy to recognize; all that is left unused, moreover, must generally be thrown away. The pieces of meat added are very often too long for convenient use; and meat, like the bread, is not improved by confinement. The cake often included is seductive but not very hygienic; especially when, as in traveling, one is sitting long with little exercise; the same objection applies to pie. Fruit is the wisest selection in the whole list, and should form an important part of every luncheon. Pickles, unless in a bottle tightly corked and wrapped, may impregnate the soft substance of bread or cake with a flavor of vinegar not desirable; nor are they for all people healthful. Cheese is a highly nitrogenous or muscle-feeding substance, and hence is a valuable substitute for lean meat; but sedentary persons should eat it carefully, in small quantities, and with other and more bulky articles.

In trying to solve the problem how best to combine, in a railway-luncheon, the desirable qualities of reasonable variety, capacity to keep uninjured in close warm places, and healthfulness, we naturally inquire first whether there is any substitute for bread that is free from the objections above considered. Fortunately there is a very common article of supply which meets the required conditions. It is crackers; a form of preparing wheat-flour or oatmeal, made in great variety, improving instead of deteriorating by heat and dryness, and usually simple and digestible. These, then, not bread, should be our foundation.

Butter is generally, and properly, omitted with crackers; but their old and almost proverbial accompaniment, cheese, is physiologically correct, because the nitrogenous character of the cheese—which should be the less of the two in quantity—well supplements the carbonaceous or heat-producing qualities of the white flour used in crackers. In this way we avoid the necessity of taking meat, which is rather desirable, as the general and nearly constant use of meat in the United States renders occasional fasting therefrom salutary. If, however, meat is added to the lunch-box, it should be in small pieces, with little if any fat, slightly salted and put into a small package by itself. The same rule of isolation is well in the case of cheese. The most convenient meats, probably—if we except bologna sausage, which few have courage to eat—are bits of cold boiled tongue and smoked dried beef.

Cake is best omitted, unless in the form of plain and not very soft cookies, or the excellent New England doughnuts, cooked brown in fat so hot that none has either penetrated far into the interior or remained superfluous at the surface. Pie is best left for the dining-table. For an equally appetizing and more conveniently portable dessert-course, try a package of nuts and raisins. Confectionery in small quantity may be harmless to most children and some adults. All who find it tends to disorder their stomachs, and all who have a touch of gout or rheumatism lurking in the system, may best practice strict total abstinence from all such sweets.

But, as already suggested, there is scarcely any other ingredient of the luncheon so important as fruit. This, in its many varieties, is delightfully cooling in the often overheated railway cars, and is especially adapted to promote healthful bodily secretions and other functions. One can hardly go amiss in selecting any fruit, if good, of its kind, which is agreeable to one's taste. Apples are exceedingly healthful and convenient to carry. Peaches and oranges are among the most refreshing and valuable of fruits, but their abundant juice renders their management less easy when the facilities of a well-ordered table are not at hand. For these, and for almost all the larger fruits, a good fruit-knife is well worth its cost; and the use of its silver blade is far more satisfactory than that of the steel of ordinary knives, with which fruit acids may form distasteful chemical compounds. One very suitable fruit for travelers is prunes, which should be taken in a small paper bag. Persons who have never eaten them except stewed—and most often perhaps with too much water added—do not know their merits when uncooked. Care must be taken, however, to select prunes of the better grades, which are generally soft and of fine flavor.

T. K. COLLINS.

HOME-MAKING.—To become a successful home-maker, a girl must have some care put upon her shoulders. She must be taught to consider other people as well as herself, and learn to provide for their comfort. Teach her that character is higher than intellect, and that, by practicing a little self-denial once in awhile, she will not only make others happy, but will increase her own happiness and will become less selfish. Teach her to work. Let me not be understood as being opposed to the teaching of the so-called higher accomplishments. I am not opposed to them, but do not think they should be taught to the detriment of the more useful ones. Make a companion of your daughter; teach her to entertain as well as to be entertained. In this way, she will be made to think that she is really of some importance in the household.

GOOD MANNERS.—Archbishop Whately says that "good manners are a part of good morals." We all acknowledge the truth of the trite saying that true politeness comes from the heart, and that it is only the outward and visible sign of that inward grace which makes us give up in small things to the comfort of others. But "assume the virtue if you have it not"; for the polite person must always be more popular and give more pleasure to others than the rough and boorish one. A little courtesy costs nothing but a little thought, and it makes the wheels of society move vastly more smooth. We do not mean that the form of good manners should take the place of the reality; but unselfishness can be cultivated, and with its growth naturally comes politeness.

PHOTO-FRAMES composed entirely of narrow velvet and silver braid are fashionable. Velvet ribbons, half an inch wide, are crossed by silver braid, plaited in and out to produce a check pattern. The wooden frame, slightly rounded in front, is covered with this; then the back is neatly faced with watered silk, and an easel support is added.

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NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO GET UP CLUBS for this magazine or to subscribe for a single copy, especially for those who do not wish back numbers, as a new volume begins with the July number. But back numbers can always be had, when persons prefer to begin with January. No magazine offers such fine premiums for getting up clubs. For example:

Three copies for $4.50, with the large engraving, "Morning Greeting," or "Buds and Blossoms," for premium.

Four copies for $6.40, with an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium.

Five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy of the magazine for one year for premium, and either the engraving or "Buds and Blossoms" in addition.

But see the Prospectus on the second page of cover. Our premiums, this year, have been very warmly commended.

POTPOURRI OR ROSE-JAR.—Half a peck of fresh rose-leaves—gathered, if possible, before the sun is on them, their fragrance being stronger in the early morning.

Take a large bowl, strew a handful of table-salt on the bottom, then three handfuls of leaves, then salt, and so on until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt.

Let it remain five days, stirring and turning it twice each day.

Add to this, at the end of the fifth day, three ounces of bruised stick cinnamon, three ounces of bruised allspice.

This is the stock.

Put it into the permanent jar, layer by layer—first a layer of leaves, then a layer of spice—and sprinkling between the layers one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered, a little ginger-root, one grain of finest musk, half a pound of freshly-dried lavender flowers, two ounces of finely-powdered orris-root.

Then add the following essential oils at your pleasure: Jasmine, rose, geranium, lavender, rosemary, violet, etc.

Lavender, Florida, and magnolia water are excellent added from time to time, as also any fine cologne, rose or May-flower water.

Fresh rose-leaves, salt, and spice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the season.

CARE OF THE EYES.—When the eyes have been used a long time by artificial light and become fatigued, it is a useful plan to have at hand a lotion composed of rose or elderflower water, two ounces; wine of opium, half a drachm; French brandy, one drachm. Mix, and occasionally bathe the eyes with a fine piece of sponge. The grateful sensation of relief will be at once evident. The use of this simple prescription will allay inflammation and preserve the sight.

LAVENDER FLOWERS.—The dear, clean-smelling, old-fashioned lavender should be more extensively cultivated than it now is. To say nothing of its medicinal properties, it conveys an idea of delicacy and refinement, if the flowers are extensively used for sprinkling in the bureau-drawers with the underwear or in the linen-closet with the bed-linen.

WE WILL SEND THE MAGAZINE for the next six months, beginning with July number, for one dollar. This will give new subscribers an opportunity to test the merits of "Peterson."

AN OLD FRIEND.—A lady writes: "I have now taken 'Peterson' for thirty years. It ranks among my oldest friends, and grows more indispensable with every succeeding year."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"Artistic Japan" is a monthly journal, designed to supply a marked want. The art of Japan is still little understood by the majority of those upon whom it should confer not only pleasure but profit. Of late years we have been deluged with poor specimens of Japanese talent. "Artistic Japan" is intended to educate the public in the real art of that country. The amateur, the collector, the manufacturer, the student, and the artisan will find in each issue at least one illustration worth far more than a year's subscription. Each number contains, besides numerous illustrated essays on the subject, ten exquisitely colored plates. "Artistic Japan" agency, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York.

American Resorts and Climates. By Bushrod W. James, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis.—This book will prove of the greatest possible service to legions of people in search of information in regard to the various health-resorts in America. Florida and Southern California offer climates superior to those of the Riviera or Algiers, and the resorts among the Colorado Rocky Mountains are in no respect behind the renowned retreats of the Alps and Pyrenees; while the hundreds of mineral springs in this country possess the same qualities as the most famous European spas. The work will not only be interesting to invalids and their physicians, but exceedingly valuable to the general reader.

The Confessions of an Abbé. By Louis Ulbach. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Louis Ulbach deservedly holds a high place among modern French writers, and the present is one of the finest romances he has ever published. The characters and incidents are portrayed with skill, and bring vividly before the reader the brilliant panorama of Parisian social life. Many of the situations are exceptionally strong, displaying wonderful emotional power, and the love-scenes are remarkable for their naturalness and exquisite grace. Price, twentyfive cents.

Guilderoy. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—It would be difficult to conceive a more thoroughly selfish character than the hero of this book, and yet one is obliged to recognize its faithfulness to a type only too common. One is heartily glad when the long-suffering wife rebels, convinced that further sacrifices are useless. The book, after all, has a happy ending; and, though it may be doubted whether a man like Guilderoy often does reform, it is pleasant, by way of a change, in these days of pessimistic beliefs, to contemplate such a personality from an optimistic standpoint.

The Old Homestead. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a story of American farm-life, in the style so popular both in romances and on the stage. The plot is one of great interest, and the characters are drawn with rare fidelity to nature. No American author has ever equaled Mrs. Stephens in this peculiar line of fiction, and the "Old Homestead" is the best of her efforts in that vein. Pamphlet edition costs only twenty-five cents.

The Alpine Fay. From the German of E. Werner, by Mrs. A. L. Wister.—A charming love-story in the author's best vein. The incidents are varied and well handled, and the descriptions of Alpine scenery make a striking background for the story. The characters are numerous, but distinctly defined. The hero and heroine are both interesting, although the former carries off the palm. The translation is, of course, admirable.

Dr. Rameau. By Georges Ohnet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Ohnet has never produced a more marked and individual work than this. Besides the interest of the story, the book is noticeable among French novels from the fact that the hero, a celebrated Parisian physician, as noted for his atheism as his medical acquirements, is in the end won back to a belief in Christianity.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE Chicago (Ill.) Tribune says: "What every woman wants is a magazine that gives first-class fiction and fine engravings. This is exactly what can be said for 'Peterson.'" The Boston (Mass.) Herald says: "'Peterson' for April merits the highest praise." The Mobile (Ala.) Register says: "The April 'Peterson' ought to be in every lady's hands." The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard says: "'Peterson' for April is a brilliant number." The Denver (Col.) Tribune-Republican says: "'Peterson' gives numerous illustrations of the newest styles and full directions for their make-up." The Baltimore (Md.) Herald says: "In engravings and stories, 'Peterson' equals the best purely literary magazines." The Portland (Me.) Press says: "'Peterson's' literary matter is excellent." The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch says: "If you wish a magazine that fills every want of the family, subscribe for 'Peterson.'" The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal says: "'Peterson' gives the latest fashion-news." The Providence (R. I.) Telegram says: "'Peterson' for April gives the spring fashions, elaborately illustrated, and miscellaneous matter pertaining to the whole household." The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner says: "In 'Peterson,' the newest styles of dress are fully described and illustrated." The Lowell (Mass.) Courier says: "'Peterson's' stories and illustrated articles are as good as they are varied." The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye says: "'Peterson's' household department is replete with valuable information." The New-York Times says: "'Peterson' offers a goodly array of fine illustrations, capital stories, hints on household economy, the latest fashions, and pretty designs for the work-table."

A WORD ABOUT CORSETS.—A corset may be an instrument of torture and disease, or it may be a means of comfort and health. The ideal corset is one which allows freedom and ease in the movements of the body, while possessing sufficient firmness to prevent the wrinkling of the dress. Corsets stiffened with whalebone and steel are rigid and uncomfortable, and very liable to break; on the other hand, those stiffened with cord or twine are too soft to retain their shape.

To meet these difficulties, the enterprising firm of Warner Brothers, nine years ago, introduced a new material, called Coraline, which is intermediate in stiffness between whalebone and cord. It preserves the shape of the corset perfectly, is very flexible and absolutely unbreakable.

Coraline is made only by Warner Brothers, and is used by them in twelve different styles of corsets, at prices ranging from one dollar to three dollars each. The merits of these goods are attested by their immense sales, which are now over two millions annually.

IN THESE DAYS, when food-adulteration is so common, it is a comfort to find an article for the table that is thoroughly reliable. Walter Baker & Co.'s breakfast cocoa is eminent in this limited class. No chemicals are used in its manufacture, and it is absolutely pure. It forms, moreover, a delicious and healthful drink, as refreshing and more nutritious than tea or coffee, and free from the injurious effects that those beverages sometimes produce. And it is very cheap withal. The house of Walter Baker & Co. has maintained for more than one hundred years a great and honored repute by the excellence and purity of its manufactures.

POINTS TO BE NOTED in the Ideal Felt Tooth-Polisher: With the aid of a good dentifrice, tobacco-stains, iron-marks, and berry-stains are removed without difficulty or trouble, and leave the teeth white and clean and the gums of a healthy color. No pricking or bleeding by the use of this polisher, as sometimes occurs with the bristle brush, much to the annoyance of the user.

THE CONVENIENCE OF THE "GEM" FREEZER: It is double action, and the can is moved in one direction while the stirrer to which the self-adjusting scraper is attached is revolving in the opposite direction, beating up and freezing the mixture in a shorter space of time than that of any other freezer.

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Green Pea Soup.—One peck of peas; boil them soft; mash and strain them through a sifter; a slice of pork, an onion chopped fine, pepper, salt, a little thyme and parsley. After the soup is well boiled, strain it and let it stew away until ready to serve. Reserve a few peas, and put them whole in the soup. To one peck, put three quarts of water.

Asparagus Soup.—Cut up all the tender part of a bundle of asparagus, so that the pieces are about an inch long, boil them, then let them cook in stock for a quarter of an hour. Prepare some fried bread in the shape of dice, and, when about to serve, pour the soup over the bread.

Vegetable Soup.—One pint of milk, one teacupful of lima beans, one of tomatoes, three carrots sliced, pepper and salt. Boil for one and a half hours.

MEATS.

Fricassee of Chicken with Eggs.—Cut up two chickens; wash them, and let them drain; then season them with pepper, salt, one small white onion, six sprigs of parsley tied up. Put all flat in a stewpan; add some pieces of lean bacon, one tablespoonful of butter, and half-pint of water; let it stew for half an hour. Take it out of this gravy, and put it into a saucepan with a gill of cream. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with cold water, and add it to the gravy, stirring all the time until thick. Just before serving, stir in the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Put a little cold water to the eggs before you stir them in.

French Beefsteak.—Cut the steaks a finger's thickness, from a fillet of beef; season with pepper and salt, and dip them in melted fresh butter; lay them on a heated gridiron, and broil them over hot coals; have parsley and butter chopped, and put in the middle of the dish, round which you lay the steaks, and dip them in it. Serve them with the squeeze of a lemon over them.

VEGETABLES.

Egg-Plant Fried.—Several hours before they are to be used, peel and cut them in slices, with a little salt between them, putting a weight over the dish to press them down. Just before dinner, make a batter of flour and water, with one egg beat up, pepper, and salt. Dip in each slice, and fry in lard.

O & O TEA is now to be had at many of the leading grocers' stores, and is truly the choicest article ever offered to the public. It is perfectly pure, and the quality never varies. It is also the most economical in use, as it has more strength than the lower grades. It is sold only in tins hermetically sealed and bearing the trade-mark of the company. At last, consumers of tea are to be protected by a responsible and well-organized association of producers and importers.

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FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—BOATING-DRESS OR DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY, OF SCOTCH FLANNEL, in blue and rose-colored stripes on a cream ground. The arrangement of the skirt consists in cutting the front and side breadths longer than for walking, and disposing of the extra length in plaits at back of waist. The back falls in straight folds, and is finished at the waist by a long sash with drooping bows of the material. The bodice has short points, back and front, and opens in the front of the neck under a sailor-collar, finished by a handkerchief of blue silk. Pointed collar and cuffs. Sailor-hat of straw, trimmed with upright loops of ribbon to correspond with the dress.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is laid in plaits on the left side. The overdress is plaited to the edge of the bodice, falls in a point at the right side, and is very slightly looped at the left side and back. The bodice is plaited in front and slightly so at the back, and is cut rather low at the throat, where it is finished by a large ruffle of lace. The sleeves are short and full, plaited lengthwise.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The right side is laid in plaits; the left side and front are plain, and the drapery is caught up by a bow of blue ribbon. The bodice is plaited, as well as the sleeves. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and a white bird.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BUFF SATEEN STUDDED WITH RED TULIPS. There is a plain narrow border of the sateen, over which the skirt falls. The skirt is put with some fullness to the waist, and is slightly caught up on the left hip. The bodice is round at the waist and full, and is worn with a sash of red ribbon with long ends. A trimming of red ribbon reaches from the bow on the shoulder to the waist. Collar of red. Sleeves full at top. Straw hat, trimmed with white flowers and red ribbon.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF DELICATE GREEN INDIA SILK. The front of the skirt is plain; at the back is a deep plaiting of the silk, over which the upper dress is looped. Broad sash of the silk, with long loops at the left side. The bodice is of black India silk, figured with delicate pink roses; it is round at the waist, and has fichu trimming, which opens at the neck. The sleeves are plain, but high at the shoulders. Large Leghorn hat, trimmed with black and pink ribbon and roses.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR COUNTRY, IN TURKEY-RED TWILL AND RED-STRIPED WOOLEN ON A CREAM GROUND. The plain skirt is of the striped woolen, made on the cross way; waistcoat and large collar and cuffs to correspond. Bodice and overdress of the red twill. The collar may be cut either square or pointed at the back.

FIG. VII.—FISHING, MOUNTAIN, OR WALKING DRESS, IN SCOTCH CHECK TWEED. The Norfolk jacket has plaits from each shoulder, and the waistband fastens with a leather or oxydized buckle. The skirt is kilted without a foundation.

FIG. VIII.—TRAVELING-DRESS, OF BLUE SERGE. The skirt falls in straight folds at the back; the front is slightly draped. The pointed bodice opens over a plastron of striped blue and cream-colored jersey-cloth, and has a broad collar and revers. Hat of straw, faced with blue silk and trimmed with loops of cream-colored mull.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK OR SELF-COLORED CASHMERE OR SURAH. The underskirt and vest are laid in plaits. The redingote opens from the throat downward and the bodice is crossed by bands and bows of moiré or satin ribbon. The same ribbon ties at the waist and ornaments the short elbow-sleeves. Hat of straw, trimmed with loops of ribbon matching the costume. A long scarf veil is worn with the hat, either in lace or gauze.

FIG. X.—NEW STYLE OF BODICE, MADE OF CREAM-WHITE OR COLORED SURAH OR CHINA SILK. Between the tucks forming the fullness back and front, a row of feather-stitching is worked. Waistband and cuffs to match. Hat of straw, simply trimmed with loops of broad ribbon.

FIG. XI.—NEW STYLE OF BODICE, FOR EITHER HOUSE OR WALKING COSTUME. It may be made either in the material of the dress or in velvet. The trimming for the bodice and the puffs in the sleeves may be of lace or figured China silk corresponding with the bodice.

FIG. XII.—NEW SLEEVE, FOR LACE OR MUSLIN GOWNS. The puff is formed of the material and the trimming is of narrow velvet ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—BODICE FOR INDOOR WEAR, IN FIGURED OR BROCHÉ SILK. Close-fitting back and front, and trimmed with lace cuffs, and the edge of the basque is also of lace. The plastron is of plaited lace.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BLACK AND WHITE LACE, for a middle-aged lady. The trimming is a large Alsatian bow in black ribbon. Strings of lace.

FIG. XV.—PRETTY CAPE, FOR YOUNG GIRL, MADE OF CREAM-WHITE CLOTH. The three capes lap over each other, and are surmounted by a large collar of black velvet tied with a ribbon bow-and-ends.

FIG. XVI.—YOUNG LADY'S COIFFURE. The front hair is curled, and headed with Grecian bands in velvet dotted with steel ornaments. Fern-leaf aigrette, powdered with steel. Series of small puffs at the back.

FIG. XVII.—SMALL TOQUE, IN BLACK STRAW, FOR A YOUNG GIRL, trimmed with a bunch of flowers in front.

FIG. XVIII.—TOQUE, WITH LACE CROWN AND VELVET BORDER. A wreath of wild-roses or apple-blossoms ornaments the crown.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET, IN CREAM AND FANCY STRAW. The tulips are in gold satin. The velvet-lined brim is ornamented with a bow of ribbon matching the tulips. The strings are in moiré.

FIG. XX.—HAT, IN PALE-BROWN STRAW, lined with moss-green velvet and ornamented with a torsade of velvet to match. A bunch of wild-flowers and grasses, tied with a moss-green ribbon, is fastened in front of the crown.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For summer dresses, the round belted bodice is very popular. Plaits, gathers, collars, and vests are seen in all the new dresses; somehow and somewhere, a trimming of some kind must be placed. To nearly all figures, this is becoming; to the very slender, eminently so; to the fuller figure, a long revers from the shoulder, bringing it nearly to a point at the waist, is very advantageous, as it breaks the plain expanse over the bust and at the waist.

Skirt-draperies will retain the straight narrow look. For stuff dresses, the coat appearance, opening in front over a plaited, gathered, or fancy front, is popular; while at the back the skirt falls in long lines without looping. But thinner materials need a little more draping. Some ginghams and other thin dresses, however, have the skirts simply gathered at the waist and fall straight to the hem.

Bustles, cushions, and dress-stiffeners are very much reduced in size, some women dispensing with them altogether.

The sleeves are more comfortable-looking and much more becoming than the tight tailor-made ones lately worn. These sleeves are only moderately full at the armhole and down the arm, not like the leg-of-mutton sleeve of fifty years ago. For thin dresses, they are often much fuller.

Shoulder-seams are short, on some French dresses very short, and sleeves stand full and high on the shoulders.

All dresses have a noticeably ample appearance, and are more easily made at home than formerly.

The Marie-Antoinette fichu is again popular. In France, it is the fashion, and here it will no doubt be revived by the Washington Inauguration Centennial, as the becomingness of it will be seen by all who examine Martha Washington's picture; hers is usually represented as a plain one, while the new ones have frilled borders. They are rounded at the back and cut with long tapering ends,

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which sometimes cross on the bust and tie at the back; in other cases, they tie on the bust, with the ends fastened down at the waist.

Sashes of wide ribbon, surah, etc., are much worn.

For party-dresses for young girls, nothing is prettier than long sprays of ivy-leaves; these are used to trim the skirt, as the fancy may dictate, the bodice, shoulders, hair, etc.

Short mantles, but having long ends in front and triple capes, are much worn.

Bonnets are quite small, low, and trimmed with a profusion of flowers; the Alsatian bow is also popular.

Hats have large brims in front, with a much narrower one at the back, and very low crowns; these are also trimmed with May-flowers; but the shapes of the hats are very varied and are often picturesque, also often very ugly and exaggerated. They are bent and twisted in such marvelous manners as to defy description; but the effect is of a cunning adjustment of lace or tulle, with a few flowers carelessly thrown among the folds. Lace hats are to be worn, and trimmings of lace on straw hats, and transparent materials generally. Ribbon, too, is employed—not so exclusively as of late, but in combination with soft millinery materials and flowers.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We are gradually getting used to the changes in the styles of ladies' dresses, and, whereas a year ago a straight-falling skirt would have looked odd and unfashionable to the last degree, the apparition of some conservative lady, who still clings to the dress-improver, is now quite as extraordinary and out of style. The backs of skirts now present merely a gentle slope, a cushion and a couple of steel hoops of moderate dimensions being all that is accorded to hold out the flat-plaited folds.

The accordeon-plaits continue to be highly popular and are certainly graceful, but they have one marked defect: they are very expensive. The summer evening-dresses for young girls are mostly in tulle with accordeon-plaited skirts and low-necked corsages in folds of the material, crossed transversely with flat folds, and finished with a sash in surah encircling the waist. No contrast of color is admitted into these very tasteful dresses, the surah sash matching the tulle. Short skirts for evening wear are wholly abandoned, except for very young girls. Long trains, however, are only worn for full ball-dress. The short demi-train is universally adopted for dinner or reception dresses, but short skirts for promenade or traveling wear still hold their own.

There is quite a revulsion from the rage for colored under-garments, and pink and blue and lilac batiste for handkerchiefs and underwear have given place to pure white, and cambric is again in vogue. There is talk of substituting white thread stockings for the colored hosiery that has so long been popular; but, as white stockings increase the apparent size of the foot and ankle, it will be some time before that innovation is adopted.

A favorite combination this season is the union of pekin and plain materials of precisely the same shade in one costume. The pekin is in narrow stripes, either in satin and faille or in watered silk and satin. It comes also in light worsted stuffs. The corsage and the straight folds of the skirt are make of the pekin, and the plaited underskirt or the soft full draperies are of the plain material. Worth has composed dresses entirely of pekin, with immense revers at either side of the skirt, formed by turning back an entire breadth in a pointed shawl-shape. The pekin thus employed is in inch-wide stripes of taffetas and satin, in contrasting colors, and the effect is very striking.

In the way of hats and bonnets, the sudden lowering of high crowns and lofty trimmings has set every lady to remodeling her last season's headgear. Everything in the way of millinery is light and aerial, or else compact and severe-looking. Full-dress bonnets are the daintiest little things imaginable, being in pale-tinted gauze or tulle, or else all in small spring flowers that completely cover the frame. Heather, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley are much used for these picturesque little bonnets. Then there are fine straws, trimmed with buttercups or with violets, and others in gold braid or passementerie, or in fine gold gauze. Hats in fine black straw with very wide brims, having a band of insertion in delicate black horse-hair lace let into the brim about its centre, are trimmed with black lace and flowers and black ribbons, or else with a combination of black lace and jet butterflies or dragon-flies. That last mode of trimming is very effective, but is rather heavy for the hat itself.

The summer cloaks and wraps are very pretty, and by no means expensive. The most attractive are probably those in black lace, made to cover the toilette entirely, and having very wide falling sleeves and a lining of thin silk. Sometimes the skirt is bordered with rows of watered ribbon. The wide sleeves are left unlined. These lace cloaks really take the place of a dress. Very charming ones for watering-place wear are made in white lace, either lined with colored silk, or having the lining in white silk with pale-blue or pink ribbons put underneath the lace so as to define the bands in the pattern. For everyday wear, these long cloaks are made of black surah or of changeable satin merveilleux, and have belts of ribbon or else bands of ribbon encircling the waist, with loops and long ends falling in front. The short graceful mantelets, in black or colored silks or sicilienne, trimmed with ruffles of wide black lace, are still worn and are very popular.

Parasols are still extremely large.

Green is the color most in vogue this season, and it is shown in all varieties of shades, from the darkest bottle-green to the new faint tint called varnish-green, which is as near white as a color can possibly be. A very beautiful shade, being at once light and brilliant, is called the Nile-reed. Lake-blue, another new color, is a shade between sky-blue and electric-blue.

There is talk of reviving the old-fashioned barege, so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. It would be a material just suited to the present cut of dresses.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE CASHMERE, FOR A GIRL OF FOUR TO FIVE YEARS. The blouse-waist is tucked, both back and front, to form a pointed yoke; also the upper part of the skirt, the edge of which has a wide hem, and finished on the bottom with a fine torchon lace. The cuffs and collar of this dress are likewise tucked. Bows of black velvet ribbon adorn each shoulder, and the same, made into long loops-and-ends, is placed at the left side of the skirt, one band passing around the waist under the blouse.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF LEAF-GREEN, OF MOUSSELINE DELAINE, FOR A GIRL OF TWELVE YEARS. The skirt is plain, and finished at the top with rows of gathering made of narrow tucks, which, when drawn, form the full effect seen in the illustration. The skirt is sewed on to a fitted waistband. The bodice is plaited back and front, and a wide plaited collar of the material finishes the neck. The sleeves are finished at the cuffs to correspond. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. III.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The dress is of dotted sateen. The skirt is laid in wide kilt-plaits, with a short scarf-drapery in front; at the back, it is tied in sash-ends. The cutaway jacket opens over a plaited vest of India muslin, China silk, or nun's-veiling, in cream-white. Cuffs to match the vest.

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JACKET. BONNET. HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS.

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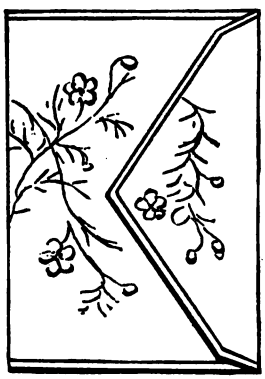

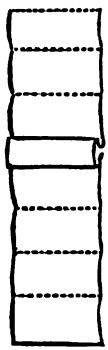

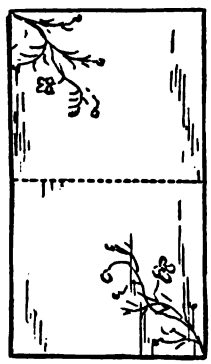

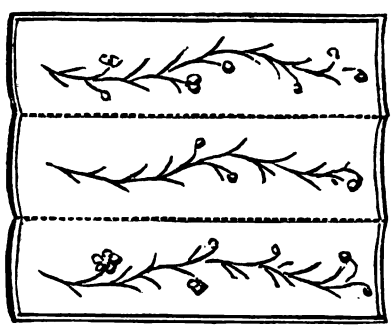

WORK-CASE.

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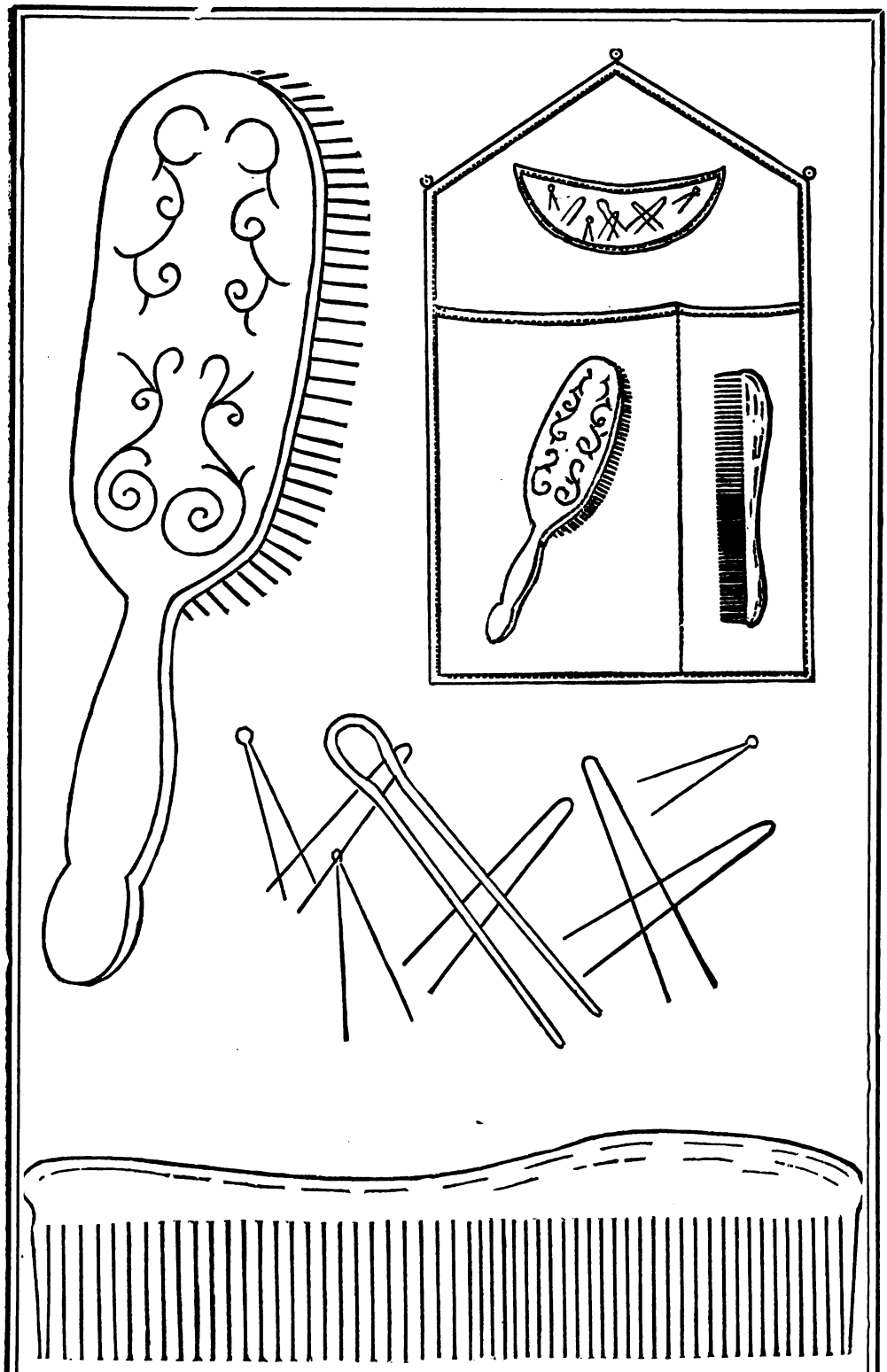

POCKET FOR COMB AND BRUSH.

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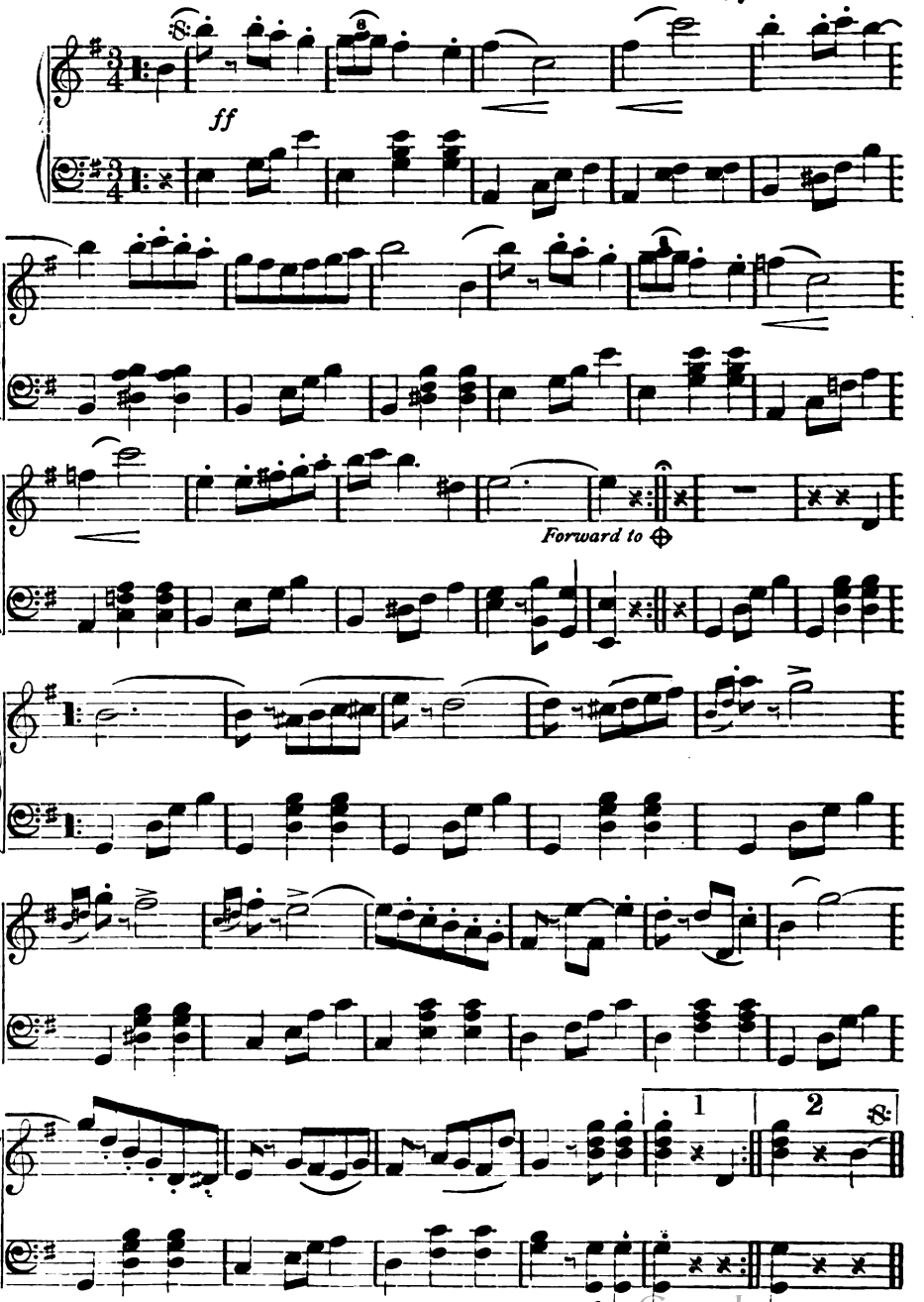

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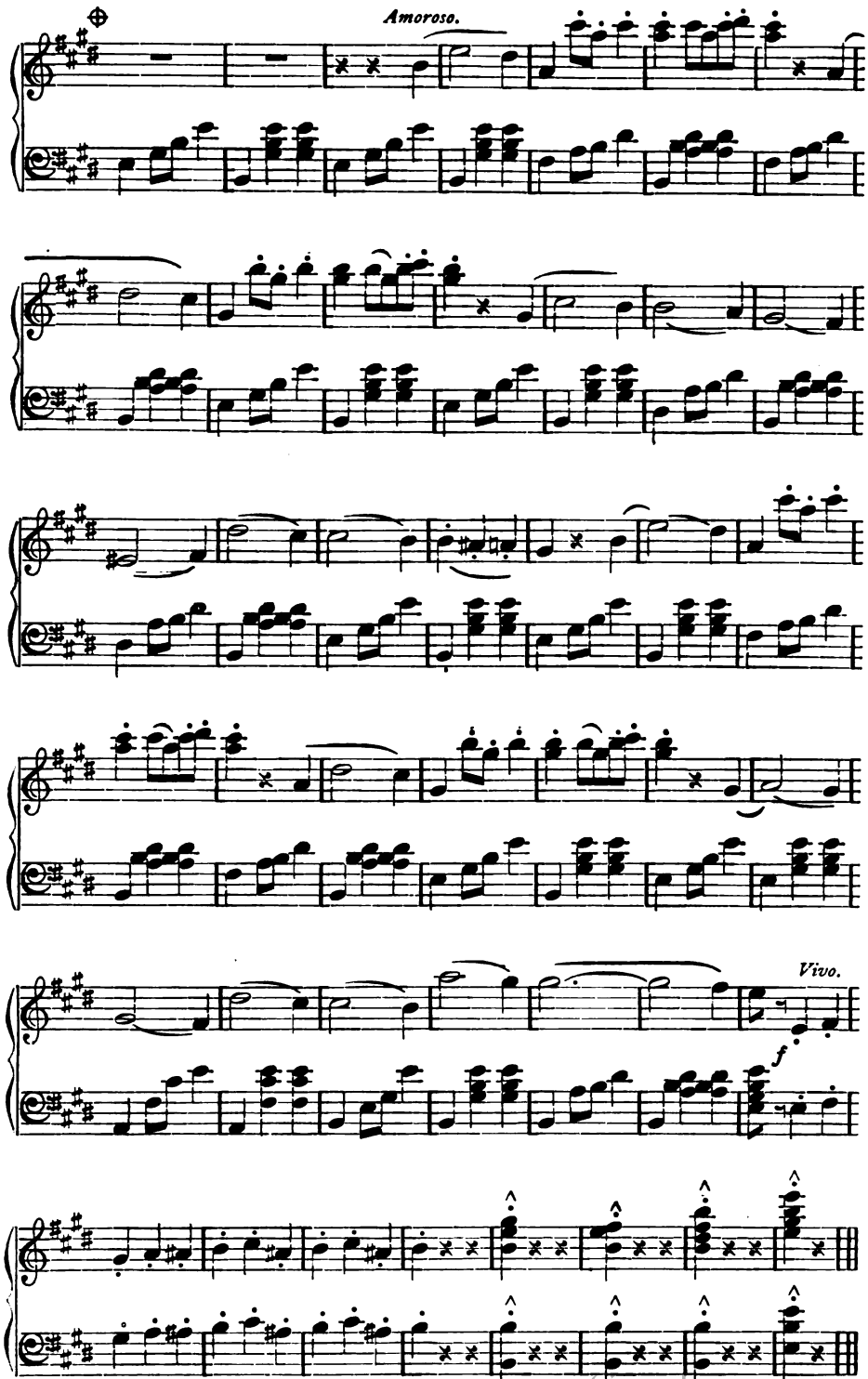

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1889. No. 1.

A CHAPTER ON UMBRELLAS.

BY J. H. RYDER.

WORSHIP OF THE UMBRELLA BY THE SANTHALS.

AN umbrella is a good thing to own, though easy to lose, especially if the owner is confiding enough to lend it; but we of the Western hemisphere are in the habit of regarding it as a merely commonplace and useful article.

It seems odd to think of its being selected as an object of worship, yet it has been by various African and East Indian nations; and, to this day, the Santhals, a tribe living in the hill country of India, hold an annual festival, in which a portion of their religious rites consists of dances about a pole wreathed with garlands and crowned with an umbrella.

After all, the origin of such worship is not so difficult to trace as it would appear at the first glance. Among numerous primitive nations, trees were considered the source of all human life, and the idea of the umbrella may, as an English writer suggests, easily have been derived from the shade (umbra) given by a tree with pendent boughs, or the circular cluster of long fronds which crowns the stems of palms and tree-ferns.

Some survival of this belief in the life-giving properties of the tree may be traced in Japanese religious art, and hints thereof are also perceptible in mediæval Christian art. In the Munich Library is preserved an ancient manuscript which introduces umbrella-shaped trees in pictures of the Evangelists.

Among all the African tribes, an umbrella, if not actually associated with religious rites or made an object of worship, is yet one of the insignia especially reserved for royalty. At the state ceremonials of the King of Dahomey, an enormous flat sunshade is elevated on a pole over the royal head, and, at the funeral of the Abyssinian ruler, Theodore, a gorgeously decorated red umbrella was employed to shade the bier instead of a canopy. The most valued possession of the King of Ashantee was a huge state umbrella, captured by the English troops when they took his capital in 1874. It was dispatched to Queen Victoria by a special messenger, and a remarkable-looking affair it is, over twenty feet in circumference, with a framework of fortytwo ribs, covered with black and crimson velvet, and fringed with gold.

At open-air ceremonials or when the king was marching to war, this immense object was carried before him, and kept constantly turning round and round. A European traveler records that "the highest mark of royal favor which could be conferred on an honored guest was an umbrella adorned with such savage ornaments as the teeth of animals, birds' claws, and human bones, interspersed with bits of gold."

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In Morocco, the very highest subject is not allowed to carry an umbrella—the emperor reserves to himself the exclusive privilege. The independent chiefs of Yemen and the king of

DOUBLE STATE UMBRELLA.

the tribes on the Niger claim the same prerogative, and, besides being a mark of dignity, there seems to be some mystical religious symbol connected therewith. Some of these African umbrellas are very striking—they are often made of velvet or silk, of every color from amber to scarlet, and are sometimes ornamented with large nuggets of pure gold.

In certain portions of Africa, the medicine-man enjoys the privilege of having an umbrella-bearer, and Du Chaillu relates that, while he was encamped near some West African tribe, a mighty chief died, and his people came to beg an umbrella to bury in their warrior's grave, plainly showing that, to them, a religious idea was connected with the article.

In Eastern countries, from days immemorial, an umbrella has been an emblem of rank and power. We find it depicted on the very oldest sculptures of Babylon and Nineveh as the distinctive mark of royalty.

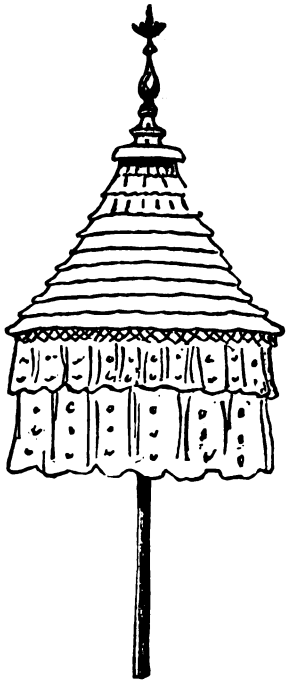
The ancient emperors of Mexico jealously reserved to themselves the use of the umbrella—four of the loftiest nobles were appointed to hold the sacred screen over their imperial master in state and religious processions.

The Greeks and Romans indulged in the luxury of umbrellas, but they were confined to "great nobles and ladies of high degree." Among the ancient Greeks, however, it would seem that it was considered contemptibly effeminate for a man to carry a sunshade.

The umbrella was a marked feature in the magnificent processions of Venice in mediæval days—a gorgeous one of gold brocade was carried over the head of the doge, a special favor granted by Pope Alexander III.

The umbrella even gained a place in heraldry, in Italy—a vermilion on a silver field, for instance, indicated dominion. The ecclesiastical lords assumed the symbol, and a large umbrella was carried above the head of a mighty cardinal in the solemn processions, and at other times hung in the Basilica over which he presided.

Umbrellas do not seem to have been introduced into France until the latter part of the sixteenth century, and they did not come into general use until about 1620. These first umbrellas were exceedingly cumbersome and heavy, and remained so even late into the reign of Louis XIV. By 1786, not only umbrellas but parasols had been adopted, for we read that in



UMBRELLA IN THE PALACE OF MANDALAY.

Lyons not only women but men carried red and white ones trimmed with lace.

The Hollanders, with their rainy climate, must have accepted the invention gladly, though

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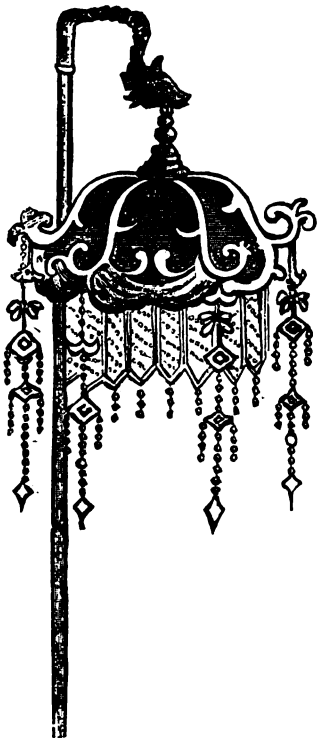
UMBRELLA-SHAPED TREES, FROM MANUSCRIPT IN MUNICH LIBRARY.

one wonders how they ever made up their frugal minds to pay such exorbitant prices as were asked in the seventeenth century.

In England, although a manuscript in the British Museum shows a Saxon king with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head, even as late as the reign of James I, they were considered a foreign curiosity. They did not come into general use until the time of Queen Anne.

In India, the umbrella was long a mark of royal dignity, and to this day the privilege to use one has to be asked. The magnificence of the Indian state umbrellas was astonishing. An English writer, in describing them, says: "Some were of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold, and the heavy golden handles, which were eight feet high, were encrusted with diamonds. That of the Queen of Lucknow, which is now treasured in the South Kensington Museum, is of blue satin, embroidered with gold and seed pearls. Some were of cloth of gold, others only of gilt paper. Some were even covered with gay feathers, but all had long handles either of beautifully inlaid wood, of precious metals, or of carved ivory. The state umbrella of Indore is shaped like a mushroom.

"In the Assam department of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, a remarkable double umbrella is shown, consisting of a very large umbrella overshadowing a smaller one. Each is of white silk, almost resembling gauze, and is bordered with two short valances. The whole structure is supported on a framework of bamboo. A long, perfectly straight, small bamboo forms the handle, and this fits into a larger bamboo, in which centre the ribs of the great upper umbrella. The whole is crowned with a tall knob of gold, and has doubtless held a place of honor in great state ceremonials."



CANOPY CARRIED IN BUDDHIST PROCESSIONS.

In Burmah, the distinction between the king and even the greatest of the nobles is made by the difference in the number of canopies which compose the umbrella. A single canopy is considered sufficient for those below the rank of royalty, while the number is increased to at least nine in the case of the monarch.

One of these enormous many-canopied umbrellas was captured in the palace at Mandalay, and taken, like the Ashantee treasure, to England. It reached there, broken and despoiled of most of its ornaments, so that it gives one slight idea of the former magnificence. It would answer, so far as size goes, for an enormous tent, as it measures thirty feet in diameter. The ornament which crowns the top is itself higher than a very tall man.

The connection between the umbrella and the idea of worship is still shown in Japan, where Buddhist shrines are frequently overshadowed by magnificent brass canopies of the finest workmanship. These vary in shape and size, some being small enough to be carried in processions. Sometimes they are draped with rich stuffs, fringed with silken tassels, and again may be made entirely of metal, with a fringe of fine bangles.

Another variation of this same idea is shown in Buddhist pictures, and has probably originated one of the most common symbols of Christian art. This is the representation of Buddha and his saints, with aureoles surrounding their heads, or canopies above them. Doubtless each of these

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tk ens of ecclesiastical honor is merely a different form of the original umbrella, with which the notions of rank and dignity have been associated from the most ancient times.

It is easy to comprehend how the early Christian churches came to introduce the halo above the heads of saints, since it was their invariable habit to adopt, as far as possible, Christianized forms of honored customs in use among the heathens. Thus the umbrella, metamorphosed into a halo or aureole, became a symbol of sainthood among primitive Christians as well as Buddhists; while developments of the canopy appear in Gothic art as carvings over tombs or niches in connection with figures of saints.

PICTURE OF BUDDHIST SAINTS.

When first invented, umbrellas were very rude clumsy affairs, following closely in their general construction the form of the tree after which they were copied. Even yet, in East India, the umbrellas used by the natives frequently consist of a framework of bamboo, covered with leaves or a thatching of grass. The Chinese and Japanese, however, did not long remain content with these rudimentary umbrellas, but, applying their customary ingenuity to the matter, greatly improved on the primitive affair. While still retaining the handle and frame of bamboo, they contrived a substitute for the leaves and grasses, in the form of the durable waterproof paper for which they are famous. With their practiced eye for color and effect, these skillful Asiatics developed the gay and fanciful parasols which appear as frequent ornaments in the homes of Western nations, and are the invariable outdoor accompaniments of every Mongolian from a mandarin down.

They prove a most becoming accessory to feminine toilets, and no Buddhist artist's ideal of his saints, surrounded by their halos, could make a more effective picture than two pretty Japanese girls with their broad flat sunshades forming an aureole-like background for their quaint faces and costumes.

The manufacture of these now indispensable articles was slowly introduced into Europe, and finally into Great Britain, where it soon became a lucrative industry, and, at the present time, England leads the world in the fineness of its umbrellas and the extent of its trade in them. Could any good London citizen of the days of Queen Anne have projected his soul into futurity as far as our day, how amazed he would have been to discover that, within considerably less

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JAPANESE GIRLS WITH UMBRELLAS.

than two hundred years, the value of the umbrella export of his little island would reach the astounding figure of two hundred thousand pounds—that is, a million of dollars.

Some years since, the statistics showed that over eight hundred thousand umbrellas were exported from England to Burmah alone, while more than three millions were sent to India. Those intended for this Eastern trade are made in gay colors, decorated with fanciful designs. Even the inhabitants of the remotest islands of the Pacific delight in the possession of these gorgeous treasures, and, no matter what may be the paucity of their wearing-apparel in general, appear to consider that an umbrella makes up for every deficiency.

Here in America, we may be content to admit British superiority in this commonplace branch of manufactures, since the umbrella is so much more necessary an article to the denizens of that land of fogs and rains, than to us who luxuriate in almost perpetual sunshine.

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THE ROMANCE OF A BONNET.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

LD Mrs. Loomis's carriage at the door, and, if you aren't in a hurry, Miss Cynthy, I'll just run down and carry her cap to her; she's so lame, it's hard for her to climb my stairs. Please look over this drawer, and maybe you'll find something to suit you." As she spoke, the brisk little milliner dexterously deposited a dainty arrangement of lace and lavender flowers in a box, and tripped lightly downstairs.

Left to herself, Miss Cynthy put on her spectacles and took a critical survey of the rainbow-hued headgear surrounding her. At the very summit of the wire stand, a delicate little white lace bonnet, crowned with lilies of the valley, swayed gracefully to and fro as the May breezes floated through the open window. Miss Cynthy clasped her hands ecstatically.

"My, what a beauty! Miss Bemis does beat all natur in knockin' a bunnit together, that's a fact. There's them posies a-blowin' and a-noddin' as nateral as life. Oh, if I only dared—" Miss Cynthy darted softly to the window. The little milliner was seated in the carriage beside Mrs. Loomis, deeply engrossed in trying on the new cap, illustrating its proper position with the aid of a hand-glass and sundry pats and pulls of the soft white puffs surrounding the placid old face. Miss Cynthy stepped quickly back, and, tossing aside her old black "poke," with its faded green trimmings, lifted the bonnet from its perch, and, with trembling fingers, hastily adjusted it before the narrow grass-wreathed mirror. The reflection was not a pleasant one. Miss Cynthy closed her lips grimly and gazed unflinchingly. A large-featured face, with a sallow complexion and a high broad forehead, from which the hair was tightly drawn back and wound with equal tightness in a coil at the back of the head, and, surmounting all, the tiny capote with its airy laces and snowy fluttering ribbons.

"There, you silly old creetur, I hope you're satisfied, allers an' forever a-hankerin' arter the pomps an' vanities of this world. Now you see jist what a redickerlous figger you'd cut, don't ye?" and Miss Cynthy shook her forefinger warningly at the offending vision, whose gray eyes flashed back a grim defiance.

"I—I beg pardon, Miss Cynthy, but that bonnet is engaged—it's Sue Whitman's—her wedding one, you know," hesitated the astonished milliner, in the doorway.

Miss Cynthy started back in dismay, the blood for an instant mantling cheek and brow to the very verge of the lily-of-the-valley wreath. She quietly removed the bonnet, and, carefully restoring it to its former place, threw herself into a chair and exclaimed, between a laugh and a sob:

"Miss Bemis, you've caught me, an' no mistake! You must take me for a crazy creetur, tryin' on such toggery at my time of life. But I'll tell you the truth, an' then you may laugh." As the spinster spoke, her gray eyes softened with tears. "You women with apple-blossomy faces, as can put on those posies so they look as cute as if they growed there, you don't know how we homely ones hanker arter a bit of prettiness now and then, and, when we're geese enough to get it on, we look like a pack o' ninnies, that's the whole of it. Now, if you've got any old dud left over from last year that I can be decent in, this summer, I'll take it an' go home," she added, desperately.

Little Miss Bemis's soft blue eyes grew dim as she clasped the strong brown hands in her soft white ones.

"Dear Miss Cynthy, I have no desire to laugh—believe me. I never suspected—how could I?—you have always seemed so thoroughly to despise pretty things."

"Yes," replied Miss Cynthy, energetically, "I've ben a hypocrite all the way through. Why, I'd give my eyes if I could blossom out in one o' them tasty contrivances o' yourn; but you can see for yourself, anybody with any sense would think I had gone clean daft!"

"Of course, everybody ought to choose that which is suitable and becoming," Miss Bemis said; "but indeed, Miss Cynthy, one needn't select what is ugly and unsightly. Why, just look at the old apple-tree in my garden, gnarled and crooked, yet the Lord Himself has transformed it into a thing of beauty."

"Why, you're preachin' me a sermon!" ejaculated Miss Cynthy, fervently. "Miss Bemis, I humbly beg your pardon, but, if I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times when you've

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sailed by, head up an' ribbuns a-flyin': 'Look a' that air leetle creetur; she's no more soul than a butterfly. All bunnit, she is!' Forgive me, do!" and Miss Cynthy grasped the soft hand again and shook it heartily.

Miss Bemis returned the clasp as she replied with shining eyes:

"I think we shall both beware of hasty judgments in future. Now, I have a delightful plan! This is a leisure afternoon—the Folsom girls have gone out of town, and won't want their new hats until to-morrow night. Let me choose a bonnet for you and trim it to please myself. You're not obliged to take it, you know, in case it doesn't suit you," she added, winningly.

"Well, I'm sure I'm obleeged to ye," said Miss Cynthy, gratefully, drawing the inevitable knitting-work from her pocket. "You'll be sure not to make a guy of me, won't ye?"

"Just you wait, Miss Cynthy, you won't know yourself," replied the little milliner, gayly, as she selected a modest dark-brown straw, and ransacked drawers and boxes for velvet and ribbon of the same shade. Miss Cynthy watched the nimble fingers as they deftly fashioned loops and bows, holding off the whole for inspection from time to time, adding at last a generous bunch of deep-red clover-blooms that seemed filled with the dew and fragrance of their native fields.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, admiringly. "I never s'posed it took brains to make a bunnit, but, if that don't stand for brain-work, I dunno what does! Why, it's a reg'lar beauty!"

"Now, by your leave," said Miss Bemis, dexterously removing hair-pins, and thereby releasing Miss Cynthy's really abundant tresses from their tension, and gathering them in a loose coil, while the shorter front locks, escaping, waved naturally about her temples.

"I shall run in, Sunday morning, at your back gate, and help you arrange your toilet. Wear your new brown suit, remember," and, with a parting nod and smile, Miss Bemis closed the door on grateful Miss Cynthy, who pursued her way homeward with a light heart, carefully carrying the big green band-box.

Truth compels us to state that on her arrival she removed the aforementioned second-best black poke, and, giving it one contemptuous glance, doubled it together and consigned it to the flames.

The next Sunday morning found Miss Cynthy in her wonted seat at church, a little conscious perhaps of the change in her appearance, but with a delightful sense of accord with her surroundings, hitherto unknown—the well-dressed congregation about her, the altar with its wealth of blossoms, the sweet May sunshine flooding the earth. From her place in the choir, the roses in her hat vying with those in her cheeks, Miss Bemis beamed contentedly down on the transformation she had wrought.

After the service, came the annual collection for foreign missions. Deacon Pennel Kingsbury creaked down the aisle in his usual solemn manner, contribution-plate in hand. As he paused at Miss Cynthy's pew, she fumbled in her portemonnaie, and a bright gold dollar, with a tiny hole where once a chain had been attached, fell to the floor just at the deacon's feet. He picked up the coin, glanced at it sharply, and returned it to Miss Cynthy, who hastily restored it to her pocket-book.

"Strange, I had to drop that air pocket-piece jest that minit," she soliloquized, as she walked homeward across-lots. "I do hope the deacon didn't recognize it, and 'tain't likely he did, arter all these years! I don't care if he did, nuther—I've done nuthin' to be ashamed on, anyway—I kept my part o' the bargain. I do declare, Cynthy Streeter, you're gettin' into your second childhood, I verily believe!" and, giving herself a mental shaking, Miss Cynthy tranquilly turned into the lower meadow.

Contrary to Miss Cynthy's expectation, Deacon Pennel Kingsbury did recognize the tiny gold coin, and the memory of it troubled his soul. It haunted him as he jogged from church in his old-fashioned easy-going chaise. Beside him sat his loquacious housekeeper, Mrs. Oldham, who felt a genuine attachment for the deacon's broad acres, to say nothing of the deacon himself—lonely childless widower that he was—and whose greatest earthly ambition was to make her situation at Linden Farm a permanent one. Old recollections disturbed him during dinner, at which the housekeeper fussily presided in her second-best black silk and her white apron, and, despite her affectionate solicitude and pressing importunities, the huge platter of baked beans and the golden mound of Indian pudding remained almost untouched.

As soon as the meal was ended, the deacon silently rose and went out.

"I declare to goodness," sighed the widow, as she watched his receding figure from behind the window-blind, "the deacon's either failin', else he's got something on his mind! I must bring matters to a crisis pretty soon!" With a comprehensive glance at the broad waving fields before her, she proceeded to clear the table in a

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mood as meditative as that of Mr. Pennel himself.

The deacon certainly had something weighty on his mind. That little shining bit of gold had conjured up to his mental vision a scene of twenty years back, when, out in the meadow where the air was heavy with the sweet clover-breath, he had attached that golden coin to Miss Cynthy's chain with many tender words and whispered vows.

She had been faithful—but he? The deacon groaned as he remembered all, and leaned heavily on the barnyard gate. But has he not atoned? The long, long years of patient waiting on the whims of a frivolous fretful woman—will they count for nothing? When, a twelvemonth ago, death severed his bonds, how manfully he struggled against the feeling of relief that would rise in his heart in spite of himself.

"Just to think," he muttered: "Cynthy's kept that air gold piece all these years! She's never married, nuther, an' Elder Truman told me he done his best to git her ten year ago! She looked mighty scrumptious to-day, somehow. Them air clover-blooms livened her up wonderful. I almost feel as if I had a call to drop in there a minit."

The deacon passed through the gate, crossed the barnyard, and gazed wistfully down the meadow-path.

"'Twould be only neighborly—I declare, I'll do it," and, settling his hat firmly on his head he briskly disappeared over the brow of the hill, beyond Mrs. Oldham's prying eyes.

Miss Cynthy, the brown suit replaced by a cool muslin, sat in the shady porch, reading her Bible. She glanced up with surprise as the deacon strode determinedly along the gravel walk, mopping his forehead, then rose and hospitably drew forward a chair.

"Warm day this, for the season," he volunteered, as he sank into the proffered seat.

"Very," rejoined Miss Cynthy, laconically, offering him her huge palm-leaf fan.

"Powerful sermon this mornin'. The elder's an airnest worker in the vineyard," continued the deacon, fanning vigorously.

"Yes," rejoined Miss Cynthy, laying her Bible reverently on the little table beside her. "There's a many concerned—his work is tellin' among the young folks! Sue Whitman's got a hope—likewise Tom Larkin and Fred Upham."

Then a pause ensued, during which the deacon drummed absently on the arm of his chair, and Miss Cynthy mentally counted the fence-pickets.

"I see ye at church this mornin', Cynthy," he ventured, finally.

"I was there," was the brief answer.

"Them air clover-blooms in your bunnit carried me back a good twenty year! You've held your own mighty well, Cynthy."

The laboriously uttered compliment was received in dignified silence.

"An' I see," pursued the deacon, hitching his chair nearer, "that air leetle gold dollar I gave ye so long ago."

"Couldn't very well help it," retorted Miss Cynthy, pushing her chair back as her visitor advanced his.

"If we could only live our lives over agin," sighed the deacon, "there's a many wouldn't repeat the mistakes of youth."

"Make others jist as bad, most likely—make a botch of it somehow," replied Miss Cynthy.

"Oh, Cynthy," groaned the deacon, burying his face in his hands, "arter the sinnin' comes repentance—I won't blame Mirandy, she's gone to her account; but, if ever a man atoned for his youthful follies, I've atoned for mine."

Miss Cynthy's face softened; she straightened involuntarily in her chair.

"Pennel Kingsbury," she said, decisively, "they say confession is good for the soul. Now you've owned up, I'll allow I've ben fool enough to keep that air pocket-piece, and think kindly of ye in—spite—of the past. And now—if you've got anything to say—say it, an' don't be beatin' round the bush."

"I will say it," shouted the deacon, rising, and upsetting the chair in his excitement. "Will you let bygones be bygones? Will ye begin where we left off twenty year ago?"

For answer, Miss Cynthy rose, folded her glasses, and laid her hands in his.

DENIED.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

A SORROW darkened my life's fair day,
Yet one and another sweet joys came;
But the one the grief-cloud hid away
Was one I called by the sweetest name.

There were three friends whom my heart held dear,
But doubt crept in where I trusted most;
The two proved true, as the world goes here,
But the dearest was the one I lost.

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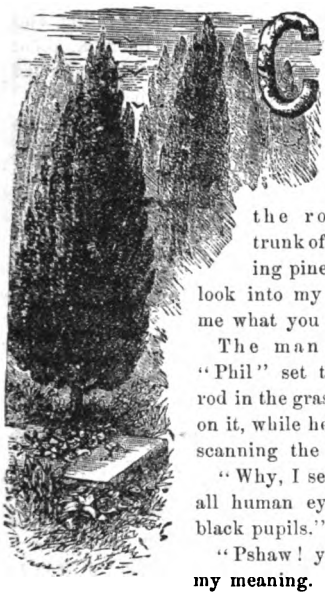
IN ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 532.



III.

"COME, Phil," said Osborne, throwing himself on the ground and leaning his head against the rough-barked trunk of a wide-spreading pine. "Phil, just look into my eyes, and tell me what you see there?"

The man addressed as "Phil" set the end of his rod in the grasses and leaned on it, while he bent forward, scanning the upraised face.

"Why, I see what I see in all human eyes—a pair of black pupils."

"Pshaw! you don't catch my meaning. Do they look like echoes? Do they look like graves? Do they look—well, do they look as if there were thirty-five years buried in them?"

Thus appealed to, Phil laughed, took off his hat, hung it on one of the low branches, stood his rod against a tree near, and then threw himself down beside his companion.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "When you tell me what you really want to know, I'll be glad to answer."

"Well," said Osborne, picking up a handful of pine-needles and breaking them into bits as he talked, "two days ago, I met a woman about my age, and her eyes were—haunting."

"Ghostly?"

"No; haunting. They vex me. I all at once remembered, just now, that she was thirty-five, and I thirty-five, and I wondered whether it might be the lapse of years that gave the queer look. Not having a glass near, nor even a spring of water, I thought you might be kind enough to tell me whether the ghosts of the years look out, as they looked from the woman's eyes."

"Never having regarded your own eyes," interposed his friend, satirically.

"Never having thought about them from this point of view."

"I say, Don," interrupted the other, unclasping his hands and pulling at his long beard, while he thoughtfully eyed his friend. "I say, Don, even in the wilderness."

"What do you mean?" asked Osborne.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You might at least leave in peace the hearts of these uncivilized maidens. Choose your combatants who are armed. Don't strive to conquer the simple daughters of this piney land."

"Thanks for your advice, Phil," responded Osborne, carelessly.

"I wish you would indeed take my advice," continued the friend, with earnestness. "Why don't you marry? A man with your talent, with your means, with your position."

"Time enough," said Osborne, lazily.

"There was Mabel Leathers—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Osborne, "and there was Maud, and there was Elizabeth, and there was Mirabel, and there were a dozen others—just a little shake of the branch, and down each bonny peach would have tumbled into my outstretched hand. Faith, I don't care to speak of them—the very thought of each wearies me," and he yawned and shrugged his shoulders and looked up into the pines above, making out of his strong nervous hands a hollowed pillow behind his brown head.

"I dare say; but why do you seek them? Why do you win their hearts, and throw them away?"

"Come," said Osborne. "hearts? I question their depth of feeling. They're easily cured if another man, owning a few more dollars, comes on the scene. The fact is, Phil, it's rather interesting sometimes to see how long these loving hearts can withstand my flowers and looks and songs."

"Don, if you were not such a good fellow in the main, I should despise you. Any other man, I should call—"

"What?" queried Osborne, still looking aloft.

"A male flirt."

"Rather a hard name, Phil. Suppose I've been hunting all this time and can't find an

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Eve for my Paradise. By Paradise, I mean the mental Paradise of which Marcus Aurelius speaks. 'If you don't own a country-seat, imagine you own one, and gather the flowers and walk the paths which exist only by the power of imagination,' or something to that effect."

"Well," said the other, "I suppose, as your imagination is so vivid, you have pictured an Eve. What is she? Brunette or blonde?"

"Neither. To speak truly, I've never been able to suit myself."

"Neither the Eves of imagination nor the Eves of reality please your dainty taste. Poor Don! Well, but what about this new divinity—this woman of thirtyfive, with haunting eyes, who dwells here in the pine-lands?"

"Simply nothing," responded Osborne, as he arose, resumed his hat, and picked up his rod. "She is just a ghost, and haunts me like one. Come along, and I'll tell you as we walk. The fact is, you see—" and then Osborne clutched his friend's arm, lapsed into silence, and pointed ahead.

The two men had passed from the broad branched pine, and had skirted a tangle of vine and bush, preparing to climb the low hill before them.

"What's the matter?" queried the friend, looking from side to side.

"Matter enough. I saw her just now," replied Osborne, in a low voice.

"Saw whom?"

"The woman."

"Where?"

"She was—ah, I see."

"See what, Don? Your eyes look haunting enough now. They might hold the mysteries of a hundred years. I say, Don, what's the matter?"

Osborne stood quite still while his friend spoke. He was gazing ahead, as if reading in the tree-set slope of the shadowed hillside a mysterious scroll.

"See what?" repeated the friend, peering forward from his angle of view.

"There are just ten," said Osborne.

"Just ten what?"

"Just ten graves—the father and the nine girls and boys."

"What nine girls and boys? I say, Don, old fellow, has the sun struck your head? Or is it that confounded woman?"

"The woman? Ah, she makes the ten. I suppose she's waiting. By Jove, Phil, I have it now."

"Have what?"

"Come along. Don't you see them all lying around there and here under the trees—ten graves? Phil, what it must be to live day after day just waiting to join the others. That's what I found in her eyes. And yet, somehow, seems to me this is all what I've seen again and again. Do you think a body lives two lives? No, seriously, I haven't gone daft. Come on. This is a family burial ground—the father and the brothers and sisters of that Lucretia, about whom I was talking. She has perhaps picked out the bit of ground for her own bed."

"Nothing horrible in that, Don," said the friend, as he tramped along over the light grass, set with twinkling wild flowers, frail pink bells, and clusters of wild verbena. "Nothing horrible in that, for those who believe an after life, for those who believe the body but a chrysalis, and the soul born thence into a rarer loveliness—a broader life."

Osborne was silent. His thoughts traveled quickly to the chrysalis he had seen burst forth from its dark shell in the old mill, and watched by the girl, whose opal eyes looked off into a broader and a lovelier life here on this fair sweet earth, where her young feet waited impatient to tread the paths of a woman's future. What, indeed, might meet the young creature? Would it be a heaven on earth—a life so complete that she would cling always to the love and the sunshine and the flowers of the great ball, swinging in its mysterious circle age after age?

Or would she, as the years rolled on, and the springs and the autumns crowned her gold head with their buds and their brown leaves, would she become like that calm aunt, whose eyes—

Here he muttered an exclamation of impatience. What were these people to him? And then he talked rapidly, and told his friend about the great gloomy house and the two black-draped women, the gray mill and the young girl, and the chrysalis flying off into sunlight. While talking, he bent over the grassy mounds and the low head-boards, some of marble, some only of gray wood, and read the names of the quiet sleepers. One was a girl of eighteen—just the age of the strange Lorelei.

The graves were not ranged side by side, but were scattered as if the sleepers had just fallen where they listed, and stretched out their tired bodies and gone to rest by a favorite tree or under open sky in bright sunlight. As Osborne looked, he remembered the words: "We Magruders are all tall."

The wind blew softly, the high grass waved—save this, all was still. Somehow it seemed to

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these two that those beneath were sighing, the breath of life lifting their long-stilled bosoms and moving the soft grass above.

"And you say you have no idea what the trouble is, and why this family hold you as an enemy?"

"No; my uncle, whom I had never seen but once, and whose name I bear, died five years ago, left me all his property and the old hunting-lodge, where he had lived thirty years or more. I was in Germany when he died. But I wrote you all this—"

"Not a word. If you wrote, the letter was lost. I was West just about that time. Six years since we met last, Don, till now. Well, you always were a lucky fellow. But about this uncle—what was his business?"

"A little bit of everything. He was a queer old fellow. Didn't visit anyone—wouldn't have a woman about him. All the servants were colored men. He hunted and fished, and cut lumber and sawed it, and—"

"How did he saw the lumber?"

"In his mill, to be sure. It hasn't been working since his death, but—"

"Don, you wouldn't make a good detective. Don't you see those mills bear upon each other? The trouble lies there. Both on the same river?"

"Yes, but I tell you my uncle's mill is not working now."

"Of course not. However, mark my word, there's where the trouble began. Ask some of the old servants."

"Well, whatever the trouble, I don't intend to let it remain. Preposterous!"

"What will you do?"

"Do? Why, not question old servants, as you propose. I'll go to these Magruders, and tell them I love my neighbor as myself."

The friend laughed.

"Which, Lucretia of haunting eyes, or Lorelei of the opaline?"

"Neither," responded Osborne, gravely, even coldly. "The one is a ghost, the other a child. Come, let us go home."

As he walked cheerily through those wooded depths, letting his bright words touch tree and leaf and cloud and sunlight, with a brilliancy which dazzled his more sober friend, it was not, indeed, of these he thought—rather, it was of the tall dark figure moving there among the quiet sleepers on the sweet hillside. The head was covered with an ugly black sunbonnet. He could imagine just how the white face shone out from the gloom of its depth, just how the deep eyes sent their soft reflective light from under the shadow—a face of moonlight, of memories, of sad memories.

IV.

"TIME and tide wait for no man," cried Osborne, next morning, as he swung into his saddle and dashed off to ride the six miles stretching between the Magruder home and his rough hunting-lodge.

Phil Dearborne had been left unceremoniously to his own devices; Osborne had determined to make peace with his neighbors, and so had gone off alone.

The sky was clouded, and a velvet wind caressed the trunks of the pines, turning the green needles above into harp-strings and playing melodies of weird sad loveliness.

The lane stretched straight between the broad fields. There were some crows swirling above their bare grassiness, and they threw cries like great swoony chords into the pine music.

Osborne smiled, as he found himself moderating the gait of his horse. He really had not thought exactly how he intended asking for peace—the terms would rest in the hands of the Magruders.

As he pondered and the horse slowly walked up the long lane, he looked toward the gloomy house, even as in olden times knights-errant had scanned the castles at whose portals they sought entrance. There was nothing defensive about the old building—unless, perhaps, the extreme mournfulness of its appearance, giving that dignity which protects the grief-stricken.

When he had reached the big gray gate, he dismounted, buckled his horse's bridle around a post of the fence, unfastened the clumsy wooden latch, and walked within. He did not know exactly what he intended to say, and his feet lingered slowly on the green bricks of the walk. He could see the old mother passing back and forth on her line of march, erect despite her blindness: the carriage befitted a general leading his forces to battle. How should he meet her? He felt his backbone gradually stiffening into the straightness of college-drill. Would not somebody see him and tell that he was coming?

"Lucretia!" suddenly called the blind woman. "Lucretia, there's someone here!"

She did not cease her walking, and Osborne went slowly forward and looked upward as the tall black figure of Lucretia stepped forth from the doorway.

"I have not lost my way," he said, answering her questioning regard. "I have not lost my way this time; but I have come—I have come

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to see you, Miss Magruder," he added, after a slight hesitation; and so, taking off his hat, mounted the steps hollowed by years of use.

The blind woman paused in her walk, her figure thrown against the wall in rigid outline.

Osborne marked this, and added hastily, as he stood on the edge of the gallery:

"You know who I am: you know that I have come to live, this summer, in my uncle's lodge; that I shall frequently, in the future, be your neighbor. Only recently, I have learned that there was trouble between my uncle and your family. I have not asked the cause of the trouble—I have come to say only: 'We are neighbors: let us have peace.' As for the terms"—here he smiled, looking into the still white face before him—"as for the terms—those I leave with you, with your family—name them, they are granted."

So broad and winning and sunny was Osborne's smile, it had touched even the tone of his voice and reached the keen ear of the blind woman. She advanced a step, like a statue of marble moving with a power stronger than the hardness of its nature. Her face was terrible to look upon. The closed lids were lifted; the sightless orbs glowed like fires smoldering in black chimneys; a flush lay red on the pale cheeks, as though a heated glow from the smoldering eyes streamed over them.

"Terms?" she cried, and the voice seemed a mingling of the clarion-bugle and the wail of a mourner fighting to protect the dead. "Terms? Terms to an Osborne? Terms to a second Macdonald Osborne? Yes, I will name our terms: Sweep away twenty years," and here the blind woman threw out her thin hands, describing a half-circle; "make Lucretia a girl of fifteen," here she pointed toward her daughter, quite as if seeing the mourning-draped figure; "let the mill turn its wheel, and the saws move, and the water roar over the dam," waving a pale finger westward, where indeed the river lay; "fill the fields with cattle; let the corn wave and the oxen draw their loads; take away poverty; give me my sight; and give me—oh, give me!—Marcus."

The cry was uttered like one calling from the depths of despair; and then the tall rigid figure fell, lying prone on the gray floor, even as a straight tree, hewn at its root, cleaving the air, falls straight to the earth below.

Osborne, greatly shocked, stepped forward; but Miss Magruder waved him away, while she knelt beside the still form. He hastened into the hall, brought forward a pitcher of water, and, before she could prevent, sprinkled the mother's pale face.

"Go," she said, lifting her dark eyes, "go. My mother will soon be conscious. She must not find you here."

"I must talk with you," answered Osborne, hurriedly. "I must see you. Can I wait in the hall—in the parlor?"

She made an impatient gesture of command, and Osborne stepped within the hall.

A door stood open. He could see that there was an old parlor beyond, and he went within, half closing the door behind him.

The room had a close damp smell, although aired by four windows, two opening on to the front gallery, and two either side the cavernous chimney. It seemed to him, the twenty years the blind woman had claimed were buried here, and a long piano stretching bier-like beside the wall heightened this delusion. The light was dim, for, though the shutters were opened, there were old curtains hanging from black rods above. Those at the sides were parted, and he could see the green leaves and slim gray branches of the trees without, nestling against the panes of glass. The gray branches looked like snakes, for they had twisted away from the walls with that movement which most living things make toward sunlight.

There were some shadowy pictures on the wall. He could not quite make out what they were, and there were great bunches of dead grasses coming up from urns on the tall mantel, suggestive to Osborne of feathers on hearses.

He moved toward the window as best he could in the gloom, and, carefully lifting an edge at the side of the curtain, peered forth. The mother had recovered. She was seated in her accustomed chair, and the pale daughter knelt, chafing the mother's hand and looking up into the mother's face with her moonlit eyes.

Such a strange white face—tender yet cold. Was it beautiful? Or was it plain? Osborne could not tell. He moved to get a better view, and in so doing knocked a table standing near. He did not stoop to replace it. He did not dare move, for he saw the mother sit straight and the daughter apprehensively glance toward the window where he stood.

Despite the solemnity of the surroundings, Osborne smiled, thinking how very much he felt as he imagined a burglar would feel under similar circumstances. He wondered how much longer he would be forced to wait in hiding.

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The daughter's lips were moving, but he could not hear what she said. Presently she got up from her knees, and the mother also arose, stiff and tall. She took her daughter's arm, and then leaned on the cane which had rested against her chair, and so walked into the hall and the chamber beyond. He quite held his breath as he heard the steps of mother and daughter and the rustle of their garments when they passed by the half-closed door of the parlor. He dropped the curtain and sank into a chair, wondering again how much longer he would have to wait.

Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, and then a light quick step, and the door opened wide, and there appeared in the doorway, not the dark-robed Lucretia, but Lorelei, the girl who had burst from the chrysalis of childhood. She stood, a fair picture set within the old door-frame, the light of the hall, though dim, revealing every outline of her figure.

"I have come," she said, "because Aunt Lucretia sent me."

The voice stole in whispers through the dimness like a light shining through clouds.

"She says she cannot see you now—she doesn't know when she can see you. Grandmother is quite ill."

"I am truly concerned," commenced Osborne, in the same constrained whisper, "truly concerned at the result of my peace efforts. When will your aunt see me?"

"She didn't say."

"Will you please find out? I am very anxious to know what I can do. It seems to me my uncle must have done you all great harm."

The girl lingered an instant, then reluctantly turned in the door-frame and walked off.

Osborne's mind had a queer trick of setting off sad solemn scenes by a contrasting scene. Just now, as the young girl moved, he did not note the figure and the gleam of the hair when the light struck the gold. He thought rather of a puppet doll he had once owned, mechanically walking back and forth through a toy doorway, and he was yet smiling over the comical resemblance when the girl returned.

"Aunt Lucretia says she can't ever see you in the house. Grandmother will be sure to hear. And she wishes you would go, because grandmother isn't easy, and seems to feel that you are about."

"Come, Miss Lorelei, this is rather hard. Can't you help me to make peace? Are the Magruders such enemies that they will not accept even submission?" asked Osborne, gravely. "I tell you, if my uncle's sword has been thrust into my hand, I am ready to lay it down. I am quite unarmed. If I cannot see Miss Magruder in the house, can I see her out of the house?"

"She scarcely ever goes out, except to the hillside—the graveyard."

"Good heavens, what a life!" cried Osborne.

"Please don't speak so loud. Grandmother will hear you."

"Now listen," he said, with determination. "I will talk loud; what is more, I will come again to the house if you don't, between you, arrange some way for your aunt to meet me. I despise mysteries—I despise feuds. Miss Lorelei, ask if she will meet me to-morrow at the mill. I'll be there—I'll be there any hour she names."

"I—I would rather not go back," said the young girl, coming further into the room; "I should only disturb my grandmother. Aunt Lucretia cannot come in the morning."

"Then," said Osborne, "tell her I shall be there from four till she comes; and—and, if she doesn't come—why, I'll pay a visit to the house. Good-morning, Miss Lorelei."

"That threat will bring her, I fancy," thought Osborne, as he tiptoed out of the parlor, through the hall, and down the hollowed steps.

Lorelei stood with parted lips, just where he had left her. Then she went to the window and peeped out, watching as he disappeared under the hanging tree-boughs, and down the long lane, and so into the pine-lands beyond.

V.

Again the June sunlight flooded the earth—but, this time, it was evening—and the shadows of trees shot far into the current of the river, and deepened the gray of the mill. It was long after four—even past five, for Osborne had been unexpectedly detained beyond the appointed hour. Having fastened his horse to a tree, he hastily crossed the planked way and entered the ruin.

Some subtle instinct had told him that Miss Magruder would not fail, and he was not surprised to see her seated on the pile of planks, patiently waiting. She had chosen a low seat; she looked as if enthroned, the pile rising behind and her black garb hamonizing with the soft tints of the lichens. The head was covered with the black bonnet; to Osborne, it seemed a nun's coif, crowning the years of her cloistered life.

She was looking intently toward him when he entered, and, as he approached, she arose,

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her tall figure reaching upward, recalling somewhat the tall figure of Lorelei. The motion was slow, even majestic, and Osborne unconsciously straightened himself, and laid aside his quick step when he drew near. He took off his hat and bowed gravely.

"Good-morning, Miss Magruder; I beg that you will seat yourself again."

"It is not necessary," said the cold even voice; "our interview will last but a moment. I came only to spare my mother a repetition of yesterday's pain. All friendliness is out of the question, and I hope you will respect our desire to be left in peace."

"Peace?" exclaimed Osborne. "Peace? Do you call it peace, to be at odds with your neighbor? Do you call it peace, to visit the sins of another on an innocent head? Do you call it peace, to reject me when I lay down the sword thrust into my hands?"

"You willfully misunderstand me," responded Miss Magruder, even more coldly. "Perhaps I ought to have used the word 'alone.' Yes, that is it: 'Leave us alone.' As for laying down the sword, I am here only in obedience to a threat."

She did not seem in the least moved. She held in her long bare hands a bunch of pale wild-flowers. They must have been gathered some time, but they were not faded; and, as she stood before Osborne, with her hands loosely clasped, the flowers shone out fair against the black garb.

"You forced me to use the sword—you forced me," said Osborne: "you were unjust."

"An Osborne speak of injustice!"

There was just a faint touch of scorn in the calm tone.

"And why not? What have we done?"

"Done?" She was silent an instant; then, lifting her pale hand clasping the pale flowers, waved it gently. "This."

As she spoke, the hand fell by her side.

"This? I suppose you mean that my family—my uncle—has been the cause of this mill becoming a ruin. It's hardly fair to blame me for what I did not do. I did not even know that there was a mill here or at my uncle's. Don't you think, Miss Magruder, it would be but justice to tell me how my uncle harmed you and what I can do to—"

"No," she interrupted. "I recognize your innocence; but I can only repeat what I said before—leave us alone. We do not care to know you—we do not wish to see you. Surely, this is enough."

She had spoken with some energy, and she moved now as if to go; but Osborne stepped almost in her way.

"No, it is not enough," he said, in low determined voice, "it is not enough. I should despise myself if I consented to be set aside for my uncle's sin. I take the sword which he has thrust into my hand—or, rather, which you thrust there—and I shall use it until you tell me what I wish to know; until—"

"How will you use it?" interrupted Miss Magruder, with quiet questioning eyes.

"By coming to the house again and again and again. I will be answered."

There was an instant's silence. The waters curled about the mill-piles below, stole in and out of the old wheel, and sang softly.

"I am not surprised," at last said the woman; "I might have expected this—from an Osborne.'

"Certainly," responded Osborne. "Justice I will have. Come, Miss Magruder—this position is trying. Let us sit down, and do you please tell me the story. I have heard some mangled accounts; but I want truth."

He seated himself as he spoke, and Miss Magruder's figure sank slowly to its former place.

"Would you mind very much if I asked you to take off your bonnet? Ah, thank you—we can talk better."

While speaking, he was thinking: "What a strange face—like a blossom that needs sunlight!" For, at his request, Miss Magruder had taken off her bonnet in a mechanically obedient manner. It seemed a matter of little moment, and she sighed faintly as she turned toward him and commenced speaking.

"It would be very easy," she said, slightly lifting her brows, "it would be very easy to keep you away from our home, since we are not altogether unprotected, having both dogs and guns. We might, indeed, call on the law; for there is a justice of the peace even in this wilderness. But it would not be worth the trouble. I prefer getting rid of you in the quietest and easiest way."

"Precisely," interposed Osborne, with a calmness equaling her own.

"There is not much to tell," she went on, in the same quiet voice: "Father owned this mill, and had made large Government contracts for lumber. He was to furnish the amount within a certain time, or forfeit the contract. Suddenly, one day, his mill stopped—there wasn't enough water to turn the wheel. He sent men upstream, exploring. Your uncle also owned a mill. It was located above. He had recently bought new machinery, which needed

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stronger water-power; for obtaining this stronger power, he had dammed the water in such a way that there was not sufficient left to work our mill, for the river was low at that season. The two neighbors met, and there were hot words and then a lawsuit.

"Meantime, while the lawsuit pended, your uncle, having the advantage, continued work. He took up the contract which my father could not fill, finished it, and received the pay. The suit was decided with a compromise by the court. Father was not satisfied. We are stubborn about our rights. He carried the suit to a higher court. When it was again compromised, he was almost a ruined man. There was all the lumber gotten out of the forest, the men to be paid for their work, the law-costs also to be paid. He fell ill; matters on the place grew worse and worse; his son in Italy, Lorelei's father, needed assistance.

"All this troubled my father. His sick-bed was haunted with visions of ruin: he saw the mill as—as it is now," said Miss Magruder, looking around; "and, one day, he died."

Here the listener thought he detected a faint tremor in the even voice; but Miss Magruder continued her story without pause:

"My mother idolized my father. I was only fifteen. I did not know that grief is like madness. One night when it rained, my mother went to the hillside where our dead have been laid. She staid there till morning. The exposure brought on an illness. When she recovered, she was blind. I nursed her two years, till my brother returned from Italy, and then Lorelei came."

A gleam like a ray of sunlight shooting into a dark room touched the sad story, as the name passed her lips. Silence fell.

Osborne had listened quietly. He could see the meeting between the choleric Magruder and his equally choleric uncle—could understand how his uncle, writhing under sharp words and stung into retaliation, had offered his lumber for the unfilled contract; but, for the rest, the rest, the story was a tragedy—one of those tragedies which daily meet us on the world's stage, whose meaning we cannot read here. There were three victims—the father, the blind mother, and the pale woman before him; saddest of all, the fate of this pale victim.

He glanced toward her as she sat—cold, almost stern, her deep eyes looking off down the vista of the shadow-darkened river. He saw a youth which had never lived—a youth lying strangled and pallid, like some beautiful corpse, drowned in deep waters and tossed up in storm on a barren shore; and the waters were the tears of grief, and the storm the shadow of sorrow, and the barren shore this life beside the blind mother in the ghost-filled rooms.

How those rooms must echo with the footsteps of the dead! One by one, they had passed away, till now only her own sounded in the great shadowy stillness—only her own, and the faltering step of the blind mother, and the careless light foot of Lorelei.

Here Miss Magruder moved, and looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked.

He did not answer. He had forgotten himself, as he watched her patient figure—and now, looking into those deep eyes, felt strangely moved. The sweet frail blossom of youth was lying there, choked among the tall grasses. Sunlight had never warmed the soft petals. What pleasure it would be, to mark the slow opening, the soft tints! What a pale spirit-bloom would rise there, in the heart which had been watered by grief and shadowed by sorrow! No red flaunting blossom, but one akin to the soft dawn-blooms of heaven—sending its spirit-fragrance into life, whispering with its incense of a heaven on earth.

"Are you satisfied?" she repeated, moving a little uneasily, as if preparing to go. "You wanted the truth, and I have given it. Surely, now you will let us rest?"

"If you wish," said Osborne, quietly, "if you wish to be unjust—yes, I will let you rest."

"No, that is not it." She moved her hands back and forth over the black bonnet. "I do not wish to be unjust. I recognize your innocence; but the sight of one of your name—I think you can understand what it must be to my mother and what it must be to me," she said, rising, a new hardness coming to voice and face.

"In one way—yes," answered Osborne, "in another way—no. I cannot understand," here his tone became singularly clear and strong, "I cannot understand the desire in man or woman to inflict injustice on an innocent person. It is the unworthy action of an immortal soul. What an atmosphere for your niece. How you warp with your prejudice her bright young soul."

"My niece? Lorelei?" said Miss Magruder, in a faintly troubled tone.

"Your niece—Lorelei," repeated Osborne. "What! you do not see the harm you work, giving her prejudice as a staff on which to lean in her walk through the wide world?"

"The world, for Lorelei, will not be wide."

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The voice had regained its smooth evenness.

"How can you know, Miss Magruder? Listen." And then, bending forward, he told about his meeting with the child-woman who was watching the chrysalis and longing to fly with it into parts unknown.

"She told me she had met you—but that was all," said Miss Magruder, as he finished. "It will pass. I have other plans for Lorelei."

"It will not pass," said Osborne; and he walked beside her till she stepped forth on the narrow plankway. "Her nature is ardent and impulsive—she will never be content here."

"Good-bye," she said, suddenly turning at the end of the way.

"I am going as far as the end of the lane with you," he responded. "I have not apologized for keeping you waiting."

"There is no need," she said, walking along with slow calm step; "I had resolved to give up the evening to this. I hoped you would not come. I was disappointed when I saw you."

"What an odd woman!" thought Osborne.

They had come forth now from the dense woods of the banks and were walking on higher ground.

Suddenly, down the vistas of the long aisles, a drove of cattle showed a forest of horns, rising and falling in varied motion. They swept forward—then, as if following a trail, turned suddenly eastward, gleaming tawny and yellow and red and white and brown, sunlight and shadow playing over all, as they passed through the purple pillars. Last appeared the drover on his horse, a rough but noble and commanding figure, his long locks streaming over his shoulders from under the big hat, his feet encased in high boots, one hand holding his bridle, the other flourishing a long whip, which he cracked as he rode.

"What a fine-looking fellow!" exclaimed Osborne.

"Yes," assented Miss Magruder.

A nameless something about the "yes" made Osborne glance at his companion. She was not heeding him. Her eyes had followed the rapidly-disappearing horseman; yet Osborne thought they looked further—far, indeed, beyond drove and drover—into the depths of a distant future. Instinctively, as he watched her, he knew that Lorelei filled the frame of the dim picture.

"You are looking into the future," he said, quietly, as they resumed their walk.

She answered with a swift turn of the head and a swift glance, as swiftly removed from his downcast eyes.

"Shall I tell what you see, Miss Magruder?"

"That is scarcely possible," she replied.

"I have, to some extent, the gift of mind-reading," persisted Osborne, "and I sometimes read correctly. May I tell what you saw just now?"

"If you wish; it is immaterial to me," said Miss Magruder, almost wearily.

"A sweet country home: a brown house, and a broad hall running through; pine-breezes sweeping over the shingled roof; beyond, fields and pastures and cattle grazing in great droves; and, on the gallery, the rider who passed us just now, and beside him your niece. Have I read rightly?" he questioned.

"You certainly do not expect me to answer," she replied, with some energy. "Either way, it would be giving you the key to that castle which we all guard."

"You mean the mind. Ah, well—there is no need. Truthfully, you cannot say 'no,' and, naturally, do not care to say 'yes.' Well, it will be a happy life for your niece, if she is content; but—"

"The question does not concern a stranger," interrupted Miss Magruder, coolly. She hesitated, then went on with much determination: "I have told Lorelei that, for many reasons, I do not wish her to talk with you—I mean, during her walks—her wanderings, I had better say. She has grown up like a child of the woods. Anxiety for her health has made me indifferent about other matters, and I allow her perhaps unusual freedom. You will probably meet her often, accompanied by Sambo. He is her small shadow, and, I think, sufficient protection. Good-bye, Mr. Osborne. I am sure you will respect all our wishes. There is neither peace nor war between us. Good-bye."

The earnest tones of her voice died away on the evening air, like soft waves beating on a low shore. She bowed and turned away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE'S SECRET.

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

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WOMAN ON A TRICYCLE.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun"! It is probable that you never heard that assertion; but I generously put it in quotation, because I scorn to deceive an unsuspecting public.

Seriously speaking, though, I believe that, since the first repetition of that venerable adage, no person ever reiterated it with more profound conviction than I put into its utterance a few days since. I had been out to watch the skill and grace with which a party of ladies managed their tricycles, and, as I returned home, stopped to give a dear old friend an account of what I had seen.

"I am afraid you think the exercise unfeminine," I said, after she had listened quietly to my description and expressions of enthusiastic admiration. "Of course, it is a very original step on the part of women, and perhaps you are shocked—I know my grandmother would have been."

"I dare say," rejoined my hostess; "but your great-grandmother would not—that I can easily prove."

Then she summoned her maid to hunt up some portfolios of old engravings, turned them carefully over for some time, and finally held before my astonished eyes a picture, dated 1819, representing ladies mounted on velocipedes.

I am unable to say whether I was most astounded to find there was such a vehicle in existence for women's use at that pre-historic period or most overwhelmed by the idea that the female sex could ever have sported such bonnets as those riders wore.

Bonnets, quotha? Except for the human head within it, I should have taken the thing for a primitive attempt at a waste-paper basket or the antediluvian conception of a coal-scuttle.

These curious engravings awakened my interest in the subject, and, once on the highroad to information, I did not rest till I learned a great deal about velocipedes, bicycles, and tricycles for feminine use.

In 1817, a native of Mannheim named Drais was inspired to invent a machine which, with the spirit of prophecy strong upon him, he declared would speedily put the horse "out of running" for ordinary equestrian purposes, and would, in time, render pedestrian exercise as unusual as walking on one's head.

In honor of himself, he called his invention the "Draisine," though this name was very soon — much against his wishes, I fear — exchanged for that of "velocipede." One is forced to admit that, proud as the worthy gentleman was of his creation, it would appear a very awkward sort of monster to-day, and one would think it must have been as uncomfortable as it was ugly.

Before the end of 1819, great improvements had been made, many of them by English imitators, as the progressive Anglo-Saxons seized on the new production with as much avidity as ever they showed in appropriating stray islands and promising continents. Yet, even under their skillful manipulations and changes, the wheelman must still have been forced to do so much work that one would think the hardest sort of walking preferable to the use of the velocipede.

By this time, however, in spite of the masculine opposition—which was, of course, as natural to the male species as it always has been where women are concerned—English ladies began to assert their right to employ this fresh method of locomotion. When men cannot help themselves, we all know they give in where we are concerned; so speedily they contrived—though, after all, it is ten to one the improvement was due to a woman — alterations in the bicycle which rendered it better suited to feminine needs. Presently, somebody evolved a regular lady's-tricycle; I don't believe a woman did that, because it was so clumsy-looking—more like the box of a sulky mounted on some huge antediluvian insect so imperfectly developed that it had not yet decided whether it would skip about on pointed claws or twirl them up into the shape of wheels.

The fondness for the new machine rose to such a height, that, in masculine minds, it reached the dimensions of a mania, the increasing dislike on their part probably being due to the

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fact that, unwieldy as were the machines for both sexes, women managed their huge insects with a grace and agility which men found they could not equal.

So, when diatribes in the newspapers, strictures in public lectures, and even warnings from the pulpit failed to produce the desired effect, the talent of the inimitable Cruikshank was called in to subdue the enthusiasm and fire of these new Atalantas. I am sorry to think that most delightful of pencil-humorists could have been induced to aid in so unworthy a work; but he consented, and most thoroughly he performed his task.

From that period, so far as I can learn, a female velocipedist was not heard of in the British islands until some twenty years since, when the beautiful widow of an English marquis rode a velocipede from Leamington to Oxford—curious people said on a wager, malicious ones declared that it was to keep an appointment with a young university-man whom her relations did not wish her to marry.

Even with men, the incomparable invention seems to have died out of favor, and we reach the year of grace 1867 before we find it again suddenly assuming the importance it assuredly ought to have.

So far as the other sex is concerned, ten years ago a lady in America mounted on the wheeled horse would have been a sight to make a profound sensation of not the most agreeable kind, and she would have undoubtedly brought down on herself severe condemnation from that body of persons—unfortunately still very numerous—whose first impulse is to think that every unaccustomed thing must necessarily be improper.

Five years since, even in Europe, the number of lady cyclists was very small, and in America probably not twenty could have been found in the whole length and breadth of the land. To-day, the ranks count by thousands, and are constantly receiving recruits from among the most refined and cultured of our countrywomen.

Of course, in England, the propriety of tricycle-riding for ladies was effectually settled when Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice adopted the fashion and rode undauntedly and very skillfully through the picturesque alleys of Windsor.

One cannot help wondering what must have been the reflections of the ghosts of bygone regal dames, if they haunt those leafy retreats, when they watched their successors careering along in what must seem, to them, a sadly-unroyal manner.

It is possible that Queen Elizabeth's phantom may have supported the shock with tolerable equanimity; for, though a terrible tyrant, the old lioness was something of an innovator and rather prone to adopt new ideas. But, as for Queen Charlotte of blessed memory, one shivers to think of her sufferings. That epitome of all small virtues and narrow-mindedness must have been so horrified, not to say disgusted, that it seems probable that, with sighs and groans, she forsook the spot, never to return.

Apropos to Victoria's exploits, I cannot refrain from noting a little anecdote that came under my own observation. A friend of mine was reading the account in the presence of her five-year-old Jack and his elder sister.

"I don't see," said Jack, after a little reflection, "how she managed to keep her crown on."

"Oh, she could do that easily enough," cried Edith, fresh from the dignity of her seventh birthday and imbued with proper if precocious contempt for the limitedness of the male animal's intellect: "she could tie her crown fast to her hair. But it must have been hard work to manage her coronation-train and her spectre."

The laughter which greeted the small woman's blunder between a ghost and the emblem of royal state naturally caused Master Jack extreme triumph. To me personally, it was delightful to think that, in this land where the old-fashioned type of child seems almost as hard to discover as a dodo, I had fallen over two mites who still clung to the delusion which was a matter of established faith among the younglings of previous generations, that monarchs walk about in diadem and royal robes from Sunday morning till Saturday night.

Though I have been writing lightly, the subject of my article is one which has its serious side, since it is connected with that all-important matter, the physical development of women.

It seems almost an unkind thing to assert, yet it is undoubtedly true, that, scarcely more than two generations back, American women in general appeared to regard robust frames and vigorous health as something absolutely unfeminine. Even to acknowledge herself a good walker and to declare a fondness for pedestrian exercise would have made a lady stared at by most of her sisterhood, and a willingness to put on the stout boots and stockings adapted therefor would have appeared very like insanity. As for the woman bold or sensible enough—if such had existed—to turn her attention to gymnastics or athletic sports of any sort, unless it might be the mildest form of calisthenics, that daring creature would have been positively ostracized.

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Indeed, I think it is barely more than thirty years ago that the famous essay of Thomas Wentworth Higginson did as much as the effort of any single person could do toward awakening our petted countrywomen to the error of their ways and helping to bring into practice the new creed which had been for some years trying to struggle into life against much opposition on the part of those for whose good it was intended.

Since then, wonderful changes have taken place in the physical education of American girls, and one has only to look about in any large assemblage of the present and the rising generation to observe its marvelous effects. The time was when, while admitting the right of American ladies to the golden apple of Paris, foreigners invariably deplored the fragile type of that loveliness which too surely portended a worn, meagre, faded middle-age.

"The spring and the Indian-summer of American women are very lovely—but they are hideous in between," a German traveler, as well known for his bluntness as his brains, once said.

To-day, heaven be praised, American women still bear off the palm of beauty in every country in Christendom, and the results of the new era of education, so far from detracting, have added thereto the crowning charm, appearance of good health—and have, into the bargain, made that awful interlude of middle-age ugliness a memory of the past.

Besides the attention paid by mothers, every girls' college, every well-established school, has its gymnasium, and the proper development of the body is considered as necessary as that of the mind.

But, among all the new systems and appliances for physical training, nothing can equal the use of the tricycle. Whether regarded as an aid to health or a simple source of enjoyment, there can scarcely too much be said in its praise. It is a mistaken idea that only young girls can use it with ease, or do so with benefit. Numbers of middle-aged and elderly ladies have learned to ride with facility, and the accomplishment is much less difficult to acquire than the uninformed suppose.

So far as the question of dignity may be concerned, it is difficult to conceive why anyone should regard it more undignified to sit on the cushion of a tricycle than in a saddle on a horse's back. One thing is certain: so long as the female equestrian must be incumbered by a heavy riding-habit and have her right knee perched on the saddle-pommel in an unnatural attitude which deprives her of a great deal of control over her horse, the odds, where security is concerned, are most decidedly in favor of the "wheeled beast."

As a health-promoter, the daily press has for several years teemed with so many testimonies to its merits that it is needless to dwell upon that view of the subject. But it really is agreeable to record that, about two years since, an American invalid lady—Mrs. Masson, of Louisiana—made one of the most remarkable journeys ever accomplished by any feminine tricyclist. Accompanied by her husband, she went from their plantation near New Orleans away up to Iowa—a trip of nearly two thousand miles.

Another noted feminine cyclist is Mrs. Joseph Pennell, who, with her artist-husband, has made several trips through Europe on a tandem-bicycle. In that species of vehicle, the lady sits front; in the last century, ladies sat on horseback behind their husbands: every true woman will admit that the iron steed deserves approval if only for giving us our proper place.

But, whether single or double, the machines have been brought to a wonderful state of perfection, as regards safety, swiftness, and comfort. Even the most bigoted cannot pronounce the exercise other than graceful; and, as only the utterly ignorant could dream of denying its usefulness and efficacy, it is safe to predict that, since she has got firmly seated thereon, neither the moans of benighted sisters nor the envious malice of men will drive woman off her tricycle.

VANQUISHED.

BY NELLIE T. GRANT.

In mortal combat, Love and Reason met.
  Quoth Love: "I will fight fairly, and I know
That I shall thus defeat thee." "As thou wilt,"
  Replied cold Reason, as she drew her bow.
Fast flew the arrows, falling thick around
  The beauteous form of Love. Undaunted, he
Stood firm. And so, in anger, Reason frowned,
  And, quickly losing heart, she turned to flee;
Then, courage gaining, she returned again,
  And, with one fatal keenly-barbèd dart,
She pierced the heart of Love: he fell disarmed,
  Powerless and stricken from the smart.

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THE BONNY MAIDEN.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

SWEET summer, send your softest gale
  To greet a lover's ear,
For there is coming up the vale
  A bonny little dear;
The hedge-rows blossom 'neath her feet,
  Wild-roses by her path,
While thrushes answer—oh, so sweet!—
  Her merry, merry laugh.

Ye sunbeams, play across the lea;
  Ye willows, fondly sigh;
For there's no fairer maid than she
  Who now is drawing nigh.
Her sparkling eyes are like the dew
  Upon a wildwood's flow'r,
And o'er her cheeks of crimson hue
  Aye smiles like sunbeams pour.

Sweet sing, ye brooks, within yon glade,
  A melody divine,
For there's no fairer rural maid
  Than bonny Nellie mine;
Ye zephyrs, kiss her lips rose-red
  And fan her lily brow;
Ye gentle violets, hang your heads,
  And low before her bow.

Sweet summer, send your softest gale
  To greet a lover's ear,
For there is coming up the vale
  A bonny little dear:
She's coming now to meet her love
  Beneath the trysting-tree,
While voices from the maple-grove
  Make joyful melody.

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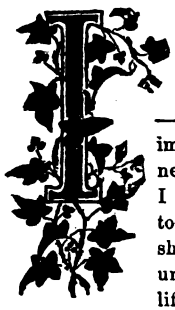
BENSON'S ROMANCE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.



I NEVER tried my hand at romance. I know that I should make a failure were I to attempt to write fiction—a thing which it is absurdly impossible to think of in connection with me, at my age. But I find myself in a strange mood to-night; I have a fancy that I should take a mournful pleasure in writing the story of my life—for there is a story that the world never knew and never guessed.

My name is Richard Benson. I am sixtynine years of age. I have no relatives, so far as I know, in the world. While I possess the respect of all who know me, I do not think that there is anyone who would say I am his friend. I was admitted to the bar fortyfive years ago, and I have been Judge Richard Benson for more than a quarter of a century. I shall be Judge Benson as long as I live.

My home is an immense mansion, bleak and cheerless, in which I spend little time. The contrast between the dreams of my boyhood and the realities of manhood and old-age is too great to allow of my being happy there. My office is not less cheerless, perhaps, than my residence; but, when my judicial duties allow me the leisure to do so, I spend my time there. I work, work. Work has been my salvation. I know by heart hundreds of the unattractive law-books on the dusty old shelves. I can go in the dark and place my hand on any one of the volumes, and never make a mistake. Do you know what that means? Can you realize the days and nights of toil which have enabled me to accomplish this?

But I feel the awful fact that without this toil I should have gone, broken and wrecked, years ago, to my grave—or—or to something worse.

Men say I am rich. They are mistaken. It is true I have my house, with its furniture, and my library. It is true I have a little money laid by, to keep me in comfort should my health fail in the few years remaining. But the world does not know of the thousands of dollars which I have bestowed in charity, and wonders to whom I will leave my property. Small as that property will be, I wonder too; and the doubt and indecision are almost maddening. Since I have neither family nor friends, the most natural idea would be to give what I possess to some organized charity. Perhaps that is what I shall do. I do not know. I cannot tell.

I made my will once. I have never changed it. I fear I ought to. Should they tell me, some night in the not very distant future—for, as I have already written, I am sixtynine—that I shall be dead when morning comes, I presume I shall change it; but, if I die unwarned, I suppose I shall not. I have stood before my fire twice to-day, with the yellow and time-stained document in my hand; but I could neither tear nor toss it into the eager blaze. And yet—

I am not sure I shall rest in my grave if the one whose name is there spends the money for which I have toiled. "All the property of which I may die possessed" is a very broad and general description. It is what I wrote more than forty years ago. It is what still stands as my "last will and testament."

For a man who has toiled so unremittingly, I am exceedingly well preserved. I am straight, strong, and active. My hair is not very gray. My sight and hearing are good. And so, I suppose, it will happen that, when Death knocks at my door, he will send no herald to announce his coming—and that he will knock but once.

I never married. But it is not a half-hour's walk to the house of a woman who loves me—who would marry me, if I asked her—a woman who is beautiful, despite the time which has gone by since we exchanged our vows of eternal love and faith. She loves me—and yet no word has passed between us for almost forty years. God help me—I shall never know, this side of the grave, how much she may have loved in the past, and how much she may have given for it.

She sent me two letters after the day on which I resolved that I would never touch her hand or speak to her again. I never answered or even opened those letters. I wonder what is in them, but I have never dared to look.

She sends me flowers from her garden every summer, and flowers from her greenhouse every winter. Perhaps she cherishes a dream that I do not know where they come from. Possibly

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she thinks they are welcome; I cannot tell whether they are or not. So they stand in my room until they are only the dust which my love has been all these years.

My love? Dust? Merciful God! my passion has been covered over and pressed down into the grave my heart is; but it has never, never died—it never will. I love her. I may blush to write it or even think it—but it is true; I may scorn myself for it—but it is true; I may bid my manhood abase itself in shame—but it is true.

It was no trifling thing which parted us—no carelessness or neglect. It may be she thinks it was. I pray God she does—but I doubt it.

I could not marry her—but I do not know why; I never shall know.

It would be easy to discover. I have only to open a package which has lain in my desk for over thirtynine long years. But I shall never open it. I shall die with only the one certainty in my mind—that marriage between me and the woman I loved was impossible. But I put her name—hers only—in my will, and left it there.

I love her. Right or wrong, for good or for evil, her name will be the last one on my lips when the end of the world for me shall come.

II.

I WAS twentyfive when I met Ethel Arryl. I will not attempt to describe her; I should fall too far short of doing her justice. To me, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. In spite of much travel and many years of experience, she remains no less lovely. I may justify my opinion, perhaps, by saying that others—not lovers, and not always even friends—said of her beauty and grace as extravagant things as I.

I loved Ethel Arryl. I don't know whether it was a case of love at first sight. If not, it was little short of it.

I went home from my first evening in the society of Ethel Arryl fully resolved to win her for my wife. I had no doubt as to the new feeling in my heart; there was no period of dreaming dazedly over my emotions; there was nothing uncertain—I loved Ethel Arryl.

I had made no inquiries regarding Miss Arryl. The man who allows himself to meet, and love, and privately take oath to win, a woman, all in an evening, has little chance to be prudent.

I realized one thing, though, as I tossed to and fro on my bed: that I was a very poor and obscure young man, with my future and my fortune all to make. I would win Ethel Arryl—I would; I clenched my hands and shut my teeth tightly together as I said it. But I must know, as soon as morning came, how great the task I had set for myself. What of her family? What of her culture? What of her wealth? How high was the penniless young lawyer lifting his eyes? These were the questions to which I must obtain answers.

I asked my careless questions. I received the straightforward cruel truth in reply.

"A good girl; nothing against her," said one. This information was unnecessary. I did not doubt it. Nothing could have made me. Then, I was twentyfive. Now, I am sixtynine.

Family?

She had none. Arryl was a pretty name, aristocratic sounding, but there were no traditions connected with it. She, like myself, was a newcomer in town. Her father and she had lived there less than a year. Some persons ventured so far as to hint that in some former place of residence the two might have had a very different name from Arryl. It was undoubtedly no very fine sort of clay which I had set up as an idol.

Culture?

No one knew. She talked the trivial commonplaces of society, of course, well enough to acquit herself fairly. She danced well. She rode well. But she did not sing; she did not play; she did not paint, nor write poetry, nor do fancy work, nor devote herself to any one thing of the many the doing of which is considered an indication that a lady is accomplished.

"A good girl enough," said this one, "with nothing against her." I thanked him—and continued my questioning elsewhere.

Wealth?

That was uncertain. Her father had bought a house; he had furnished it modestly; it was evident that he desired his daughter to dress well. More than that, no one knew.

"A nice little thing; a girl to be pitied," said the last one I questioned.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because blood will tell."

I asked him what he meant. It cost me an effort to bring myself to do it, but I did.

It was all on account of her father. There were ugly stories afloat about him. There were unpleasant designations habitually applied to him, such as gambler and drunkard. Some of the men who knew him best whispered worse things still of him.

I am sorry to write that he deserved it. When I came to know him, I could find but two things in his character which held him back from a plunge to the lowest depths of infamy: one was

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the tender love he had for his daughter, the other was his wholesome fear of the law. I can remember, as clearly as though it were yesterday, saying to myself that time would do gradually for him what his particular love and his individual fear kept him from doing for himself at once.

I have already said that for a quarter of a century I have sat on the bench, watchful of all phases of human life and character. And I say, from my experience, just what was said to me in my young manhood: "Blood will tell," and yet—

Ethel Arryl has been pure as an angel all her life. She has lived a life against which slander has never turned its envenomed tongue. She has been pointed out, again and again, as an example of a woman who has risen above her birth and training. She has been the model which anxious mothers have set before their daughters for their imitation. She has never done a desperately wicked thing more than once—perhaps not that. I shall never know—until the judgment day. And then—if she is a sinner—her fate and mine must be the same. I must go with her!

III.

I BEGAN my wooing at once. I was no "laggard in love." I spent more time in the society of Ethel Arryl than was good for my practice, small as that was in those days of beginnings. But I had only one thought, one object in life—I must, I would, win her; after that and beyond that, all things were alike easy of accomplishment and unworthy such efforts as this demanded.

I met Mr. Arryl sometimes; he always treated me well. I never saw him drunk in those days—possibly because I went after he had gone away to his nights of gaming, and left before he returned home in the small hours of the morning.

I do not know just what he meant who wrote that "the course of true love never did run smooth." If he looked at life as a whole, he was right. But, in those happy days, I doubted there being any truth in his sorrowful statement—any truth for me.

I had no rivals. I had no opposition from her father. I had only to please the girl. I succeeded easily and soon in doing that.

I had known Ethel Arryl just three months when I asked her to marry me. Her answer was what I desired. She had only one objection.

"Men speak unpleasantly about my father," she said, "and they may be partly right in what they say. They do not know how kind and good he is to me, or how much I love him. You must promise me, if I am to become your wife, that you will never say anything against him, and that, if you can ever serve him in any way, you will do it."

It was an easy thing to promise—a very easy thing—with her curls brushing my cheek and her dark eyes looking up into mine. I promised.

The next day, I asked Robert Arryl for the hand of his daughter. He insisted only on a delay of a year or two. I could not complain of so reasonable a condition.

Time went swiftly by. I had been engaged to Ethel Arryl for nearly four years. We were to be married in a month. I was called away from home on business, and remained absent a week.

I had known, rather by the change in his appearance and in his actions than in any other way—for it was not likely that definite complaints against him would come to the man who was to marry his daughter—that Robert Arryl was rapidly going the downward road. I was none the less surprised and shocked at the gossip which was current on the streets when I returned.

The name of Peter Blanchard, a wealthy citizen of our town, had been forged to a note for five hundred dollars. Peter, who was a miserly man, had promptly paid the full amount promised to the holder of the worthless paper. Then he had gravely announced that he proposed to make the guilty one suffer to the full extent of the law, and declared it to be his belief that the offender was none other than Robert Arryl. He claimed to have proof connecting Arryl with the matter which could neither be overcome nor explained away.

I do not know how much Blanchard's proofs may have amounted to: I know that he had hated Arryl for years, and that desire is sometimes the chief element in belief. Arryl had sent friends, men of his own sort, to Blanchard, to try and buy the questionable note; and, only the day before my return, Ethel had been herself to see the man.

"I carried five hundred dollars," she said to me, the tears in her eyes; "but it was of no use—he was stone. He will be merciless. There is no other way left than to fight him in the courts. You will defend my father, of course?"

"Certainly; but there is one thing to be done first. You suppose your father is guilty?"

She looked me full in the eyes.

"It is a hard question to ask me," she said, piteously; "but I fear he is."

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"But he is not arrested yet?"

"No."

"Do you know why?"

"Not positively. I think Mr. Blanchard wants father to come personally to see him."

"Will he go?"

"I do not know; I think not. I understand Blanchard says he will have the arrest made to-morrow."

"There is just time, then, for the one thing I had to propose: I will go myself to see Mr. Blanchard. I am a lawyer; possibly I may be able to present arguments in a different way from those which have already been used."

"He will only insult you. It will do no good."

I thought her judgment correct, but I adhered to my determination. It cheered and brightened her.

"Shall I get my five hundred dollars?" she asked. "I have already tried its power, and failed."

Alas! and alas! on what little things human events turn! I had over a thousand dollars in my pocket, money I had collected during my absence. This money was my own. I intended to deposit it in the bank as soon as I had time. What more natural than that I should make use of it in a case like this? I told her not to get her money.

I called on Mr. Blanchard. He did not insult me. We got on so well together, that he walked down-town with me when I left. I might have been less friendly with him, had I not hoped that I should still be able to move him. Thus far, I had had no success. But he had done for me one thing more than for any of the others—he had let me see the wretched note. The signature was a clumsy imitation of Blanchard's handwriting; in some respects, it was like writing of Arryl's which I had seen. I trembled for Arryl. The only hope seemed, to me, to be the getting possession of that bit of paper; I told Ethel so, that night. And, when I was going out of the gate, on my way home, at a very early hour, I met Arryl himself, and told him so too.

The man was sullen. He had been drinking a great deal, without doubt. But I think my evident suspicion did much toward sobering him. His daughter had concealed her surmises, and so had his familar friends—if indeed they did not believe in his innocence.

Possibly, I told Ethel and her father too much—or too little. I said nothing of having seen the note.

I think I have made it plain that there was a deep and genuine affection between father and daughter. That fact rendered it easier for me to deal with Arryl. Knowing how much his daughter loved me, he was ready to listen to my suggestions; it may be no more than right to say that his entire thought was for the daughter, when the relations between herself and me were considered. For my feelings, he cared less than nothing.

"If you did it," I said, "make no admission. We'll fight it to the bitter end."

I was thinking of the disgrace which would fall on Ethel, and of the shadow it would cast on me too. God help me! I little thought of a deeper disgrace for us all, lying beyond the night and the morrow.

"I didn't do it," said the man, doggedly.

Was he taking my advice? Was he making himself a deliberate liar, and to his best friend? Or was he really guiltless? I never knew.

But, fortified by my long knowledge of human character, the judgment I formed that night stands unshaken: He was guilty.

"I think he will follow me to the very end in this matter," said Arryl.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I know a thing or two about him."

"What?"

But he would say nothing more. I pointed out to him the need I had for full knowledge; the use I could make of any facts against the character of Mr. Peter Blanchard. It was to no purpose. The old man would say nothing. Was it because his drunken brain distrusted me? Was it because he had nothing to say? Or was he already contemplating that terrible remedy which began with Cain?

"He ought to be thrashed," growled Arryl. He was doubtless thinking of the lonely years of prison-life which probably lay before him.

"He ought to be shot," I flashed out unthinkingly. I had in mind the sorrow, the tears, the white-faced grief, the sleepless anguish, the broken life of the woman I loved. Beyond her, I cared little for the trembling wretch on whose drink-maddened brain I had unthinkingly let fall so awful a suggestion. I do not try to excuse myself. I dare not pray for pardon. But let him who never said a careless thing be the one to blame; who then will "cast the first stone"?

I left Arryl without a thought of any effect that my thoughtless words might have. All night I tossed on my bed, haunted when I slept by nightmares as terrible as they were disconnected and vague. Just as the summer dawn was turning from gray to red in the east, I fell into a sound slumber which lasted for an hour.

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—I was awakened by a knock at my door. I came back to reality and its pain. It was a letter which had caused the interruption of my slumbers—a short, pathetic, tear-stained letter—the last from Ethel Arryl which I have ever read.

"DEAR RICHARD:

Papa is arrested for the murder of Mr. Blanchard. Come, help me bear this terrible trouble.

Your own loving

ETHEL."

Surely a very artless letter—or a very artful one. A very natural letter—or the result of shrewd and careful study.

Blanchard murdered! God help me, what was it I said last night to a desperate man, whose brain and hand had been alike unsteadied by drink—a man who might easily have brought himself to think that only Blanchard's life stood between himself and unquestioned safety?

"Arrested for the murder of Mr. Blanchard." Nothing in the letter to break the shock of the news of the murder! But was it a shock? Had I not felt its horrible coming, casting its dark shadow on my heart and brain the whole night long?

IV.

ETHEL met me with a quiet that was apathy rather than composure.

"Take charge of everything," she said. "I leave all in your hands."

I gave immediate attention to an examination of the desk where Mr. Arryl had written his letters, when he had had any to write, and kept his accounts and read his papers when he was sober enough and at leisure enough to attend to such matters. There was one locked drawer in the desk. I found a key on my key-ring which would open it. There was a package of money inside, a package with a narrow strip of paper fastened around it. I counted the bank-notes—just five hundred dollars: not a remarkable thing for a man to have in his possession, whose freedom and safety had been possibly purchasable for that sum, no longer ago than yesterday. I put the money in an envelope. I sealed it. I locked the drawer. I went upstairs. I entered Ethel's room. She had gone out into the garden. I could see her walking slowly up and down the paths, her head bowed on her breast, her clenched hands folded behind her back, just as you may have sometimes seen a very old man walk.

I took a dainty gold pen from her table, and wrote these words on the sealed envelope:

"Taken from the desk of Robert Arryl, $500."

The drawers of Ethel's writing-table were unlocked. I glanced through them; I found in one a half-dozen faded flowers—flowers I had given her the night she promised to be my wife, as I knew by the ribbon with which they were tied. Then, in a quaintly constructed letter-drawer, which was supposed by the most transparent fiction imaginable to be a secret one, I came on a roll of bank-notes, with a paper band fastened about it, the notes amounting to five hundred dollars. She had been to the murdered man to offer just that sum for her father's safety. Only yesterday she had offered to get it for me. There was no shadow on the summer landscape; no cloud crept coldly between me and the sun; but I shivered, as I laid that money in an envelope, shivered and shook as though in an ague-fit.

"Taken from the desk of Ethel Arryl, $500." That was the inscription I put on the envelope. I have never opened it—nor the other one.

Do you understand anything of the laws under the operations of which sensations grow into perceptions? Do you know how rapid the processes of mind sometimes are, and how slow at others? Have you never been dimly conscious, for long minutes, of an odor which made no definite impression upon you until you suddenly sprang to your feet, active and alert, full of the knowledge that there was danger—escaping gas, perhaps, or fire? Has no name the power of starting a strange train of thought in your mind? Is there no perfume, no bar of music, no line of poetry, which will take you back over half your life, and across thousands of miles—in a moment? Are there no things which you ought to know, things which you have seen, possibly again and again, which you can never be sure you adequately and fully remember? On your answers to these questions depends the more important question as to whether you will understand me or not in one or two things which I am about to relate.

I cannot bear the sound of a hand-organ. Why? An Italian organ-grinder stopped before Arryl's house and began to play, as I finished looking through Ethel's desk. The music jarred upon me. It was a mockery, coming as it did to a house so suddenly and awfully troubled.

The Italian had a monkey in a bright-red jacket and cap; I noticed that particularly, as I started to go downstairs and order the musician to move on; a jacket and cap of bright red.

Red! red! red!

Where was it that I had seen something of

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the same hue, just now? I pondered over this all the way downstairs. It came to me as I opened the street-door. A strange fancy, that—using bright-red paper, with irregularly-placed black spots on it, for fastening together a bundle of bank-bills. A very strange fancy on a lady's part—Ethel's part. Or was it Ethel? Or was it her father? Which bundle was fastened up in that way? Did I unlock a drawer to get it? Did I find it in his room or in hers? Was it the first money I found or the last? It was not a very important problem, then. Later, it became a problem of more than life and death. And I do not know to this day, though those two bundles of money are in my possession, which one contains five hundred dollars pinned up in a white strip of paper, or which one contains five hundred dollars pinned up in a band of red paper with irregularly-placed black spots on it. I never shall know—in this world.

I met Ethel at the door as I went down. She was coming in from the walk in which she had vainly struggled for self-possession. There was just a trace of color in her face; but the pallor lay close beneath it. I had been in the house less than a half-hour.

"You have money for your present needs?" I asked.

"I have over four hundred dollars in my pocket," she answered; and I wondered at it.

"The money in the desks, then, had better be deposited?"

The color went out of her face. I thought, for an instant, that she would fall.

But her answer was simple.

"As you think best," she said.

I called a carriage. We drove to the jail, Ethel and I, to see her father. On the way, I stopped at the bank and deposited a thousand dollars in Ethel's name. I did not open either of the envelopes; I deposited, instead, the money of my own which had been collected in my recent trip. The bank-officials showed no wonder—I fancied they displayed unfriendliness and distrust; I thought I could understand why, when I learned, an hour later, that it was not yet fortyeight hours since Arryl and a confederate had swindled a man out of thousands of dollars in one of the lowest gambling-dens in the whole city.

We saw Mr. Arryl. He protested his utter innocence—protested it doggedly and persistently. I was only twentyfive then. I am sixty-nine now. I believed him then. God help me, after all my experiences with the worst of criminals—experiences extending over many, many, many long and weary years—I should believe a man, to-day, who looked and spoke as he did!

The coroner's inquest was brief, and held Robert Arryl to await the action of the grand jury. An indictment was found, and, by the desire of the accused, I asked that the trial should be had speedily. My request was granted.

There were mysterious consultations between Peter Blanchard's nephew—Mr. Burton—and the prosecuting attorney. There were mysterious consultations between Mr. Burton and the officers of the bank. I did not know what horrible web of evidence they were weaving about my client. I did not know what new proofs they found against him from day to day. They had demanded and exercised the right of searching the Arryl house, and had pried and peered everywhere, the very morning after the murder. I did not know what they had found; I was to learn soon enough.

The trial came.

Robert Arryl was arraigned for the murder of Peter Blanchard. He entered the plea "not guilty."

The prosecution presented their evidence. Every point was testified to by "a cloud of witnesses." Mr. Burton, two officers, the prosecuting attorney, and one or two others had been present when the grounds around Peter Blanchard's house were searched. The same witnesses had conducted the search in Robert Arryl's house.

The finding of the dead man in his lonely house was graphically described. One shot had been enough. He must have died instantly.

A revolver had been found in the shrubbery, a dozen paces from the window of the room in which the man had been killed. One chamber was empty; the others had cartridges in them.

They identified the weapon as Robert Arryl's.

All this was terrible. If Robert Arryl's hand had taken Peter Blanchard's life, was it not my brain which had prompted it? If Robert Arryl was guilty, was I not, morally, equally guilty?

Then I looked at the accused. His head was erect. There was a contemptuous smile on his lips. I have seen that same look on the faces of men who have afterward set the seal of their approval upon the findings of the law by virtue of their confessions; I have seen it on the faces of men to whom undoubted evidence has afterward brought freedom. It is hard—harder than most men believe—to read the truth regarding a man in his face. But, when the court adjourned, at the end of the first day of the trial, with the evidence in as far as I have recorded it above, I believed Robert Arryl an innocent man.

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I saw, however, that an alibi would be a necessity. I endeavored to find witnesses to help me prove one. They were not to be found. Arryl had been absent from his usual haunts on the night of the murder. There was no one to answer for his actions later than about the time I parted from him. The servants could not say whether he had spent the rest of the evening at home, so there was no use in my asking them to testify. Ethel said that she was away all the evening herself, so there would be no use in calling her as a witness. I went into court on the morning of the second day of the trial, disheartened and discouraged.

The prosecution went on with their evidence. They testified to finding, in the parlor of Arryl's house, a box of cartridges, from which just five cartridges were missing. They showed that these cartridges fitted the revolver they had identified. Though far from conclusive, this evidence was important. But the smile of contemptuous indifference did not falter nor change on the face of Robert Arryl.

A description of the search of the house was given by each of those who had been present. It is not necessary to consider the statements of those who corroborated the one who testified first: enough to say that the same story was told in substance by all.

They searched Mr. Arryl's desk. A curious change swept over his face as he listened to the statement: it must be terrible for a man to feel that his secrets can be laid open to the gaze of all men.

They broke open a drawer of his desk, to which they had been unable to fit a key. At this, Arryl grew deadly pale, frowned, and bit his lip.

They found the drawer empty. When this was stated, Arryl smiled again.

The story of the search of Ethel's desk by these men deeply agitated her. Learning that they found nothing, she was herself again. Would not true maidenly modesty shrink from such an ordeal as had been thus forced upon her?

But the prosecution were saving their most important bit of evidence for the last. It came out in this way:

"You may state, Mr. Burton, whether you were in the parlor in Mr. Arryl's house during the search," said the prosecuting attorney.

"I was."

"Who were with you?"

"You, and the witnesses who have already testified."

"Did you find anything of importance?"

"I did."

"Did any of those with you know of it?"

"All did."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the fireplace, behind a pile of wood which appeared to have been kindled and to have gone out."

"What was it?"

"A piece of paper."

"Is this it?" handing him something.

"It is."

"Very well; we offer it in evidence; read it."

And he read the accursed note with which Peter Blanchard had threatened Robert Arryl!

I looked at the accused. For a minute, perhaps, he smiled as he had done before Then his head sank on his breast. I would give all the power and honor I have ever won if I could have looked upon his face for sixty seconds longer; I think I should know whether to change my will or not!

I glanced across the room to where Ethel sat. She was leaning forward in breathless silence. Her face will be no whiter, her eyes no more devoid of expression, when she is dead. I wish I had looked her way sixty seconds sooner; I think I should know whether she is an angel or a fiend.

The prosecuting attorney directed me to take the witness. It was hard to be forced to ask questions when such a terrible blow had fallen. I asked a random question, and inadvertently made a hit.

"Will you tell us, Mr. Burton, since you seem to have found so many things of importance, if there was anything you didn't find?"

"Anything for which we were looking? Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Yes, sir, we failed to find something for which we were looking."

"What was it?"

"Money."

"Ah! Whose money?"

"Peter Blanchard's."

"This is new. So Peter Blanchard was not only murdered, he was robbed as well, was he?"

"He was."

"How much money were you looking for?"

"Five hundred dollars."

I was startled. If Peter Blanchard was robbed as well as murdered, it was possible—

It would be easier to say what was possible when I knew more of the matter. I asked my next question:

"How did you expect to identify Mr. Blanchard's money?"

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"In two ways; first, by means of these numbers of the bills, of which I have here a copy; second, by means of the paper band, a bright-red, with irregularly placed black spots, which was fastened around it."

I could say no more. I motioned to him that I was done. The prosecution called witnesses to support Mr. Burton's evidence. They announced that they were done with their witnesses.

I rose to my feet. Directly over my wildly throbbing heart was that stolen package of Peter Blanchard's money. I had it in my power to do exact justice. By my hand could Robert Arryl be set at liberty if innocent; by my hand could he be hanged if guilty.

"Swear—" I began.

The word "me" died upon my lips. Do you know how solemn a thing it is to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? So help you God!

I could do justice. That was true. But I looked at Ethel Arryl, and I was lost. I loved her—I love her now. And I have never spoken to her since, nor she to me, nor will there ever be more words between us until we stand together before the throne of God.

I could do justice. But I should be made to tell the whole truth. I knew that either Robert Arryl or his daughter killed Peter Blanchard. I knew that one or the other of them must hang for it. I dared not put the truth to the test. I dared not stake Ethel's life on the cast. I rudely cut the web of fate I might have untangled so easily.

Every true story has a moral growing out of it; this one has two. I, as judge on the bench, have never forgotten them: No prisoner has ever gone out from my court to his death—on circumstantial evidence; no lawyer has ever dared do in my court the weakly wicked thing I did that day.

"We—we have no witnesses." I faltered. I sank into my seat. A shriek which will sound in my ears to my dying day rang through the hall. Robert Arryl's head sank lower on his breast; he settled a little further down in his chair; he made no complaint; but he understood it all. Right or wrong, guilty or innocent, I had sent him to the gallows!

V.

And that is all.

They hanged Robert Arryl.

His daughter lives. I live. It will not be for long.

I shall never know the truth. I shall burn the packages of money this night, burn them unopened. I shall address this story to one who stands high in my regard, not a friend—for I have none—but one who might have proved so, had I been a different man. When this is printed, I shall be dead.

That is all.

"Not much of a story," do you say? I told you that, in substance, in the commencement. If you have not learned that fiction alone furnishes beginnings and ends, and that in the real world we can never trace anything quite back to an origin, nor forward to a time where there is no more to be hoped, feared, guessed at, then you have not yet lived to be sixtynine.

THAT DEAREST OF DAYS.

BY FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

We loitered along by the shore of the lake;
  We watched the birds on the wing;
And the drowsy day seemed but half awake,
  So quiet was everything.
We heard, at times, the plash of an oar
  From some lazily-moving boat,
And, over the lake, near the Shrewsbury shore,
  Saw a fish-hawk hover and float;
And all, in the haze of the afternoon
  And the smile of the summer skies,
Seemed lulled into dreams as by some sweet tune
  As tender, my dear, as your eyes.

The soft breeze rustled the leaves overhead;
  The chipmunks chattered at will;
A dry twig snapped 'neath a rabbit's tread:
  All else in the woods was still.
We had no need, in the silence, for speech—
  Mere words would have sounded rough
But our eyes told all in the heart of each,
  And that was more than enough.
I pressed in my hand your finger-tips,
  And your cheeks—what made them to flame?
The only language that moved my lips
  Was a murmuring of your name.

Whenever I think of that dearest of days,
  My heart of a sudden grows weak,
And the longing light in my eyes betrays
  What the blush betrayed on your cheek.
The clouds may darken the skies, and the lake
  Lose the beauty it had that day;
The birds their way to the south may take,
  And the woods grow cheerless and gray;
But the light of your eyes and the tender words
  That we spoke are lingering yet;
And, though the summer may go with the birds,
  That day we can never forget.

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MISS BETTIE.

BY MRS. IRENE FOSTER.

When we bought Nineacres, we bought the furniture with it.

Well, Nineacres was just so much land, with a house attached—not a farm-house, nor a cottage, exactly. After a while, we found out that it had been a parsonage, and that the clergyman who had lived there had died at an advanced age, having had charge of the same church for fifty years.

The church was gone now; and elsewhere rose another parsonage, new and prim. And the house and its belongings, its nine acres of field and meadow and orchard, had become ours. The place was very shady, the furniture neither old nor new enough to be fashionable, but we liked it. The long clock in the corner, the tall straight-backed chairs, and the high desk book-case were as delightful as they were queer. Here we would come every summer, leaving the city behind us, for all those months between June and October, and rusticate to our souls' content. Most of all, we liked the little octagonal low-windowed library.

We were in this room one morning, arranging the books, when there was a sound at the door, and, looking about, we saw a tall woman in that mysteriously hideous article of raiment, a shaker-hood. She wore a black alpaca dress, cut sparely, and a little checked shawl. She appeared to be inspecting the room rather than its occupants, though three of us sat on the floor, covered with dust and as utterly regardless of grace and dignity as members of one family who expect no outside observation can be at times.

The shaker-hood turned from side to side, and out of its depth came a voice which said:

"Well, good-morning. You are the new folks, ain't you? Dusting up? Well, it needs it—yes, it needs it. He never had anybody to dust for him—no. Nobody to put things tidy, and he was absent-minded. Most men be, unless they've got someone to put 'em in mind of things, and he hadn't—no. I knew the Dominie. I'm Miss Bettie Darke. Yes, I knew him. Well, good-morning."

Two of the group vanished. Left to do the honors, I stood up and offered a chair. Miss Bettie Darke took it, and, having done so, removed her shaker-hood, and I saw the face of an old lady, still pretty. She was blue-eyed and faded; her hair was gray, but she had plenty of it, and it grew low on her forehead, and had a dainty wave and curl. A neat cap with a bow of ribbon sat high on her head, and she wore at her throat a little brooch with hair in it. The remains of a very pretty woman, and not a vulgar one either, was Miss Bettie Darke. Then, conscious of too long a stare, I did what I could do to remedy my bad manners, and told her that it was a pleasant day.

She shook her head.

"The summer seems late to me," she said. "It used to be warmer in this month, I think. When the Dominie first came here, the cherries were ripe in the orchard. Those trees are dead, I guess they be. Yes, I know they were ripe, because ours weren't, and I was looking at them, and he came to the wall. 'Miss Darke,' says he, 'allow me to offer you these.' Yes, he did. The prettiest manners, he had. Yes, I knew the Dominie very well. And you are dusting the books, ain't you? I used to borrow books out of the library once. If I had my specs, I'd show you some I've read. Mildmay's 'Woman's Duty' is one. And there's poems. What was the one he marked? I'd show you, if I had my specs. Well, well—yes, I knew the Dominie."

Suddenly she paused, looked across the room, and rose. On the wall, between the windows, hung a black silhouette, which might have been the profile of any gentleman who happened to have a Roman nose and to wear the coat-collar of our grandfathers. The portrait was glazed, and framed in mahogany with a gilt rim. She walked toward this, and looked at it earnestly.

"That's he," she said. "Yes, that's the Dominie. It's perfect. I didn't know he had his likeness cut. No, I didn't know it. Well!"

Something in her face, in the way she put her head unconsciously on one side, in the faint pink flush that stole up to her cheek as she spoke, prompted me at that moment to an act of generosity which would have been greater had I not regarded a black profile as the most hideous thing in art, and this particular profile as the most hideous one ever cut.

"Since you were an old friend of Dr. Hubbard," I said, yielding to my impulse,

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"and doubtless will value this likeness more than a stranger might, will you accept it?"

As I spoke, Miss Darke turned, looked at me, smiled, and said:

"Why, I want to know! Do you really mean it? Why, I declare—but, if you do, I'll own up. I'd love to have it."

I lifted the profile from the nail, and handed it to her.

Then she caught my hand.

"What a dear good girl you are!" said she. "Nobody listening, is there? No! I'll tell you, then; only don't mention it. The Dominie and I were engaged. Yes, we were going to be married; and he got all furnished up, and then we quarreled. Yes, we fell out. Oh, dear! how foolish young folks are! He never married. I didn't, either. It was his place to make up; 'twasn't mine. No woman ever ought to take a step toward a man. Let him follow her. That's his duty. Yes, we fell out. Thank you, dear. I'll put my handkerchief over the likeness as I go along. I don't want it to be town-talk; no. Good-bye. Come in and see me. The next house but two, on Penn's Lane. And, next time I make pot-cheese, I'll send you some."

And away walked Miss Bettie Darke, with Dr. Hubbard's dusty old profile in her handkerchief—forgetful, doubtless, at the moment, how many of the tongues that had wagged over the dead love of long ago lay silent under the white tombstones of the graveyard. The town-talk she dreaded was long since over.

By that gift, I won Bettie Darke's heart. Often afterward I sat beside her in her own room upstairs—the room whose window looked toward the parsonage—and she told me more of the same simple story in little broken bits. That was his hair in the brooch. She had been to the fortune-teller, black Jude, before she saw him, and she had told her that she would not be married—a dark woman, Polly West; but it was all envy, all a lie, she believed now. The Dominie was a catch; people envied her for being chosen by him. There was not much good in Polly West. She went away, and strange stories came from the city about her. But then he should have said it was a falsehood, and not have been so proud.

Another time, she took from a trunk an India muslin dress, yellow with age. She was to have been married in that.

I shall never forget that low-ceiled bed-room, with its bright-flowered paper; the sampler in cross-stitch on the wall, with Adam and Eve, and a serpent, and an apple-tree, the handiwork of Bettie Darke, aged ten; nor the finer composition, on white satin in colored silks, done by the same scholar, some years after—a mourning piece, she called it—a black-veiled female, weeping tears the size of an egg into an urn, on which the name and age of some deceased Darke were embroidered.

Intricate quilts covered the bed, knitted curtains were at the window, pincushions and housewives—heaven knows what—showed how the lonely spinster's life had spent itself. How many memories were stitched into those bits of needlework! If they could have spoken, all the poets, perhaps, might have been dumb to listen: for, when we think how we change, and how our loves die out and our hearts are weaned away from old romances before we are thirty, must we not believe that a love and a romance that could cling lichen-like to the heart that had beat for nearly fourscore years must have been very strong? Though all one saw was that a faded cheek grew pink over a dusty black profile, and that the name of Polly West could make the meek old eyes flash angrily even yet.

Poor Miss Bettie, faded and withered, who would have thought you the heroine of a love-tale, as you, in your black alpaca dress, drove your needle in and out, proud of its old-fashioned "long point" movement? No one! Yet, like the withered and faded rose, there was sweetness about you yet.

At last, one day, Miss Bettie fell ill. A cold, a pain in the side—not much. She seemed to like to be in bed and to talk about her ailment, telling how she caught it, and what messes she had taken; but she did not get well as soon as she expected. The doctor's buggy stopped often at the gate, and the doctor shook his head and said "About the same" when questioned. Then my reading from the old book of poems that she had found long before in the library—the poems Dr. Hubbard used to read to her when they were young—seemed, as Miss Bettie said, "to rest her most of anything." And, indeed, there was still a sort of odd likeness to her face in the pretty portrait frontispiece that she told me, in a whisper, Henry said was so like her.

But, though the reading pleased her, I used to go home rather sad sometimes from that bedside; for I had grown to like Miss Bettie, and I knew that, in a little while, it would be hard to believe that the faded woman and her dead love-story had not met me in a dream.

I sat at the book-case desk, one night, and turned over the yellow letter-paper, and the boxes of red wafers, and the bundle of long

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quills, and read a fragment of a sermon, and, laying it aside, found under it a half-finished letter—a letter written on blue paper with a soft quill, that was dated back forty years and began thus:

"DEAR BETTIE:

"Ten years ago, we fell out, and since then we have spoken not one word; but you know now how false the tongue was that belied me; and you have not married any other man; and I am five-and-thirty, Bettie, and I am wiser, and know I should not have been so proud; and no face has ever been sweet to me save yours—nor ever will be, my dear; and if, forgiving all, you can—"

Yes, that was all—no more. I searched in vain: no more—not another word. Forty years ago the pen stopped there—forty years, so it bore date—and the mystery of the why and wherefore the tongue of the dead alone could solve. But, though the clock struck nine as I finished reading it, I took it to Miss Bettie then and there.

"I have come to watch with her," I said, by way of excuse. We were alone, and, in the silence of the night, I read the forty-year-old letter to her.

"He never finished it," she said. "No, I know just how he wrote it. Often, sitting alone at night, I'd say: 'I will make up.' I began two or three letters, but I tore them all to bits next morning. We couldn't help ourselves. How foolish we were!"

With a little quivering sigh, she added:

"But he began it—he began it!"

Then, holding the letter against her breast, old Miss Bettie Darke went quietly to sleep—quietly as a child. But, when the dawn broke, I took the little black profile from its frame and folded it in the unfinished letter, and laid them together, under the clasped hands, on the heart whose unfinished tale was, after all, better and sweeter than many a completed love-story.

COCKLE.

BY MARY LEONARD.

FAR up among the canyons, where lie parted
The black lips of the mine,
'Neath two tall granite peaks, where, rosy-hearted,
Ethereal glories ever swim and shine,

A traveler, toiling upward, found it sitting
Beside his rocky path—
A slender stem, a sapphire cup, emitting
Dear homely odors of the aftermath.

O'er him the great peaks towered, furred with the stunted
Last stragglers of the wood;
The red wastes blistered in the sun; its wonted
And deep noon-silence hushed the solitude.

He saw not, heard not. From the magic chalice
A flight of visions rose:
Once more before him spread the harvest-valleys;
Once more the levels gleamed with winter snows;

Once more the drowsy cow-bells softly tinkled
Far down the forest glooms;
Once more he walked beside the wheat-fields, sprinkled
With the pale-scarlet of the cockle-blooms.

The quick tears came—warm yearning tears—allaying
A soul-thirst long repressed.
Ah, not by chance had that shy flower come straying
Among the savage mountains of the West—

Ah, not by chance! God gives his tenderest mission
To slight and common things;
The wayside blossom breathes sweet admonition,
The lowliest weed a folded comfort brings.

LOVE'S PRESENTIMENT.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

I KNEW by some instinct vague and strange,
As you clasped my hand ere you went away,
That you would go on, and forever on,
While I should wearily watch and stay.

I knew by the passionate longings, blent
With the dull sick'ning chill at my heart,
That our parted days would be parted years,
Though our souls could never part.

And there was no strangeness in what they said,
In the tearful message they brought to me;
For I felt and knew when your spirit passed
From this life to the life across death's sea.

And I know, through all of the mystery
That veils and darkens our parted way,
That you love me, love, as you loved me then,
When you went and bade me watch and stay.

And, ever and on, by my soul's unrest
I measure your flight in that land,
Yet I long and I cry for one caress,
One clasp of your hand—one clasp of your hand!

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THE END OF IT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HALSEY DARE was almost thirtytwo, and in certain ways older even than his years.

He had led a rather fast life, though there was a better side to his character than a stern moralist might have given him credit for. His shortcomings, however, had been of the sort which, in the eyes of the world, appear to render a man attractive. He had spent a great deal of money, and enjoyed the reputation of having had at least a score of women in love with him, not one of whom ever succeeded in enchaining his fickle fancy for any considerable time.

Whether this were true or not, or whether he had sometimes played the part of dupe himself, one thing was certain—he had little faith in the constancy of Eve's daughters. He declared openly that their long-admitted claim to that quality was based on no securer foundation than the sonnets of a few half-crazy poets, each of whom had probably in turn made the assertions either to please some special woman or because the words descriptive of the virtue were easy to find rhymes for.

Such was Halsey Dare in age, fame, and opinions, the summer he met Genevieve Rexford. She was visiting a married sister who owned a villa near one of our beautiful midland lakes, and Dare had gone into the neighborhood to attend to a large property recently left him by a distant relative.

The pair possessed many mutual acquaintances, but, oddly enough, they had never before chanced to meet; and, when they found they were to do so, each was ready to stand on the defensive and had a goodly store of personal prejudices for the other to overcome.

Miss Rexford had achieved the doubtful glory of being a terrible flirt, and was credited with having broken several engagements. That the report was true in one instance, Halsey knew—for the unfortunate wooer had been a friend of his; and, when he rushed abroad after Miss Rexford's summary dismissal, it was into Halsey's ears that he had poured the story of his wrongs, making out a very strong case indeed against the lady's deliberate hard-heartedness. On her side, Miss Rexford had reasons as cogent for forming a derogatory estimate of Halsey Dare; and, when her sister informed her of his presence in the neighborhood, she unhesitatingly and decidedly stated her sentiments in regard to him.

"I hate that man—actually hate him!" she declared. "He is as treacherous as a cobra, as heartless as a sphinx, and as coolly, diabolically wicked as Mephistopheles!"

"Bravo, sis!" rejoined Mrs. Manners, laughing. "That summing-up would be worthy of a lawyer whose client had sued a man in a breach-of-promise case."

"If I were the judge or jury that Mr. Dare came before, no matter on what charge, he might prepare to meet justice untempered by mercy," Miss Rexford vowed.

"Poor Halsey! I never have believed he was half so black as he is painted," Mrs. Manners said, as she went on folding the notes she had been writing. "Treacherous he is not; he's as frank as possible—openly declares that he has neither feeling nor principle."

"Like the hero of a modern novel. I loathe that type of man!" cried Miss Rexford.

"Heartless he can't be," her sister continued; "he's a stanch friend and fairly Quixotic in his generosity, in spite of all his cynical opinions."

"Oh, anybody can give away money when he has plenty—that's no merit."

"I didn't mean mere money-giving—though most people seem to find it difficult to believe they've enough therefor, whatever their fortunes. As for being cool—he's always in a white heat about something. Why, he's almost as impulsive as you are."

"Impulsive? I?" echoed Miss Rexford, in scorn. "I may have been, ages ago, when I was young—but now! You never did understand my nature in the least, Grace, even when we lived together; but, trust me, it has changed radically during these last four years."

"Good! We'll not argue," said Mrs. Manners, placidly. "I'll admit that I'm a poor judge of character, and you shall be as old as you please in worldly wisdom; but, as I have a lustrum the disadvantage of you, you

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will kindly content yourself with what the poets would call your three-and-twenty summers. But I hadn't finished about poor Halsey Dare—'

"You need not," Miss Rexford broke in; "for you can't refute my last assertion. I know, if you don't, that he broke Lena Rivers's heart. I never knew the poor child; but I was well acquainted with her aunt—"

"Who never told the truth in her life, even by accident," Mrs. Manners interrupted, in her turn. "As for the state of Miss Rivers's heart, I can't speak; but I judge that it has got into tolerable working-order again, as I heard only last week that she was to be married to some Hungarian count with an unpronounceable name."

"No thanks to Mr. Dare that she is not dead or mad," rejoined Miss Rexford. "Now, let's say no more about him, else we shall quarrel—and he's not worth it! I should hate the man, only I'm certain that utter indifference will pique him most. I wish fate would leave his punishment in my hands!"

"Perhaps he feels in an equally charitable mood toward you," said Mrs. Manners, laughing again. "There are censorious persons who accuse even your immaculate self of a genius for flirtation which has been conscientiously developed."

"But a male flirt is a monster! As for me, indeed—I never was a real flirt; I liked attention; I wanted men to admire me. It wasn't my fault if they would be stupid and get in earnest."

"You put it all into the past tense very neatly—perhaps Dare would his little failings. There—don't look daggers; we'll drop the subject; only I prophesy that you will forget all your prejudices, the first time you meet."

"Then I shall despise myself," Miss Rexford said, as she rose to leave the room.

The next day, Halsey Dare called; but the ladies were out, and it so happened that he and Miss Rexford did not meet until nearly a week after her arrival.

The introduction took place at a garden-party, where the stately heiress and he were the "observed of all observers."

Miss Rexford decided that Dare had a jaded weary face—which was true; and he, regarding her with equally critical eyes, mentally vowed that, in spite of her reputation as a beauty, she was far from being beautiful—which was true also. Each silently admitted that the other had charming manners; but Dare pronounced Miss Rexford's pretty faculty of appearing specially interested in the person who chanced to be speaking to her, the outgrowth of a general insincerity; and the young lady stigmatized a similar habit on his part as a deliberate attempt at deception, so apparent that she wondered how even a blind woman could be deceived thereby.

She delivered this verdict for her sister's benefit on their way home, and was incensed by that reckless person's replying:

"It is so nice to be deceived, my dear: I dote on people who put me on good terms with myself. You have marked ability in that way too—a point of resemblance between you and my much-maligned but always admired and delightful Halsey Dare."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Miss Rexford, in a tone of withering scorn, and immediately changed the conversation.

The following evening, she again met the gentleman; but, beyond a valse or two and a few banal remarks, they made no progress toward acquaintance.

The morning after, Miss Rexford was ensconced in a bay-window of the library, busy writing letters, when she was startled by the sound of some object falling heavily on the floor. She pushed back the curtain and looked down the room: there stood Mr. Dare—certainly about the last person she would have expected to see. At the same instant, he glanced up and perceived her.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, stepping quickly forward. "Good-morning, Miss Rexford; I had no idea you were here. I called to ask Mrs. Manners for a book I wanted, and she sent me in to hunt it up. She forgot to say I should find you; I only hope I didn't frighten you by dropping that huge volume."

"I think my sister did not know where I was, and my nerves are in too good order to be disturbed by trifles," she replied, with a courteous smile and bow, as she rose to meet the visitor.

"Do I disturb you? May I sit down?" he asked. "I'll not keep you from your letters long. I only came to get Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.' I've not my copy with me, and there's a passage I want to consult."

Miss Rexford inwardly marveled at his desiring a work of that sort, and he indulged in a corresponding silent wonder when she said:

"I have the volume here; it is quite at your service, however."

Their mutual surprise at these proofs of a taste for which neither would have given the other credit could not wholly be concealed. Their eyes met, and both smiled; that smile broke the ice.

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"Miss Rexford," cried Dare, abruptly, "Mrs. Manners says that you were prepared in advance not to like me. I didn't mean to admire you if I could help it. Won't you be awfully kind and let us try how we can get on? We have two likings in common—your sister and Herbert Spencer—that ought to make a good beginning toward an amicable acquaintance."

And it did. For, from the date of their first real talk, Miss Rexford was forced to admit that she had met few men who could even approach him in conversational ability. He indulged in no cynicism, and was never witty at the cost of appearing flippant or ill-natured. He discovered that she had read much for a girl of her years, and she perceived how far beyond her he had gone in solid study. It seemed odd that a man so noted for social success, and his devotion to physical exercise and exciting pleasure, from polo-playing to horse-racing, should possess a liking or have been able to find leisure for the acquirement of so much well-based and varied information on ethics, social problems, and the marvelous discoveries of modern scientists.

What the people about thought of this intercourse speedily became evident to both. Within a fortnight from the morning of their long talk in Mrs. Manners's library, they discovered the nature of the verdict already generally pronounced in regard to them.

As they stood together, one evening, watching a display of fireworks in the grounds of the great hotel by the lake, they overheard a discussion concerning themselves carried on in audible tones by a party of persons strangers to both.

"It is a promising flirtation already," one lady said. "Everybody knows Halsey Dare's reputation. He is never happy till the woman he happens to admire at the moment is half dead in love with him."

"He has met his match this time," a masculine voice replied: "Miss Rexford is the greatest flirt in Christendom."

"Let us charitably hope that it is a case of 'when Greek meets Greek,' and that both will get their wings singed—a fine deep burn might do them good," added a third speaker.

Just then the fireworks ended, and the trio, who had been concealed by a screen of climbing roses, moved away. The full moon, which had good-naturedly hidden itself for the last hour behind a bank of clouds, suddenly emerged and sent a flood of light down to illuminate the faces of the couple who had just been treated to these gratuitous opinions.

"Of course, idiots would say we were flirting," Dare cried, contemptuously, and then began to laugh. "You won't mind what name they give our acquaintance—please say you won't."

"Not in the least," Miss Rexford replied, coolly. "My sister told me yesterday, with her customary frankness, that she had found a name for it: 'a flirtation based on a geological and ethical foundation.'"

"Whatever called, I know it is very delightful—to me," Dare said, the perfect composure of his voice preventing the words from taking on any tinge of sentiment.

"And there is one comfort," added Miss Rexford, in an equally matter-of-fact tone: "neither of us runs the slightest risk of being hurt."

"And do you assign the same reason for immunity in both cases?" Dare asked, rather curiously.

"Not exactly. Still, the difference is not extreme enough to be worth cataloguing."

"Only I do like to get at the bottom of things," he rejoined, laughing. "You have said I might always be perfectly frank. May I ask why you are so sure?"

"Because each has been so thoroughly warned against the other in advance—since you insist on knowing," she said, with a cheerful sincerity far from flattering. "You think that you have good grounds for believing me a very stony-hearted flirt; and I know that, though you can prove an excellent friend, you are utterly incapable of constancy as an admirer."

"Isn't that a rather hard verdict?" he asked, after considering her speech for an instant, while she fancied that a flash of anger brightened the eyes that were so quickly cast down.

"No; it is uncivil if you will, but entirely just," she answered, calm as ever. "You know it is, and that I know it too. I only hope you are not vexed."

"You mean that you hope I am—just a little," he said, looking at her again with a quizzical smile. "I came near being—but I'm not. I bow to your decision with all due humility, if only you will admit that, as an acquaintance, I am at least up to the average. You see, I like you so much already—I mean, genuinely—if you believe in friendship between a man and woman."

"Of course I do," she said; "and you are a most agreeable person: you flatter me very artfully by talking about things as if you believed in my possessing a fair share of brains."

"But you don't promise to try and like me," he said, somewhat dolefully.

"Oh, as one comrade likes another," she replied, merrily. "Regarding you and myself

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as two units in space, you rouse no repulsion in me. Viewing you from an ordinary social standpoint, I disapprove of you *l* ugely—don't trust you in the least; and, if I found myself liking you as a man and a brother, I should immediately proceed to detest you with unbounded energy."

"All the German transcendentals together could not surpass that sublimely vague summing-up," cried Dare. "I'll ask no more questions, I assure you. Well, since we couldn't hurt each other, must we be content to leave flirtation out of our compact? A pity, for a spice of it is as stimulating as curry!"

"And necessary to the jaded mental appetite," said Miss Rexford. "Make believe earnest whenever you feel inclined; try to convince yourself as well as me—it won't harm either of us. I have moods when I enjoy a little sentiment; it gives one something to laugh at afterward: it's like reading a poem full of pretty fancies, and composing a parody on each verse as one finishes."

"But if—if I really should find myself getting in real earnest?" he questioned, in the tone of a man debating some purely abstract and impersonal subject. "Very improbable things sometimes happen."

"But impossibilities do not," she replied. "There is a limit beyond which the imagination cannot reach; your last supposition brings us to it, so we may as well end our discussion here."

"But the compact is signed and sealed—we are friends?"

"Perhaps 'allies' would be a better term," she answered, gayly. "Friends can't quarrel or be on terms of armed neutrality—we may find both convenient occasionally."

"One thing is evident: you bring a terribly strong standing army of prejudices into the bargain," he said, in a voice skillfully modulated between reproach and banter.

"Trying to overcome them will afford you occupation."

"You promise, then, to remain open to conviction?"

"Oh, certainly! Bismarck himself is always ready to give that pledge," she answered. "And now take me to find my sister, please. I know she'll not want to go home; but she ought, because she is not well; and, to-morrow, we have several engagements."

So the bargain was struck between Miss Rexford and Halsey Dare; and, whether the intimacy which grew rapidly up between them merited the name of flirtation or friendship, it certainly afforded both a great deal of pleasure, though a certain unquiet element subtly mixed itself therewith as the golden summer days went on.

They rode, walked, and sailed together, danced and made merry as did the other idle people gathered in the neighborhood; but, besides these amusements, they managed to find leisure nearly every morning for an hour or two's study of some subject in which both were interested, and bore good-naturedly Mrs. Manners's raillery for this disposition of their time.

Indeed, they did not in the least concern themselves as to what anybody thought or said, and were too agreeably occupied often to remember that the whole circle of their acquaintance watched with eager curiosity this intimacy between a man and woman, each of whom was styled, in the odious slang of the day, "a professional flirt" of colossal magnitude. The pleasure which they derived from their acquaintance compensated for the seasons of bitterness and unrest which often troubled their solitary hours.

Naturally, they exchanged no confidence in regard to this doubt—though, could each have known that the other thus suffered, their intercourse might at once have been transferred to a more satisfactory basis. Mutual distrust was the real source of trouble; each was afraid of being in any way "got the better of"; yet both had to dwell more and more persistently on the prejudice with which they began acquaintance in order to keep suspicion alive and active.

"That man would deceive an angel—and his secret is that for the moment he is in earnest," was Miss Rexford's verdict, expressed frequently in the silence of her chamber. "Nature gave him so much imagination, she couldn't afford him a heart!"

"That woman would get ahead of the devil himself!" Halsey Dare often assured his inner consciousness. "She has the gift of fascination—that's what it is! Then, too, she possesses glorious qualities! She's impulsive and generous to a fault; capable of proving a downright heroine if the chance offered! Has she a heart? By Jove, if she has, what a grand one it must be—if only a man could get at it!"

Still another, and even more disquieting, influence forced itself on the notice of each in turn as the summer waned. Halsey Dare reached a point where he had to admit to himself that he was in danger of getting terribly in earnest; and, whether his censors would have believed it or not, becoming so must prove a very serious matter in his case.

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Genevieve Rexford did not make so downright an admission to her soul; inherited self-reticence, as well as education, renders it difficult for a delicate-minded woman to acknowledge that truth, while possible to avoid facing it; but the unrecognized fact was struggling to obtain a hearing, and its efforts caused her great disquiet.

At times the peculiar state of mind and feeling, into which they had fallen, gave each a wicked longing positively to hurt the other, and then their tête-à-têtes would have been worth overhearing.

"Do you know what our encounters sometimes remind me of?" Halsey asked, in his abrupt fashion, after one of these dialogues. "But the comparison would never occur to a woman—and, if it did, she would not own it!"

"I would and will; I know exactly what you mean," Miss Rexford answered. "We are like two duelists."

"Oh, I only meant two fencers using buttoned foils!"

"Two duelists was what you meant," she persisted; "don't try to deny it!"

"I'll tell you what is very odd," he cried: "that we so often know in advance just what the other is going to say! To me, it is an interesting bit of psychological study! It proves, whether you like the idea or not, that there is a strong affinity between us."

"Not in the least," Miss Rexford said, coolly; "we are densely ignorant, but we know enough to understand that, when mankind is sufficiently developed, thought transferrence will be no more remarkable than speech."

"Won't it be a little uncomfortable for the generations of the future?" he asked, with his humorous smile.

"Only for men; no doubt, however far evolution may carry them, they will still have reason to be ashamed of having most of their thoughts discovered," she retorted.

"I might have been sure you would deal me a stab in return for my abstract inquiry," he said.

"I admitted that we were like two duelists—I should have added, that each was acquainted with the other's bad reputation for making unfair thrusts, and so ought to be always on guard."

"There is no fear that you, at least, will ever forget," he exclaimed, with the sudden angry flash in his eyes, which she always exulted in calling up.

"Oh, oh! if you grow vexed, of course I must apologize!" she cried, tauntingly. "Dear me! for so experienced a man, you preserve a wonderful faculty for being made angry by trifles."

"I like to let you think I am—it affords you such satisfaction—you actually can't hide it," he rejoined, bursting into a good-natured laugh.

"Which proves that I am still a very natural, artless, innocent, Garden-of-Eden sort of damsel, hardened woman of the world though you elect to believe me!"

Just then their dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Manners with a couple of visitors, and Miss Rexford displayed an extreme amiability toward Dare, because she felt that she had decidedly come off best in this encounter.

That evening, as the sisters were driving home from a dinner-party, Mrs. Manners suddenly roused out of a little doze and asked:

"Genevieve, did I mention what Mrs. Antrim told me to-day—I mean the way that the breaking-off of Lena Rivers's engagement with Dare came about?"

"No; I don't see what she could have new to relate — I heard the facts from Lena's aunt," Miss Rexford replied, almost sharply—somehow, of late, any reference to that matter roused an odd irritation in her mind.

"What she said was new, however, and the truth too," Mrs. Manners continued, lazily. "I always felt certain Miss Lena was an artful cat! A report reached Paris that Halsey Dare had lost his fortune. Lena at once made a little quarrel an excuse to break her engagement, and, when she learned that the story was unfounded, tried to set matters right; but Halsey was not to be deluded."

"I fancy it would be difficult for Mr. Dare's most enthusiastic friends to verify this fine tale," Miss Rexford observed, after a moment's silence.

"Mary Antrim heard it from the fair Lena herself, but never told of it till since the dreadful little creature married the Hungarian. Mary says it is only justice to Halsey, now that she finds how abominably all the Rivers tribe have been abusing him for the last two years."

Just then the carriage stopped at their own door, so Miss Rexford was not called on to offer any expression of opinion in regard to the narrative. The communication, however, afforded her food for thought, and insensibly softened her judgment of Halsey Dare. But, only a couple of days afterward, a very palpable effort of his at earnestness and sentiment roused her to the perception that she had

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been inclined to regard him with culpable leniency.

On his side, Dare had learned certain facts which had forced him to admit to his conscience that Miss Rexford might not have been altogether blamable in her cruel treatment of his former friend, Chauncey Feverell. That gentleman had lately done a very shabby thing in the course of certain business transactions between Dare and himself. He had contrived to swindle the former out of some five thousand dollars, though the matter had been so managed that, even if Dare had felt inclined, he could not have brought any legal proof of Feverell's guilt. He contented himself with writing the rascal a contemptuous letter, and then tried in his usual philosophical fashion to believe that he was neither troubled nor hurt, though at bottom he was both.

Another fortnight sped by, a very restless, excited period both to Miss Rexford and Dare. He was wretched out of her society; but, when happiest in it, some sudden fear that her passing gentleness might be only a "dodge" to lure him on to make downright avowals, which would afford her an opportunity to triumph, would fill him with wrath and dismay. According to the terms of their compact, she would have a perfect right to do this; it had been agreed that every ruse should be considered fair in war, and that neither should complain if worsted. All the same, he could not now bear the idea of exposing himself to her merciless banter; the matter was too serious; he had too much at stake, for he loved her with his whole heart, and he knew it.

The closing week of August came. One morning, Dare received a telegram summoning him to New York on business which could not be deferred. He might be detained for more than a week. If this misfortune were to happen, he knew that he should find Miss Rexford gone; she was to spend the month of September in Vermont. It was late in the afternoon when he started for Stonehurst to make his adieus. Mrs. Manners was earnest in her expressions of regret at his departure, but Miss Rexford chanced to be in one of her enigmatical teasing moods. Just as he was taking leave, a party of callers drove up, and he said to her:

"You might be good-natured, and walk down the garden with me; I am going to take the path through the wood—it brings me out quite near the hotel."

"I would do even more than that," she said, and, as he began to thank her, added: "to escape the Liscoms—they are the most wearisome people I know, though they do belong to what Doctor Holmes calls the Brahmin class of New England."

"On account of it, perhaps!"

"Maybe; they're always talking about their ancestral relics brought over in the Mayflower."

"I suppose they include that horrible old aunt in the collection," Dare rejoined.

"Now, that is personal and malicious!" Miss Rexford declared.

"Any more so than your making me think you meant to say something kind, and, when I showed I was pleased, winding up with such a reason for granting my request?"

"Please don't get into an injured mood," she pleaded.

"I wish I knew what one would leave you the pleasantest recollection of me," he said.

"Try several, and let me take my choice," she rejoined, provokingly. "With your Protean powers of change, it will be easy enough—and you know it is good practice."

He stopped short in the shady alley down which they were walking, and exclaimed:

"I've a great mind to tell you the truth—you deserve it, you are so exquisitely exasperating to-day!"

"The truth? That signifies you want to say something rude—oh, very well, it will be a change indeed—go on!"

"I mean to, and I hope I shall vex you!" he cried. "You might have been a little nice to-day—my last day!"

"I will, presently—but I must hear the truth first. You pique my curiosity—remember my egregious vanity! What is this wonderful revelation?"

"You can see that I hate to go away. I don't try to hide it—"

"You ought to hate going," she interrupted; "that is only your duty."

"The truth is," he began again, after making an impatient gesture, "that you wanted me to get in earnest—you are merciless; you wanted me to be really hurt and wounded—to become another of your numerous victims!"

She laughed, and then slowly quoted:

> "'How much we give our thoughts a tone,
> And judge of others' feelings by our own!'"

"I might have known you would bring up a counter-accusation," he said, with a tug at his mustache.

"Excuse me!" she returned, with a haughty movement of her head. "So far from offering accusations, I have to thank you for helping me to spend several very agreeable weeks."

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"Oh, pray don't suppose I would insinuate that you cared!" he answered, almost fretfully.

"What do you mean by care?" she asked, quickly.

"About me or my feelings," he replied. "Stop, please—you needn't take the trouble to say that you were not aware I possessed any!"

"Oh, I don't doubt your having them," she said; "I read somewhere once this sentence—'it is possible to have too many feelings and too little feeling!'"

Then they both began to laugh, and for some moments chatted gayly. All the time, Dare felt that his self-control was rapidly ebbing away—if he remained, he should make a fool of himself! He had three minds to do it, but a glance at the beautiful eyes, so full of laughing malice, warned him that she read his mood and was enjoying her victory in advance.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was wondering how much longer she could play her part with entire success.

"I must go; I mean to take the six-o'clock train," Dare said, suddenly.

They had reached the shadiest part of the great old-fashioned garden, close to the iron fence which divided it from the wood. Late summer flowers were blowing on their tall stalks; Genevieve had absently gathered a spray of blossoms.

"Give me those," Dare said.

She held them out with her sweetest smile.

"'Think of me till they wither,'" she cried, recklessly, not caring how her words might sound, provided she could appear indifferent to the end.

"And of my own folly afterward," he responded, then stopped and laughed lightly.

"You did that very well," she observed, with an approving nod.

"So I think. Good-bye!"

"'Au revoir,' rather: you are sure to come back."

"If you will promise to wait."

"I thought Mrs. Manners told you that I had decided to stay another month."

"Then I shall return within ten days at farthest."

He passed behind the hollyhocks and went through the iron gate. Once on the other side, he moved toward Miss Rexford, and stood leaning his hands on the railing, gazing fixedly at her as she plucked some blossoms.

"I wish—I wish—" he began, and paused.

"Well?" she asked.

Their eyes met; the color flashed suddenly into Genevieve's cheeks. She looked away, fearful of betraying some sign of agitation, and continued with a satirical smile while arranging her flowers:

"And the spoiled boy couldn't make the moon come down. What a pity it was!"

"Have I told you that you can exasperate me as no other human being ever had the power to do?" he questioned, hotly. "But there—I beg your pardon; we won't end with a quarrel."

"Oh, no: it would look too much as if—"

"As if I'd got in earnest," he said. "Well, I have. Now laugh!"

She glanced up from her flowers, then looked down again.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well?" she echoed.

"You don't believe me?" he cried.

"How could I doubt?" she questioned, ironically.

"I mean what I say," he hurried on. "I have known it for a good while—or, rather, I was in earnest from the very first—though it was sometime before I found out the fact, longer still before I would admit it. Now you can triumph—you have beaten me: I give in."

He paused for an instant; but she did not speak.

"I love you!" he burst out again, "I love you! I know you don't care. Jest! sneer! tell the story at my expense! I've made a fool of myself; but I don't mind that; it is a good deal, at my age, to discover I was capable of doing it so thoroughly. Now, good-bye—I shan't come back."

He strode away; but, before he had taken ten steps, she called:

"Mr. Dare!"

He did not even turn his head, as he replied in a voice sharp with pain:

"There is nothing more to say! I don't want pity—I'd rather hear you laugh than own yourself sorry!"

"Halsey!" she called.

He looked back then, and saw that she had opened the gate and was standing outside. He hurried nearer, and stared at her with troubled eyes.

"Oh, you want to humiliate me utterly!" he cried.

She mutely extended the hand which still held the flowers.

"You care? You care?" he exclaimed, in mingled incredulity and joy. "You really care?"

"I—I suppose so, since I ran after you," she answered.

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A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, AUTHOR OF "A LEGAL FETTER," "LUCK OF ASHMEAD," "A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 561.

PART V.—REVENGE.

CHAPTER X.

AS long as he lived, Eric Morris never forgot the scene that confronted him that day as he entered the room. The gloom of a hard shower had just given place to a burst of sunshine, that fell directly across Rue as she leaned against her father. The ray lighted up her bridal white, and the diamonds—Laurence's wedding-gift—sparkled and shone, while over her was bent her father's silvery head, his face full of deep solicitude. Kate was soothing and half scolding Madeline, who clung to her, sobbing convulsively.

Eric went to Ruth and placed a hurriedly written note in her hand. She read it, and then it fluttered to the floor as she pressed her face against her father and sobbed aloud.

Kate caught up the note unceremoniously.

"Forgive me, I entreat you, this unpardonable but unavoidable delay. I am deeply contrite. Will meet you in fifteen minutes at the church. LAURENCE."

"He is here, then?" asked Kate, of Eric.

"Came in ten minutes ago, splashed with mud and mire. Had ridden from West Avon since half-past ten."

"What could have detained him?" Mr. Myrick asked, sternly, ready to indulge in a little temper, now he knew Laurence was safe.

"He must explain himself. I go back to drive with him to the church."

Then, as Kate followed Eric to the door, he added in a low tone: "Laurence only got my second dispatch when it was too late to do anything but ride over. He has given his left ankle a twist, and, although he will not admit it, is in a good deal of pain. I have no idea what delayed him. He gave me no opportunity for inquiries. We are an hour behind the time set for the ceremony now."

When Kate returned from this hurried conference, Rue had recovered herself, and whispered in her ear:

"Oh, Kate! what wild things did I say just now? Did I—betray—our compact?"

"You have not confided in me of late, Rue. I assure you I am no wiser for all you have said in this wretched hour," returned Kate.

"I wish I were dead!"

The words broke from Rue in a whisper, and were the last Kate heard her utter as Ruth Myrick. They drove to the church through another heavy shower, that gave way to sunshine as they arrived at the door.

The peal of the organ as they slowly went up the aisle; the flutter and satisfaction of the impatient wondering guests; all seemed to Kate the saddest, coldest of pageants. Laurence, standing at Eric's side as they reached the chancel, gave her a sense of security sorely needed, but she saw at a glance that he was white with suffering he strove to repress.

Did Rue observe this also? She never raised her eyes to meet his glance, although he murmured as he stepped near her: "Forgive me!" in a tone of entreaty.

Kate wept quietly during the ceremony, and Madeline conducted herself with no better grace. Ruth was like stone, responding clearly to all the vows, but raising no glance to meet the steadfast eyes bent sadly on her.

There was to be a large reception at Mr. Myrick's, arrangements having been made for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Owen at four o'clock. Kate felt that, in the hurried return to the house and the confusion of delay, there had been little time for explanation on Laurence's part, although during the hour that followed she heard a word here and there which convinced her that people generally understood the cause, nor questioned the imperative claim of the delay. She noted also that Laurence looked very much fatigued, and finally sat down before half through receiving the congratulations of the guests. Rue was radiant once more; always in her element amid a social throng, she was brilliant to-day. But she scarcely vouchsafed a word to her bridegroom. Kate made her way to Laurence's side.

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"You are in agony, Larry," she said; "you have hurt your ankle, Eric tells me. Can I do nothing for you?"

"Kate, you dear little woman, I wish you could. You ask me the question I long to hear from my wife," he replied, his unguarded words showing his overwrought condition. "I want—there is a big strike at the factory in West Avon. It has been impending for days, but broke out suddenly last night. They hate the present superintendent, and a rough crowd mobbed the office. I twisted my ankle in some stupid way. I unavoidably missed the early train, and found the second was taken off the line. So I rode over, and the stirrup has rubbed the ankle. I am expecting a dispatch any moment, calling me back to West Avon."

"But you cannot go," she said.

"I must. On me now depends the safety of those miserable people. They will not deal with Mott, the superintendent. They listen to me, and I—Kate, for God's sake, make my excuses to Rue, if she misses me! I must be alone—this pain is unbearable. She will not give me an opportunity of speaking to her. Confound the people!"

All this was uttered in an undertone of wrath and pain; and he was making his escape from the crowd, when a servant came to him with the anticipated telegram. Eric was standing near him as he read it, and heard his exclamation.

"I must go at once," he said, putting the dispatch in Eric's hand.

"Laurence, you are in no condition to go back into that trouble; besides—"

"If I could have planned it, it could not be better," he replied, bitterly. "What does Ruth care? Make my excuses to my wife, Morris: say I will write. Show Mr. Myrick the dispatch; he will understand at once. Say I will send for him if he can help me."

"Stop, Laurence: you must not leave Ruth in this way. Speak to her yourself, and explain the situation. Good heavens, man! have you no consideration for her?"

"It is an attribute she can so well appreciate! Bring her to the little room back of the parlors, then; it is the only place where we can be alone. Make haste! I have barely time to catch my train after going to the hotel. If I thought she would come— Eric, would it do to take her with me to Avon? There is Owen Hall—but no matter. Go, like a good fellow, and bring her here."

So it was in the same small room, already crowded with memories for both, that Rue found her husband awaiting her. He was seated when she entered, but rose with an effort, and stood leaning against a chair.

"I was obliged to ask a few moments alone with you, even at the risk of neglecting our guests. Rue, I am obliged to add to my already deplorable conduct to-day by telling you I must return to West Avon at once."

She did not reply for a moment; then she said rather coldly:

"I beg you will sit down, Laurence; for I see you have hurt yourself and are suffering. May I ask the cause of your departure?"

"Has no one told you? I have tried twice to tell you, but you gave me no chance. There has been a dangerous strike, at West Avon, among the workmen. They made an attempt to fire the mill last night. I should have telegraphed to you, but I dared not leave the building, and, in the confusion, could find no one to send."

"You—you were hurt, then?" she said, slowly.

Ah, if she would only come to his side, and, laying her soft hand on his forehead, give him one glance of the love trembling under the pride in her heart. But she stood aloof in her bridal white, lovely yet distant as winter's snow on the mountain heights.

"It is nothing serious, only somewhat painful. You understand and forgive my delay?"

"Certainly, since it could not be avoided. Do you wish me to remain here?"

"I thought—that is, I—you must please yourself, Ruth," he ended, lamely, the color wavering in his cheeks under her steady glance. "We can go to Owen Hall, at Avon, which is only two miles from West Avon. Owen Hall is—is—well, we can make it very habitable on short notice. But you must do as you wish. I promised in no way to hamper your freedom."

"I have just now promised obedience. If you desire it, I will go with you to Avon."

"I desire nothing that is not pleasing to you," he replied, his eyes flashing angrily. "I want no favors unwillingly bestowed. Stay here. It will probably be a matter of only a few days—"

"You will be gone so long?" she asked, faintly.

"I cannot give you any definite idea as to my return. I am exceedingly sorry to have annoyed you by breaking through conventionalities. Believe me, when I say, I hope never to offend in the same way again. I think there is nothing more to be said."

"You will write?" She spoke with a plaintive cadence, for the first time during the interview.

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He did not reply at once. Then he went to her, and took her hand in his a moment. She thought he intended to kiss her, but he only held the little gloved fingers, clasping them so close that the pressure fairly hurt.

"I will write to you, of course. Oh, my wife, if I only dared love you, it would not be so hard to leave you. God bless and keep you—good-bye. Even if I should never see you again, you will believe, Ruth, that I have acted wisely and for the best."

And then he was gone before she could realize his words, or cry out with responsive tenderness.

His absence was easy of explanation in Brompton. Everyone was more or less interested in the mills at West Avon, and knew how much was at stake in quelling a strike in such immense works as those owned by Laurence Owen.

Their sympathy was all for Rue, who they seemed to think must be sadly troubled regarding her husband's personal safety, until the poor girl was in an agony of apprehension. That Miss Jean Owen was very anxious was evident, and it did not add to Ruth's comfort that she said abruptly:

"I shall go to Laurence by the first train."

"I do not think he will wish it," said Rue, with a sudden jealous pang.

"That does not matter in the least. I raised the lad, and was not taught to obey him. He needs someone close at hand to speak a word of good cheer. I shall open Owen Hall at Avon."

If Miss Jean's soldierly bearing had been a little less like her nephew's arrogant moods, Rue would have begged to accompany her. But this resemblance only recalled Laurence's flashing eyes when he avowed his intention of asking no favor at her hands. Looking back on their interview, she fancied that if he had prefaced his words with the tenderness of the conclusion, she could not but have yielded. As it was, a more unhappy, strangely situated bride could scarcely be imagined than the proud belle of Brompton. She was bowed in spirit to the very earth by the strange circumstances of the day, and found no comfort in the voice of conscience, ever murmuring that she had once more permitted her already humbled pride to step between herself and the man she loved.

She received her first letter from her husband the following morning. It was very brief, referred to the state of affairs, hinting at complications that would possibly detain him longer than he supposed.

Rue drove over to South Walsingham, and found Miss Owen had already departed, with two of the servants, to open Owen Hall for the young master. Miss Annie was tearful, and Madeline very uncommunicative, and Rue left them impatient and heavy-hearted.

Her father maintained an odd reserve, but watched his daughter as she read each morning her brief bulletin from her husband, and, as day followed day and she made no sign, a perplexed impatience appeared in his glance.

Once he brought her some papers to sign. He said Laurence wished it.

"Why did he not bring them himself?" she asked.

"His detention is very queer, I admit. But I presume you have a satisfactory explanation," was her father's response.

"I know as much, perhaps less than you do of the matter," she replied, as she wrote her name.

CHAPTER XI.

Ten days passed in this way, and Brompton dropped the discussion of Laurence Owen and his bride, to enjoy the prospective nuptials of Eric Morris and Miss Gifford. Their wedding, taking place the second day of June, from "Elland," promised to outrage none of the social conventionalities. Rue had seen little of Kate since her wedding-day. Kate seemed under a restraint in her presence, and it only made Rue conscious of the utter loneliness of her position, that she could not even speak to this dear friend and confidante. Alas! had the follies of her youth brought about this hour of bitter punishment?

No! She rebelled against a Nemesis wrought by human agency, and schooled herself to a cold indifference so natural as even to deceive her father.

At the end of a fortnight, he was absent for a day; and, on his return, he placed a letter in Ruth's hand, saying gravely:

"I have been with your husband, my daughter, and am sorry to tell you I feel anxious about him. He asked me to give you this letter, which will in some measure explain his detention and the trouble through which he has passed. The strike has been settled; but another outbreak may occur at any time. It is not for me to advise or interfere between man and wife; but I may say to my child that, no matter where her inclinations may lead her, her place and duty are at her husband's side."

Rue took the letter in silence; but, as she left the room, Mr. Myrick saw that she was sobbing quietly.

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Once in her room, she tore open the envelope with eager fingers and read:

"My Wife:

"In writing this letter, I undertake the hardest task ever allotted me. Yet it must be fulfilled, and mine alone is the hand fitted to convey to you all you must know. My letters heretofore have been meagre because of business anxieties that culminated strangely enough, as far as our fortunes are concerned.

"You already know the causes that conspired to make me appear 'a laggard in love' on our wedding-morning. Learn now why I have lingered day after day, dreading to confront you. Ruth, ours was a mere business-compact. I offered you money, position, all I felt would make you happy. They were at my disposal then. To-day, I am a poor man. Excepting the interest I still own in these mills, I have nothing. All I once possessed has passed into the keeping of other hands. Owen Hall no longer belongs to me. All that for a short time I called mine is mine no longer.

"To go into a detailed explanation would only confuse you. It is hard for me to realize the truth: enough if you comprehend that, to-day, I stand with my good name clean and unsullied, an honest man, who never sought to deceive you, but who suffers keenly in thus being the victim of circumstances. Under these conditions, I am at a loss to proceed. I can scarcely hope for your forgiveness and lenient judgment. I have therefore vested all my interest in the mill in your name; and, knowing it will be a comfortable income for you alone, I go forth to make my way in the world. I should not dare trust myself to see you again, even if I felt sure you would grant the interview. I love you, my wife, and only the undying, unconquerable affection I have borne you would have led me into the wild scheme of making you my wife under such circumstances. I hoped I might win you in time, and, until that day, to serve you, to gratify your every whim, would be reward enough. My heart was so full of love, I thought to live without a return and to offend you by no demonstration of affection. But now that dream is past. I can no longer fulfill all I promised. I dare not approach you. I am a coward; but love has made me so.

"Oh, that I might have one assurance of your regard, to carry with me as a blessed memory! If I could only know you care for my fate or welfare! I must, in justice to myself, tell you I have been ill, confined to the house by the miserable sprain I received the night before our wedding.

"When this is placed in your hands, I shall be on the eve of leaving, but will wait at Owen Hall—hoping, almost praying, for one word from you that will make my departure less sad. Yet I can hardly hope for a reply to this letter. I know your heart so well. I seem to have flung myself against its coldness, during all these sad months, and I can only despair. Wherever you are, my beautiful Ruth, I am your desolate and deeply contrite husband,

"Laurence Owen."

She caught the letter to her lips, as she read the name at the close. She brushed the tears from her burning eyes. Her cheeks were scarlet. Oh, if she could go to him at once! Laurence alone, suffering in mind and body, no longer arrogant or masterful, but frankly avowing his love? Her husband going forth, driven away by lack of faith in her womanly tenderness and courage to meet misfortune?

Every vestige of her pride was crushed. Her foolish resolve never to yield to his indomitable will was gone. She loved him, and would prove that neither poverty nor other change in fortune could make her waver in her loyalty. In the moment of her release from the bondage of the cruel mood that had been hers since her marriage, she felt she could conquer the world with this love of hers.

But it was late. She must endure a restless sleepless night before she could act on her resolve.

She would go to Owen Hall. He would be there, he said. She would entreat his love and patience, and acknowledge her ignoble conduct.

She concluded to say nothing about her resolution to anyone, but she was up quite early the following morning, preparing for her journey to Avon.

Fanny looked nervous and unhappy, but Rue did not observe it, and scarcely noticed the girl when she said Mr. Myrick had gone away on an early train. She did not miss the Brompton Courier from its usual place on the breakfast-table until she wanted to examine the railway schedule, and then she exclaimed impatiently when Fanny stammered that "she thought Mr. Myrick had taken it with him."

Ruth got to the station a few moments before the train arrived.

The journey was not a long one. She reached Avon at noon, and, after some delay, found a means of conveyance to Owen Hall. She had never been there, though she had often driven past the house when visiting friends in the neighborhood, but the hall had been closed for years.

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As the carriage entered the grounds, she saw Laurence's huge setter, Roy, basking in the sunlight on the broad stone steps leading to the porch.

Rue called Roy to her, and fondled him as she waited an answer to her summons. She dismissed the carriage at once.

When a neat maid opened the door, she stood with one hand on Roy's head, her lovely face full of anxiety.

"I want to see Mr. Owen," she said; "he is here?"

The servant hesitated, scanning Ruth's plain dark dress.

"No, miss," she said, "Mr. Owen is not in the house—he did not come home last night. There has been a gentleman rale early fur him this morning, already. And we haven't seen the mornin' paper, neither, ma'am, and Miss Jean fears more trouble at the mill. Do you come from West Avon, ma'am?"

"No," Ruth replied, the tears starting to her eyes as she stood in surprise and dismay.

"Will ye see Miss Jean, miss?" the girl asked.

"No," she said, drearily. "I will come again."

"And the name, miss? Mr. Owen is that particular!"

"Tell him—no matter. I can come again," and she turned away, passing down the steps.

A dreary stretch of road lay before her. She walked slowly along the avenue, and stood irresolute at the gates.

She could not face Miss Jean until she had heard Laurence's voice once more, full of love and forgiveness. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat and choke her. He was gone, and now what should she do? Go back to the station—telegraph for the carriage to meet her? Give up her sweet hope of proving to her husband how dependent she was on his tenderness and mercy? Oh! how could she return unsatisfied? At this moment, something soft touched her hand. It was Roy's nose. He had followed her, and now was gazing at her wistfully.

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" cried the little wife, breaking into sobs, "you want Larry also. Where—where is he? Can we never find him?"

She sank on the grass, and buried her face on the big doggie and wept like a child, while Roy licked her face and whined in sympathy.

CHAPTER XI.

KATE GIFFORD, however, saw the Brompton Courier that morning. No kindly hand sought to spare her the shock, although no cloud should have darkened the happiness of so sweet a bride as the morrow would make her. The head-lines of a telegram caught her eye, and she cried out in dismay:

"'Another outbreak at West Avon! Laurence Owen, the young proprietor, fatally shot by some unknown miscreants while in his office, late last night.'"

Kate was on her way to Rue in less than half an hour. She was overtaken by the carriage from The Lindens, bearing Miss Annie and Madeline. They exchanged hurried greetings and hastened on, only to find Rue absent and Fanny in tears. Con had just discovered Mrs. Owen's absence, and informed Fannie that his master's last instructions had been to keep the mistress at home if possible, and, above all, not to let her see the papers.

"Now," wailed Fanny, "she will go right to him, for I remember she wanted the Avon time-card, and she'll find him dead! Oh, why didn't they tell me?"

"Hush, my good girl!" cried Miss Annie, almost beside herself at the thought of her darling nephew dead or dying. "Thank heaven, the child wanted to join him. It may comfort her in time to come. I will go at once and telegraph. I suppose I should have staid at home."

"I stopped at the hotel," said Kate; "but, as I expected, Eric had gone to West Avon. Oh, how can we bear it?"

"There is a boy with a telegram now!" cried Madeline.

They all rushed to the door; but Kate's hand tore open the dispatch, which was addressed to Rue's maid.

"Meet me, with the carriage, at the three-thirty train. RUTH M. OWEN."

What did it mean? Ruth in Avon? Had she failed to find Laurence or hear the dreadful tidings? The agitated women gazed blankly at one another, then Kate ran after the boy who brought the dispatch.

"Stop!" she cried. "Have you seen the paper, and about Mr. Owen being killed? Can you tell me—"

"No, he cannot," cried a full deep voice they all recognized. Laurence Owen pushed aside the boy and laid his hand on Kate's arm. In a moment, he was overwhelmed by an avalanche of excited women, and Eric and Mr. Myrick, who followed him, were unable to repress a smile of amusement, albeit they looked grave enough at first.

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"What does it mean?" demanded Kate, beginning to sob.

"Thank God, you are safe, my darling boy!" Miss Annie ejaculated; while Madeline added broken inquiries as to whether he was hurt in any way.

"No, no," he answered. "Kate, dear little woman, do not cry so. Aunty, there is a great deal of me left. Madeline, my child," as she caught him around the neck, "of course I'll kiss you again. I did not realize you all loved me so much. I am safe and sound—perfectly so. The newspapers were too eager for sensational items." Laurence paused, caressing his aunt, who clung to him, half weeping, half laughing, at his tone of mingled banter and tenderness, while Morris added:

"Some miserable discontented wretch shot at Larry last night; luckily, drink had made the fellow's hand unsteady. He was arrested; but, unfortunately, the paper published a dispatch sent in haste by some misinformed person."

"Of course, there was great excitement," Mr. Myrick said, in his usual calm way. "It was little wonder the report spread of Laurence's being mortally wounded—or killed outright."

"And Jean?" demanded Miss Annie.

"Oh, she is all right," rejoined Laurence. "I managed to keep Aunt Jean in ignorance by suppressing her paper, this morning, and rushed up here to save my wife, if possible, from the anxiety you have suffered. Where is she?"

There was a pause, during which the color rose in Laurence's face.

"I trust she is still in ignorance of—" he began, when Kate said simply:

"She is not here."

"Not here? Where is she?" Laurence's glance sought Mr. Myrick's face as he spoke.

"We have just received this dispatch from her."

Fanny interfered now.

"I am very sorry, sir, but I did not know about your being—"

"Killed? Shot? Well, yes—go on," Laurence supplemented, as she hesitated, with no sense of the humor of his words.

"And Mrs. Owen told me, just as she left, that she was going to meet you in Avon."

A radiance broke over Laurence's face. He cast a glance of triumph toward Mr. Myrick as he caught the telegram from Fanny and read it aloud.

"Failing to find me, she has turned back. I must go at once; by going to Avon on the next train, I shall reach there before she leaves the station. She will return with me to Owen Hall. Aunt Jean has my message before now, and is in no anxiety. Mr. Myrick, a word with you."

He conferred a moment with Mr. Myrick, and wrung his hand fervently. Then he kissed his aunt, had a joke for Madeline and a kindly word for Fannie as he sped away.

Rue was standing on the platform of the station at Avon, the dog, Roy, who had obstinately followed her, crouched at her side. She was very tired from the long walk, and she scarcely wondered when her husband came to her, and, putting her hand through his arm, said:

"The carriage will soon be here. I telegraphed to have it meet us. You are fatigued. Will you not come into the waiting-room and sit down?"

Roy followed them gravely, watching first one, then the other, wisely. Rue made no attempt to explain her intended return to Brompton by the next train. She only said, with downcast eyes:

"Roy would not leave me. I tried to send him back."

"Sensible dog!" was Laurence's cheerful rejoinder. "Did you see Aunt Jean?"

"No, I could not!" her voice trembled.

"Ah! I understand, my dear," he replied, gently, and then he made a brief explanation of the cause of his absence. She drew closer to him as she listened, and murmured:

"Oh! I am glad I did not hear of this."

"I am thankful, also, that you were spared. Your father had taken measures to shield you if you had remained in Brompton, but I fear Kate's anxiety would have overthrown any plan of his. You were then—"

"I was on my way to you at Owen Hall. I believed you were ill and in trouble. I wanted to be with you," she said, bravely, but with her eyes fixed on Roy's ears, as he lay stretched at her feet.

"Thank you, Rue. I have been ill, but the sight of you is medicine to mind and body. I see the carriage is here. Will you come?"

A handsome landau, drawn by a pair of impatient bay horses, was waiting them. Rue sank back on the cushions in silent gratitude that he did not press her to talk. As they neared the house, however, she laid one little hand on his arm entreatingly. If she had known how this meekness became her! How it drove Laurence to the verge of insanely catching her in his arms, despite propriety and the gaze of William, the coachman.

"You wrote me, Laurence, that—you no longer owned—the hall."

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"I do not," he replied, gravely, putting his hand over hers a moment, "yet my aunt is here still, and we will remain at least until you decide upon the future."

She shivered a little at the emphasis he placed on the personal pronoun. He entered the house, however, with the air of easy proprietorship, and inquired of the servant if Miss Jean had received his message.

"Yes, sir; shall I say you want to see her?"

"No," he replied. "Tell her Mrs. Owen is with me, and that we will meet her at luncheon in an hour. Will that suit you, Ruth?"

Rue murmured an assent, and the maid disappeared.

"You are tired, Rue; would you not like to go to your apartments?"

She bowed in reply.

He drew her hand through his arm, and led the way up a broad stairway, into a large drawing-room, richly furnished. Beyond, doorways draped with Japanese silks afforded glimpses of bed-chamber and dressing-room.

Once there, Laurence gently removed Rue's bonnet, and drew the gloves from the trembling hands.

"Welcome home, my wife!" he said, kissing her tenderly.

"Tell me, Laurence: what do you mean?" she cried. "I came to you, to-day, ready to acknowledge my willful conduct—ready to beg you to forgive and love me—to let me strengthen you by my affection in the hour of your changed fortune. But you meet me with mystery. You have not deceived me?"

"No, my darling. I told you the truth in all save one instance. I longed to test your love, and conquer that proud little heart. But I am bereft of more than half my fortune. I no longer own Owen Hall; only the interest in the mill is mine. Still, this house is yours, to do with as you will—the home I have been arranging for you for months. Have you forgotten those papers you signed? I have given you all my fortune. It was the least I could do. I am a poor man to-day. Now do you understand?"

"You have given it to me? I own this house, Laurence? Oh, I see now, I see! you still mean to leave me! This is your revenge. Oh, what have I done? I have been weak, foolish, even cruel—but I loved you. Take back the hateful money. Give me nothing, nothing—only love me, Laurence, love me! for I am so wretched! so lonely!"

She sank into a chair, sobbing piteously, and he had much difficulty in soothing her. But, when she finally lay back in his arms, with only an occasional sob like a weary child, he carefully and remorsefully explained his past plot.

The strike at the mills and the ensuing trouble had been no part of his plan; but, since absence favored his interest, he availed himself of her refusal to accompany him to Avon to strengthen the test he intended should be hers. He then took from his pocket a torn and soiled paper and asked if she recognized it.

"It is the letter I wrote so long ago. You told me you never received it," she cried.

"Oh, no! I said it never reached me; nor did it, by the hand to which you intrusted it. I found it. I was riding sadly home from Brompton, the night before Morris and I started, when I saw this lying in the mud. I picked it up and thrust it in my pocket, intending to examine it further on reaching the house. I did not recognize your writing. I was very heart-sick. I forgot the thing until well on my journey. During my absence, I carried this little bird Hope in my heart—for I learned to repeat your hastily-written words of love as my daily prayer. But I thought you had heard of my fortune prospects. On my return, I read in your first glance something that bade me take courage. Then Eric taunted me with my own ugly thoughts put into words: you would marry me for the money. So I concluded to buy you first in your own way, and prove you more than a bargain afterward."

"Buy me? Laurence, did you really believe I consented because of your wealth?"

"If I wronged you by the doubt, I suffered more keenly than you did, love," he answered, kissing the fingers she laid reproachfully upon his lips. "But I am free to confess I believed in your affection from the first. I nearly lost faith, however, when I saw how cruel you could be. The moment you thought me ignorant of this written confession, you turned to stone. Ah, Rue, if you had known the misery of that hour when you refused to go with me to Owen Hall! If it had not been for your father, I should have been utterly hopeless."

"Papa? Did he know of all this?"

"Yes; but he consented to remain silent and let me have my way. But he was my best friend in that dark hour."

"Laurence, how can I thank you? You have saved me from myself. I can never—"

"You thank me, dear wife, for giving you endless pain. We have both trifled with love, and must thank heaven it has proved a crown and not a curse."

"But oh, Larry, how you fibbed!" she said, suddenly, after a pause made very eloquent by

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a process known to lovers. "You said not an atom of the old love remained."

"I spoke the truth, my wife. The old love was a boyish passion born of admiration, but the shadow of the love I bear you now. Do you forget 'I have grown older, wiser, and—'"

"Laurence, do not ever quote that again!"

"Do you remember the day I sent the violets, and you wore them?"

"Yes."

"I nearly ruined my plans when I caught the glance of reproach in your beautiful eyes."

"And, the day of our wedding, had you only asked me to go with you—"

"I ask no favors of my wife," he laughed.

"And she grants none," Rue said, with a glimpse of her old sauciness. "Between us, there can be no favors, since your desire shall be my law."

"Ah, darling, my little shrew must make no rash resolves. I know you so well now that I am determined you shall do as you will, the rest of your life, for granting me this one happy hour."

At this moment, a gentle tap at the door and an announcement of luncheon startled them from bliss to mundane matters.

"We must not keep Aunt Jean waiting, and I believe I am unromantically hungry," said Laurence.

Rue hastily smoothed her ruffled hair, and, clinging a little nervously to Laurence's arm, went to encounter Miss Jean. But Aunt Jean was too old a soldier in life's battlefields to betray any surprise. She kissed Rue affectionately and beamed joyfully on her nephew.

"I shall go back to South Walsingham, to-morrow, Larry," she said, as they rose from the table. "Annie writes that the rose-trees need pruning and the gardener is ill."

"Better wait now, and go with us to the Gifford-Morris wedding to-morrow."

"But, Laurence—" began Rue, blushing a little. "I cannot stay—I am not prepared!"

"Oh, I left word with your father to ship Fanny and the trunks to Avon at once. William goes to meet them at five," Laurence replied, laughing at her surprise.

"You are the most impudent Irishman I ever met," she said, a few moments later, when out of Miss Jean's hearing.

"I have learned with whom I have to deal. Think of the honor, Rue, of marrying the rale ould Irish article. And, as I remember, Morris remarked once you were not named 'Rue' for nothing."

* * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Owen's appearance at the wedding, the next evening, naturally attracted great attention. Once, during the reception, Kate, the bride of an hour, and Rue, the bride of a fortnight, were standing side by side, talking with Mr. Dick Olcott, when Laurence came up to Eric, and, glancing at the trio near, smiled as he grasped his friend's hand.

"You look a thousand per cent. happier to-day, Larry, than you did two weeks ago, when I sustained you through a like trying ordeal," said Morris.

"I do not hesitate to own that was the most unhappy day of my life. I almost lost faith in my own judgment. But you must grant that physical suffering helped to increase my mental anxiety."

"You were courageous in the risk you took in leaving Ruth in obedience to that dispatch," said Eric.

"It was a bold stroke," Laurence owned. "Had she been one iota less true, less noble, than I believed her—but that is an absurd hypothesis. Love assured me she was all I have proved her—the bonniest, lovingest little shrew ever wooed and won."

"That contents me," laughed Eric. "I have longed to hear one lover's rhapsody, Larry, in return for all you have endured from me."

"But you had heard Jack Leland's speech regarding Rue? I thought you knew the joke."

"No. What was that?"

"Well, you remember that Jack was not successful with the little woman yonder, and she flew into a rage with him at last for his persistence. Sometime afterward, his sister Nellie innocently remarked that her brother thought the 'Taming of the Shrew' an excellent play to give for the Hospital Fund, and that Ruth would make a splendid 'Katherine.'"

"What are you two laughing about?" asked Rue, as she and Kate approached.

"We were discussing the folly of bachelors," Laurence vowed, boldly. "A fit topic for an occasion like this—eh, Ruth?"

"Something else, too—a new version of an old drama," laughed Morris, glancing at Ruth.

"What is that nonsense, Eric?" demanded Laurence, puzzled and off his guard.

Rue was quicker than her husband. She blushed to her forehead; but, with a defiant little frown at Eric's merry face, she said, casting a confident glance toward Laurence:

"I think I understand. If you publish it, Mr. Morris, I will accept the dedication; and you may call the piece 'A MODERN PETRUCHIO.'"

[THE END.]

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

EVERYONE should know what ought to be done in the common accidents that may happen any day to anybody. Knowledge and promptness may be the means of saving life, and they will certainly lessen the inevitable suffering.

There are a few general principles which should be firmly fixed in the mind. When necessity arises, they can be recalled without difficulty, and they will suggest the best means to use for the end to be accomplished.

BLEEDING.

Bleeding can be stopped by compression; position; cold; styptics.

There are three sets of blood-vessels which convey blood through the body: arteries, carrying it from the heart; veins, carrying it to the heart; capillaries, tiny vessels connecting the two. When there is bleeding, some of these channels have been cut, and the blood flows from them just as water runs from a lead pipe when it is broken. It is important to remember that the blood does not flow at large amongst the tissues like water through a sandbank, but is confined to these little tubes. When they are cut, if they can be squeezed together or the open ends plugged, the bleeding will stop.

When the wound is a clean cut made by a knife or sharp instrument, there will be a profuse flow of blood. If it comes in jets or spurts, answering to each beat of the heart, an artery is cut. If it flows steadily and is of a dark-red color, a vein is divided. Wash the wound with cold water. A little blood makes a great show, and, when the part is clean, it may be found that the bleeding is much less than it seemed to be.

Fold a piece of cotton in three, wet it in ice-water, and bind it tightly over the cut. If the blood soaks through the bandage and begins to drip from it, more vigorous measures are necessary.

The artery that supplies the arm comes near the surface on the inside of the arm, about half-way between the arm-pit and the elbow. That in the leg may be found on the inside, just under the swell of the muscle, three or four inches below where it joins the body.

To stop bleeding from any part of the limbs below these points, take a hard round object like a ball, a stone, or a raw potato, twist it in a handkerchief or strip of cotton, and place it over the artery; tie the cotton tightly round the leg. If this does not check the bleeding, put a stick through the knot and twist the bandage tighter.

If the artery cannot be found, put a pad of wet cotton over the wound, tie the bandage over that, and twist it in the same way.

It can be taken off at the end of an hour, and reapplied if the blood still flows.

When the wound is in the lower part of the arm or leg, the bleeding can sometimes be checked by bending it upward and binding it tightly to the upper part. The pressure brought to bear on the artery where it crosses the bend of the knee or elbow shuts it up.

When the bleeding is from the shoulder or arm-pit, pressure can be made on the artery that comes to the surface above the collar-bone. This is the bone that runs along the front of the shoulder from the throat. The handle of a door-key, protected with a fold of cotton, is a good thing to press with, though any similar object will answer.

Bleeding from a finger may be stopped by tying a string tightly around it where it joins the hand.

Position.—Place the injured part in such a position that the blood will not flow into it. After profuse hemorrhage, raise the foot of the bed on blocks, so that the blood may run toward the heart and brain that are famished for want of it.

In bleeding from the nose, do not hold the head forward, bending over a basin, but lie back in a chair, and hold a wet sponge or cloth to the nose to receive the blood.

Cold.—The use of cold water has already been spoken of. A piece of ice, bound on the wound, will sometimes stop the bleeding.

In bleeding from the lungs, keep the sufferer in a half-sitting position, supported by pillows, and give pieces of ice to swallow. If it is very severe, apply pounded ice folded in a cloth to the chest while the doctor is coming. Protect the bed and lower part of the person with a piece

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of India-rubber sheeting and plenty of towels. The blood is bright-red and is coughed up.

In bleeding from the throat or stomach, keep the patient quiet and give bits of ice to swallow. The blood from the stomach is dark-red and vomited up.

Styptics.—When the bleeding is from a number of little points and seems to ooze from the whole surface of the wound, the blood comes from the capillaries. Sometimes powdered alum sprinkled on will stop it, or washing the surface with a solution of perchloride of iron.

Cold and styptics act in the same way by contracting the mouths of the blood-vessels and keeping in the blood until nature has time to form a clot there.

POOR HEALTH OF SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Physicians give increased attention, from year to year, to the causes of disease and its prevention. No class of diseases has lately been more widely discussed than that of nervous disorders; and the woman with weak nerves in particular is, to almost a wearisome extent, pilloried as the object of professional observation. The prominence in the medical world of the nervous perils of women has been long matched in the world of sociology by the prominence of the question of the higher education of women and their wider sphere of work. It is, perhaps, inevitable that the temptation to make these two questions stand to one another somewhat in the relation of cause and effect—that is, to foist on the more systematic intellectual culture of women the responsibility of what is claimed to be their increasing tendency to nervous disease—should prove irresistible to many reasoners; the more so as prejudice stands ready, in this connection, to bolster up the weaknesses of theory. But it is a very unsound, because partial, course of reasoning. If we are to admit, as a deplorable fact, the tendency to fall a prey to neurotic affections and thus lapse into invalidism, on the part of women as they approach middle-age, let us at least duly weigh the causes of this sad result; and, in so doing, we shall probably find that among them the over-use of the brain will have a place quite too insignificant to justify the stress so often laid upon it. When we consider the irrational dress worn by girls from fourteen years old or so, onward; the discouragement of active out-door work and exercise for them from about the same age; the systematic cultivation of the emotions with women, as opposed to their systematic discouragement and repression with men; the immense strain laid by young maternity on bodies quite untrained to effort and endurance, and minds quite unaccustomed to sacrifice and care; it becomes obvious that we need not go far to explain the tendencies now under discussion. We may even realize that in intellectual cultivation we have the best possible aid against the reckless physical carelessness and prodigal waste of emotion which conjointly are at the root of most nervous diseases in women. It would be interesting, in these days of experiment, to take a boy, and from babyhood educate him as girls are educated, dress him as girls are dressed, appeal to and play upon his emotions as those of a girl are appealed to and played upon, and observe, under these conditions, how far sex is responsible for weakness of mind and body, and how far training.

A question analogous to that of the evil effects on maturer girlhood is the one of comparatively recent date, of like evil effects arising out of our public-school curriculum. We cannot deny that our public-school system is far from being millennial; but, granted this, we still seriously doubt whether the present curriculum is of too severe a nature to be readily gone through with by the girl of average mental capacity. When such a girl breaks down, it is only just to inquire what other factors enter into her failure. We have already mentioned certain causes, and to these may be added attendance at balls and parties, which involves not only unreasonably late hours, but unhealthy excitements and indigestible food. This assertion is based on statistics lately gathered by a teacher in one of our public schools, from the voluntary statements of the pupils under her care. The confession of twentyone girls averaging thirteen years of age shows that, during last winter, each of these girls spent fourteen evenings at social entertainments, remaining up until midnight or later. Twentyone of the age of fifteen were out six times untill from midnight to four o'clock in the morning.

These facts tell their own story eloquently; and the moral of that story would seem to be, not less intellectual culture for our girls, but more knowledge of hygienics by parents, and sufficient common sense to make a practical use thereof in the education of their daughters.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a dressy house-costume, of cream-white nun's-veiling. The skirt is perfectly plain

No. 1.

all around, and gathered to the long pointed bodice, both back and front. The bodice is full in front, and laps over on the left side. The V plastron in front, the deep cuffs and trimming for the waist, are all in black passementerie or black velvet, braided with silver braid. The lace passementerie is the prettiest for this kind of a costume. From eight to ten yards of nun's-veiling will be required.

No. 2—Is a boating-dress, with a cotton drill blouse and navy-blue flannel skirt. Our model calls for the blouse to be made all in white, with plain navy-blue collar, cuffs, and band. An anchor is embroidered upon the vest and navy silk cravat. White serge hat, with navy-blue band. Six to eight yards of flannel for skirt, four yards white for blouse, will be required.

No. 2.

No. 3—Is a visiting-dress, of pink bengaline and piece lace. The underskirt is silk, and the

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overskirt in bengaline is slightly draped by a chatelaine-plait at the waist. The plaited bodice has a waistband, forming a point at the waist. It is tied at the side, falling with loops-and-ends. The round low bodice has a lace guimpe, mounted to a lace ruche. The full upper sleeve is of bengaline, and the lower part of lace. Six yards of silk for the underskirt, or an old evening-dress altered for the purpose, twelve to fifteen yards of bengaline, and one yard of piece lace. Trimming lace for the ruche and edge of sleeves.

No. 3.

No. 4—Is a blouse-frock, for a girl of four years. Long full bodice and sleeves, with straight skirt, in pompadour, cambric, or zephyr-cloth, ornamented round the neck and waist with colored frilling of Swiss embroidery. Wristbands and fringe of ribbon loops-and-ends in shot corded ribbon. Wide plaited frill of the embroidery for the neck.

No. 4.

No. 5.

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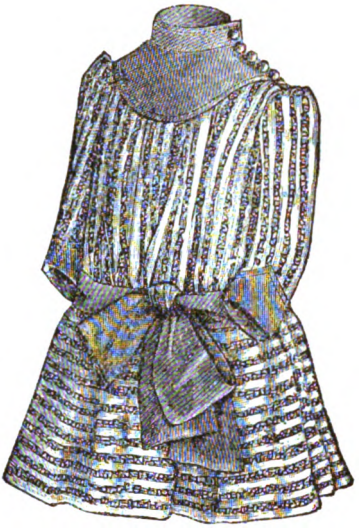
No. 6.

No. 7.



No. 8.

No. 5.—Child's costume, in cream serge. The skirt is mounted in wide box-plaits, which are embroidered in stars. Bodice with bretelles edged with balls. Tam O'Shanter hat to match.

No. 6—Is a seaside-suit, for a boy of four to six years. It is made of marine-blue serge or flannel, with knickerbocker pants and a plaited blouse, which is belted at the waist. An under-

No. 9.

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vest of striped blue and white serge shows at the neck. Wide sailor-collar in white flannel, trimmed with either one wide blue braid or else several rows of narrow braid. Cap to match.

No. 7—Is a pretty little smocked-frock, of white or colored cashmere. The waistband and cuffs only are smocked. The yoke is of black velvet. Full straight sleeves, and full waist and skirt. This model will be very pretty for a gingham, with an embroidered yoke.

No. 8.—A blouse-frock, for either boy or girl of three to four years. It is made of narrow striped gingham, cut on the cross. The yoke, cuffs, and sash are of plain gingham to match. The blouse buttons on the left shoulder.

No. 9—Is a simple model for a bathing-suit, of dark-blue flannel or serge, trimmed with a band of white worsted braid. Long sleeves may be added to suit the taste of the wearer. The trousers may be longer and put on a band.

MANTELET LAMBALLE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, on our Supplement, the entire half of this pretty summer mantelet. It consists of three pieces:

1. Half of Mantelet, from Back-Seam to Waist-Line in Front.
2. The Whole of the Loop.
3. One End.

In Number One, the long notches are to be seamed together to fit the neck, and the little notches on the front make a little fullness, in front, at the neck. The pointed end at the waist-line is to be plaited close in a bunch, where it meets the loops-and-ends, all fastening under a pretty buckle. The mantelet may be of silk or light cloth, the edges pinked out; or, if preferred, it can be trimmed with lace as far as the waist. A standing frill finishes the neck

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HALF-CRESCENT NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This tea-cozy-shaped book may be made of brocade, or even pretty chintz, or of old embroidery applied, or a pretty design done in satin-stitch. Both sides may be made in this way, or one may be covered with velvet, satin, or silk; the strings are to harmonize. If plain brocade is used the figures will look well outlined with colored silks. The inside is lined with white silk, and is provided with layers of white flannel, pinked out.

WORK-CASE.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

In the front of the number, we give a new design for a very pretty work-case, which is both compact and convenient. It is made of gray linen, and bound with narrow yellow ribbon.

For the foundation, you will need a strip measuring eight and a half by twentythree inches. Bind the ends of this piece with the ribbon; it should be stitched with yellow silk.

Next, cut a piece eight and a half by twelve inches; this is to fasten the smaller pockets on. For the needle-book, cut a couple of pieces of gray flannel, two and a half by three inches; for the outside, use a piece of yellow ribbon, the same width, by folding it with ends in the middle; there will be no raw edges. A row of stitching through the centre will hold the needle-book in place. The strip for the scissors, thimble, etc., is made of ribbon one inch in width—six inches will be required for this; this is stitched on the back. For the pocket below, take a piece of the linen four by eight inches, bind it across one end, cut the other end pointed, and fold it like an envelope, and bind the sides and pointed end, baste it on, and stitch it on the extreme outside edge of ribbon on the sides to keep it in place. The strip for the pockets for the crewels measures four by five inches; this piece is bound all around and stitched on the back, the three compartments being formed by rows of stitching. The flap for the pocket comes next; this is seven and a half inches long, two and a half deep, is stitched on so as to fall over the pocket. Bind the ends of this piece.

Now turn up the ends of the piece that you first cut to form pockets three inches deep, baste the piece with the pockets on to this, allowing the end with the flap on to run down in one pocket. Bind the sides and one end of the case, that is, the end that is to be turned out when it is folded together. A little spray may be embroidered on the pockets, if desired, as seen in the engraving; this is done in olive and yellow silks.

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CLOVER-LEAF TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The table is of wood, painted in white enameled paint, or covered with plush, and consists of two shelves, the lower one has the top in figured silk, bound and lined with plush, whilst the shamrock or top is in plain plush or satin, dotted with small embroidered flowers. A table of this shape, painted in some graceful design, is pretty.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On our Supplement, we give a very handsome design for braiding the front of a jacket and also the half of the cuff; the latter may be used also for the high standing collar by reducing it a trifle. A narrow worsted or silk braid is to be used. Black braid, upon either dark-blue, green, or black cloth, makes a very handsome jacket.

POCKET FOR COMB AND BRUSH.

BY MISS E. J. WELSH.

This convenient article is made of gray linen and bound with a pretty shade of brown worsted braid. The comb, brush, and hairpins are worked on, in the outline-stitch, with brown wash-silk. The dimensions of the back measure eight by eleven inches before the corners are cut off. The piece which forms the pockets for comb and brush is seven inches deep and eight inches wide, and the little pocket for hairpins four and a half inches across the top. Designs the proper size are given here which can be easily transferred on the linen. After they are worked, bind the large pocket across the top and the small one all around, baste them on the back, and bind the case on all sides. A row of stitching divides the comb-and-brush pocket. The hairpin-pocket can be sewed on by hand easier. Three brass rings are sewed on the top, to fasten it up with. Colored silk or brocade makes a pretty brush-pocket.

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SHOPPING-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This old-fashioned shape, with its smart turn-over, is readily made at home with any odd bits of material; or in artistic serge or oatmeal-cloth, which is decorated with a bright bunch of field-flowers, worked with colored wash-crewels or linen-floss. The fringe reproduces all the colors of the flowers. The broad encircling braid is adorned with stars, and sewed down with feather-stitch. The handles are made of the plain braid, or stronger still with girthing. Twill or satin lining. Pockets may be added inside.

WHITE DAMASK D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design for embroidery, on the Supplement, is done on a small square of white damask, which is to be fringed out at the edges or finished with a hem and drawn-work. The embroidery is to be done in cream or white filo-floss or filoselle.

POPPIES, IN KENSINGTON-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For our colored plate, this month, we give a bunch of field-poppies, buds, and leaves. They are to be done in Kensington-stitch, in either silks or crewels. Two shades of poppy-red for the flowers, and two shades of blue-green for stems and leaves; black for the centre of the full-blown flowers. Make a number of long stitches with a French knot at the end, and a dash of pale-green for the very centre. Repeat this bunch several times for the end of a scarf-cover, or it may be used as a corner-piece for a square cover. Pretty for one side of a work-bag: indeed, it may be adapted successfully to almost any piece of work. Gray linen, black satin or silk will make the most effective background.

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LINEN BAG.

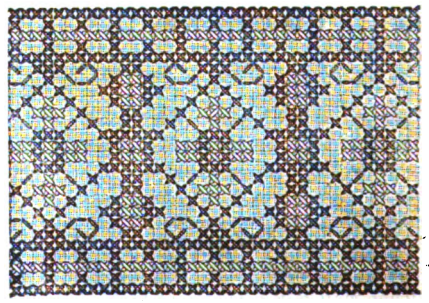
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The four sides of this bag, which is made of strong gray linen or Java canvas, are embroidered in a conventional design with red embroidery silks or crewels. The outline of the patterns is done in stem-stitch; the inside filled up in satin-stitch. The seams are bound with red satin ribbon and edged with gold cord, and the corners, etc., trimmed with tassels of red silk. If the embroidery is done in crewels, the pieces should be bound with red worsted braid, tassels and cord of the crewel to match. The bag will be pretty either in crewels or silks, and be useful for a work-bag, piece-bag, or to put small fine pieces for the laundry in.

BORDER FOR APRONS, TEA-CLOTHS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design is worked in cross-stitch and Holbein-stitch, with two shades of red or blue ingrain cotton or in wash-silks on Java canvas. The wash-linen filoselles also may be used, either in shades of one color or in several colors—as the taste may dictate.



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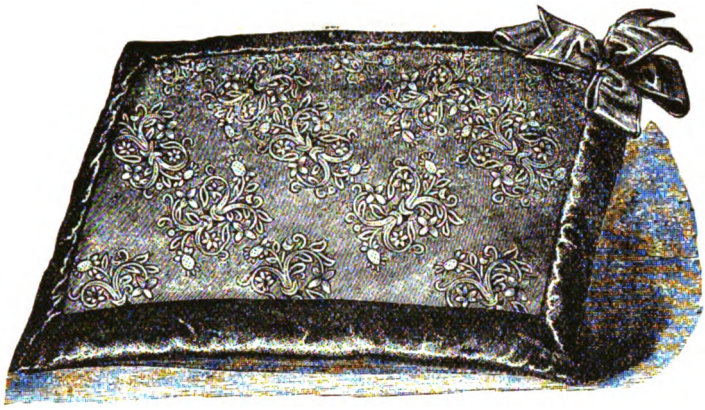
SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The embroidery is to be done on gray-surah, and the edge is of strawberry-colored plush. Many of the beautiful designs of flowers which we have given on the Supplement will be most appropriate to powder this cushion with; the same design may be repeated or several different ones may be used. Shades of olive-green, strawberry-color, and pale-blue split filoselle will all look well on the gray surah, with stems, tendrils, etc., worked with gold-thread.

SUSPENDED PLUSH FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A square of ruby-colored plush, embroidered with primroses, ferns, etc., wrought in arrasene, or done in lustral painting. It is secured diamond-wise to the wall, and provided at the top with a gilt hook, to which is attached a valued miniature portrait.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE IMPENDING NATIONAL FLORAL CAMPAIGN!—WHICH SHALL BE THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF AMERICA?—HAVE YOU VOTED?—Which shall be the National Flower of America? This is a question that is now exciting wide-spread interest. Thousands have already voted on it, and within the next fortnight it is safe to say that from ten to twenty thousand people all over the United States will register their choice.

It is a curious fact that America has no one National Flower like the Shamrock of Ireland, the Rose of England, or the Thistle of Scotland.

The discussion on this subject was begun in the Boston Daily Globe, May 13th, 1888, by a signed editorial from the pen of "Jean Kincaid." Since that time the discussion has spread all over the country, and the English papers even have taken the matter up. It was felt that so important a matter should surely be left to the free choice of the American people themselves, but how to arrange for a vote has been the perplexing question.

Mr. Prang, of Christmas-card fame, recently hit upon a novel expedient, which he offered as worthy of a trial. It met an instantaneous and general acceptance, and the choice of a national flower for America is now being decided through the medium of the booksellers, news-dealers, and stationers of the country, by means of Prang's Artistic Souvenir, entitled "OUR NATIONAL FLOWER."

This souvenir is an exquisite little volume, with pictures of the two leading floral candidates, each of which pleads in charming verse and lovely colors its own cause for a national choice.

A short history of the contest is printed on the last page, and a postal vote is enclosed, ready for mailing, only requiring to be filled out by the voter. The result of the vote will be published from time to time in the leading papers, and the final choice will be announced by mail to every voter after December 31st next, at which date the polls close.

The price of the beautiful little volume, including vote, is only twentyfive cents, and is sold by all the leading booksellers and stationers.

In looking over the names of those who have already voted, it is interesting to notice the choice of various prominent persons on the list:

Clergymen have voted very extensively for the Mayflower, although Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, has cast his vote for the Golden-rod, as has also Dr. Morgan Dix, of New York. Rev. Minot J. Savage, the great Unitarian preacher, has voted for the Laurel. Joseph Cook sends in his vote for the Golden-rod. So does that other great reformer, Dr. Howard Crosby. Rev. Brooke Herford, the famous English preacher, votes for the Golden-rod, and Lyman Abbott for the Mayflower.

Authors have voted queerly. A letter in the familiar hand of John G. Whittier is recorded for the Golden-rod. James Parton votes for the Mayflower, and the gifted author of "*John Ward, Preacher*" (Margaret Deland), casts a vote for the Laurel. Harriet Beecher Stowe votes for the Golden-rod, and E. L. Godkin wants the Mayflower. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps votes the Golden-rod ticket. The famous woman's suffragist, Lucy Stone, votes for the Golden-rod also.

T. V. Powderly has found time in his busy life to vote on the national flower question, and his choice is the Golden-rod. John Fiske favors the Mayflower, and Judge Noah Davis the Golden-rod.

A peculiar interest attaches to the choice of leading actors and actresses. Edwin Booth votes for the Golden-rod. Minnie Palmer chooses the Forget-me-not, and Fanny Davenport votes for the Golden-rod. Robert Mantell is down for the Mayflower, and Lawrence Barrett for the Golden-rod.

It will be seen that a very great number of people have already voted. Everyone should be sure to vote immediately after reading this announcement.

It will be something to be proud of in all your after-life that you were among those who contributed to the selection of a National Flower; and it is safe to say that, unless you vote this very day, you may lose the chance of influencing the result, for it is hard to remember these many matters in our busy life. Thousands will vote on this question the coming fortnight.

NEARLY ONE-HALF OF THE POPULATION are more or less afflicted with neuralgic pains. Instead of sending for the doctor, who will probably prescribe a plaster and a dose of medicine, we advise the sufferer to heat a flat-iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately. We have seen the most painful cases of neuralgia relieved in less than ten minutes.

IN addition to our regular club offers, as found in the prospectus, we make the following special offer of a free copy of the magazine for one year, to anyone sending a club of two at two dollars each, or a club of three at one dollar and seventyfive cents each. This offer is to reach those who are unable to get up a large club.

TO REVIVE A DYING FIRE.—Throw a little coarse brown sugar on the embers, and, as long as there is a spark left, this will produce a cheerful blaze. This is a more certain means than employing the old-fashioned bellows or attempting to create a draught by fixing a sheet of paper in front of the stove.

TABLECLOTHS wear out first in the middle where the two folds cross. To transfer to such a place a centre cut from an old napkin, and darn the edges without turning. Such a patch makes an excellent appearance, and is worth the trouble in a handsome cloth.

"COVERS A WIDE RANGE."—The Syracuse (N. Y.) Daily Journal says: "Between its literary claims, its artistic excellence, and its thorough reliableness as a guide to dress and fashion, 'Peterson' covers a wide range, but in no respect is there ever any failure."

AMONG the different methods of tracing the patterns found in the magazine and on the Supplement, one of the quickest is by the use of a tracing-wheel. We will send one of these wheels by mail to any of our subscribers for fifteen cents.

WE will send the magazine for the balance of the year, July to December inclusive, for one dollar. Get your friends to try it for the next six months.

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POT POURRI.—Some very thrifty sweet-scented geraniums, having grown so large in the garden as to necessitate severe pruning before taking them in the house, may be packed down in salt, according to the directions given for a rose-jar in the June number, but without the addition of spices, keeping each kind separate. This needs only the sun or the warmth of the room to fill the air with the perfume of summer.

Lemon verbena, Egyptian myrtle, white clover, are all available.

A very fine oil can be made by taking cotton and saturating it with the finest salad-oil, put a layer of the cotton in the bottom of a wide-mouthed jar that has a perfectly tight cover—a ground glass stopper is the best—on the cotton place a layer of rose-leaves, or geranium-leaves, or any blossom the perfume of which is a favorite, then a layer of the saturated cotton over that, close up tightly, and leave for three months. At the end of that time the oil pressed out is loaded with the perfume of the enclosed layers, and a very few drops put in fine alcohol makes an extract for the handkerchief.

BLACKBERRIES.—These are very good and wholesome. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar with half a pint of water, to two pounds of blackberries, and the strained juice of two lemons. Let the syrup boil, mash the berries, and put in the syrup while boiling; let it boil ten minutes, and serve hot or cold. While hot, the seeds can be strained from it. Very few persons are aware of the beneficial uses of the blackberry. Not only is the fruit wholesome, whether uncooked or in juice or wine, but a decoction of the leaves, that is to say, putting them in cold water and boiling them for half an hour, is an excellent gargle. It wonderfully relieves the backache, if taken in small doses, and is good for rheumatism and gout. The green twigs of the common bramble on which the blackberry grows will dye wool and silk black; and, therefore, suitable to rinse black silk stockings in the decoction.

A TRAVELING SCRAP-BOOK is an idea which many ladies are making use of when they go into the country for the summer, or take a journey abroad, or into some unknown portion of their own country. In these are arranged pressed flowers, etc., with the name and date attached; unmounted photographs, with description of the scenes portrayed; and names and dates and everything strange and curious which may be gathered into shape. A series of such books as these would be invaluable—not only to the maker thereof, but her friends. One could live over and over again the delightful times which memory holds so dear, and keep fresh in one's mind many an incident which otherwise might be lost entirely.

IN MISFORTUNE.—We can not be guilty of greater uncharitableness than to interpret afflictions as punishments and judgments; it aggravates the evil to him that suffers when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance.—*Addison.*

WISDOM IN ACTION.—Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do as well as to talk.

"AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS."—A subscriber writes: "If possible, the magazine is better than last year, and, as usual, it keeps ahead of all others."

WHOSE IS THE BEST LIFE?—The best life is that of her who has, in the largest sense, made the best of everything.

A SERIOUS WANT.—A want of care often does more damage than a want of knowledge.

OUR NEW VOLUME commences with this issue, and the great success which has attended the last is to us at once a bright augury and an incentive to renewed exertion. Each number has in turn received enthusiastic encomiums from old and new subscribers, and the newspapers in every quarter of the country have been lavish in their praise. Years ago, the public press unanimously placed "Peterson" at the head of the lady's-magazines; but, while preserving and improving these special qualities, our scope has gradually widened, until, to quote from the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "'Peterson' has become 'The Model Family Magazine.'" Admired as our engravings have been, we hold some even finer in store. The new novelets, perhaps, will not surpass the admirable ones already given, but they will prove fully equal to them, and among our short stories we have many of exceptional excellence.

Altogether we feel certain that this volume will merit the verdict which the New York World bestowed on the last, that "'Peterson's' literary contents and artistic attractions put it in the front rank of the monthlies."

Excelsior will remain our motto, and we shall hold firmly to our unique place among periodicals—the one perfect combination of literature, art, and fashion.

Our subscribers can best show their appreciation of "Peterson" by recommending their friends to give it a six months' trial. The volume will be sent for one dollar, or, better still, get up a club for a year—see club-rates on last cover-page.

A ROSE-JAR.—The rose-jars of our grandmothers' time are again popular; during the past winter, as we have entered cozy parlors, the subtile fragrance of the rose has greeted us when snow was whitening the ground outside. A good-sized bowl or jar that is decorative may be used for our purpose. Gather any sweet rose-leaves on a fine dry day, put them in a large jar, and throw a little table-salt to every layer of rose-leaves. When the jar is nearly full, add two handfuls each of rosemary-leaves, lavender-flowers, and knotted marjoram; also a few bay-leaves, one ounce of sliced orris-root, one ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, gum-benjamin, with a quarter of a pound of bay-salt, pounded. Mix, and cover the bowl closely for one week, when you will find a delicate and lasting scent on opening the jar.

A simpler but less effective way is to mix the leaves with salt and a little cloves, cinnamon, and gum-benjamin; cover closely.

We know a little girl who made a nice rose-jar by taking a bunch of fragrant roses, which had been discarded as too wilted for use, and mixing the leaves with salt and allspice only.

THE first few months of a child's life are practically spent in eating, sleeping, and growing. As it becomes older, the sleep shortens and interest is taken in surrounding objects. When a child can run about, it may be allowed to sleep in the forenoon and again in the afternoon, besides its night's rest. The best plan is to leave the child to itself, and, when it says it is tired and wants to sleep, lay it on a couch and let the slumber last as long as it will. When at rest in the day, do not cover with heavy clothes, but throw a simple coverlet or quilt over the sleeper. In bed, the same rule must be observed: heavy coverings are injurious; they cause too much heat to be retained, make the skin more or less delicate, and weaken the child. The practice of keeping babies or children up until the parents go to bed is bad, and means making the child old and weazened-looking, and greatly enfeebles the system.

TONGUES IN MOTION.—The tongue is a machine which generally loses in power what it gains in speed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia, have sent us several fresh additions to their twentyfive-cent series of novels. Even in these days of well got-up cheap books, the edition is noticeably attractive. Most of the works were never before published under a dollar and a half, and the list contains some of the various authors' most popular productions. Among them are:

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's "Old Homestead," "The Old Countess," and "Lord Hope's Choice." Caroline Lee Hentz's "Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "Robert Graham," sequel to "Linda," "Rena; the Snow-bird," and "Marcus Warland." Mrs. Burnett's "Theo," "Kathleen," "Miss Crespigny," and "Pretty Polly Pemberton." Mrs. Southworth's "The Bridal Eve," "The Discarded Daughter," "Tried for Her Life," "Cruel as the Grave," "The Maiden Widow," "The Family Doom," "My Son's Wife," and "My Hero." "The Confessions of an Abbé," by Louis Ulbach. "A Heart Twice Won," by Mrs. Van Loon. "The Prairie Flower," by Emerson Bennett, and "Run Down," by Dr. Cox.

A LETTER FROM DR. HANS VON BULOW: "The Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert-tour in the United States by my impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

DR. HANS VON BULOW."

New York, April 6th, 1889.
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

THERE is nothing so depressing as a troublesome corn; it makes us petulant and cross, and unfits us for business or pleasure. But there is no longer any reason to suffer such tortures, as Messrs. W. T. Hanson & Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., have placed upon the market one of the best cures ever prepared; it causes no pain, and completely removes the painful excrescence. See the card in our advertising-columns.

REIN-HOLDER.—The Brewster Safety Rein-Holder, made at Holly, Mich., has been advertised in our columns for several years. It is a great convenience, insures safety, is sold cheap, and every horse-owner should order one. The firm is responsible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO ROAST MEAT.—In roasting meats of all kinds, the method adopted should be the one that in the most perfect manner preserves the juices inside the meat. To roast beef in the best possible manner, place the clean-cut side of the meat upon a smoking hot pan, which must be over a quick fire. Press it close to the pan until seared and slightly browned. Reverse, and let the opposite side become similarly seared and brown. Then put it at once in the oven, the heat of which should be firm and steady, but not too intense, and leave it undisturbed until cooked. The time that should be allowed for cooking beef in this manner is twenty minutes to the pound, if it is to be rare, less half an hour deducted from the aggregate time on account of searing. In other words, a five-pound piece of beef will require an hour and a quarter, a six-pound piece an hour and a half, and so on.

If the oven is not too hot, the beef requires no basting, and is better without it. When the oven is at the proper temperature, and the cooking is going on all right, the meat will keep up a gentle sputtering in the pan. If, upon opening the oven door, this sputtering is not perceptible, more heat is required. But if, in addition to the sputtering, any smoke is discernible in the oven, the heat is too intense and should be lessened. Unless the heat of the oven is too great, the drippings in the pan will not burn and smoke, and, when the meat is cooked, there will be a thin coating of brown jelly in the pan where the meat rested, which, by the addition of stock or water, will make a delicious gravy.

A roast of beef should never be washed, and, if it has accidentally been wet or moistened, it should be carefully wiped dry before it is seared or put to cook. Searing almost instantly coats the cut side of a piece of meat, and prevents the escape of juices in the after process of roasting, while a firm steady heat gently but thoroughly cooks it, and thus both juices and flavor are preserved. Basting is a troublesome as well as damaging process. And, as salt and water have a tendency to toughen and extract the juices of meat, they should not be used on it while roasting, if it is desired to have the meat sweet, juicy, and tender.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES.

Preserved Melon.—Cut the melon in slices, take out the seeds, and remove the rind; then cut the slices into small square dice; weigh the fruit, and for each pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar broken small; put the melon in a pan, placing a layer of melon and a layer of sugar alternately; let it stand three hours, then turn the fruit and juice into a preserving-pan, add the grated rind of a lemon for each pound of fruit, boil over a good fire, stirring gently all the time, until the syrup is thick—that is to say, until it will set on a plate; put it into pots and cover when cold. Not more than two pounds of melon should be preserved at a time. Either water or other melons may be used.

Tomato Preserve.—This is a really excellent recipe. Take the small green tomatoes that will not ripen, and remove the stems. Allow one-half pound of white sugar to one pound of fruit. Put into the preserving-pan, and add just enough water to make sufficient syrup. Do not put too much water at first, as you can add to it if there is not enough. Lemons should be sliced and put into it in the proportion of one lemon to every two pounds of fruit. Cook until done through and the syrup looks thick. They make an excellent preserve, and taste much like preserved figs.

To Bottle Plums or Other Fruit.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar to each quart of water. When cool, put in as much fruit as the syrup will cover. Scald, but take off the fire before the skins break; using a spoon, quickly but gently fill the bottles (which should be warmed) with the fruit quite up to the neck, add syrup to within half an inch of the corks. Then put in a quarter of an inch of best oil or melted lard, cork and wax at once while hot, and be sure that all air is excluded. Mine keep until the fresh fruit is ready. The fruit better not be quite ripe.

Damson Cheese.—Get the damsons when quite ripe, and to each quart allow one-half pound of sugar. Put the damsons into a jar, and bake in a moderate oven till soft; then rub through a sieve, break the stones, and blanch the kernels, add these to the pulp, put them back with the sugar, and boil an hour and a half. Ripe bullaces can be treated in the same way.

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Pumpkin Jam.—Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar and quarter of an ounce of grated ginger to every pound of pumpkin, boil till it will set, then pour into pots. This is an exceedingly luscious jam, and, for many persons' taste, half a pound of sugar to one pound of pumpkin is sufficient.

Grape Jelly.—Put the grapes in a preserving-pan with just enough water to prevent their burning; when hot, rub them through a fine sieve to get out seeds and skins; weigh the pulp, and to each pound put three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar. Boil three-quarters of an hour.

Grapes in Brandy.—Take some perfect bunches of grapes, and put them into jars. In every quart jar put one-quarter of a pound of sugar candy, fill up with common brandy, tie down closely, and keep in a dry place.

FRUIT DESSERTS.

Compote of Peaches.—(1) Put into a casserole for every dozen peaches one-quarter of a pound of sugar and a glass of water; bring it to the boil, and skim well; add the peaches, peeled, and either whole or in halves, without their stones in either case. Let them boil a few minutes until they feel done; then arrange them in a glass dish, reduce the syrup, and pour it over them. (2) Boil four pounds of sugar in five half-pints of water; let it simmer ten minutes after coming to the boil; fill bottles with the fruit, shaking it down; when the syrup is cold, fill up each bottle with enough to cover the fruit; cork them well at once; stand the bottles in a boiler of cold water, and let it come to the boil slowly; after which, simmer a few minutes; let the bottles get cold in the water; keep them in a cool place.

Blackberry Mold.—Put one pound of ripe blackberries into a pudding-basin, place this in a larger one of hot water, put a plate on the top, and let it remain in the oven until the fruit is soft. Press out all the juice and mix it with rather more than a pound of apples, previously pared, cored, and cut into quarters; put both together into a preserving-pan; let them boil for half an hour, and then add three-quarters of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar; let it boil for ten minutes more, stirring with a silver spoon, when it will be ready to put into the mold, which should be of earthenware. A little grated lemon-peel should be added.

Apple Jelly.—Take any quantity of sound apples; those with red skins are the best. Wash, but do not peel them, put them in a preserving-pan, and just cover them with water. Boil them to a pulp, then strain them through a hair sieve. To every pint of juice, add one pound of loaf-sugar and a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice. Boil until perfectly clear, and, when it will set on a plate, put it in glasses.

Blackberry Puddings and Tarts are both better for having a small quantity of any good cooking-apple mixed with the berries; the apples should be sliced as thinly as possible, and should be at once stirred in with the other fruit and with sugar

FRUIT DRINKS.

Currant Wine.—Seven and a half gallons of currants before they are stripped.

Seven and a half gallons of water. The two to make ten gallons of juice.

Mash the currants, and put them into the water. To each gallon of this juice, put three pounds of white sugar.

To the ten gallons of juice, put half a gallon of brandy. Put it in a cask, leaving out the bung. Tie a piece of muslin over the hole, to keep out the flies. Let it remain several days until it has done fermenting; then bung it tightly, and leave it for six months, or even a year, and then rack it off.

If only a small quantity is made, it can be put in demi-johns.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To two pounds of fresh fruit not exceedingly ripe, put one quart of best vinegar. Let it stand twentyfour hours in a stone jar, then strain it through a hair sieve without breaking the fruit. Pour the liquid on two pounds more of fresh fruit. Let it stand twentyfour hours and strain it as before. Then add to every pint of juice one and a half pounds of loaf-sugar. Put it in a stone vessel, and let it stand in boiling water until the sugar is perfectly dissolved. When cold, take off the scum and bottle for use.

To Preserve Currant Juice.—Squeeze the currants through a cloth; strain the juice, and let it boil a short time. Put it hot into hot bottles; cork immediately, and hermetically seal them with rosin and beeswax.

Before using, add sugar and water to the taste.

O & O Tea is now to be had at many of the leading grocers' stores, and is truly the choicest article ever offered to the public. It is perfectly pure, and the quality never varies. It is also the most economical in use, as it has more strength than the lower grades. It is sold only in tins hermetically sealed and bearing the trade-mark of the company. At last, consumers of tea are to be protected by a responsible and well-organized association of producers and importers.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. i.—Afternoon-Dress, of Figured Blue Sateen. The underskirt is a plain round skirt. About nine inches from the bottom, a wide tuck is run, which is afterward drawn up to form the heading to what is now made a flounce, as seen in the illustration, where the overskirt opens on the left side. The overskirt forms a point in front, and is plaited full into the waist; the back is slightly looped—or it may be hung straight, if preferred. The bodice forms a short basque at the back, and the full front fastens over on the left side at the shoulder and waist. Full sleeves. Velvet collar and cuffs to match. Straw poke, lined with buff gauze and trimmed with a border of tiny flowers, with grasses and flowers massed in front. Sateen parasol to match.

Fig. ii.—Dress, of Pale-Pink Challis over an Underskirt of Figured Lace or Embroidered Muslin. The lace or muslin skirt is laid in small tucks at the waist, which forms the fullness. The overdress is cut all in one, and fastens at the left side with a buckle. High puffed sleeves. Collar of plaited lace or muslin. Lace or muslin garden-hat, trimmed with a large bunch of pink roses with foliage.

Fig. iii.—Reception-Dress, of Poppy-Red Surah or China Silk. The skirt hangs in straight folds at the back; the front is slightly draped. On the left side, it opens over an underskirt, upon which a side-panel of plaited flounces of black surah or lace are arranged. The red skirt is bordered all around with a black passementerie. The simple round waist has a surplice front, which crosses over to the left side. It is trimmed with a plaited ruffle to correspond with the skirt. The elbow-sleeves to match. A wide black surah sash finishes the waist and ties with long loops at the back.

Fig. iv.—Visiting-Dress, of Cream-Colored Nun's-Veiling. A wide embroidered cashmere border edges the underskirt; a narrow one to correspond trims the front of the overskirt, the bodice, and sleeves. The bodice, at the shoulders, is laid in fine tucks; the sleeves to correspond. Wide-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with a large bunch of Maréchal-Niel roses.

Fig. v.—Walking or House Dress, of Red-and-White Striped Foulard or China Silk. The skirt is perfectly plain all around. The Directoire bodice opens over a full vest of silk muslin; it fastens at the waist, and is finished

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by four moderate-sized buttons. Sleeves rather large and fulled-in at the shoulders.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE-AND-WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. The skirt has a broad band of dark-blue above the narrow hem, and is accordeon-plaited. The short front-drapery is of blue, edged with white braid, and has long sash-ends falling from the waist at the back. The bodice is of blue-and-white striped material, slightly full in front. The rather loose sleeves have full tops laid in three tucks. A large bow of blue ribbon finishes the collar at the back.

FIG. VII.—HAT, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with bunches of hawthorn.

FIG. VIII.—BREAKFAST-JACKET, OF PEACOCK-BLUE INDIA SILK FIGURED WITH WHITE. The large collar, standing collar, and cuffs are of white silk and edged with a feather-stitching in peacock-blue. White silk chemisette and full vest tied with white ribbon.

FIG. IX.—MARIE-ANTOINETTE FICHU, OF WHITE STRIPED GAUZE, trimmed with a deep ruffle cut in scallops.

FIG. XI.—NEW STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS. The hair is arranged high and full, and is ornamented with two bands of ribbon in the Empire style, with a bow on the front of the lower band and a butterfly on the upper one.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS OR DRESS FOR A FAIR. The under-dress is of moss-green foulé, plaited lengthwise, and plain at the bottom. The tunic is of silver-gray beige, ornamented with a braiding of silver-and-green braid in a Greek pattern. The drapery of the bodice is of gray beige, and is caught up on the left shoulder with a silver buckle. The small toque is of the gray beige, embroidered to correspond with the dress.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE, suitable for the mountains or seashore. The skirt opens on the left side over plaitings of blue-and-white striped woolen. The serge overdress is put on at the waist in plaits, under a wide band of the blue-and-white material. The bodice is double-breasted, opening over a plain white vest, and has revers and cuffs of the striped material.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE FOR A SUMMER DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN, made with three puffs and deep cuff of black velvet ornamented with a silver buckle. This sleeve should be worn only by a very slender person. The ruffle at the top may be omitted.

FIG. XV.—CAPE-MANTLE, OF BROWN SUMMER-CLOTH. The capes have an easy fullness over the shoulders, and the lower one is cut with long tabs in front.

FIG. XVI.—JACKET, OF BROWN CHECKED CLOTH. The vest is of the same material. The jacket has collar and cuffs of dark-brown velvet.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with rosettes of jonquil-colored narrow ribbon. A full trimming of the same ribbon is under the fall of black lace over the face.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF PLAIN DARK-BLUE FOULARD SILK. It opens on the right side over a stripe of blue China silk figured in white; the facings of the skirt where it opens are of the same silk. The skirt is gathered to the waist under a belt of rather narrow ribbon, which falls in long loops-and-ends on the left side. The bodice is full, back and front, and has a yoke of the figured silk. The full sleeves are put into a deep cuff of the figured silk. Toque of figured silk.

FIG. XVIII.—BOATING OR TENNIS DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The skirt has a deep plaiting which reaches as high as the knees, headed by a puff. The loose bodice has a deep collar, under which is folded a white silk cravat; over the bodice is a short open jacket with wide revers and ornamented with large buttons. The sash is also of white serge. Cap of white serge.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The old-fashioned flowered beige is becoming popular, though it is not as endurable as the challis. All sorts of lawns, ginghams, zephyrs, sateens, and chintzes are popular, and look fresh and pretty, especially on young people. The cheaper kinds of silks—as the China silk, foulards, etc.—are very much in fashion, while the more expensive goods are comparatively little worn, even by those who can well afford them.

Black net dresses, made with accordeon-plaiting or simply laid in rather narrow plaits, are very popular. These skirts fall straight from the waist, and usually have five or seven rows of inch-wide satin or watered ribbon around the skirt just above the hem. The bodices are made according to fancy, trimmed with ribbon like that on the skirt and with sleeves puffed at the top. Old silk skirts can be utilized for the underskirts.

The lawn-tennis flannels have usually a good deal of cotton in them, and wash well; they make admirable and cheap dresses for cool days at any place.

All dresses give the appearance of comfort and coolness, a reaction having set in against the stiff whaleboned tailor-made dresses. We are sorry to say that the line of good taste is often crossed, and, where the gown should look only easy or picturesque, it looks dowdy or eccentric.

Great latitude is given to individual taste, however; only much puffing and draping, plain bodices, and very tight sleeves are no longer seen.

Fichus are much worn by those who do not like to appear on the street without some slight wrap over the shoulders, and old pictures are copied in net, mull, or silk muslin.

Bonnets and hats have not changed since the spring. As a rule, bonnets are small, of the capote shape, and not high in front; while hats are usually large, especially in front, and picturesque-looking, though some greatly prefer the old-fashioned turban shape.

Long silk, mohair, and alpaca cloaks or coats are worn for traveling. These are made large enough to go over the dress with ease, have usually loose fronts tied with a ribbon at the waist, or confined there by a belt, and reach nearly to the bottom of the gown.

Black lace cloaks of nearly the same patterns as the traveling-cloaks are worn for more dressy occasions.

The hair is worn much according to fancy. To some faces, the high coiffure is much the more becoming; to others, the low Greek knot at the back of the head or the Catogan style, which is plaiting the hair at the back and tying it with a ribbon bow at the nape of the neck. This is a favorite style with young girls.

The fashion in stockings is gradually taking place. Black is no longer the absolute wear; stockings to match the color of the dress are often seen; and we are threatened with white ones. These are very unbecoming to the feet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF PINK ZEPHYR, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The skirt has three bands of insertion, or may be made with tucks, braided. Sailor-bodice, with collar, cuffs, and belt of insertion or braiding. Bow of pink ribbon at the end of the collar. Sailor-hat, with large pink bow.

FIG. II.—COSTUME, OF CREAM-COLORED FLANNEL, STRIPED WITH DARK-BLUE EDGED WITH RED, FOR A GIRL. The full bodice is worn under a sash of the material, which is knotted at the side and falls in two leaf-like ends. The cape is of the same material as the dress. Full sleeves with deep cuffs. Scotch toque of white serge.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN TWEED. The knickerbockers fit rather closely. The deep Norfolk jacket is plaited, back and front, and belted with a band of the material; it has square pockets. Straw hat, with plaid ribbon band.

FIG. IV.—NEW-STYLE BODICE FOR CHILD'S DRESS. The yoke and cuffs are of black velvet, and the dress of dark-red foulard with black.

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Painted by Meyer von Bremen. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

BABY BROTHER.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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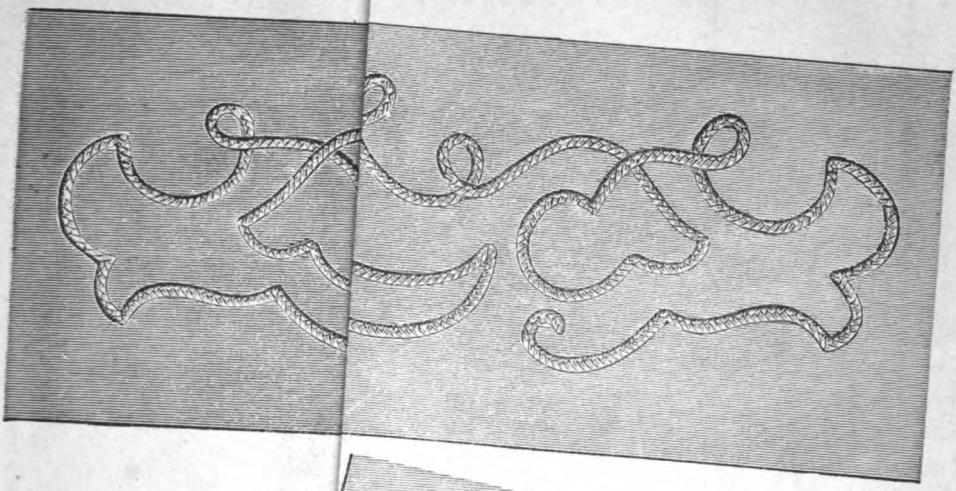
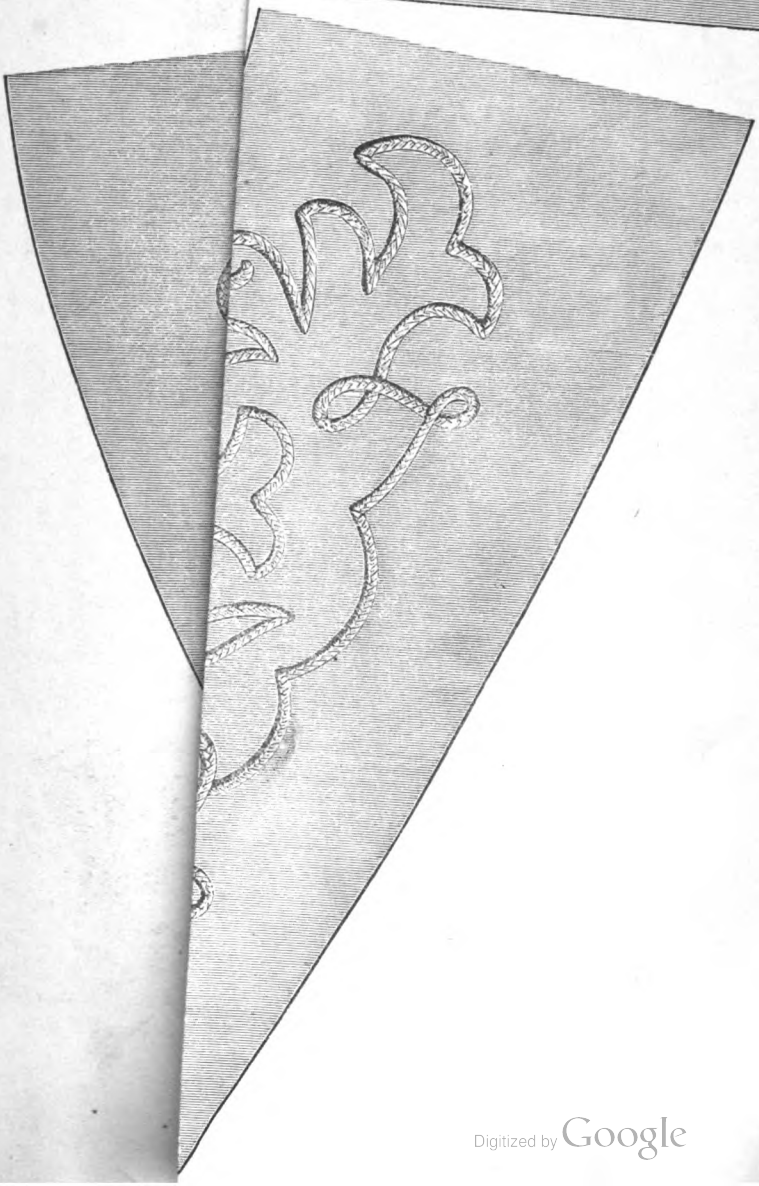
st, 1889





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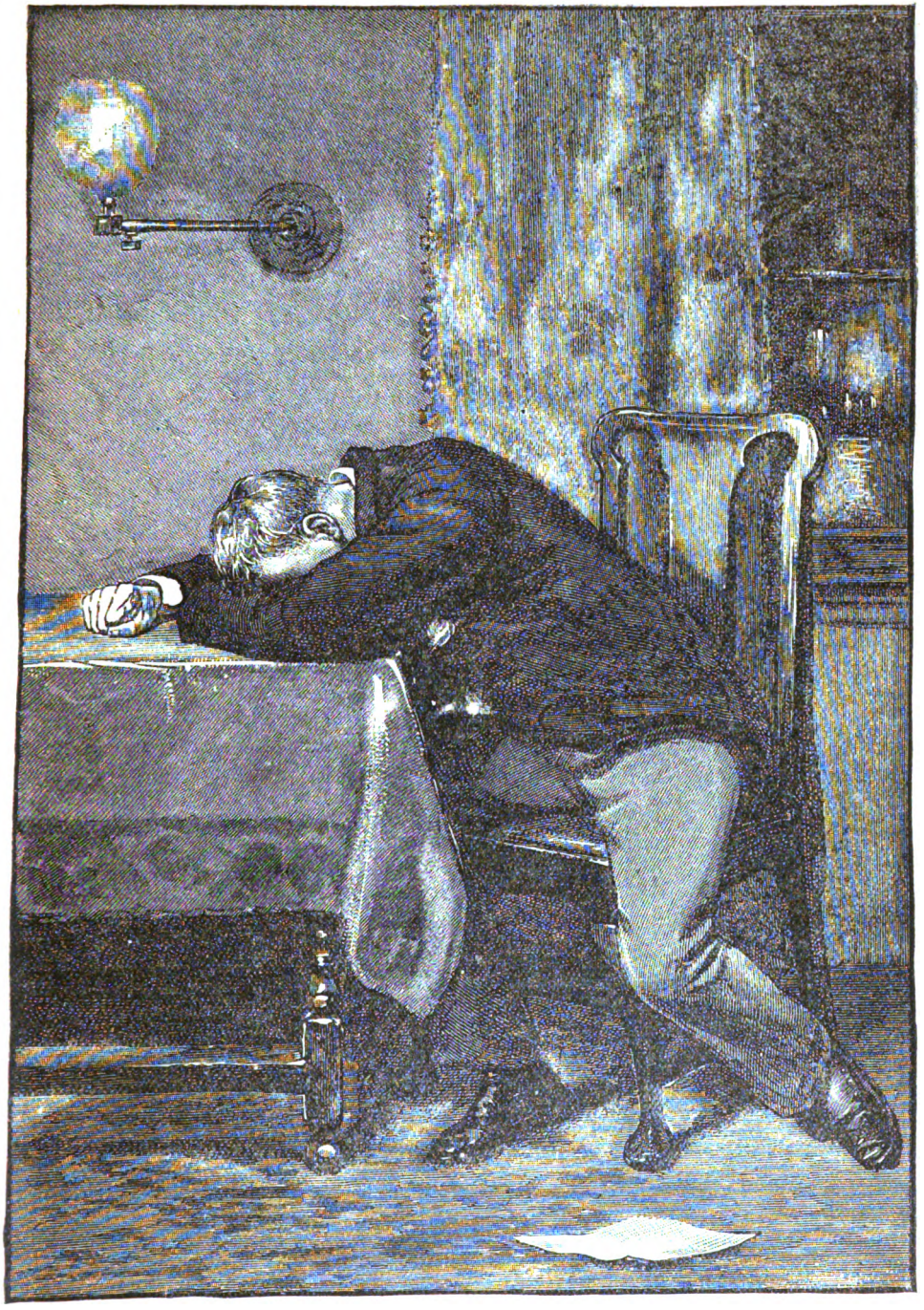

A SUDDEN BLOW. [*See the Story, "A Last Resource."*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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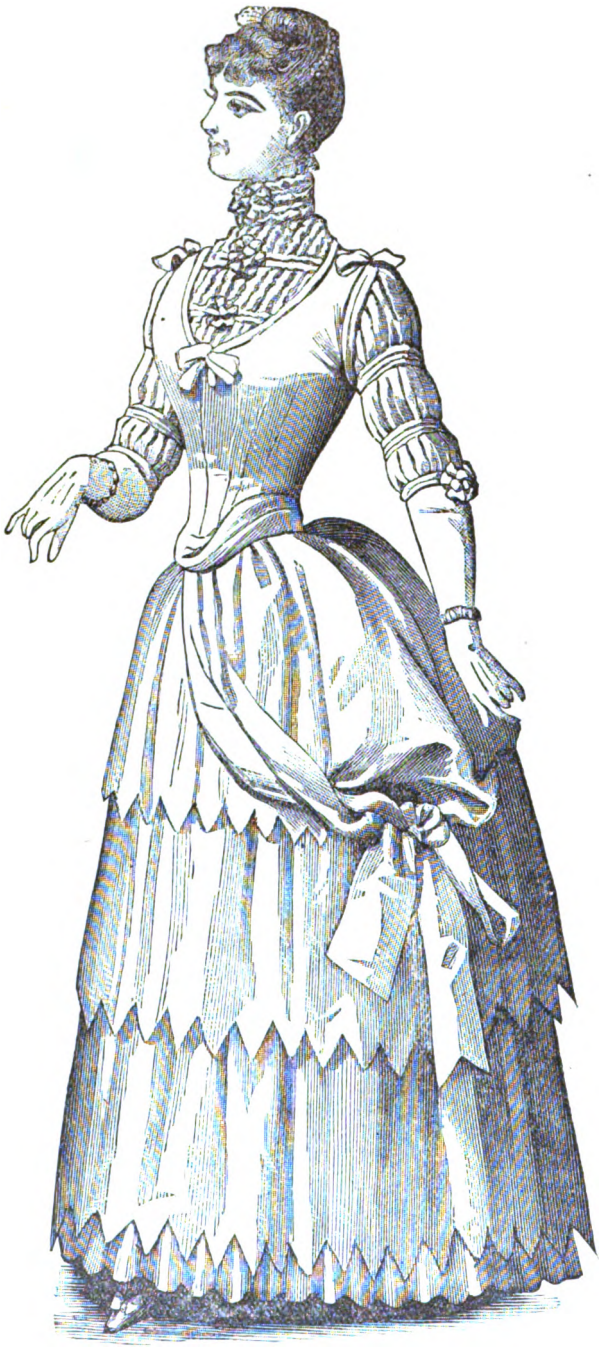

HOUSE-DRESS. FICHU. HAT.

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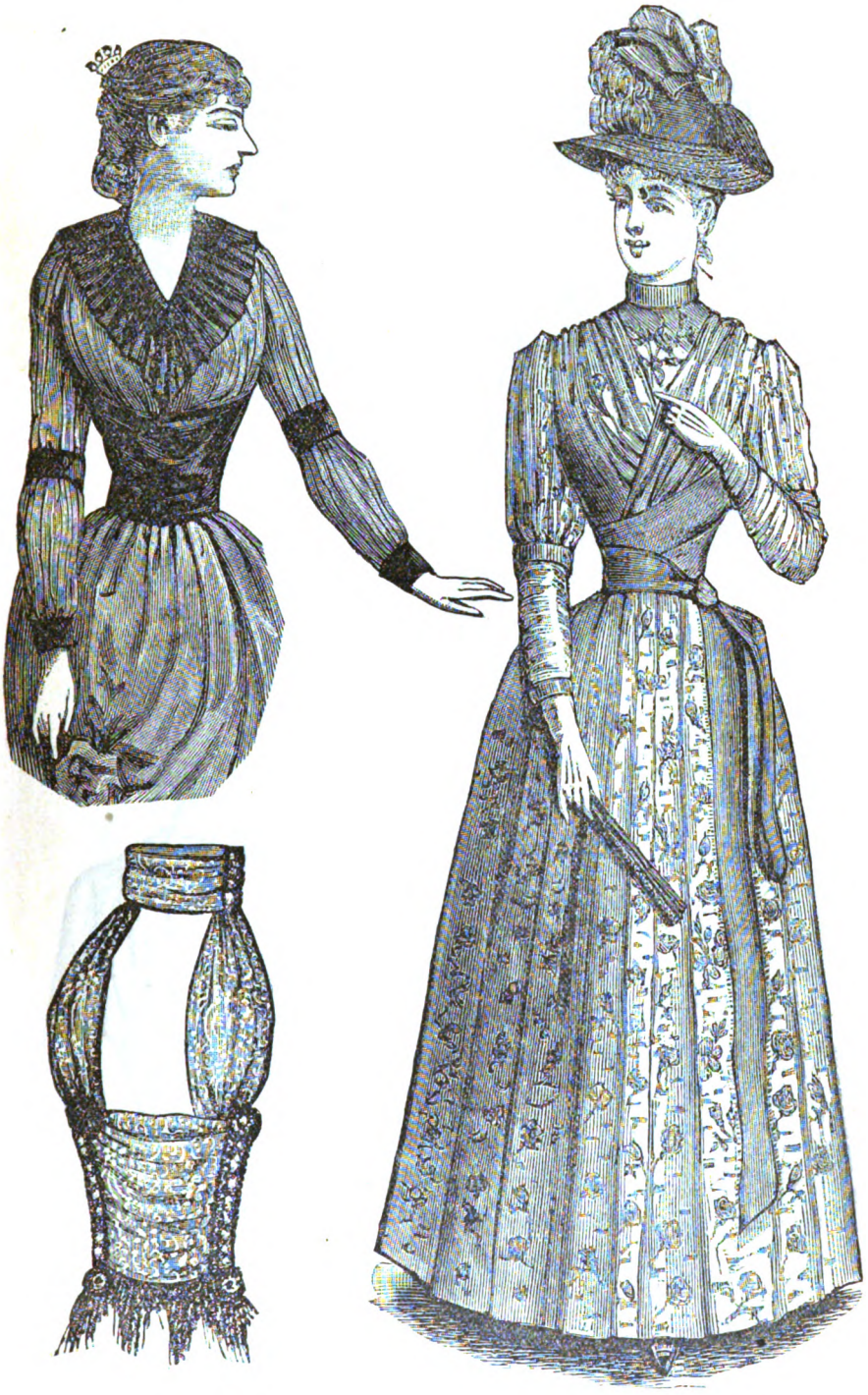

NEW-STYLE WAIST. PLASTRON. GARDEN-PARTY DRESS.

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VISITING-DRESS. GARDEN-PARTY HAT. JACKET BODICE.

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HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS. VALOIS BODICE. SLEEVE.

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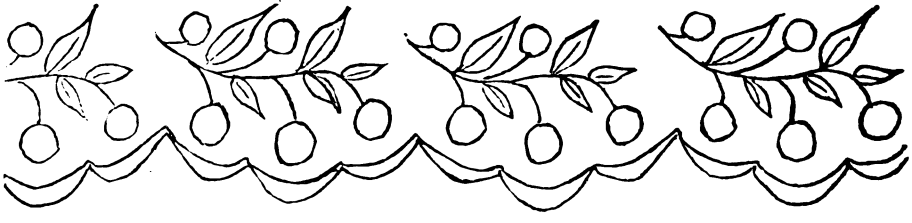

PARLOR PINCUSHION. DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

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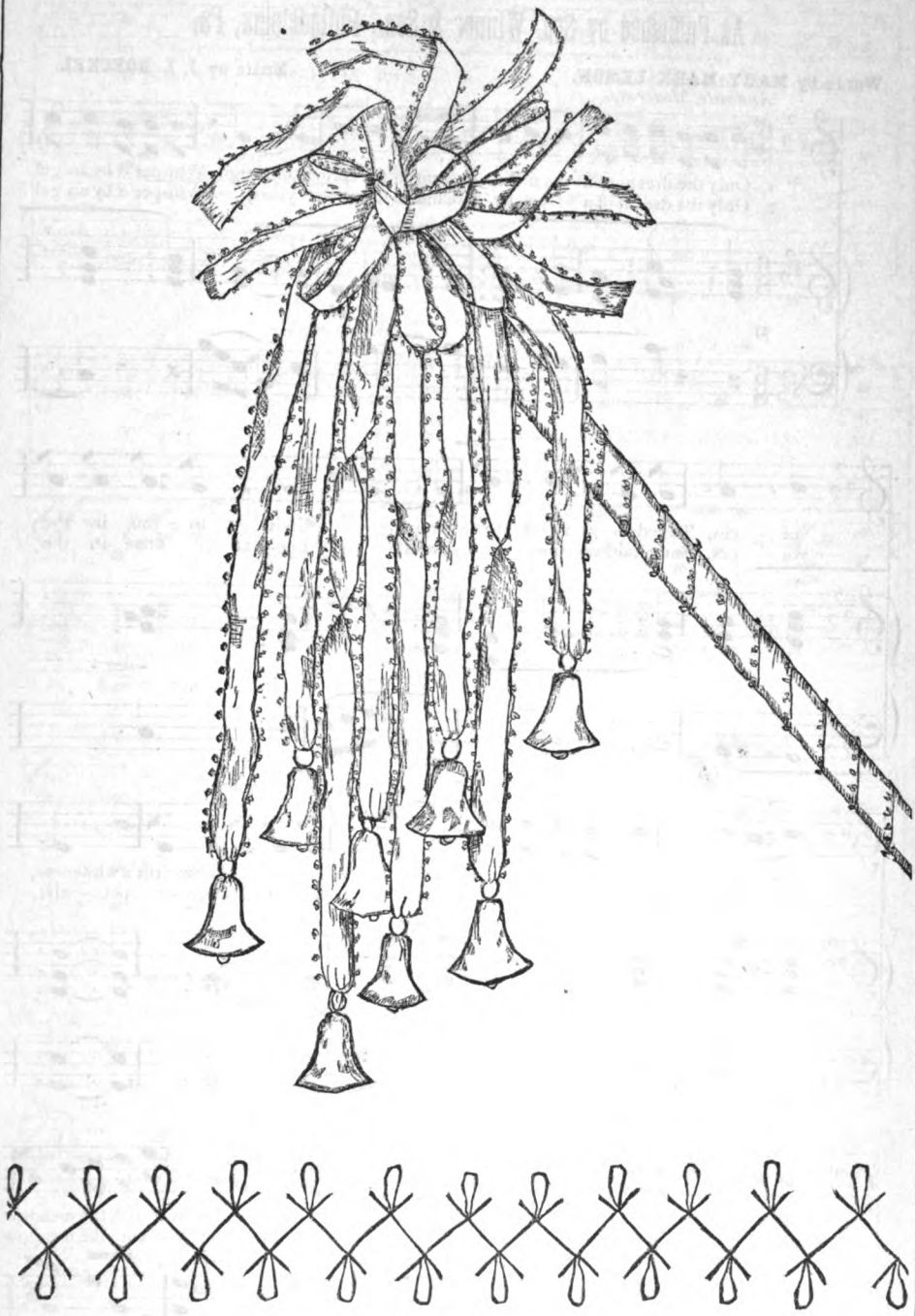

CHILD'S RATTLE. DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

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THE DREAM OF A VIOLET.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Philadelphia, Pa.

Words by MARY MARK LEMON. **Music by J. L. ROECKEL.**

Andante Moderato.

1. Only the dream of a vi - o - let, Dreamt in the spring-tide reign, Whisper'd by an-gel voi - ces, Tuned to a sweet re - frain, Giv'n to you in the twi - light Tak'n and tended with care, White with the snow-drift's whiteness, Pale as dead love's de - spair.
2. Only the dream of a vi - o - let, Dreamt in the af-ter years, Whisper'd by an-gel voi - ces, Sung 'mid a time of tears, Look at it once in the twi - light Dream that the dream is true, Faded its snow - y pet - als, Tended no more by you.

p *f* *Piangendo.* *cres.* *p* *rall.* *Molto espressivo.* *rall.* *rit.* *pp* *Dolce.*

Only the dream of a vi - o - let, Wet with the meadow
Only the dream of a vi - o - let, Wet with the meadow

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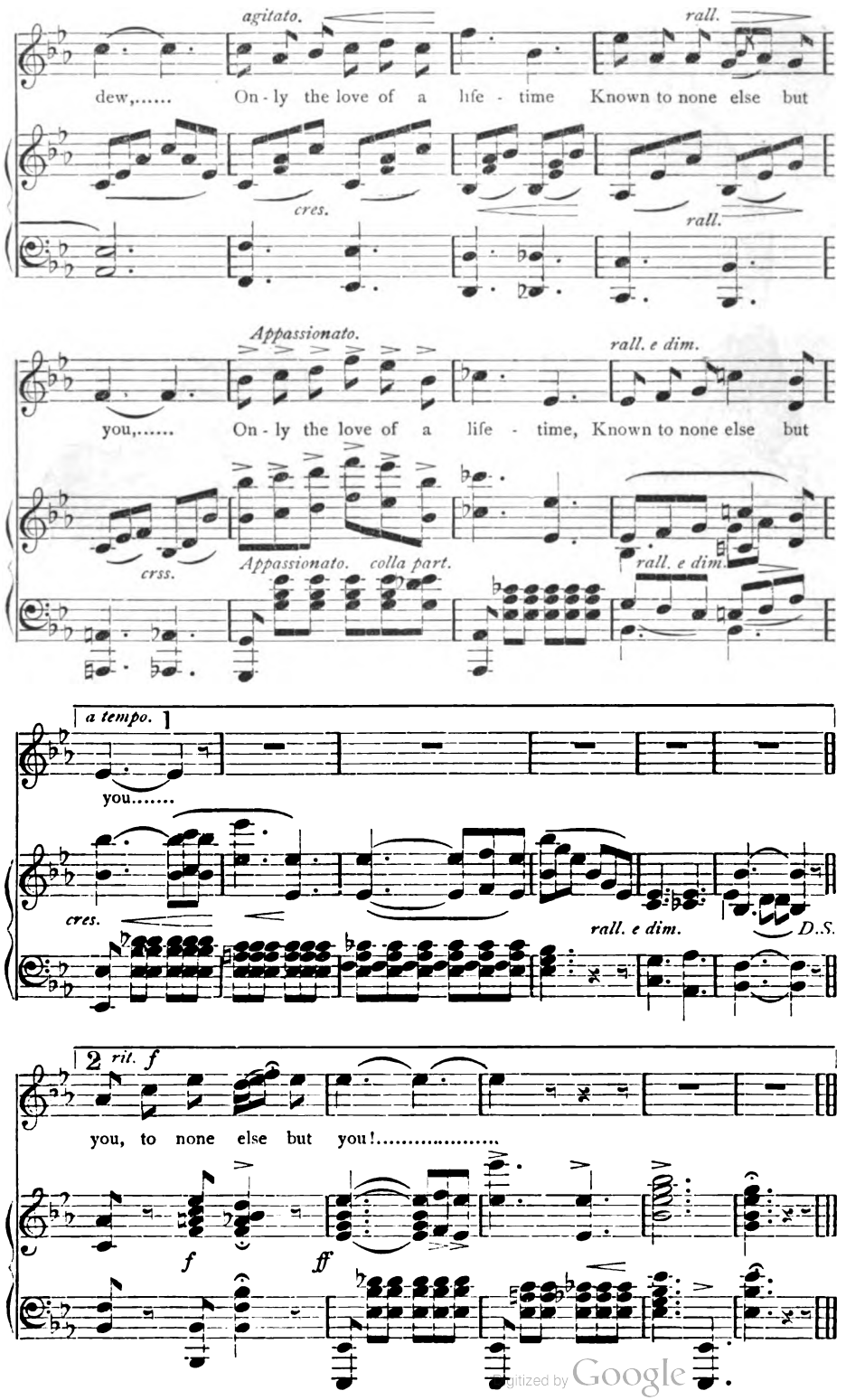

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BONNET. HEAD-DRESS FOR ELDERLY WOMAN. JACKET. INVALID'S WRAP.

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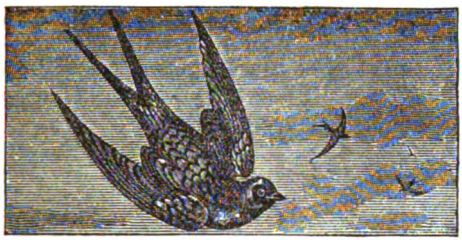
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1889. No. 2.

THAT SUMMER AT ANAWAN.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



"THERE go some gulls," observed Helen Torrington, pointing upward as she seated herself on the rocks. "I don't believe they are, though—but no matter, they are sea-birds of some sort."

"I am glad," her sister Fannie replied, glancing out across the waters of the little cove; "I began to think birds were as scarce in this place as young men."

"I am tired and sick of young men," yawned Helen, fanning herself with her hat.

"They are rather wearisome," assented Fannie, languidly, "but you will probably be reconciled to them again by September."

Helen did not trouble herself to deny this statement; but, turning around, exclaimed: "There comes papa. He is nicer than any young man I know. Sit down by us here," she continued, addressing her parent. "You look too warm for anything, and it isn't becoming to you."

Mr. Torrington laughed as he accepted his youngest daughter's invitation, and seated himself by her side.

"I have just had a letter from your Aunt Louisa, girls," he began, the lugubrious expression of his countenance, united with the solemnity of his tones, causing the corners of Helen's mouth to twitch.

"Well?" inquired Fannie, in a resigned voice.

"Of course, she is shocked at the idea of my bringing you two young things off here without anybody to chaperone you but myself." Mr. Torrington replied, glancing at the sheet now open in his hand. "She thinks it dreadful."

"Two young things!" chuckled Helen, but her sister did not seem to see the joke of this remark.

"She says," continued Mr. Torrington, quoting from his letter, "'Both probably, and Helen certainly—'"

"Much obliged," interrupted that irrepressible young woman, "for the extra attention of a special mention."

"Will," went on her father, "get into sad scrapes, without anyone but an owl of a man to look after them."

"Put it back in the envelope, papa; I won't listen to another word," cried Fannie, indignantly, while Helen, convulsed with laughter, gasped out:

"Never mind, you poor dear; that isn't such a dreadful comparison. Owls are wise and knowing creatures."

"Why, how could you even flirt?" exclaimed the exasperated gentleman. "There are no men in the place. That was why, when I found myself forced to come here, I feared you would not like it."

"I would rather never see a specimen of the male sex than be chaperoned by Aunt Louisa," was Helen's observation, in which her sister concurred with a decided nod, and the subject was dropped.

The following day, the elder Miss Torrington awoke with a headache, which confined her to her room. In the afternoon, she felt somewhat better and insisted on Helen's going out for a walk.

"Don't feel it your duty to stay with me, my dear; this book is much more interesting than you could be."

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Which remark, made without any malice whatever, vastly amused the younger sister, and she accordingly departed.

Anawan was one of the innumerable little coves which make the New England coast so irregular, and along its rocky shores Helen wandered until the sun began to decline. At last, she found a comfortable resting-place and settled herself to meditate. She took off her hat for a few moments, to let the cool air blow on her forehead, and the stiff breeze which usually rises at sunset tumbled her hair from its confinement over her shoulders. The two or three pins which held it in place blew out of reach, so she let it hang, though glad to put on her hat. Nobody was in sight, for she was beyond the village, so she poked her parasol into the sand at her feet, and thought of the young fellow who had wanted to marry her the preceding spring. She had refused him, but still—

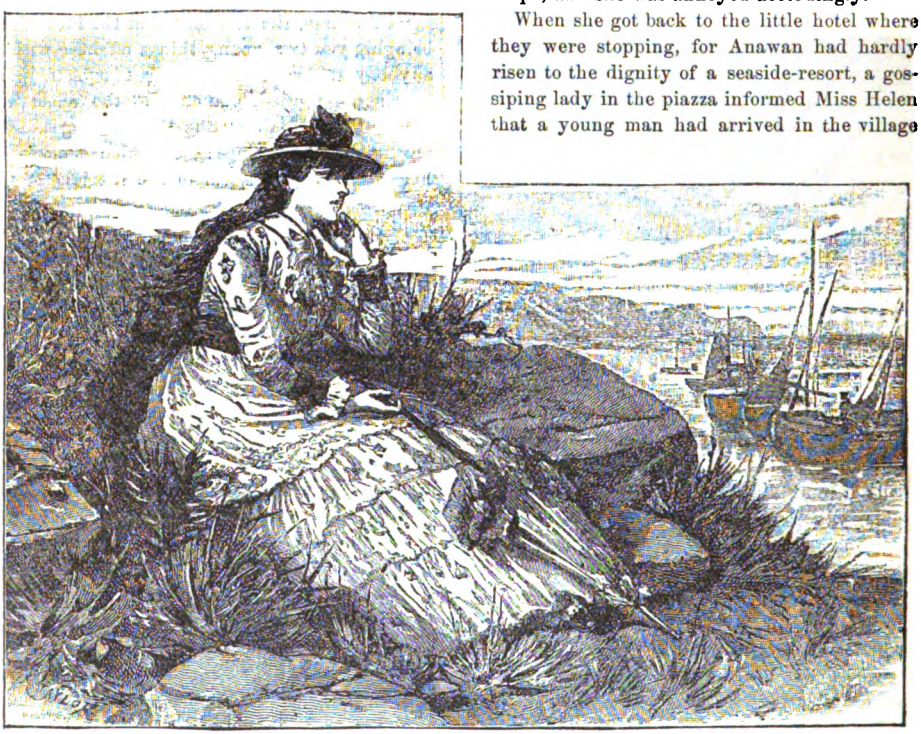
In the course of her meditations, she happened to glance up, and saw the figure of a man some little distance away. What was he doing? And what was that queer-looking object? Surely it was a photographic apparatus, and he was directing it toward her.

Helen's first sensation was anger—how dared he do such a thing? Then she remembered her loosened hair, and hastily gathered it up underneath her hat, without stopping to hunt for the missing pins.

"I hate to run away," she thought, "but it is late. As it is, I shall hardly have time to dress for tea," so with some reluctance she rose to depart.

The stranger was too far off for her to see his face; she could not tell whether she had spoilt his picture, but she felt convinced that he had been taking her in along with the landscape, and she was annoyed accordingly.

When she got back to the little hotel where they were stopping, for Anawan had hardly risen to the dignity of a seaside-resort, a gossiping lady in the piazza informed Miss Helen that a young man had arrived in the village that morning, and was staying at a cottage in the other end of the place.



Wondering if the newcomer was her recently observed photographer, Helen ran to her room.

For almost two weeks the sisters encountered the stranger with his apparatus almost every day, but he showed no signs of taking their pictures. Having nothing else to do, the two girls fell to speculating about him when they happened to be alone together.

"He is nearly thirty, I should judge," remarked Helen, one day, with a judicial air, as if deciding some very important question. "Wouldn't you?"

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Fannie reflected, and finally concluded that he didn't look more than twentyeight.

"Perhaps you are right—thirty and twenty-eight are near enough. But nobody could dispute his being handsome."

"Handsome? Yes," Fannie was willing to admit that.

"Of course, he isn't as handsome as Rush," said Helen, a trace of faintest sarcasm lingering in her voice.

But the sarcasm was lost on Fannie, who believed thoroughly in her lover's merits. She quite agreed with Helen on that point, and, just at this moment, the ubiquitous stranger, who had assumed by this time the proportions of a mystery, dawned on their view.

Helen blushed uncomfortably. She felt as if she had been caught in the act.

On their return to the hotel, they found the whole of its inhabitants, about a dozen besides themselves, very much excited.

"We have heard something about the stranger—" began one.

"His name is Somers," cried another.

"He is a New Yorker, or rather he lives in New York," burst out a third.

"He is an architect," chimed in still another.

"Here on account of his health—"

"No, no," interrupted the first speaker; "he has sprained the muscles of his wrist, and can't use his right hand to draw, so he is spending this time of enforced idleness here."

Helen held her fingers to her ears in mute despair, and, when everyone had calmed down somewhat, got a tolerably coherent account from the chief gossip of the party, who had gained all her information from the widow at whose cottage Mr. Somers was staying. The narrative agreed in its entirety with the bits delivered by the separate speakers, and, since something definite was known about him, the gentleman lost his interest, in the young ladies' eyes, particularly in Helen's.

A time soon came, however, when this interest was renewed. A few days after the discovery of Mr. Somers's identity, the sisters went for a long walk to a point in the coast, several miles above Anawan, where the fishing was good. When they reached their destination, they found the place already in possession of Mr. Somers. Fannie wished to start homeward at once, but this Helen would not hear of.

"We came to fish, and fish we will," she declared, with determination; and, as usual, Fannie gave in.

Seeing their hesitation, the man in possession advanced, and, lifting his hat, said most politely:

"If you ladies would like to be here, I can easily find a good spot farther along—don't let me drive you away."

Of course, the two girls disclaimed any such notion, and there was nothing else for them to do but to begin fishing. Helen, usually a very successful angler, was totally unable to catch anything, and Fannie was almost as great a failure.

"All the while," said Helen, in a low tone, "that exasperating youth sits there getting bites constantly, and fishes very often. I shall do something desperate to him soon, if he makes another haul."

Fannie laughed, but shook her head for fear her sister's speech might be overheard.

"I wonder whether he has a different sort of bait from ours," continued the speaker. "I think I'll ask him."

"Helen!" cried Fannie, in horror. "You won't do anything of the sort."

A little provoking laugh was the only reply, and presently the sisters grew tired of their want of success.

"Suppose we go home," suggested Helen, rising.

"Pardon me," said their more successful fellow-angler, coming toward them, "but I am afraid I have taken all your fish; let me offer you some of mine," and, as he spoke, he extended a large string.

"Thank you," cried Helen, heedless of Fannie's interfering touch, and she reached her hand toward the offering.

Then she followed her sister, who had bowed and turned away.

"I shall vow I caught every one of these, when we get back," whispered Helen, exultingly, "and I did, too: my smiles ensnared the foolish youth, as his hook the fish. You were freezing, therefore I give you no credit," she concluded, triumphantly.

"Helen, I am ashamed of you," the elder sister fairly groaned. "I begin to think you need Aunt Louisa—you are too much for me."

"Your mention of my revered relative is sufficient to scare me into good behavior," laughed Helen. "I promise to be proper."

The following evening, after tea, the young ladies started on a ramble—their father, who had his paper to finish, promising to join them.

"We mustn't go very far," urged Fannie; "it may get dark."

"Oh, nobody will harm us in this Edenesque place," laughed Helen; "the doors are never kept bolted."

"Are you sure you told papa in which direc-

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tion we were going?" anxiously inquired Fannie, when they had walked some distance, and their father did not make his appearance.

"Certainly," was the response, given with cheerful indifference.

"Let us go back," urged Fannie again; but, as usual, she yielded to her junior's persuasions and kept on.

At last, however, when dusk began to fall rather suddenly, Helen was willing to turn around, and, in deference to Fannie's fears, quickened her steps.

"Don't hurry so, sis," she cried, and, just as she spoke, Fannie in her haste stumbled in a specially rocky place, and fell.

For a moment, she only groaned, then she gasped:

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle, Helen."

"Oh, no," was the frightened reply. "Try to move."

But Fannie's efforts were failures; she could not rise.

"I beg your pardon, but perhaps I can be of some assistance," came a voice from behind the crags, and the inevitable Mr. Somers sprang into view.

"Thank you," answered Helen, thoroughly sobered. "My sister, I am afraid, has sprained her ankle."

Taking a match-case from his pocket, Mr. Somers struck a light and examined the foot.

"It may be only twisted," he said, looking up.

"How shall we get her home—we are staying at the hotel," began Helen. "I wonder how far it is."

The young man looked grave.

"It is growing late, or I would leave you and go for help."

"I am not afraid," announced Helen, but Fannie shivered a little.

"Suppose you bathe your sister's foot—see, right here the water comes up," said Mr. Somers. "Then, after a little, she may try moving it."

Helen immediately acted on this suggestion, and then their "friend in need" gravely introduced himself.

The bathing brought relief, and Fannie insisted on trying to start. By easy stages, and not without a great deal of assistance from her companions, she managed to progress slowly, and, when finally within sight of the hotel, was ignominiously carried by the stranger the rest of the distance, and even up to her room, where Mr. Torrington soon appeared, bewildered with anxiety.

"I must have gone in the wrong direction, girls," he cried. "What does all this mean?" looking helplessly about.

"We're not quite dead, thanks to my photographer," replied Helen, and she proceeded to give her father a highly-colored account of their adventure, concluding with:

"And, after he dumped poor dignified unhappy sis on the bed, we dismissed him with thanks, but no silver."

Of course, Mr. Torrington laughed at this, in spite of his remorse.

The accident did not prove very serious, and in a few days Fannie was out again. In the meantime, the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun between Helen and the young architect, by what that incorrigible young woman persisted in calling "the rescue," progressed rapidly.

Several weeks passed away, and, one morning, Mr. Torrington declared that it was necessary for him to go to Boston on business.

"Sit down, papa; I want to talk to you before you start," Fannie whispered, drawing her parent into her room, and closing the door.

"Well, my dear?" was the mild inquiry.

Fannie took a low seat and faced him.

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"Papa," she began, "I hate to mention it, but really that young architect is Helen's shadow—why, he's taken at least a dozen photographs of her; to be sure, she shows them to me and then burns them, but still—"

"I think she has—has showed me some," the old gentleman ventured. "Be thankful it isn't a portrait."

Fannie shook her head.

"The worst of it is, I am afraid she—she encourages him," the anxious sister added, gravely.

"But what am I to do?" sighed her father.

"We might go away," suggested Miss Torrington.

"My business isn't finished; you would have to take refuge under your aunt's wing."

Fannie shuddered.

"We will stay here," she cried. "Only hurry back."

"I shan't be gone overnight," her father assured her, but Fannie was gazing out of the window. "Look there," she exclaimed.

Mr. Torrington followed her glance, and saw, just visible in the distance, a couple sitting in the shade of the rocks. The pair appeared very comfortable. The young lady had tilted her parasol at the proper angle to shade her eyes, while the gentleman had a little book in his hand, apparently reading.

"Papa," began Fannie, suddenly, "don't go near Aunt Louisa—she is in town on business, too. Remember," and with this parting injunction she let him depart.

Later in the day, one of the headaches to which the elder Miss Torrington was a martyr overtook her, and, when Helen came in and gleefully announced that Mr. Somers had offered to take them to "the island" before tea, she declared herself unable to go.

"The island," as the natives called it, to which Helen referred, was a great rock some

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distance from shore. It rose just where the cove widened into the sea, and a light-house had been built on it.

On hearing her sister's decision, Helen's brow clouded. Nineteen cannot easily brook disappointment.

"Mr. Somers may be called away anytime —his arm is well—I shan't be gone long! I promised to let him take us—it may be my last chance of getting there," eagerly insisted Helen.

Fannie remonstrated rather feebly, but she wanted to be quiet and alone, so the younger Miss Torrington, having no compunctions about leaving her sister, determined to take her own way.

"We are not likely to have such a clear bright day again this week," Mr. Somers remarked, as he helped the young woman into the boat. "The sea-wise tell me there is a heavy storm in the distance."

"You are certain it is far off?" inquired his companion.

"Oh, yes," he assured her, adding: "I am awfully sorry about your sister."

"It may look selfish, but really, strange as it may appear to one who does not know us, she likes to get rid of me," Helen answered, and both laughed.

After her sister's departure, Miss Torrington fell asleep, and awoke almost well, to find a storm gathering. She glanced at her watch: it was five o'clock. She hurried to the window—certainly there was going to be a violent tempest. In less than ten minutes, wind and rain were holding high carnival outside. Poor Fannie! She could do nothing but await her sister's return in growing anxiety.

"Were they safe? Had they reached the island?" She could not tell.

Eight o'clock came. The rain has ceased, but the sea still raged. Wrapping herself up, Fannie went down on the porch and looked out into the darkness for her father. Two figures were approaching the hotel. Fannie strained her eyes—it was her father and—Aunt Louisa. The poor girl burst into hysterical sobs. When at last she could speak coherently, she gasped out explanations and fears, to which her stately relative listened in awful silence. At the conclusion of her niece's story, she merely remarked:

"I knew you were not to be trusted with the care of these girls, William."

And poor Mr. Torrington uttered no contradiction.

There was nothing to be done. It would be impossible to send out any boats. Probably the missing ones were safe on the island, everybody declared. So they waited—waited until morning.

At the first streak of dawn, a boat appeared on the water. The anxious family hurried down to the shore. The light-house keeper, from the island, helped Helen out. She was not only white, but speechless.

"That insane young feller insisted on rowin' back last evenin'—he left the lady with my wife," the man explained, while Helen clung to her sister. "He's all right—a fust-rate sailor; no harm's happened to him."

"Not the least bit," rang out a clear voice, and, from a turn in the shore, Mr. Somers made his appearance in his usual serene manner.

Then Helen astonished them all by fainting.

"We may as well submit and accompany Aunt Louisa to Nahant," said Helen, with unusual meekness, when she was fully recovered, and Fannie answered:

"Just as you please—you will suffer most."

At this moment, their aunt made her appearance, and addressed her youngest niece with unusual sweetness:

"Shall I stay here with you a few days, girls?" she asked.

"Do!" cried Helen, with great affability, and in this way the matter was settled. "I suppose our relative's sweetness puzzles you," began Helen, with a smile, when she and her sister were once more alone; "but Mr. Somers is a cousin of Aunt Louisa's husband, and is considered quite a match. He asked me, in the boat, to marry him, and I refused; but—" here she stopped.

Whether Mr. Somers ever asked Helen over again, Fannie never knew; but of this she was certain—two years later, her sister became Mrs. Somers.

THE HALF.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

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WHAT CONNIE LOST AND WON.

BY MARY LEONARD.

MR. BARNABAS OSBORNE was a very particular young man. His dress was always immaculate; as, indeed, his business required it to be—he being the delivery-clerk (self-titled) of a large steam laundry, and his shining cleanliness was simply in accordance with the pretensions of the employers whom he represented.

He liked everything about him neat as wax—his old horse, his wagon with its see-sawing hood, tills, and boxes, the harness which he had oiled and polished until it was worn thin, and, as to his personal appearance, he spared neither time nor pains to make it irreproachable. He had a little room sunk in the depths of an old adobe house, which, for a small consideration, he rented of a greasy Mexican woman, who made and sold tomales and chile-cancon to help her husband out with his seal-fishing. Old Pepita did not fill Mr. Osborne's ideal of a landlady, though she claimed descent from a Spanish don who once owned half Santa Barbara County; but the room was cheap, and it had a south window into which the sun looked, dispelling with its broad hot glances the unhealthful damps of the ancient walls. Barnabas had a mirror in this room and a wash-basin, and there was a faucet, which, at a touch, poured forth floods of purest mountain water. Here he performed his ablutions and attended to his wardrobe, for he had a knack of furbishing equal to a woman's.

Of course, as Barnabas was a single man, he had his own exaggerated ideal of what a wife should be. Positive and insistent was this ideal, and she who aspired to become Mrs. Barnabas Osborne might depend upon it that she must meet a good many strict requirements. She must be very pretty, for Barnabas had a nervous horror of ugliness; she must be tidy in dress, sweet-tempered, and an economical and excellent housekeeper. He had found a young woman who came up to his standard, so far as he had applied his tests. She was remarkably pretty; she dressed neatly; she was pleasant of manner; she was apparently a skilled housekeeper; but, as she was one of several servants, he could not determine whether the neatness reigning in Mr. Howell Congdon's premises was of her individual doing.

Barnabas had in reserve a reliable test which he meant to apply when opportunity should offer.

"A peep into a girl's own private apartment allers'll solve the riddle and tell the story," he had been known to whisper to his intimates. "A girl as'll leave her apartment everywhich way ain't goin' to care, in her husband's home, whether school keeps or not. A maiden's private apartment orto be a very temple o' neatness and shrine of purity, I hold."

It was Mr. Barnabas Osborne's intention to peep into Miss Connie Hurd's room whenever he found his way clear, and to shape his future course toward that bewildering damsel upon the discoveries that he might make. It was a long time before he could see his way clear for the trial.

One bright January morning, Barnabas emerged from the dark doorway of his adobe abode, and bent his course toward the laundry. He walked haughtily on, not deigning to notice the Mexican fishermen lounging up from the beach with fish for the restaurants and hotels, for he regarded them as a most indolent and uncleanly class, whose worthless habits it was a sin to encourage even by a kindly word.

The air was pure and cool, blowing in from the sea, and wafting a dense orange perfume from every garden, for Mr. Barnabas Osborne was a dweller in the city of Santa Barbara, far down the California coast, where roses bloom the year round and it is always summer.

The laundry which he represented stood near the wharf at the foot of State Street, and he had the pleasure of walking the length of that adolescent thoroughfare, past the new mansions on Mission Ridge, past the hoary mission-church itself, with its ancient monastery and double towers, whence soft-toned bells ring quavering at the hour of prayers; past the Arlington with its filigreed cupola and fanciful

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pleasure-grounds; past the brooding adobes of the old town; past the pretentious San Marco, and so on down to the beautiful orange-groves of the Park House, all inclosed in neglected pepper hedges.

Very beautiful were the restless waters of the channel when Barnabas came into view of them; the islands were like purple clouds on the golden sky-line; Ana Capa lifted itself like a shadow through the mists. The little lady of the wharf shell-store was hanging out her parrot as he approached; she sang to it in liquid Spanish, but her sweet melody only called Mr. Osborne's attention to her rumpled hair and slip-shod condition.

The laundry was a large brown building, which incessantly emitted puffs of hot air. Mr. Osborne was forced to endure here sights and odors that he did not approve of, but he managed to bridle his fastidiousness and submit to that which he could not alter.

A long line of Chinamen were patiently ironing at the tables as he entered, but he passed them without a word. He was anti-Chinese, as are all Pacific Coast laborers, and it would have seemed to him a positive sin to give one of them good-morning.

It was perhaps nine o'clock, when, having systematically arranged the various family washings in the tills of his wagon, Mr. Osborne started on his rounds. He had a mirror wedged between the side-boxes, and now and then he took a look at himself. He was particularly shining this morning, and he wore a La France rose in his buttonhole, which of itself gave grace and taste to his costume.

Up State Street he drove to the Arlington, and here, after securing his horse, he enjoyed the felicity of carrying laundered packages to ladies, who met him on their thresholds, attired in fleecy white robes, chill with the frostwork of fine lace. He always bowed and touched his hat with his own inimitable grace at these encounters, and he fancied that his charm of manner had impressed more than one susceptible damsel. But he never followed up his advantage, never.

From the Arlington, he drove around the brow of Mission Ridge, past the old adobe monastery, and along various streets. At length he drew rein before a fine mansion of Queen Anne architecture.

Two orange-trees sprinkled with buds rose above the lattice-gate, which was sunk in a low close hedge composed of clipped rose-bushes. So evenly rounded was this hedge that it seemed overlaid with the pink and creamy blooms and thick-lipped buds—they did not appear to belong to it. The side and rear boundaries of the grounds were defined by a wall of trained passion-vines—twenty feet high, and at present aflame with flowers of intensest crimson. By and by, the winter tourists would stroll past, and then the flame would be quenched arm-high. The turf of the lawn was like green velvet; along the house ran the rich candescence of many blooming plants, but out on the grass no flower was permitted to grow, save a large oval of calla-lilies, pure and saintly, lifting scrolled chalices into the sunshine, as large and perfect as ever unfolded beside the tide of Father Nile himself. Mr. Osborne stared long at this bed; he admired callas, they were so exquisitely clean.

But laundry-time, though lenient, waits not long for any man, and he was driven to take his parcel of chemico-scented linen and hasten along the walk leading to the servants' entrance to the back piazza, a long low latticed gallery, hung with smilax and madeira-vine.

No one was in sight. Far in the depths of the house, he heard a flute-like voice singing—that was Connie at the parlor work, he knew: and an inchoate sound of clinking dishes in the distant kitchen cleared his mind of its incertitude as to the cook's whereabouts.

He looked cautiously about. Had the very opportunity that he had sought so long come at last? A flight of stairs led from one end of the verandah to a similar gallery above, and on that gallery he knew that Connie's room-door and window opened. He would slip upstairs and peep; nobody would see him, or, if by chance anyone did, he would be able to explain by saying that he was seeking some servant to take his parcel and indorse his receipt.

Barnabas Osborne was not one to dally. Down went his load, and upstairs he glided, all unaware that he was the object of an amused surveillance from the library window, where a gentleman sat at a writing-desk.

Several windows opened on this gallery, but all were closely curtained with that reticent expression to the drapery which bespeaks the guest-chamber. Connie's window was wide open. Mr. Osborne tiptoed up to it and looked—then stood aghast at what he saw.

The white muslin curtains were limply tossed over a chair-back, and a book lay open on the window-sill under a feminine litter of kerchiefs, flowers, and ribbons. A low rocker stood beside the table, and on it lay the dress Connie had worn yesterday. The bed was not made, and on the pillow reposed her garden-hat. The books

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toppled to right and left in the book-case; her wicker workstand had fallen, and the spools were rolled about; a plate of fruit, rinds, and peelings, a smoky-chimneyed lamp, and a novel were crowded on a chair at the head of her bed. No wonder Barnabas stood aghast. On the very eve, as it were, of proposal, the lady of his love was revealed to him as the goddess of disorder; why, she might have been convicted of far graver faults without paining him so much.

With a deep sigh that really came from his heart—for he did like Connie immensely—he would have turned away; but a hand fell lightly on his shoulder, and drew him in the opposite direction. He looked around, startled. There stood Mr. Howell Congdon.

"Well, my fine fellow, you have begun your tricks in season this morning," said that gentleman; "what is your business up here, please? I always like to be explicit with you light-fingered gentry. Out with it."

Mr. Osborne, so taken at a disadvantage, found it impossible to speak. He could only stammer.

"Very well, if you have no explanation to offer, I'll send for the marshal or his deputy—I don't suppose there's a policeman in all this blessed town."

Barnabas squirmed under the restraining hand. A policeman! Great heavens! The law might make him out a thief!

"Oh, sir—don't, sir; I was only—this is Connie Hurd's room, ain't it?" he cried, wildly, expostulating against detention with both knees and elbows. "I'm her admirer, ye see, and I did want to find out what sort o' housekeeper she's likely to make, and this was the only way, fur I've allers held that, as a girl keeps her room, she'll keep her house. That's what I'm here fur—I swear to gracious it is—ask 'em to the laundry—ask Connie herself if I'm like to be thievin' round. Don't ye believe me, sir?" he added, despairingly, for the incredulity of Mr. Congdon's expression only deepened with the progress of his tale.

"It is a remarkable story," the gentleman remarked. "I cannot believe that a sane man would do so unheard-of a thing. However, here comes Constance. Constance Hurd, have you any acquaintance with this singular person?"

A very pretty girl, with damask-rose cheeks and lovely brown eyes, came along the gallery toward them, swinging a brush and singing softly.

"My goodness! It's Barnabas Osborne," cried she, discovering the interloper and retreating a step or two.

Barnabas looked at her appealingly.

"I have been waitin' on ye, hain't I, Connie?" he said. "An' ye've never knowed me to go thievin', hev ye?"

"No, never," she cried, with breathless promptitude.

"Constance, listen to his explanation," remarked Mr. Congdon, coolly. "He said he wanted to know what sort of a housekeeper you were likely to make before he proposed marriage, so he took this opportunity to peep in your room. I caught him. Now, isn't this an extraordinary story?"

Connie bethought herself of the condition of her room. With a dismayed cry, she darted through the hall doorway, and, the next instant, folds of muslin swept over the window.

Barnabas regarded his captor triumphantly.

"Ye see, she don't deny it. It's hopin' ye'll let me go now, fur I've been here a good bit, and the beast don't admire to stand any too well. She's prob'ly dragged the cart harf a street with brakes down, an' I'll be held fur damages."

Mr. Congdon smiled.

"You have not by any means proved your innocence, my fine fellow, and I've no doubt I could make out an admirable case against you in court. But, as I'm pretty sure that you tell the truth, and that it really was your unheard-of inquisitiveness that got you into this scrape, there is no reason why I should not let you go. Only you must agree to one thing first."

"I'll agree beforehand," cried the delivery-clerk, listening anxiously for outside sounds; "I'm sure I heern the beast. Let me go, sir, afore she have the wagin stove up."

"You are not to say one word of this outrageous escapade to outsiders," said Howell Congdon, sternly. "She will not wish it talked of, nor will you, I suppose. It would render you a public laughing-stock if repeated, and—I don't know—Californians are very impulsive, and the people might get an idea that you had injured the girl somehow, and determine upon a summary punishment."

"Oh, I've no intention of tellin'," gasped the alarmed Barnabas; "'twouldn't be honorable."

"So it wouldn't—nor safe. Now—scatter!"

Mr. Congdon smiled as he watched Barnabas hasten down the stairs and along the walk to the street, a peculiar smile of quiet amusement that his face often wore. He was a student of human nature. Being very wealthy, he could afford the luxury of a hobby, and he chose this

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instead of bugs or rocks or books or political economy.

As for Connie, after she had shut away her room from those peering eyes, she stood in the middle of the floor and looked about her in bewilderment.

"It's all my good-nature," she said, aloud; "if I hadn't gone to make the pudding and tart for cook, my room would have been in order. There was the vegetable-cart, and the cold meats for lunch, and then it was time to do my own work, and all because cook had a headache—and who supposed anybody would come prying here? I don't care for Barnabas Osborne; but Mr. Congdon—how he will despise me!" and she dropped into a chair and stared dolefully about.

For the first time since she came to Santa Barbara, a feeling of home-sickness struck Connie. She thought of the white farm-house in the midst of the Illinois cornfields where her parents dwelt, and with all her heart she longed to be with them, though it was winter there now, and the snow lay billowing everywhere.

She had longed to see California, and, in spite of opposition, in spite of the fact that she knew nobody there, and had scarcely enough money for her journey, she determined to come.

"I can keep house, mother, and do every sort of work," she had said, bravely. "I propose to get a good place, give satisfaction, and spend one winter, at least, in the land of perpetual summer."

"But you are a teacher, child," her mother had objected. "To think of pa's and my little girl goin' out as somebody's help. We didn't send ye to school till you gradiwated for this, Con."

But Connie had carried her point, as she always did with her indulgent parents, and the first day of December saw her land safely from the little coast steamer at the wharf of Santa Barbara. Should she ever forget how lovely the city of palms and roses looked that first morning? And it had been growing lovelier, because dearer, ever since.

The Santa Ynez Mountains looming along the northern sky, with their changing tawny lights, were wonderful to her, who had never lived in the mountain shadows before, but not more so than the restless sea and the beaches and wave-sculptured cliffs, for she had never seen the sea until now.

Connie was an energetic little body, and she soon found an intelligence-office, in which she had barely taken her seat before she was snapped up by Howell Congdon's housekeeper for "second girl," so that she found a good place within two hours after she touched Santa Barbara soil, and there she had remained ever since.

She had been wonderfully happy. The serene winter weather, broken only by slow soft rains that whitened the mountain-tops, but turned the valleys and foot-hills velvet-green, and spangled them with poppies and verbenas and corn-flowers; the old, old pepper-trees, drooping their ferny tresses over the streets; the big-trunked blue-leaved eucalyptus; the acacias, the palms, the lopped vineyards where translucent muscats grew; the frosted olive-groves, the almond and orange and walnut orchards, all seemed to her component parts of an Eden on earth.

She could never accustom herself to gathering heliotrope and tea-roses as freely as she chose, and wearing them continually as she did syringas and lilacs at home; while the callas springing profusely in every damp place in the grounds, and the crimson glory of the passion-flowers, were a ceaseless wonder to her.

Mr. Howell Congdon was at once greatly entertained by the pretty second-girl's rapturous admiration of everything Californian. He was an Easterner himself, who had brought a consumptive young wife here to die, and afterward had tarried, partly because the grave in the cemetery on the cliffs made the place dear to him, partly because he too liked the yellow mountains, the sunny channel, and the far-off islands floating like clouds on the sea. His interest was aroused by Connie's raptures; he studied her, as he did everyone with whom he came in contact; after the episode of Barnabas, he studied her the more. He was satisfied—nay, gratified—to find that that singular incident and her lover's consequent dereliction made no difference in her appearance and demeanor; she was a little shamefaced before him at first, but this soon wore away.

His interest in her as a subject of study led him to join her sometimes when she went for a walk, up the Mission Canyon with its filmy falls and overlooking adobe huts, feathered around with pampas-grass; over Montecito way; up to the mossy shades of the live-oaks on the cliffs, or down to Castle Rock, where she loved to sit and watch the tawny mountains turn rosy-purple as the sun went down. At these times, she amused him still more by her apt remarks, her gayety, her joyful views of life.

People stared when they saw the pair, and wondered if the exclusive Mr. Congdon were

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not surpassing himself in eccentricity by such public attention to his servant; had the man gone crazy at last?

Among others, Mr. Barnabas Osborne opened his eyes very wide. And Connie looked so pretty and so dainty and fine withal, that he forgot the episode of the bed-room, and tried to make friends with her. She repulsed his advances coldly, and, swelling with rage, the malevolent creature threw out spiteful hints and innuendoes which, as they concerned the prominent Howell Congdon, flew about like thistledown on an autumn wind, and, the first thing Connie knew, people were glancing oddly at her—the few friends she had made were giving her the cut direct, and, as a climax to her troubles, the housekeeper treated her to a motherly talk, the gist of which was that her reputation was blemished, and she must leave or the other servants would.

Poor Connie! Must this be the outcome of her pleasant Californian winter? And she was blameless! She had meant no harm. She had thought her employer very kind to notice her.

She cried nearly the whole day, and only dried her tears when a cloudy sunset looked in at her window and drew her out upon the gallery. She leaned over the rail and gazed and forgot her trouble. Before her, fragments of drifting cloud were steeped in crimson color, but the stippled reaches to southward showed indescribable amber and violet tints on their cool-gray rubble. The tranquil sea mirrored every sky-hue, and through it the rollers passed like palpitations of white fire. The mountains were half veiled in thin-drawn mists—the rugose peaks stood out assertively above, catching the brightness on their black-green shoulders and ruddy combs. Again and again the sunlight pulsed through the glorified sky, but at length the coming of a shadow dulled the splendors; the mountains gathered themselves back into the gloom, and she did not need to look at the purple hills to westward to know that the sun was down.

She turned with a sigh to go in, and confronted Mr. Congdon.

"Gorgeous, was it not? We don't often get them; but, when we do, we are recompensed. Don't be in a hurry; I want to tell you of an odd old Spanish woman whom I saw on Ana Capa Street to-day."

She retreated with an impatient movement, then stopped.

"Mr. Congdon," she said, quietly, "I am going to start for home to-morrow. The steamer Orizala is due going south, and I wish to take passage on her."

The amused smile deepened on Mr. Congdon's lips.

"Going away? Why, it's winter yet in Illinois. Drifts, and icicles, and that sort of thing—an unpleasant contrast to all this. I think you will reconsider that decision."

She bent her brows wrathfully.

"You have a lower opinion of me than the others," she answered. "You will see."

Then she was gone, and Howell Congdon walked slowly back to his library, ruminating as he went.

In the morning, Connie rose early, and, wrapping herself in a long cloak, went down Chapala Street to Castle Rock, for a last look at the channel waters. The tide was in, breaking heavily on the cliffs and about the rock; she found it necessary to climb the ridge and descend to her favorite seat, instead of ascending as usual. She perched herself on the extreme summit; all around leaped the waves, licking at her with tongues of yellow spume.

A fog lay over Montecito, and through it the mountains were visible in sections—here a peak, there a shoulder, beyond a great black bulk. The islands were not visible; the depression toward Ventura, from which the sun would bound at its rising, showed a clear sky, stained a tearful crimson. She sat there very quietly, enjoying the balmy wind, and printing every detail of the scene upon her memory for dreaming over in days to come. A dark-skinned seal-fisherman passed her, and an Indian woman going early to work, but they scarcely glanced at her; in this city of tourists, a lone female perched on the rocks at sunrise is no unusual sight.

A dull resentment filled her mind toward the man whose patronage had brought this trouble on her. He was to blame for her having to leave Santa Barbara, for the mortification which she must carry to her Illinois home. She thought she hated him, that she never wanted to see him again.

"Constance Hurd, what have you run away from your work for? This is no place for you at this time of the morning."

She needed not to look around to know who spoke.

"I have no work to do in Santa Barbara, and it's nobody's business where I am," she answered, gazing straight ahead. "If you must know, I came down for a farewell look at the beach. I shall be very busy between now and noon."

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He advanced over the rocks, and sat down at her side.

"Then you are determined to go? I gave you credit for better sense, Constance Hurd," he said, smiling grimly.

Connie's eyes flashed fire.

"I have come to my senses at last, you mean. I have been an idiot all along, letting myself be made an object for your amusement and everyone else's ridicule. I enjoyed my surroundings so heartily, and was so unconscious in my ignorance of any seeming wrong, that I kept on provoking talk, when, if I had known, wild horses wouldn't have dragged me out. It was too bad of you, Mr. Congdon."

Silence followed, broken only by the booming of the surf underneath them. Finally Congdon spoke:

"It will be horrible there, Constance Hurd. I know how it is in the month of February—drifts over the fences, sleet, rain, floods, mud fathomless. You'll probably die of pneumonia before you become re-acclimated. Take my advice, Constance; let the tongues wag, but stay here."

The girl got up and looked down at him with angry eyes.

"I came out here to watch the sun rise for the last time, but I see that you will not let me do it in peace. Allow me to pass, Mr. Congdon. I want no more conversation with you."

He rose then; but, instead of stepping aside, he took both her hands in one of his, and, with the other, lifted her face so that he could look long and searchingly through her clear eyes into her very soul.

The color swept to her brow at first, but under that solemn scrutiny she grew very white; her lashes trembled, but she could not withdraw her eyes from the magnetic hold of that probing gaze.

"Ah, Connie, you understand me at last," he said, releasing her and stepping from her path. "Now go home and prepare for your journey, if you dare."

But she stood motionless.

"I dare, of course," she replied, breathlessly. "How strangely you act. What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, but I will put it into words," he said, gently, no amused smile in his eyes now: "Constance, I did not realize, until this nonsensical gabble started up, how greatly I had come to prize you—how essential you are to my happiness. I knew you would want to leave—I knew, by the ache at my heart when I thought of it, that I could not let you leave. I knew, little girl, that I am in love with you, and have been ever since that puppy Osborne cut such a figure at your window last December. I am older than you, Connie, but I am young in heart, and, if you will be my wife, I will see that you don't regret it."

"Your wife?"

Connie almost toppled over into the break, in her surprise: "Oh, sir, I am only a servant-girl!"

"And, if you are, it does not matter," he replied. "But you are fully my equal in intelligence and education. I know that you are a teacher incognito; a pretty Minerva playing the role of Hebe to my poor Jupiter. Come, no more hesitancy. Your eyes tell me what your lips refuse to speak. But I will have my answer from them, if they are mute."

And he bent and took a kiss.

A GLAD DAY.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

A joyous gladsome gala day!
My heart is beating a roundelay
Set to a merry tune;
The sun is bright, the skies are blue,
The world is fair, and friends are true,
And life is a rosy June.

Free as the rollicking mountain air,
I'm happy any and every where,
For care and I are strangers—
The birds are singing in glade and grove
Of sunny skies and happy love,
Where joy and I are rangers.

From the mossy spring that bubbles up,
I slake my thirst from the leafy cup,
Where the fairies used to drink—
I wonder where did the fairies go!
But little I care, still less I know,
And I never could stay to think.

The honey-bee sips, the robin sings
For baby-robin to try his wings,
While mother hovers over;
Mother-bird proud sings cheerily,
And the laden bee wings wearily
Away from the last red clover.

The birds are glad, but not so gay
As the heart that dances every way
To a set of merry measures;
'Tis a joyous gladsome gala day!
Go on, go on with your roundelay,
For life is full of pleasures!

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IN ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 532.

VI.

FEW people brook defeat; Osborne found the sensation novel, and, to a certain extent, humiliating. Phil Dearborne went away, and he was left alone with his own thoughts.

He had carefully avoided the Magruder lands, looking upon them as the scene of his defeat, but, one day in early July, having tramped along six miles, suddenly recognized the grove of pines through which he had watched the drover passing with his great herd. He drew himself up with a start, exclaiming under his breath: "By George!" And then he laughed, as if amused; and then he stood still a minute, tugging at the ends of his mustache, a quizzical expression filling his brown eyes, as he recalled their interview and the cool calmness with which Miss Magruder had set aside his friendly advances.

There were frogs croaking, off in the bit of swamp-land lying near the river; and there was the sound of the pines, and the yellow sunlight glinting long-rayed; and all was just what it had been two weeks before. As if to add to the deception, there came, afar off, the same soft herding-cry:

"Whilloa–loa–loa! Hulloa–loa–loa!"

Osborne could hear, coming nearer, the same trampling of hoofs. He began to feel that he must see Miss Magruder standing close by; but the figure which he thought hers resolved itself into a tall charred stump—remnant of a forest burned years before.

"Whilloa–loa–loa! Hulloa–loa–loa!"

Nearer, nearer.

Would he, when life closed, look back to that cry as the solemn chord of a dirge or the glad note of a victory?

He listened, standing and gazing idly forward. The herd appeared in the far distance; the call wound softly; the forest of horns rose and fell, surging onward. Now Osborne could see the drover, young Kallade. In these two weeks, he had met the young fellow, a herdsman thrifty yet apathetic, after the fashion of his people.

"Whilloa–loa–loa!"

Onward they came, surging past.

Osborne watched, marking again the sudden turn eastward.

"Whilloa—"

The call was never finished.

A sharp cry, and then another, fell like agonies into the soft music.

The cattle turned. They scattered wildly. Young Kallade dashed past.

Even in that moment, Osborne marked the whiteness of the set face. He too rushed forward. He did not know what had happened. The confusion and the noise were deafening.

As he reached the spot where the cattle had turned, he saw something white lying huddled in a heap on the ground, and a little black figure dancing about, waving, and shouting lustily. Kallade, cracking his whip, was passing round and round in circles, warding off the excited cattle. In the white heap, Osborne recognized the fair face and golden head of Lorelei. He bent over, lifted the young girl, straightened the tall form, and laid it down softly. A faint groan came from her pale lips.

"We wuz er-hidin'! We wuz er-hidin'! We wuz er-hidin'!" shrieked the little darkey, continuing his wild dance.

"Be quiet!" said Osborne, sternly. "Stop that noise! Stand still!"

The little fellow obeyed. He was the picture of terror: his black skin, in its pallor, looked as if powdered with ashes, his eyes rolled, and he shook when he stood, obedient to Osborne's command.

"We wuz—we wuz," continued the child, while Osborne knelt, examining the unconscious girl, "we wuz er-hidin' from you, Mars'r Osborne; en'—en', w'en I seen de cows er-tunnin', I—I wuz skeert; en'—en' I run out, en'—en' dey wuz all roun'; en' Miss Lor'ly, she try cotch me en' pull me out; en'—en' dat's all."

"Will you be quiet?" exclaimed Osborne, while he thought: "So, then, I have brought a new trouble to these people."

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It had been impossible to do more than stand guard over the girl while the cattle ran hither and thither; but now, when Osborne saw that they were more quietly gathering together and moving away, he gladly hailed the approach of Kallade.

"Is she dead?" asked the latter, throwing himself from his horse.

"No; I think only an arm broken. Where's that rascal? He's gone to give the alarm. Mount your horse, Kallade. Break the news to the ladies. Tell them it's not much. Bring a mattress. Ride quick."

"An unnecessary injunction, that last," thought Osborne, as he saw Kallade remount and disappear like a flash.

"Poor little girl. Yes, Sambo's a nice protector—quite sufficient. Zounds! I wish they'd come. I can't stand a fainting woman—it's horrible. Poor little girl—I wonder why you wanted to hide from me. Feel as if I watched by the dead, and those pines sang a requiem. I wonder how she'll bear it? The light of her life stricken. Her white face will be whiter—Here they come. No—yes— Thank God!"

The "they" was only Kallade. He came galloping forward, a small mattress rolled and carried on the saddle.

"Where's the aunt? Where's Miss Magruder?" asked Osborne, hurriedly, while the other let the mattress drop and swung from his horse.

"That rascal was before me," muttered Kallade, through white lips, "and frightened the grandmother into what may be her death. Poor darlin'—poor darlin'! It's me, little one—it's me."

His voice was broken, and Osborne marked the tremor of the long brown hands as they straightened the mattress beside the outstretched girl.

"Do you take the feet," said Osborne. "I must manage this arm. I know what to do—I have studied surgery. So, slowly. So—that will do. Now, steady and even."

Kallade had lapsed into silence. He moved like an automaton, carefully obedient to all Osborne's directions—but, after that one glance at the girl's white face, did not look again.

An old colored man, followed by an old colored woman, both breathless from running, now appeared. Osborne, hushing their cries of dismay and grief, dispatched the man with Kallade to bring a door—a gate—a shutter—anything suitable for a litter.

While awaiting their return, the woman seated herself on the ground, and, folding her arms over her bosom, rocked back and forth in dumb misery, her brightly-turbaned head swaying like a slowly-moving pendulum.

"She is not dead. She will soon recover. She has moaned several times," said Osborne, pitying the anguish written on the wizened black face. "They're coming now. See—they have brought a gate, and we shall carry Miss Lorelei home."

She did not reply, and ceased her monotonous swaying only when the girl was lifted on the improvised litter and the sad little procession moved through the woods. As they reached the lane, two more colored men met them; back of these, Sambo, dodging in and out among the twists of the green-vined fence. Osborne hushed also their exclamations, and they followed, awed into silence.

A few long sun-rays fell, like blood-dyed fingers, across the still figure, as they passed beneath the trees. The negroes helped steady the litter when they gained the steps, and Miss Magruder came forth and met them on the gallery, and directed that they should carry the girl through a long opened window and into a bed-room on the right of the hall. She was quiet and calm as when Osborne had first met her on that same spot; only the face seemed stilled into marble—whiter, if possible, than Lorelei's—and her hand, which accidentally touched his while they were laying the girl on the bed, was quite as cold.

"Do not be alarmed," said Osborne, gently. "We shall soon bring her to consciousness."

Miss Magruder raised her hand warningly, pointed toward a half-opened door leading into the adjoining chamber, and then toward the gallery.

"My mother is ill." She breathed the words—they were scarcely spoken; but, even while they passed her lips, the door moved, opened wide, and the blind woman appeared. She staggered as she came forward without her cane, and Osborne, stepping rapidly toward her and speaking rapidly, seated her in a chair while he talked:

"Madam, your grandaughter is not seriously injured. She has broken her left arm. If you will let me, I will do all that is needed; I have studied surgery. Your friend tells me your physician lives twenty miles away. He cannot be here till to-morrow morning. Give me permission. See: she is coming to consciousness. Let me set the broken arm. I have set a great many, I pledge my word as a Christian."

The sightless face turned toward him a profile delicate but hard in its clear outlines, and perhaps a rejection might have followed Osborne's

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earnest appeal; but, at this moment, a low moan swept plaintively through the hushed room: it entered the heart of the stern woman, stirred the innermost depths, and sent a wave of anguish over the hard face. Silently Osborne put forth his hand, laid it on the hand of his uncle's enemy, then as silently turned away to his work.

Kallade went heavily from the room, pausing in the long open window to say hoarsely:

"I'm out yonder, if you need me."

He carried away a sad picture in his loyal heart: A great four-poster bed, all draped with white; mosquito-net thrown back of white pillows; a white figure, stretched death-like; and a great mass of gold hair, lying like a blotch of dim sunlight on the white quilt. Over this bent the marble face of Miss Magruder, and, beside it, Osborne's handsome head.

Three hours later, Lorelei slept quietly, and Osborne came forth and stood on the old gallery.

A mist rising from the river below had crept up under the trees and about the house. The moon, shining above, sifted a pale light here and there between the dusk arches, and everywhere fireflies were gleaming. Behind him, the great hall-door and the long windows of the room where Lorelei rested stood opened, and a pale-gold light streamed forth across the dark gallery. The moonlit mist shut off all the world, as if the old house behind him, with its sorrowful memories, the blind woman, the pale Lucretia, the gold-crowned Lorelei, were the home and the beings of some fairy-tale crooned by a nursery-fire into childish wonder-listening ears. He leaned on the gallery-rail and bent forward, looking into the silvery mist, pain and pleasure struggling in his heart, even as the moonlight with the mist.

"She must be told. It may not be much; only—" And then his thought was suddenly broken, for he could feel Miss Magruder coming through the opened window—could hear her light step touching the bare floor.

"I have come to talk with you, Mr. Osborne. Aunt Sophie is watching. I think it may be better to go to the other end of the gallery. Our voices may disturb Lorelei. She is sleeping quietly."

Osborne followed, as she softly moved away.

"No, I will not sit down, thank you," she answered, when he placed his hand on a chair. "I think we are both tired of sitting." And so she remained standing, half leaning against one of the gallery-pillars while she talked. "Lorelei is so quiet, I thought I might venture to leave her a little while. And mother too," she added, as in after-thought. "Mother has heart-trouble—I suppose you know," she went on, in low monotone. "You saw one of the attacks that day when—when your overtures for peace were rejected," she continued, after the very faintest pause. "I thought she was dying this evening. Sambo said Lorelei had been killed, and mother fell. Yes, I thought Lorelei was dead, and so I staid with mother: for I thought she was going too. It is a surprise to find that both are well, comparatively. I hope Gilbert Kallade will be able to get the drugs you need. He will ride all night. It is a long ride—forty miles altogether—but nothing to him: especially nothing where Lorelei is concerned, for they are quite as if plighted lovers. You read aright that evening, Mr. Osborne. And now I want to ask: Have you any other directions to give? Because, if not, your room—"

"Yes," interrupted Osborne, "I have—well, no directions to give, but— I want to say that perhaps your niece may be confined to the house a long time; at least, she will need care a long time."

"You are hiding something from me," said Miss Magruder. "Do not be afraid. Speak out plainly. Tell the worst."

There was no emotion in the voice; but Osborne could see that she was leaning more heavily against the pillar, and, through the mist, could trace the outline of the head, bending a little as if in deep attention, and the eyes watching with earnest expectancy.

"I am hiding nothing," he answered. "I am not quite sure yet, but I fear—well, the shoulder has been severely wrenched—the left shoulder—and it may be weeks before Miss Lorelei resumes her wanderings. I wish you would tell me something of her health: Will she be able to bear the confinement? Has she a good constitution?"

Miss Magruder did not immediately answer; perhaps she wanted to be sure that she could speak without showing emotion. At any rate, the voice did not tremble as she told how the child, at first a pale weakling, had gradually developed into the girl, slender but healthy.

"Of course," concluded Miss Magruder, "I gave great care to Lorelei. Naturally, she is precious to her grandmother and to me, for she is the last of our family. Had we not better call in our physician?"

"Kallade will bring him to-morrow. I gave the order. I had no opportunity to speak with you, so took the liberty myself. I knew, at any rate, that you would feel better satisfied to have your own physician examine the child. Meantime, if you allow, I will stay all night,

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and meet him to-morrow. I would like to know his opinion of the case."

"Thank you," said Miss Magruder, stretching forth her slender hand through the mist.

As Osborne clasped it, cool and soft, in his strong palm, a firefly fell gleaming among the pale fingers, like the brilliant stone of a ring.

"The seal of our peace, is it not?" asked Osborne.

"A baptism of fire," said Miss Magruder, withdrawing her hand. "Is not all good founded on suffering? Is not all good baptized in fire?"

"Perhaps. At least," said Osborne, "I do not wonder that you have taken up this creed. We all look at life through the creeds which our own lives have taught. And yours has been the creed of suffering."

"I have read of men, if I have not lived among them," responded Miss Magruder. "It seems to me, the whole history of the world, the histories of nations, repeat the same creed. Even the birth into a higher life, even death, is a great pain, a baptism through fire. I wonder whether it follows us there?"

The cold even voice had resolved itself into soft dreamy tones. Osborne fancied that he could see the great eyes gazing questioningly into the dimness of the moonlit haze. The face was turned now outward and toward the sloping hill, where the tree-trunks showed like blurred silhouettes.

"Then," he said, bending slightly nearer, "then you do not find it strange that this peace, this burial of the sword, comes through suffering? You do not find it strange that I am here under your roof through the suffering of the one you love?"

"No," she replied, still in the same quiet tone, "no. Lorelei herself came to me through suffering, through death: her mother died when she was born, her father when she was but four years old. Death laid this jewel in my heart."

"And," persisted Osborne, "you do not reproach me? You do not say: 'It was from you she was hiding when the pain came. Lo! this too is the work of an Osborne'?"

"No," again replied Miss Magruder, this time a nameless something in the tone which Osborne could not fathom; "I should rather blame myself. It was I who forbade her speaking to you. But we will not talk of all this, Mr. Osborne," she added, as if arousing herself from reverie into activity. "The facts are here, and with them we must deal. The source—the cause—that is beyond our knowledge. I sometimes think," she went on, moving slowly down the gallery, and Osborne beside her, "I sometimes think the faith of the ancients is, to a certain extent, our own. We do not believe in the three women, with distaff and thread, weaving lives as they will; but surely we must believe that something beyond our own puerile power weaves our lives. Else why are you here to-night?" she questioned, in a clear whisper, as she stepped through the window and into the dim gold light of the sick-room.

VII.

The family physician was quite content. He arrived at noon next day, pronounced Osborne's work excellent, discovered the supposed wrench, advised great care, assured grandmother and aunt that he did not hesitate to leave his charge in Osborne's skillful hands, would call in the course of the next week, and, having thus fairly established Osborne as acting physician, left the sick-room.

He was an odd little man—short, thick-set—face weatherbeaten through long drives and exposure, surrounded with a stubby growth of gray whisker—eyes keen and twinkling. He stood a moment on the gallery, talking to Osborne and apparently quite heedless of Miss Magruder's presence: "Queer mixture that," he said, gruffly, and, as he spoke, pointing with his thumb toward the sick-room. "Gritty but weak—tough but tender."

"How do you mean?" asked Osborne.

"Italian mother and sick American father. Don't you see?"

"Miss Lorelei seems a remarkably healthy girl," said Osborne.

"Yes, yes; but—" the old man screwed up his face, "don't like such mixtures. Look at her eyes. What gives that queer light? See? It's a kind of fight between the mother's black eyes and the father's blue. Just so—body and mind—"

"I don't understand what you mean," observed Osborne, glancing a little uneasily toward Miss Magruder.

"Oh," continued the doctor, lifting his eyebrows, "you needn't fear Miss Lucretia. We've talked the matter over before, and—" here he pulled at the beard on his chin, "and I'm inclined to think, if we two hadn't put our heads together, the little one wouldn't be here now. I mean this," said the doctor, removing his hand from the beard and lifting an impressive finger: "that child's nature is all impulse, like her mother's, and there's a great deal of the father's depth about her, too, and — well, I've studied her pretty well. It seems to me, if

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ever that strong nature is roused up and disappointed—well, if she sets her heart on anything, it will be with a mighty strong will, and she'll die if she don't get it, probably. Now, for instance, she's just one of the sort that, if she's ever homesick, she'll just fade away and die, yet I'll warrant she didn't groan when you set that arm."

"No," said Osborne, thoughtfully.

"Well, that sort of grit she has a plenty of, but t'other—" The doctor snapped his fingers in the air—"that much for her life."

"The probabilities are," said Osborne, giving a swift glance toward Miss Magruder, "the probabilities are that her future will be smooth and unruffled."

"We don't any of us know," said the doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Well, good-bye, Mr. Osborne. Good-bye, Miss Lucretia. Glad the old trouble's laid away. Don't neglect my charges. If there's any change before next week, let me know. Good-bye."

"She is determining that the future shall be smooth—she is determining that Kallade shall marry her niece," thought Osborne, while he glanced at the white face of Miss Magruder, strangely set and hard as she entered the old hall, dark even at noon with the twilight of tree-shadows.

He whistled to himself while he thoughtfully walked away home. He had refused Miss Magruder's offer of a horse.

Kallade was riding slowly down the lane. His whole bearing betokened weariness. Osborne shouted and called him by name, and the young fellow waited till he came near.

"I say," cried Osborne, "cheer up. You heard what the doctor said. We'll soon have her out."

"Yes," responded the other, heavily, "yes, I know you'll do your best; but—" he paused, then added: "'tain't that."

"What do you mean?" asked Osborne.

"I jes wish I know which 'twas. I reckon he wouldn't live long."

"Oh," exclaimed Osborne, "you mean which of your cattle trod on her arm and wrenched her shoulder?"

"Yes," said Kallade.

After the first look of greeting, he had turned his face away, and now sat gazing over his horse's head into far space.

"Yes," he repeated, in the same dull monotone.

"Well," objected Osborne, feeling pity as he marked the careworn expression of the young face, "I think that you had better kill me, since I was the cause, since it was from me she was hiding."

"I wish to G— I could—no, no—I don't mean it."

The words came like a sudden cry of wrath, followed by a wail of anguish.

Osborne regarded him with unfeigned surprise—then suddenly a light dawned.

"See here," he said, quickly, laying a detaining hand on the bridle, for Kallade had motioned as if to go. "See here—you're jealous. Now listen. Miss Lorelei is to me only a pretty child. She would no more suit me as a companion than—than that little bird on the tree yonder. I pledge my word," he added, earnestly.

"Well," responded the other, his face clearing as he looked into Osborne's sincere eyes, "I reckon you speak truth. Yes, Mr. Osborne, I must believe you; but, if you knew what it was to love anyone as I love Lorelei, and to see another man set right the bad your own cattle had done—"

"Yes," responded Osborne, soothingly, "only remember that I am setting right the misery I myself caused through my uncle years ago, since it was just for the sake of this enmity that the aunt told Lorelei she wasn't to speak to me."

"That's another side to the question, and I reckon as good a one," said Kallade, thoughtfully. "I'll try to think of it. You see," he went on, turning his honest face toward Osborne—all alight it was, and tender with the thought of his love—"you see, it all looks too bright and too good to be true. It seems to me I love her so that it's wicked—right down wicked. She's jes like my heart—there ain't a bit left here," and he struck his breast with his brown hand, "it's all like gone into her. It seems to me, if I could jes have Lorelei—jes feel her pretty soft hand in mine, and jes see her beautiful eyes look in mine, and know she was waitin' for me to lead her along in the world, and a-leanin' on me—I'd think heaven had come down on earth."

The last words fell in a hoarse whisper, so deep was the young fellow's emotion. Osborne, while he listened, felt almost a reverence for this rough backwoodsman, who sat quite still on his trained herder, looking down with eyes deeply solemn in their earnest expression.

"I reckon," he went on, with a light laugh, and, while he spoke, smoothing gently the black mane of the mare, "I reckon you think it queer, now, that a great rough feller like me should

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love a girl like Lorelei; but we sort of growed up together, and she's sorter fitted into my heart—well, like the yaller jasemine that comes in the woods, or the violet, or the magnolia, or all the pretty wild flowers that come in the grasses. Tain't no use talkin'—she's there. I disremember exactly the first time I met the child; but I know she jes grows up in my life so that she fits there, like the sun in the heaven for day, and the stars for night, and there wouldn't be day and night without her.

"I know you think it mighty queer that I, a stranger, set and talk like this to you, a stranger; but—but—you see, Mr. Osborne, you've got what I haven't; you've got education and learnin', and you're round Lorelei now a-nursin' her—and—and—you couldn't never, never love her as I love her."

There was a wistful tone in the deep voice, and a pleading look in the gray eyes.

"See here," exclaimed Osborne, quite touched, "see here, Kallade, Miss Magruder told me you were engaged, or as good as engaged, to Miss Lorelei."

"Did she, indeed, now?" interrupted Kallade, his face all aglow.

"Yes," continued Osborne, "and I at first thought it rather queer, you know," he went on, frankly, "because you are rather rough and so on."

Kallade nodded.

"Well, but now I know you—now I see your heart—zounds! man, I don't wonder a bit, and there's my hand on it."

"And you'll be true—steel true," said Kallade, taking the proffered hand.

"One of nature's noblemen, sure enough, thought Osborne, as he watched the young piney-woodsman disappearing on his now galloping herder. "By George, what the mind will do. Wouldn't believe him the same rider I saw skulking along here, full of jealousy. The idea of my choosing that little newly-fledged butterfly— Tra-la-la!"

Just here, Osborne's step grew slower, keeping time with a thoughtful reverie.

"Expect me back to-night. Old lady was very gracious. Desired I would take up my abode under the roof till Lorelei's recovery. I don't suppose she intends pulling out the sword again, after that happy epoch. Zounds! I wonder how those people live without being mold-covered. Feel as if I'd slept in a swamp. I'll tell the old lady some of those trees must be cut down—necessary for the child's health to have sunlight. Thirtyfive years in that house. Odd how much she knows. Shade seems good for mind-development."

And so Osborne trailed along through the sweet woods, and beside him there was the tall figure of Miss Magruder, keeping pace with that proud light step, which he had already learned to know.

VIII.

Osborne returned in time for supper. The table was set according to the custom of most Southern homes, in the large square hall, and his æsthetic eye wandered enchanted from the rich brown gold of crisp corn-cakes and the pale-pink of delicate ham to the white softness of the rich damask cover, the gleam of the old silver service, the delicacy of thin china, and the loveliness of crimson roses, nestling as centre-piece, in a basket of curious design. Two wax candles, burning in tall silver sticks, cast a tender light over table and hall. They were shielded by great urn-shaped shades of glass, over three feet high. Moths and millers came flying through the opened folding doors, fluttering wildly against these shades, and striving to reach the candle-flame within.

The pictured faces on the walls looked down white through the faint light. This soft luminous gleam touched, too, the proud face of the blind and Miss Magruder's calm features, showing softly fair above the old silver service. Dimly outlined, the heavy mahogany furniture stood forth from the walls. The whole, in coloring and tone, resembled a rich Rembrandt. Even Sambo seemed a bit of pictured life, and, in his duskiness, a fitting attendant as he moved about the shadowy hall. The night air drifted through, sweet with the odor of breathing leaves and grasses and flowers.

Osborne saw that Miss Magruder turned often a watchful glance toward the mother; but, after awhile, this ceased, for dignity and ease marked the manner of the blind hostess toward her guest; and he, with consummate tact, led the conversation to distant lands, touching brilliantly on Eastern customs and Eastern life. Again he imagined himself lifted into another world, and, while the night-wind blew its intoxicating sweetness through the shadowy space of the old hall, they were all as beings from this other life. The dignified words of the blind woman, the calm stilling voice of Miss Magruder, fell into the softly-lighted scene like words harmonizing with a lovely melody; and even his own voice, catching something of the stately calm, gradually deepened into earnest tones.

"It was like eating and talking a minuet,"

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mused the guest, as later he paced about the lower end of the gallery, while the fireflies flickered under the old roof and sparkled under the trees beyond.

After awhile, a sweet low chant broke on the stillness, drifting softly into the sparkling darkness and gradually developing into richness and volume. It came through the opened windows of the sick-room at the further end of the gallery. The blinds were bowed; but the slats of one were opened, and bars of faint yellow light flecked the dark floor.

Osborne stood listening. It seemed to him a spirit spoke—a spirit moaning softly and striving for rest and pleading for rest, beating now and then wildly in its loneliness, and again soothing itself with soft answering notes from the deeper depths of its being. He felt as if he must reach forth and throw his arms about the sad spirit, and pillow it on his warm heart, and hush the pained lonely cry, and bid the spirit rest there forever, no more alone.

He knew it was Miss Magruder who sang. He could imagine her sitting there by the great white-draped bed, her dark head shining out against the whiteness. She was bending, he knew, toward the gold head of Lorelei, and her pale hands were lying clasped in her lap. Spiritually, Osborne looked through those blinds and watched the singer.

After awhile, the song ceased, and, a little later, there came the light proud step and the tall figure, showing dimly as it moved through the fireflies.

"You have been singing," said Osborne, abruptly.

"Yes," she answered, quietly. "Lorelei was in pain, and she thought my old song would soothe her."

"What is it? I have never heard the melody before."

"Probably not. The author is unknown."

"You wrote it yourself," said Osborne, abruptly.

She hesitated, then answered frankly:

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Because," he responded, "I heard you talk—I heard your soul talk."

Again there was a slight hesitation.

"You seem to know my soul better than I know it myself," she remarked, a faint touch of haughtiness in her voice.

"Perhaps I do. Those who look at others see them as they do not see themselves. You, for instance, Miss Magruder, have never seen your own face except as reflected. Even so you have never seen your own life, which is indeed the bloom of your soul."

"You are mistaken. I do see my own life, and the road lies very plain. It has been very plain ever since Lorelei came to me."

"And can you say to me truly," asked Osborne, "can you indeed say truly, that you have never craved other companionship? Have you never been lonely? But this is a needless question. That song was sufficient answer. You cannot deny—"

"I deny nothing," interrupted Miss Magruder, sinking into a chair. "Once, when Lorelei first came to me—she was but a little child—my mother was sorrow-stricken—yes, I felt lonely, and I crooned this song over her while she was sleeping in my arms. I looked at the sweet young life lying there, and I asked: 'Is it not enough?' And so, at last, I drew comfort from the child. Night after night, the same melody came to me, and the same words. As she grew older, I laid aside my night-singing; but, whenever the child is restless, she calls for the old song."

"I wish you would teach it to me," ventured Osborne. "I should feel, then, as if I held a part of the voice of your soul in my keeping."

He had taken a chair near, and he could see her dimly, the darkness and the fireflies draping her stilled figure as with a soft spangled veil. The queenly head turned somewhat sharply as he spoke, and a little icy laugh accompanied the clear voice.

"A valueless possession. Pray, what would you do with it?"

"Keep it," said Osborne, bending near, "and treasure it as—"

"As you have treasured many gifts from many women," interrupted Miss Magruder, quite ignoring his earnest tone.

"You mistake," objected Osborne; "I have never asked for such a gift."

"And the novelty is attractive," went on Miss Magruder, calmly.

"And suppose," said Osborne, speaking very slowly, "suppose I have captured it. Suppose it came beating, beating with its pathos against my heart—"

"But that is impossible," interrupted Miss Magruder, gazing quietly through the fire-flickered darkness toward her companion.

"Impossible?" cried Osborne. "Not at all. Listen."

He bent even nearer, and, almost in whispered notes, sang the soft refrain, the rise and fall of the voice softly modulated.

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"Are you satisfied?" he asked, as he finished, and silence fell between them.

"Satisfied?" she repeated, questioning. "Satisfied? Yes, I am satisfied that you have a quick ear for music, and I am satisfied that," the voice became very cool, "I have given you nothing. It strikes me that such a possession is a theft. However, all this has nothing to do with the matter which brought me here. Mother has asked you, Mr. Osborne, to stay with us till Lorelei recovers, and you have consented. Now this is quite a needless sacrifice. The child is doing well, and one visit a day is really all she needs. If there is any change, we can send for you. I know the daily ride is as nothing, compared to the lonely days and weeks you will spend in this house. Suppose you consent to return to-morrow, and establish these daily visits? I will explain to my mother, and, if her anxiety is satisfied—"

"Oh," interrupted Osborne, "I know that I am welcome only as physician—yet—"

"You misunderstand me," interposed Miss Magruder, a faint shade of annoyance in her voice. "You are quite welcome as a guest. No one rejoices more than I that the old trouble is laid away. My mother, I know, must be happier. But—there are many reasons why—"

"Why I should go away?" questioned Osborne.

"It's very lonely here," continued Miss Magruder.

"Lonely or not, I choose to stay, according to the promise given your mother. I will not even ask what all the other reasons may be. I can work here as well as at home. I can ride here, fish, hunt, and certainly the society of three ladies is not loneliness when compared to solitude. May I stay?"

"I have nothing to do with my mother's invitation," answered Miss Magruder, evident reluctance marking each word. "You have a right to accept."

"But are not satisfied with the acceptance," interposed Osborne. "I believe, after all, I must ask you to name the many objections."

"You have answered most of them," said Miss Magruder, rising slowly. "The others are of no consequence."

"Then I choose to stay. And now will you give me that song?"

"Give you what you already have?" and Osborne thought he could see the dark eyes opening in surprise.

"I will never sing it again unless you give it to me," he said, earnestly.

"No," answered Miss Magruder, the tone was grave, "no; you have said it was the voice of my soul, and that belongs to my God and to me. It is late—long past ten. Good-night, Mr. Osborne."

"Good-night. Pray, call me if I am needed.'

He listened as she thanked him, and watched while she slowly passed away through the darkness and the fireflies.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S CHOICE.

BY MARIAN LESLIE.

WHO to my son as a wife shall be wed?
  Whom, when my little one grows, shall he marry?
Better be single or better be dead
  Than the best aim of his life should miscarry.
Prudence in mating may seem to him cold—
  Marrying spring to the bleak autumn weather;
Loving is young, and this prudence is old—
  Rarely the pair of them travel together.

What is the woman I'd seek for my son—
  Jewel of jewels, to win and to wear her?
Peer she will be of the loveliest one,
  Should he but love her—then no one were fairer.
Be her eyes hazel or azure or gray;
  Be her skin cream-white or nut-brown, or duller;
Graceful her motion or awkward her way,
  Love will give graces and outline and color.

She must be honest and truthful and just;
  Wise, and most wisdom but plain common-sense is;
Ready to take his affection in trust,
  But with a spirit to check his offenses.
She must be sweet; but as sugar may cloy,
  Therefore some acid should qualify sweetness;
Patient in sorrow and quiet in joy,
  Duty should show in her perfect completeness.

She must be neat in her person and trim,
  Fond of society, yet not a gadder;
She must time all of her feelings by him,
  Be his mood livelier, graver, or sadder.
She must be witty, warm-hearted, and young;
  She must believe there is no one above him,
Deeming him noblest all mankind among—
  Ah, above all, most devotedly love him!

Such is the woman I seek for my son;
  Such will he love with an ever-deep fervor.
Well do I know, when her love has been won—
  Manly and true, he will always deserve her.
So will the two pass in happiness on
  Life's flowing current, enrapt in each other;
So will my boy, when my presence is gone,
  Sweet tender memories have of his mother.

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A RESOLUTE SWEETHEART.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"GOOD-MORNING, Hetty!"

Hetty stood in her cool clean dairy, up to her dimpled elbows in a bowl of fresh sweet butter which she was working into dainty prints, each stamped with a rose, when the cheery voice made her turn round.

A very comely woman to look upon was Hetty Brand, spite of her eight-and-thirty years, as she stood with the linen apron tied about her waist, and the sleeves turned back, and so thought the stalwart farmer who addressed her.

She knew who her visitor was even before she looked, and quietly answered:

"Good-morning, Nathan. Why didn't you go to the house?"

"I did. 'Lindy told me I'd find you out here."

"Well, here I am. But I don't receive visitors in my dairy."

"Don't ye?" returned Nathan, good-naturedly. "Well, I won't bother ye long, Hetty. I only called on a little business, this time."

"Then go and sit down on the side porch, and I'll come as soon as I mold this last print."

"All right! Any way to suit ye, of course," said Nathan; and, with a whimsical twinkle in his blue eyes, he took himself off.

Hetty, the faintest pucker of impatience showing on her forehead, took time to finish her print and set the whole crockful into the clean stone trough, where the bright water from a living spring rippled through the dairy and kept everything cool and sweet in the hottest weather.

"I'll warrant Nathan Strong has got a fool's notion into his head again!" she soliloquized, as she put down her sleeves. "If he has, he'll go home with another one, that's what I have to say."

Pausing at the kitchen-door to bid 'Lindy go to the dairy and wash up the butter-things, she walked on toward the shady porch where Nathan waited for her.

"Will you go into the house?" she asked.

"No, thank ye, Hetty. If you don't mind, we'll jest stay out here. The smell o' the vines is so sweet, I rather fancy sittin' under 'em."

"Very well, then." Hetty seated herself in a chair near the door, and asked pleasantly: "All well at your house, Nathan?"

"About as usual," was the reply. "Aunt Rhoda is a little crippled with rheumatiz, but that's not uncommon. I reckon she's most too old to keep house and do so much work."

"Then you ought to hire help," said Hetty, a frown crossing her face as she thought: "He needn't fancy I'll keep his house for him!"

"I would, if she'd have it," answered Nathan, who saw and understood the frown. Then he quietly went on:

"Well, I said I came over on a little business to-day. Are ye thinkin' of runnin' the whole farm on your own hook, now Jacob is gone?"

"Why, I don't know. I have hardly decided yet, Nathan."

"What would you say to renting a field or two, if it paid pretty well?"

"I hardly know that, either. I might do it, I suppose."

"I would like to have the field joining my land, to sow in spring wheat. Grain or money rent, as suits you best."

"You can have it, I guess. Perhaps the rent in grain would be wisest, as we may not raise as much as when my brother was here."

"That's all, then," said Nathan, rising. "I'm obliged to ye, Hetty. We'll make it all square when the time comes." He hesitated an instant, then added: "Don't you find it pretty lonesome tryin' to get on without Jacob?"

"If I do, I guess I can stand it!" answered Hetty, tartly. "Jacob Brand was a fool, to do as he did at his time of life; but that's no reason I should be one, too."

Hetty colored, seeing she had rather committed herself by her last words.

But Nathan only smiled and coolly asked:

"A fool for getting married, or for going out to Colorado?"

"Both," answered Hetty, promptly. "Both, to be sure!"

"Well, I think, myself, that it was a pity he sold his half the farm, and poked off out there."

"I don't care for the land," said Hetty, quickly. "My half is enough for me."

"Then it's the marryin' you object to? Well, I don't agree with ye there, Hetty. I'm nigh as old as Jacob—I'll be fortytwo next Christmas—but I'd marry in short order, if you would have me."

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Hetty jumped up, her eyes flashing:

"There, Nathan Strong, I knew you couldn't go home without making a dunce of yourself!"

"Is it the sign of a dunce, to like a woman from the time she was a mite of a school-girl, and never look at any other for her sake, Hetty?"

"No, but—"

Nathan interrupted her:

"Hear me out this time, Hetty, and I'll not worry you again. Not soon, anyhow—I do mean to have you in the end."

"I wish you may get me, then!"

Nathan laughed and said:

"So do I! Come, child, it is lonely for you now, isn't it?"

"If it is, I tell you I am able to stand it."

"It worries a woman to run a farm by herself, Hetty."

"I've got a good hired man."

"Yes, Eben Sharp is a first-rate worker. But that isn't all."

"Very well; when I need other help, I'll call on you!" snapped Hetty.

"You know I'd give you a hand any day, whether you marry me or not."

"I never will marry you, Nathan Strong! Nor any other man, either!"

"There's some comfort in that!" returned Nathan, with his droll smile.

"Then I hope you'll enjoy it! I don't want any man tied to my apron-string, when I can get along just as well without him. Now put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"I don't smoke, my dear. Remember hearing you remark once that you was dead against smokin', so I never learned. But I'll keep what you say in mind—until you change yours."

"That day won't come! Think I'm going to be a fool at my age, just because Jacob was at his?"

"No, I don't think you could be one at any age. Now I'll go. Will you shake hands, Hetty?"

She gave him her hand; he shook it with a wishful look, and went away.

"The silly creature!" said Hetty, when he had gone. "To think he will keep on liking me in spite of—oh, everything! But I won't be a dunce! I'm not lonesome! I don't need anybody's help or company!"

And, by way of proving her words, Hetty sat down and took a good cry all to herself.

To tell the truth, she was dreadfully lonely since her brother's departure, and often at a loss how to direct affairs. If Eben Sharp had not been as good as gold, the farm would soon have shown its need of an experienced manager.

In dairy, garden, or poultry-yard, Hetty was an expert; but with the heavier work she had never had to concern herself, and now it came rather hard.

"But the idea of marrying to have somebody to manage the place!" she said, indignantly. "Not much! If I ever did marry, it wouldn't be for that. I'm very well as I am at present, thank you!"

But somehow, it seemed to Hetty, so sure as anything got into a muddle, so sure Nathan Strong was on hand to straighten it out. And whether to be most grateful to him or angry at him, she did not know.

One day, while Eben was absent, a sudden storm came up, and the wind blew terribly. When the gust was over, Hetty went out to see if any damage had been done. She found a fence partly blown down, and some choice young stock at liberty to go where they pleased.

"This won't do!" said she. "Eben won't be at home these two hours; even 'Lindy is gone, so what's to be done?"

The only thing seemed to be to attempt putting up the fence with her own hands, and she went bravely to work. But the rails were heavy and cut her palms, and they would not stay as she put them.

She was so worried that she did not notice a man coming up on horseback, until a familiar voice said at her elbow:

"Hetty, strikes me that ain't jest the business for you. Let me have a try at it."

And, the next minute, Nathan Strong was off his horse and quietly straightening the fence as if it were mere play.

Hetty's cheeks burned, but she could only stand helplessly looking on and explain to him how it happened.

"'Tisn't worth a 'thank you,'" he answered, when she thanked him for his assistance. "You know I'm glad to serve you any day, Hetty. We men may not be very ornamental sort o' chaps, but we come handy once in awhile—don't we?" he added, in his quizzical way, as he mounted his horse again.

He rode off, leaving Hetty to return to the house very much provoked, and not being sure whether it was at the wind, the cattle, or Nathan.

For awhile, after that, all went smoothly. She saw Nathan looking at her in church on Sunday; but he kept his word and let her alone, never coming to the farm if he could help it.

Hetty missed him more than she would own, and the evenings were long and lonely; but she bore her solitude bravely.

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She had a very fine herd of young cattle, from which she meant to realize a handsome sum after awhile. Hearing of a nice calf for sale on a place about two miles off, she hitched up her steady old horse Bob and went over to look at it.

Eben had gone to town; but she directed him to return by the Mills Farm, so that, if she bought the calf, he could drive it home. The animal proved to be a beauty, so she did buy it. Then she waited a reasonable time; but Eben did not appear. She feared he might be detained in town until dark, so she said to Mr. Mills:

"I don't believe it is worth while to wait for my man. Just bring the calf out; I have a rope, and I'll drive it myself."

"Well, now, Mis' Brand—I don't see jest how ye're goin' to manage it," replied Farmer Mills, dubiously.

"I do—that's better. You bring it out, and tie the rope and hand it to me through the back of the buggy."

"Wal, I can do it, Mis' Hetty; but a calf's a frisky critter to drive, an' I 'low ye'll have a sight o' trouble, even if it don't skeer your horse."

"Mr. Mills, old Bob wouldn't scare at a traction engine; and I'm not afraid of a calf like that."

"Wal, if a woman will, she will, I s'pose," said Mr. Mills, as he brought the animal out. "But, if you get your neck broke, Mis' Hetty, don't blame me."

"I won't. Good-day." And Hetty drove off, leading the calf behind the buggy.

Old Bob looked round now and then, as if he did not altogether fancy his company; but he behaved pretty well—as long as the calf did.

For a half-mile, it trotted along contentedly; but then it began to frisk about and make little sidelong runs, almost jerking the rope from Hetty's grasp. She gave the cord a turn around her wrist and held on tighter, scolding first the calf and then old Bob, having all she could do to manage the pair.

The more she tried to make the provoking little beast go quietly, the more it wouldn't. Her wrist was pulled almost out of joint, and the situation grew worse every minute.

"Who would have thought I'd have such a time?" she panted. "Do be still, you torment! Oh, if Eben would only come! I can't stand this much longer!"

She thought she heard a horse coming up the hill, and turned to see if it were Eben at last. Just then, the wicked calf bounded sideways, jerking the rope to its fullest length, and the buggy, running upon a large rock, suddenly upset, and calf, horse, buggy, and Hetty went down in a heap together, the rope still fast to Hetty's wrist.

Her arm was well-nigh pulled from its socket by the frantic struggles of the calf to escape, and she screamed in spite of her self-control. An answering shout was heard, and a horse dashed up; the rider sprang from his saddle, snatched his knife from his pocket, and cut the rope. As the freed creature darted away, the newcomer caught the reins and quieted old Bob with a kind word and a firm touch, and lifted Miss Brand from the ruins, exclaiming in tones of consternation:

"For pity's sakes, Hetty, what does all this mean?"

"It means that I am a bigger fool than I thought I was. Take care of Bob, please." And down sat Hetty on the rock which had caused her shipwreck and began to cry.

Nathan led Bob to a level spot, saw that the harness was intact, and let her cry for a moment; then he returned to her and said kindly:

"Come, Hetty—the horse and buggy are all right, and there's nothing to cry for. You are not hurt, are you?"

"No; but I am mad. Where's that little fool?"

"What! the calf?" asked Nathan, trying not to laugh. "Gone back where it came from, I reckon. It isn't in sight. Let me drive you home, Hetty, and then I'll find it for you."

"I can drive myself, thank you. Nathan, you always seem to be somewhere near-by when I get into trouble."

Nathan turned like a flash.

"Good gracious, child! that is just what I want to be—always! Hetty, don't you see you can't get along without me? Don't try any more. Let me take care of you and help you always—do, dear—do, Hetty."

"But—to give up so," she faltered. "I—I can't, Nathan."

"Yes, you can. You don't give up anything, my dear. And I'll be so good to you; you shall gain a great deal. Come, Hetty."

He had hold of both her hands by this time.

"Are you so determined to have me, Nathan?"

"Yes. Just so determined!" he said, eagerly.

"Well, I—I give it up, then."

"Why, bless you, my dear, you shall never be sorry! I've waited a long time for you, Hetty; but you're worth waiting for."

And, before Mr. Nathan put her back into her buggy, he took his right to one hearty kiss which left Hetty's cheeks as red as roses.

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"ALL ON A SUMMER DAY."

BY NELLIE J. SMITH.

"DO throw down that disagreeable book, Maud, and come for a walk. Can't you see that your beloved sister is dying of repressed energy?" I cried, flinging aside my work, which consisted of a very diminutive red flannel petticoat with very crooked seams and long stitches—which, under Aunt Deborah's directions, I was constructing for some much-to-be-pitied heathen.

Maud turned her beautiful head lazily and said:

"Really, Dessie, you are the most uneasy child I ever saw. Walk, indeed! Why, it's all one can do to keep cool indoors, without venturing out into this melting sun! Do take a book and keep quiet."

"I won't!" I rebelliously retorted. "I'm going for a walk; and I'm going to have an adventure, too—I've quite decided on that; and, when you see me come back, leading captive some stray prince or duke or—or—"

"Or cowboy," finished Maud. "An adventure in this stupid place! Oh, yes: I foresee a wildly exciting interview with the rector, in which he will ask after Aunt Deborah's chickens; or perhaps a highly tragic meeting with the sexton, who will demand, in the most bloodthirsty manner, to know when he can come for the 'cold wittles.' Yes, my dear, I don't doubt that you'll enjoy yourself immensely; but I think I prefer my book." And lazy Maud turned back and began reading.

"Very well," I replied, "if you will insist upon wasting this brilliant opportunity, I don't propose to." And, without further ceremony, I walked forth into the sunshine.

Now, I must stop a moment and tell you about my sister Maud and myself: She was tall and stately, with beautiful sleepy black eyes, silky black hair, and a Grecian profile; while a perfect complexion and queenly figure made her beauty complete. But I—oh, dear! I was little and pale, with blue eyes (I detested blue eyes) and red hair (Maud always tried to console me by calling it golden) and a dreadful little turned-up nose. I was very ugly, and somehow I couldn't be dignified, like Maud. We were orphans, and had been since I could remember. We lived with Aunt Deborah, the dearest old maid possible. We had been home a year from the convent where we were educated. Fortunately, I was not quite a dunce, little and insignificant though I might be.

It was a glorious June day; I went singing along through the hot bright sunshine, stopping now and then to gather a few of Aunt Deborah's roses or to frighten away some of the great bees which were droning lazily about them. Through the garden, I passed then across the meadow, and finally over the stile into "The Park," as it was called. It belonged to the Lorings, our nearest neighbors, and was a lovely place; nowhere else were there such grand trees, such green moss, and such big gray rocks; and all so deliciously cool, too.

I threw myself on the ground close by a tiny brook, heaving a sigh of delight; I half closed my eyes and looked lazily up through the network of boughs to the blue perfect sky. Before many minutes, however, I think some wicked fairy must have whispered to me, for I suddenly sprang up, possessed of an idea.

"I'm going to put my feet in the brook, it looks so nice and cool," I cried, and immediately I began unbuttoning my boots. I pulled them off, and paused as a sound struck my ear. I listened an instant, and then heard someone crashing through the brush close by, evidently coming straight toward me. As visions of the dignified rector floated through my head, I made a wild grab for my shoes and pulled them on hurriedly, then sprang up, all the time watching the opening through which I expected the intruder to appear.

As I stood up, something about my feet struck me as feeling rather odd, and I glanced down. Oh, horror! in my hurry, I had mixed my shoes, and now each was presenting the ridic-

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ulous spectacle of a row of buttons up the inside and full ruffle of kid punctured with buttonholes! I stooped to change them; but, as I moved, a low growl made me raise my eyes, and there, in the opening, appeared a great shaggy black dog, with a long red tongue and two rows of glistening wicked-looking teeth. Now, I'm horribly afraid of strange dogs, and my first idea was to take refuge in flight; but, as I moved, I heard once more that threatening growl, and, backing up against a tree, I gave a yell which would have made a full-blooded Comanche green with envy. As if in answer to my cry, I heard quick steps, and then "Down, Tiger! What are you about?"

In an instant, there appeared an apparition which filled me with more amazement than had that of the dog: it was a young man, and a young man such as had never before been seen in Riverdale—tall, dark, splendid, with flashing black eyes, jetty hair, and silky mustache. He was dressed in a gray tweed suit, and carried a gun carelessly over his shoulder.

For a moment, we stared at each other in silence; then an amused smile crept over his face and into his dark eyes. Lifting the soft white felt hat which covered his slightly curling hair, he said:

"I am very sorry indeed that my dog frightened you. I hope you are not hurt."

Now, as nearly as I can remember, I had stood staring at him with my mouth wide open and my dress clutched wildly in both hands. In my efforts to back into the ferns, that my shoes might not show, I had caught my skirt on a stick and pulled off a yard or so of the plaiting, which was now waving modestly in the gentle breeze, and left those dreadful feet in the most conspicuous position possible. Of course, I looked perfectly ridiculous, but he need not have laughed; and so, drawing myself up to my full height—which, all counted, is only five feet one inch—I remarked with awful dignity:

"I think it very unkind of you to let that great dog hurt me so, and then for you to stand and laugh!" Here I felt tears of anger and mortification rising in my eyes, and, knowing that my voice would soon break, I stopped.

At least I had the satisfaction of seeing the amused look vanish, while one of great consternation replaced it.

"Did Tiger really hurt you?" he cried, dropping the gun and coming a step nearer. "I thought him quite harmless; won't you allow me to help you? Is it serious?" (And none but females ever ask questions!)

"He frightened me so that I really don't know; I—I'm not quite sure where it is," I added, truthfully, and then, remembering what Maud would probably do, I said in freezing tones: "Good-afternoon."

He picked up the gun, hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I really wish you would let me assist you; my name is Arthur Loring, and I'm stopping with my Cousin Gilbert."

"Indeed," I replied, and then, still bent upon behaving as Maud would have done under the circumstances, I once more said: "Good-afternoon," and then waited for him to depart. Of course, I couldn't go first, in the condition I was in, so I decided to "hold the fort" until he should relieve me of his company, which he did after one more lingering glance.

I watched him out of sight, and then, after hastily changing my boots, I seized my impromptu train in one hand and my hat in the other, and ran as fast as I could through the meadow, never stopping till I was half-way up the garden-path; here I paused, smoothed my curls, pinned up the ruffle, and put on my hat; then with stately strides I marched up the path and into the hall.

I had not taken off my hat when Maud rushed out of the library, in what was for her a most unusual excitement, and, seizing me about the waist, cried:

"Oh, Dess, just think: Gilbert Loring has come home from Europe, and has brought with him his Cousin Arthur, of whom we have heard Lou talk so much; and the girls give a tennis-party Wednesday afternoon; they've just been here to invite us, and oh, Dessie, isn't it nice?"

Here Maud was obliged to pause in her wild career and take breath.

Now you must understand that, in this dull little place, the least gayety was hailed with delight: hence Maud's excitement.

"I—I—don't think I shall go; I've nothing to wear," I said, faintly.

"Nothing to wear?" repeated Maud. "Why, didn't you understand? It's a tennis-party; and you know you have that new blue-and-white flannel suit. I shall wear my red-and-white one, and I've decided to lay siege to the heart of the wealthy Arthur Loring—"

"He's a most disagreeable young man!" I announced in a very decided manner, and then stopped horror-stricken; I had not meant to tell Maud.

"Why, Dess, what do you know about him?" my sister inquired, opening her great dark eyes very wide.

"Well, I'm sure he must be; all wealthy

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young men are," I answered, with an air of great experience, and then escaped to my room to bathe my hot cheeks and wonder if he had specially noticed my feet.

* * * * * * * *

Wednesday morning dawned bright and sunny; at any other time, this would have filled me with delight; but now I gazed forlornly out of the window, and peered anxiously through the trees, in a vain endeavor to find somewhere a cloud; but the sky was so hopelessly clear that I soon gave this up, and resigned myself to my fate. Maud and I dawdled about with our fancy-work all the morning, and, after lunch, hastened—at least Maud did—upstairs to dress. I racked my poor brain for some excuse which would be sufficient to warrant my staying at home, but all in vain; for once this usually fertile member could suggest nothing, and at last I began dressing.

"Let me do your hair, Dess," said Maud, kindly: "I saw such a lovely style in our magazine this morning, just suited to your fluffy golden hair."

"It's no use, Maud, for you to say that; you know, and I know, that it's hopelessly red; but, if you can do anything with it, please try, for I'm sure I can't." I dropped the heavy mass, and resignedly sat down. Maud pulled and poked and twisted till at last I threatened mutiny, but, when the operation was finished, and she triumphantly sent me to the glass, I admitted that the result was a success, and, when I had donned my blue-and-white tennis-suit and a pretty little white straw hat with a blue band, I really did look quite respectable.

"At least," I consoled myself by saying, "I'll show him that I'm not always so ridiculously untidy."

We went downstairs, and found Aunt Deborah waiting for us.

"Dear me!" she cried, "how fine we are; really, girls, I'm quite proud of you." And so we got into the carriage, and away we went, while my mind was filled with quotations about lambs being led to the slaughter.

We were rather late, and most of the guests had assembled when we reached the tennis-court. Aunty soon found Mrs. Loring, and they began exchanging confidences in that very mysterious tone which elderly ladies so often employ. Maud and I were speedily surrounded by a gay crowd of young people, for Maud was very popular, and I had a great many friends—more, I suspect, than I deserved. We were chatting away, when suddenly I heard Lou Loring's voice close by:

"Good-afternoon, girls; I have been trying for ever so long to get to you. How well you're looking, Maud; and, Dess, you're as sweet as a pink—give me a kiss. Here's Gilbert; you haven't seen him yet, though Maud has. My cousin, Mr. Arthur Loring, Miss Arbuckle—Miss Dessie Arbuckle. You've heard me speak of him, girls," and then she was obliged to stop her chatter a moment, and take breath.

I felt my cheeks turning a brilliant scarlet as the tall figure bowed before me; I didn't dare raise my eyes, but stood sorely confused until I heard Maud's clear calm voice asking him some trifling questions; then I turned and began rattling off some nonsense to Gilbert. At last, I raised my eyes and glanced shyly at Arthur Loring, only to find him staring hard at me; as I encountered his gaze, he smiled and asked:

"Are you fond of tennis, Miss Arbuckle?"

"Yes," I answered, stiffly, "very."

Then he began talking in a bright amusing way, and I concluded, perhaps, that, after all, he wasn't so very bad. Presently I glanced about for Maud, and discovered that she and Gilbert were seated at some distance from us; turning hastily, I looked pleadingly up into Mr. Loring's face and said:

"Please, you won't tell? They would laugh at me so."

"Tell? Never!" he replied, and then added in a dramatic manner: "I will guard the secret with my life, if necessary."

We both laughed, and, there being a cry for us at the court just then, turned and joined the others. In spite of my misgivings, I spent a delightful afternoon. I kept trying to convince myself that I hated Arthur Loring, and that he was exceedingly rude; but it was of no use—he was so bright and gay that I couldn't help liking him; and then, after all, he could not be blamed for laughing at me.

* * * * * *

That was a glorious summer, and it passed only too quickly. Arthur Loring was desperately in love with Maud—that, anyone could see; he came very often to our house, and, while he and I were forever quarreling, Maud and he never seemed to have the least trouble, but always got along splendidly together. Maud never seemed to wish me to know that she cared for him; she talked very little of Arthur when we were alone, and a great deal of Gilbert; but I saw quite plainly that this was only to conceal her real feelings, and was miserable accordingly—very miserable indeed sometimes. I had quite given up hating Arthur Loring, and had learned

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to like him only too well. Of course, I tried to hide this—and I imagine that I succeeded, though I behaved like a cross unreasonable child.

I remember, one afternoon, we were discussing a book, and I, feeling in a particularly unpleasant frame of mind, said bitterly:

"I do not like the hero: he was unkind, boorish, and treated poor Mildred shamefully at the end."

Arthur turned quickly toward me and said with a great deal of warmth:

"Yes; but was not she cruel to him? He loved her passionately, but she humiliated him in every possible way: could he be blamed for not loving her always?"

"Yes!" I cried, angrily. "He was fickle, false, like all men, and—"

"Will you two children ever stop quarreling?" cried Gilbert's merry voice. "I'm really tired of hearing you spar."

And Maud said gently:

"Why, Dessie!"

Escaping as soon as possible, I ran to my room, locked the door, and then threw myself on the floor in a passion of tears.

"Oh, why is it," I sobbed, "that I always appear at my very worst before him? Why can't I be dignified, like Maud? I'm sure that she never, never can love him as much as I do! And he despises me—I know he does!" And I wiped away my tears on Maud's gloves, under the impression that I was using my pocket-handkerchief.

I made my resolve that he should never know, more firmly than ever, that afternoon; and so, when we met, day after day, I was cold, capricious, and disagreeable. Sometimes Arthur would try to be friends with me—of course, he wouldn't like Maud's sister to be his enemy; but I never could be merely a friend, and so I continued my hostility till I know he often longed to box my ears soundly

* * * * * *

About three months after the two cousins came to Loring House, we received invitations to a grand ball to be given there. They came, one morning, while we were at breakfast, and, of course, created a great sensation; a ball hath charms even for a young lady as perfectly miserable as I fondly imagined myself to be, and, as I had never been to but two balls, I was in raptures.

"Oh, Maud!" I cried, waltzing up to her, "isn't it glorious? Why," I added, with a sudden burst of eloquence, "I could stand on my head!"

"Don't attempt it, Dessie—please don't," said Maud, laughing. "I remember your trying it once when you were very small, and you ended up with your head in a pail of water and your feet in my pet rose-bush. Come—we'll go and talk with aunty about our dresses."

Then followed a long consultation, in which all the merits and demerits of silk, satin, and lace were discussed, until at last our dresses were agreed on.

That afternoon, Fanny Trevalion and her brother Ted called. Now, Ted was a great admirer of mine, and lost no time in beguiling me into the garden, making my roses an excuse.

"You'll give me the first waltz, won't you, Miss Dessie?" he said, with what he intended as a "killing" glance.

"Yes," I replied, good-naturedly.

But, when the ridiculous boy modestly requested me to give him every alternate dance, I thought that a little too much, and told him so; but, at last, after much wrangling, he succeeded in extorting a promise of three at least, and so departed in a very happy frame of mind.

In the morning, while Maud and I were in the garden, Arthur and Gilbert called.

"So sorry not to have come yesterday," said Gilbert; "but my mother wanted us to help about her invitations, so we couldn't get away. Now, Miss Maud, won't you promise me the first waltz?" he asked, going over to her.

Now, of course I knew that Maud wanted Arthur to ask her; but she answered Gilbert very kindly and promised it to him. Then, of course, Arthur could do no better than to make the same request of me; but I informed him that I was engaged, and imagined that he looked vastly relieved.

"Will you give me two dances?" he asked. "You can surely promise me so many."

"Yes," I replied, "if you wish." And the conversation became general.

* * * * * *

At last, the night of the ball came, and I was in a perfect fever of excitement. I was just putting the finishing-touches to my toilet, when Maud knocked; she entered, and I could not repress a cry of admiration. Maud was simply perfect to-night, and I said to myself with a little sob: "He will surely propose." She was dressed in soft clinging black lace, which made her beautiful neck and arms gleam white as snow; in her ears were mamma's beautiful pearls, and on her breast was a great bunch

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of yellow roses, and a few buds were half hidden amidst the coils of her jetty hair.

"Oh, Maud!" I cried, "you are exquisite!" You fairly take my breath away!"

"And you, little Dess," she said, stooping to kiss me, "are as sweet and pretty as can be! I'm afraid you'll make poor Teddie's heart ache."

I laughed lightly and turned to the glass for a farewell look: my dress was of creamy lace, with trimmings of blue forget-me-nots, with forget-me-nots in my hair and on my bosom. I did look rather pretty, considering it was only Dess; Maud and I might have passed as Night and Morning.

The ball-room was crowded when we reached Loring House. I looked about shyly, and was rather glad when Ted came to claim his waltz, as I was lonely, Maud having been taken possession of by Gilbert the moment we entered.

Much to my surprise, my card was soon filled; and, when Arthur Loring came to claim his first waltz, he laughingly remarked:

"Good thing I engaged you beforehand, Miss Dessie; I'm afraid I should have been obliged to 'stand afar off' if I had not."

"'Distance lends enchantment,' you know," I saucily replied, as I took his arm.

He was a perfect waltzer, and for a short time I was supremely happy. When the music stopped, he said:

"Now, you must give me the last waltz."

I promised, and then was dragged off by a young man with an eye-glass, who, during a lively polka, managed to step on my feet three times, crush all my flowers, and at last drop me, flushed and breathless, on a chair close by aunty.

Suddenly, I saw Maud coming toward me with a tall elderly stranger. Bending over me, she clasped my hand and whispered:

"Oh, Dessie! he has asked me to be his wife, and I am so happy—so happy!"

Then she was gone, and I was left to bear my sorrow as best I might. I had known it was coming; but it was so hard—so bitterly hard. I was almost wild. I knew that the dreadful young man was making frantic efforts to amuse me, but I have no idea what I answered him. At last, I was claimed for another waltz, and all that evening—ages, it seemed to me—I danced and laughed and flirted, while my heart ached and my head whirled.

When Arthur Loring came for the closing waltz, I tried bravely to smile; but I knew that my face was very cold and white.

"You are tired," he said, bending over me in what I thought a very brotherly manner. "Come out on the verandah: I have something to tell you."

"Yes, I know," I answered, looking up at him, and, by a great effort, smiling archly.

I thought he looked a trifle surprised; but he said nothing, only led me out into the moonlight, along the verandah, and into a strip of shadow at the further end: here he stopped a moment, looked at me closely, and then, taking the hand which I had placed on his arm, he said tenderly:

"Then you can guess what it is that I wish to tell you, Dessie?"

My heart was beating wildly, but I kept whispering: "He shall never know, he shall never know." So, with a great effort to be gay, I laughed lightly and said:

"Why, yes—of course. It was very plain to everyone."

"I could not help it, Dessie," he whispered, passionately: "I love you so. Won't you give me just one word of encouragement? Can't you promise to care for me?"

I tore myself away from him, and, with blazing eyes and trembling lips, cried:

"How dare you, Arthur Loring? How dare you insult me?"

I could say no more, for I felt a great lump rise in my throat.

I saw his face grow white and rigid, and then he said slowly:

"I am sorry that you look upon my love as an insult. God knows that I have loved you as truly, as deeply, as ever woman was loved! Then, coming nearer me, he continued in a voice of infinite tenderness: "Dessie, is there no hope?"

"Stop!" I exclaimed; "I will not hear another word! I would not have believed this of you!" And I felt the tears coming, and, clasping my hands over my eyes, I turned and ran—I knew or cared not where.

Presently, I found myself in a quiet corner of the conservatory; I sank into a chair, and, pressing my hands to my burning head, tried to think. But it was of no use—all was confusion. I felt sick and faint; and, when I saw Maud and Gilbert coming toward me, I sprang up and ran to meet them.

"Oh, Maud!" I cried, "take me to aunty! I want to go home! Oh, Maud, I must go home!"

"Why, Dessie!" said Maud, thoroughly frightened, "what is it? Are you ill, dear?"

"Yes," I answered. "But don't tell aunty. Just say that we've staid long enough and wish to go."

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Aunt Deborah was looking decidedly sleepy and was quite ready to depart, so we put on our wraps and went down to the carriage. At the foot of the stairs stood Gilbert and Arthur Loring, and I could not help noticing the difference in their faces—Gilbert's laughing and merry, Arthur's white and drawn.

"He looks like anything but an accepted lover," I thought.

He came forward and said nervously:

"I wish to bid you ladies good-night and good-bye: I leave at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I think it too bad of him to run off so suddenly," added Gilbert, sulkily; "but I can't get him to stay."

I had looked quickly up at Maud when Arthur spoke. "She takes the news calmly," I said to myself; "but, of course, she knew before."

"That's too bad. You'll come over in the morning?" Aunt Deb observed, sleepily.

"No, I think not," he replied. "I leave so early, you will hardly be prepared to receive callers."

By this time, we were in the carriage; Arthur stood close by me, and, reaching across, shook hands with Maud.

"Good-bye," said he. "I shall hope to see you for a few days, next week."

Rather a cool farewell, I thought; but then of course he had said good-bye to her before.

She turned to speak with Gilbert; and, taking my hand for a moment, Arthur whispered hoarsely:

"Remember, Dessie, you will never be loved as I have loved you."

I snatched my hand away, and the carriage drove on. Maud remarked:

"I wonder what calls him away so suddenly? I was just asking Gilbert; but he knows no more about it than I."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, Maud!" I cried, "did he go away without telling you? And just when you were engaged, too!"

For a moment, Maud looked at me in perfect amazement.

"Engaged?" she cried. "Why, you little goose, you didn't suppose I was engaged to him, did you, or anyone else but my darling Gilbert?"

Everything whirled about me, and I thought I was going to faint; I think it must have been a prolonged snore from Aunt Deb which roused me. In an instant, I had thrown my arms about Maud's neck and was sobbing wildly.

"Oh, Maud! he's going! And I do l-love him so-o-o!"

"You ridiculous child!" said Maud, rather scared. "What do you mean? Are you insane?"

Then, with many tears, I told her the whole story—how miserable I had been, and how I had just spoken to him.

"And I'm sure he'll never, never forgive me!"

"Nonsense!" said matter-of-fact Maud. "In the morning, you shall write him a nice little note, asking to see him before he leaves: then you can explain, and it will be all right."

So she tried to console me; but it was with a heavy heart and very red eyes that I sought my pillow. I awoke betimes and hurried downstairs long before the others. I opened my writing-desk, drew out a sheet of my best note-paper, only to find that every idea—if I ever possessed such a thing—had vanished. But, at last, after strenuous efforts, I completed and dispatched the following:

"ARTHUR:

Don't leave until I see you: I have something to say. DESSIE."

I was sorry, after it was gone, that I had not said "Mr. Loring," and I wondered nervously if he would come. "Of course, not this morning," I said to myself. So, after breakfast, I escaped from Maud, who wished me to show her a stitch in crochet, and ran out into the garden; from there I wandered into the meadow and then into the park. Here, I lost no time in finding the little nook where I had first met him, and, after the manner of all love-sick maidens, was weeping copiously, when I suddenly heard the light tread that I knew so well. I dried my eyes hastily and turned to flee; but it was too late—he had seen me. So there was nothing to do but wait for him to come up, which I did in a very shamefaced fashion.

He came close, and then said gravely:

"Why do you run away? You wished to see me."

"Ye-es," I stammered, fidgeting with some ferns. And, at last, looking up shyly, I noticed how white and haggard he was.

"You are not looking well," I remarked, wondering how I was ever going to tell him.

"I don't know who would, under the circumstances," he said, bitterly, and then added: "Did you send for me that you might make that observation, Miss Arbuckle?"

"Oh, please don't put me off so!" I cried, piteously. "I wanted to tell you—to tell

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you—" Then, making a dash—"that I was mistaken, last night. I meant—that is, I didn't mean—"

I faltered, trembled, stopped; there was silence; then, with a bound, he was at my side and had clasped my hands so tightly that I almost cried out with pain.

"Dessie," he exclaimed, hoarsely, "do you mean it? Oh, my darling—surely you would not give me hope again, only to dash it to the ground? Tell me, Dessie: do you love me?"

"Ye-es!" I whispered. And, in a moment, he had me in his arms and was holding me tightly, with my head on his breast, while I sobbed out my miserable story.

BLUE-BELLS.

BY MINNIE PALMER.

As idly by the cavern's edge
I slowly wandered on,
Where fringe of mosses downward swept
Wet with the dews of dawn,

I found the graceful blue-bell's stem
Uplifted bright and lone,
With shining azure satin bells
In sweetness drooping down.

Lo! close beside the waving stem—
The same, and yet apart,
Pressed by a blow beneath the ledge
Which closed the cavern dark—
Another grew, as sweet a flower,
The blue-bell's counterpart,
Long rudely severed from the first,
Yet nourished by its heart.

Most tenderly, I sought it out,
Removed the pris'ning clod,
And raised it to the golden day,
The sunlight of its God—
To see its bells, all pearly white
And pure, droop o'er the sod—
To cherish with a dearer care
Than blossoms gleaned abroad.

No tint of skies in early June
Had stained its petals rare;
Not blue of seas or mountain-mists
Was ever mirrored there;
No hue but white of angels' wings
Could paint my flowret fair;
No flitting birds nor gleaming stars
Its solitude could share.

How treasured still above the gems
Of woodland or of plain
This pallid prize of weary search,
Shut out from sun and rain—
This blossom frail, more fair and sweet
That it had felt the pain
Of stroke which cleft it from the light
And joy of earthly gain!

Rough-chastened thus, a soul may grow
To be as pure and white
As blue-bell 'neath the cavern's edge
Concealed in deepest night;
While sisters fair a fragrance breathe
For careless sense and sight,
This soul immortal robes may weave
By means of earthly blight.

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KINDLING A FLAME.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"DOROTHY," exclaimed Tom, looking up from his book in wonder, "what on earth have you got there?"

His sister had come in glowing with frosty brightness, her eyes all asparkle with pleasure. She carried over her shoulder a pretty bag, pieced out of bits of an old Roman scarf and stuffed very full of something—Tom wondered what.

"They are pine cones, dear," said Dorothy, who, young though she was, always played the mother to poor crippled Tom.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked, good-humoredly, and pushed aside the tiresome review article he was writing, to take up one of the large brown cones, which gave out a strong aromatic odor.

"To burn them in our open grate," said Dorothy, gleefully. And she straightway tossed one or two in the fire.

It was beautiful to see them blaze. There was a sputter and a flare like fireworks till the gum was all consumed, and then the skeleton cones, ignited to a glowing red, crumbled slowly away.

"What a fire to dream over!" said Tom, and a tender smile flitted about the corners of his mouth, where lurked the shadows cast by years of suffering.

"The reveries of a bachelor," observed Dorothy, patting his bearded cheek softly. "Are you ready for your tea, dear? We will have it here, and then I shall put on more cones, and we will dream to our hearts' content."

Tom laid aside his work gladly and yet with a sigh. It was so slow in the doing, and paid so poorly! He wondered how they were going to get through the winter, he and Dorothy, living all alone and too proud to ask for help—if there had been anyone to give it, which there was not. Dorothy had made up her mind what to do if the worst came; but she did not tell Tom, for he held certain antiquated aristocratic notions in regard to women, and did not propose that she should press forth into the world to earn her own living.

"Tom dear," she said, when the tea was steaming on the table and she had heaped the cones in the open grate, "don't you think we might take a couple of boarders, this winter?"

Tom shivered apprehensively, but Dorothy went on:

"It would help us a great deal, and it wouldn't make much extra work. We've plenty of room, too."

"Yes," said Tom; "if we could only get the right kind of persons. But those who board in cheap places are generally common and vulgar. You couldn't live with them, Dorothy."

"Why, there must be plenty of nice poor people besides ourselves," said Dorothy, laughing at his arrogance.

"Yes," Tom answered, dubiously; "if you can only get at them."

The cone-fire was crackling away gloriously. Its ruddy reflection danced on the window-panes, for Dorothy would never have the curtains drawn.

"It is such a comfort," she often said, "on a dark night, to be able to look in at the windows, as you pass by, and see a little bit of life."

Dorothy was gazing into the fire. They had grown quite still and dreamy, when suddenly a sharp rap of the brass knocker summoned Dorothy to the door. She admitted a gentleman wrapped in a heavy great-coat—a dark, fine-looking gentleman—who took off his hat and said politely:

"I am sorry to disturb you—but I believe you want to take a lady and gentleman to board, this winter."

Dorothy gasped for breath. How on earth had this stranger found out a project of which she had spoken to-night for the first time, even to Tom?

"I—I had thought of doing so," she stammered. "Will you walk in?"

"My name is Hamilton," said the gentleman, who had the manners of a courtier. "My sister is just recovering from a long illness. I have had her abroad this summer, and, under the doctor's orders, I want to find a quiet household where she can rest this winter and enjoy all the comforts of a home."

"I am sure we are quiet enough," said Dorothy, with a faint smile. "This is my brother, sir." The gentleman bowed to Tom. "There are only the two of us."

"There are only two of us, also," rejoined

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the visitor, pleasantly. And Dorothy soon found herself unexpectedly assuming the rôle of landlady; for Mr. Hamilton was pleased with the rooms, and seemed utterly indifferent about the terms, and offered a well-known banker as reference, so that they struck a bargain then and there.

"Well, Dorothy!" said Tom, reproachfully, when Mr. Hamilton had departed, "it seems that you have been very decidedly acting on your own responsibility! Why didn't you tell me you had advertised?"

"I had not!" she answered, eagerly. "I don't know anything about it, Tom. It's some witchwork. I haven't an idea how he ever knew we even thought of boarders."

"He seems like a gentleman," said Tom, somewhat mollified; and then both agreed that a streak of luck had befallen them.

Leon Hamilton and his sister, Mrs. Floyd, came the following day. She was a widow, rich, handsome, and happily escaped from an unwilling marriage with a man many years her senior.

"Isn't she lovely?" Dorothy cried, as she and Tom sat down to talk the pair over.

Mrs. Floyd's soft draperies had just trailed away in a gentle rustle, and Tom sighed.

"She seems a very fine woman," he said, in the guarded fashion of a man who will not commit himself, and Dorothy sang all the praises in solo.

They got on famously with the new boarders; and, one February night, three months after Leon Hamilton had brought his sister there, they all sat around the open fire like old friends.

"I wish you two could go to Europe with us, this spring," said Mrs. Floyd, patting Dorothy's hand, which lay quite near, but looking directly into Tom's pensive face as she spoke.

"Why don't you wish we could go to the moon?" retorted Dorothy, cheerfully, quite unmindful of the fluttering sigh that had somehow trembled on Tom's lips very often of late.

"You have done me so much good," Mrs. Floyd went on. "I feel quite well now. These three months have been such quiet restful ones to me. I wonder how Leon ever found you out?"

"That is what I should like to know!" said Dorothy, eagerly, while Tom looked up and Mr. Hamilton laughed softly to himself.

"It was all my own impudence," he said. "You see, Miss Dunlap, we had advertised for board, and one of the answers was from a lady living on this street—1912, I think it was. I went to look at the rooms, but didn't like either them or the landlady, so I decided we wouldn't go there. But, as I was passing your house, I caught sight of this open fire and stopped. Yes, Miss Dunlap, and I was mean enough to stand on the pavement and look in."

"You didn't see much, I fancy," said Dorothy, smiling.

"I saw you. You were pouring out tea, and there was something in the way you did it which made me think you were a good housekeeper; and I have since had reason to applaud my own penetration."

"There, there!" said Mrs. Floyd, patting Dorothy's glowing cheek. "Don't blush so. It's true, my dear."

"Then I saw you pile the cones on the fire," Leon continued, "and I observed to myself: 'I'd like to have the satisfaction of sitting beside that hearth, if only for a few minutes. Perhaps they may take boarders.' So I made up my mind I'd come in and ask—"

"But you said that you understood we wanted boarders," Dorothy interrupted.

"Did I? Oh, well, I had to throw an air of plausibility over my conduct, and I probably thought that there might be some good in suggesting the idea to you in a positive form. But, to tell the truth, I was rather out of countenance when I met you face-to-face. I was frightened at my own assurance; and, when you said that you had thought of taking boarders, I decided there had been a direct interposition of Providence in my favor."

"That's just what I thought about you," said Dorothy, with a bright smile.

And Mrs. Floyd added dreamily:

"Some of the pleasantest things in life come to us in that unexpected way."

It was late when they all went to bed, and later still when Leon Hamilton smoked himself out of matches and went downstairs again for a light.

The house was perfectly still; the atmosphere of the hall was stifling. What was that strange heated odor that pervaded it? He opened the library-door, and was driven back by a perfect blast of smoke. Before him, all was a fierce red glare. A coal from the open fire had fallen on the rug, and the room was in flames.

He never knew how he got upstairs and awakened his sister.

"The house is on fire!" he cried, in a voice that was shrill with excitement. "Call Tom Dunlap! I'll go for Miss Dorothy!"

Dorothy's room was at the end of a long

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narrow passage, the entrance to which was by a door closed in winter to shut off draughts. Leon tried it; but it was locked! Good heavens! how could he make her hear? The flames had burst into the hall. He heard Tom's voice, and called to him to get out with Mrs. Floyd as quick as he could.

There had been no alarm yet; but it rang out now, just as Leon, frantic with the failure to make Dorothy hear him, swung himself out to the top of the bay-window and gained her room in that way.

Startled from a sound sleep, Dorothy found herself wrapped in a blanket and borne away in Leon's arms. She remembered the awful cry of "Fire!" which struck her ears as he ran along the hall with her in his arms, and then a seething mass of flame seemed to burst forth on all sides.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Dorothy," he said.

But, happily for her, she knew no more till she recovered from a deep swoon and her dear old home was in ruins.

"Where—where is Mr. Hamilton?" she asked, anxiously. "And Tom and Mrs. Floyd?"

"They's all right, Miss Doe," said Susan, an old black servant who had hastened to the scene of former prosperity. "Massa Tom and de lady done tend to the gem'mun what's burned so bad."

"Is he seriously burned?" cried Dorothy.

"Mighty bad, Miss Doe. I'se feard he won't nebber git ober it, I is!"

"Oh, he must not die!" she cried, springing up from the couch where they had laid her. "Oh, Leon! my love, my darling! you must not give your life for me!"

A sweet fate seemed to follow her. She was caught up tenderly in Leon Hamilton's arms, while he kissed her passionately.

"It was not I who was burned, little Doe," he whispered, while poor Susan stood by amazed. "Thank God! we four are all safe, but a poor fireman was struck by a plank and terribly hurt. No, darling! I won't let you go. Don't struggle so. Don't tell me you repent that sweet confession. I love you, Dorothy. I have known it for some time; but to-night, dearest, I learned that I could not live without you. Promise me you will be my wife."

Happy Dorothy stood committed already, so she knew there was but one course to take. She took it, and Leon was satisfied.

At ten o'clock in the morning, a happy little party, arrayed in borrowed clothes, took breakfast at the Delavan House.

"Hamilton," said Tom, as they lingered over their coffee, "I have a serious question to propound. Have you any objections to my marrying your sister? I am nothing but a poor cripple and a penny-a-liner, but—"

A soft hand stole over his mouth.

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Floyd, softly. "You said you wouldn't talk about that."

"My dear fellow," said Leon, warmly, "I haven't a single objection to you, if you haven't any to me. I have asked Dorothy to be my wife."

"You deserve her, I am sure," said Tom, "much more than I do Amy."

"Behold how big a fire a little spark kindleth!" quoted Mrs. Floyd. "This comes of kindling a flame with Hymen's torch."

"It was those pine cones," said Dorothy, demurely.

"No, love!" Leon whispered. "It was you."

So the four of them went to Europe together after all, and left the poor fireman, who was better of his burns, so richly endowed that he looked on the accident as a godsend.

MUSIC.

BY VIOLET E. KING.

O music, sweet evangel,
  Blest ministry is thine!
Thy mission one of gladness,
  Thy origin divine;
The balm of consolation,
  To soothe the wounded heart,
And in our adoration
  Thou hast a noble part.

O music, sweet evangel,
  Thy influence we own:
For, like a benediction,
  Thy sweet and gentle tone
Has banished thoughts of sadness,
  Restrained the falling tear,
And life's thoughts deflected
  Into a higher sphere.

O music, sweet evangel,
  Thy melody sublime
Shall ring throughout the ages
  Of an unending time!
On earth, we hear the prelude
  Of that eternal song
That shall be sung forever
  By an immortal throng.

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TED AND I.

BY G. E. CHITTENDEN.

CHAPTER I.

AM going to show them."

"No; I am."

"It's not fair; you did last time."

"Well, get them if you can."

So saying, I ran, closely followed by Ted, up the verandah steps, through the hall, and burst into the breakfast-room laughing, panting, and holding out a long string of fish for the admiration of all beholders.

But admiration was not the predominant expression in the three pairs of eyes regarding me. No, it was something quite different—actual disapproval.

"My dears," remarked father, with difficulty succeeding in bringing a wrinkle between his merry blue eyes, "are you aware of the fact that this is the fifth—yes, the fifth, for I've counted so as to be sure of my ground—morning you have come to the breakfast-table just as the rest of us are ready to leave it?"

"And I do believe, children, that you have been racing about since before sunrise."

This from mamma, in her most plaintive tones.

Here Carrie lifted up her voice:

"And do you think, mamma, that Freddie should be quite so constantly with a boy like Ted? For a girl of sixteen— Good gracious! Freddie Carlton, take those horrid things away. Mamma, will you speak to Freddie?"

Having had enough of her nonsense, especially as she was verging on very dangerous ground for my peace of mind, I had put an end to the impending harangue by suddenly dangling my string of fish before her eyes.

Mother desired me to take them to the kitchen, and I departed. When I returned, my father was speaking to Ted, who looked the picture of misery.

"And I want you to go to the station with me this morning, to meet him. You will have no more than time to prepare, so scamper."

"Oh, the tutor!" I exclaimed. "This is the day he arrives, sure enough. But I say, Daddy dear I'm going to drive you down this morning; I want to try my hand on those new ponies."

Oaklands, our beautiful summer home, was situated in the suburbs of Boston. Father went daily to the city, returning toward evening, and there was quite a rivalry among us as to who should drive him to and from the station.

"Oh, nonsense, Freddie!" he answered. "They're far too frisky; I cannot allow it."

"No, they are not!" I cried, bringing down my foot with an impatient little stamp; then I added coaxingly: "You will let me go, won't you? And, besides, I'll not be alone: you will be with me going; and the tutor," with a laughing glance at Ted, who groaned, "coming back, you know."

"Well, well, child, have your own way. Only make haste: it's high time we were off."

My own way being a thing I was accustomed to obtain with my good-natured father, I was in no way astonished, and, running up to my room, hastily donned a blue-and-white cambric gown made with a blouse waist, linen collar and cuffs, and a necktie arranged à-la-Ted.

My brother—who, though two years my junior, was my constant companion—was a slender graceful little fellow, with curly brown hair and wide-open laughing blue eyes shaded by long curling black lashes. He was possessed of a deep dimple in each cheek, which appeared and disappeared were he pleased or displeased, as the case might be.

There! I thought it would be less unpleasant to describe Ted than myself; and it is all the same, for the likeness between twins could not have been stronger. Indeed, except for the difference in dress, it would have been difficult for a stranger to distinguish one from the other: for I wore my hair short and parted on one side, determined to do my best to make up for the misfortune of being a girl.

"Come, dear," called my father, springing in the phaeton as I appeared on the verandah, where the whole family were assembled to see us depart. "Why, you have on no hat and jacket, child!" he exclaimed, as I seated myself beside him.

"Here, take mine," said Ted, pulling off his light gray coat and soft felt hat of the same color.

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"Freddie!" cried Carrie, in a horrified tone, "you are never going to wear that coat and hat! I would not allow it, papa. What will Mr. Ainsly—that's his name, is it not?—think?"

"It's a first-rate hat," I returned, composedly. "Besides, I don't care what Mr. Ainsly or any other bothersome old tutor thinks of me."

"I know he'll be no end cross; and how I will hate to study!" groaned Teddie, dismally.

"Never mind, my boy," I whispered, as he tucked the lap-robe over my dress; "I'll venture, his life won't be all peace and quiet." And I nodded reassuringly as the ponies started.

Arrived at the station, my father sprang to the ground and handed me the reins, saying:

"Now, you must hold them carefully while I go and meet Mr. Ainsly. I wish I knew him from Adam," he muttered, as he hurried toward the platform; while I leaned eagerly forward, anxious to catch the first glimpse of our—Ted's and my—coming foe.

"That must be he," I thought, as an old gentleman with sharp eyes and a determined expression jumped from the car and walked briskly away. "No, it can't be—for he's going. There— Oh, dear, he's horrid! but just like a school-teacher! How Ted will hate you, you wretch!" This to a wiry-looking little man possessed of a long black beard and a very ugly face and figure generally.

"Yes—he's speaking to father! He is worse even than I feared. What a time we will have, with him in the house for five whole months!" And I leaned back and closed my eyes in sheer disgust.

Soon, footsteps approached; father spoke; then a voice, the slowest and laziest I had ever heard, answered. How could that cross-looking wiry little man speak in such a tone?

I opened my eyes, and beheld, coming toward me with father, a tall, very gentlemanlike-looking individual with a handsome face, whose general expression appeared to be weariness.

The next moment, two languid brown eyes were looking directly into my wide-open blue ones.

"This is Freddie," said father; "the worst little rascal going," smiling and pinching my cheek, which grew rather red—father never would remember my sixteen years.

The tall stranger nodded and smiled without troubling himself to lift his hat.

"Thinks I am a little girl, I suppose," I thought, composedly, my dignity not being easily offended.

"Well, good-morning, Mr. Ainsly," father was saying. "I hope you won't find my boy very backward. Good-bye, Fred. See that you behave yourself, and don't make anyone crazy, if you can help it, before I see you again."

And away he went, to take the return train to the city.

I doffed Ted's hat in good-bye, then turned to my companion, who had meantime stepped into the phaeton and seated himself beside me.

The ponies made a plunge and I caught the reins.

"Are you ready, Mr. Ainsly?" I asked, looking up at him from under the big hat.

He answered "Yes," and then leaned back and seemed to forget all about me.

Apparently he was the laziest man it had ever been my fortune to meet; which fact filled me with the keenest delight. Surely Ted and I would have no difficulty in obtaining our way with him: he would never trouble himself to oppose us.

Suddenly, a hand was placed on my hat, the hat pushed back, and my head turned so that I could look directly into the face above me. I was too amazed to resist, and Mr. Ainsly's hand still rested lightly on my hat.

"Now," he said, with a slow amused smile, "you can examine me more easily, and I can see with what manner of boy I have to deal."

I thought of Ted's jacket and hat, my short hair, and the duster which effectually hid my gown—then that ridiculous introduction of father's. Yes, there was no doubt about it: he certainly mistook me for his future pupil.

He removed his hand, and I quickly raised mine to draw down my hat as a shield to my scarlet face.

"Leave it so," he said; "the sun is behind us; and we can never become acquainted if we cannot see each other."

I meekly did as I was bidden.

"So you are not fond of study?" the lazy voice went on. "Do you know, I am not very sorry for that."

He paused; but I did not answer—indeed, I could not, for I was struggling against an almost irresistible desire to laugh.

"Why, it will never do for us to be shy of one another," he said. And then, to my amazement, he drew one finger over my still burning cheek. "You are not going to be afraid of me, my boy—are you?"

Afraid of him! I glanced for an instant into his face.

"Indolent and slightly conceited," was my mental comment.

The last person on earth to fear, I decided, and rejoiced for Ted's sake that it was so.

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He should never discover the mistake he had made if I could help it, I thought, as I sat silent, wondering what would come next.

He commenced talking about fishing. I became much interested, and had forgotten his mistaking me for Teddie. We were nearly home, when he said:

"You're a fine little fisherman, evidently. Do you shoot?"

"Oh, I have let off a pistol," I returned, proudly. "But," honestly, "I don't like it very well."

"No?" with a look of surprise. "If your father does not object, we will alter that and teach you to be as familiar with a gun as with a fishing-rod. But we must not allow these things to interfere with lessons. How far advanced are you—say, in Latin?"

"Latin? Why, I have never studied it at all," I returned, demurely.

"No?" opening his eyes in surprise. "And you hope to enter the High School in the autumn?"

"Oh, no, I don't," I returned, the love of mischief getting the better of my determination to play the school-boy properly.

"Why—but, Carlton, your father certainly told me that was the object for which you were to study, this summer."

"I think you must be mistaken," I answered, with a laugh I could no longer suppress: "I don't think I shall study at all."

"I fancy you will do as I wish in the matter."

As Mr. Ainsly said this, there was a ring in the quiet voice which sent through me a thrill of fear for poor Ted.

"Think so?" I rejoined, looking up at him defiantly.

He only smiled slightly and nodded; but I felt, at that instant, as if I hated him. Suppose there were more behind those quiet eyes than I at first fancied? If this man should take my Ted away from me and spoil my summer!

I gave the reins a sudden pull, which the ponies resented by starting off on a brisk run.

I caught my breath with a gasp of fear.

"Give me the reins," said my companion, quietly.

"Nonsense!" I returned, hotly, holding on with all my little might. "I can manage these ponies perfectly well."

His answer was to unclasp my fingers. I caught at the reins—but, the next instant, found both my hands imprisoned in his left hand, while, with his right, he soon brought the ponies to order.

The tears rushed to my eyes, and I turned my head so that he should not see them. My fingers were freed from the firm light clasp; I rubbed them against the lap-robe. Even supposing I had been a boy, he had no right to treat me in this way!

"You may drive now, if you wish," he said. presently.

"May," indeed! I shook my head, still without turning.

There was a short silence; then he placed his hand on my shoulder, saying with great gentleness:

"Why, Carlton—I fear we are making a bad beginning. I was obliged to take the reins from you. Your grasp," with a quizzical glance at my little sunburned hands as they lay in my lap, "was not strong enough. Come," he added: "let us at least start friends."

"This is Oaklands," I said, huskily; for I still felt a horrible inclination to cry, and had no mind to pay any attention to his amicable overture.

We passed in silence up the avenue. Mother came out on the verandah to meet Mr. Ainsly, and I drove away to the barn.

"What's he like?" demanded Ted, running around the back way to meet me.

"Oh, horrid!" I exclaimed, passionately. "Just as perfectly horrid as he can be!"

CHAPTER II.

I was not destined to see Mr. Ainsly again for some time; for, as I returned to the house that morning, arm-in-arm with Ted, I saw May Manners stepping from her dear little village-cart. She told a pitiful tale of her father and mother having gone to the city for a week, leaving her to the tender mercies of Aunt Prudence and the cruelties of "the boys." She wanted me to go home with her; and, as her request was seconded by a note to mamma from her aunt, of course I was permitted to accept the invitation.

As I liked May, and as her brothers were jolly fun-loving lads, whose society I enjoyed immensely, I was glad to go. The only drawback to my pleasure lay in the fact that poor Teddie could not accompany me.

At the end of the week, he came for me, much disgusted by my long absence. We concluded to walk home, sending my small trunk by the carriage.

"Come back soon!" shouted Will and Harrie, after we had parted by the gate, where May stood waving a handkerchief in good-bye, her pretty curls blowing in the wind.

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"We will take the path by the river," I said, slipping my arm through Ted's. "Well," I continued, "did you miss me? And how are they all?"

"Why, yes—of course I missed you," he returned; "but not quite so much, you know, as if I were not busy studying," with an important air.

"Oh, to be sure. And how do you get on with Mr. Crosspatch? You didn't tell him it was not you, that day, did you?"

"No," laughing, "I didn't. And he first saw me with that same hat and jacket on; but, you know, your hair is longer than mine, or something—anyway, he kept giving me the queerest looks. I had to go away no end of times to laugh. It couldn't have been the names—Teddie and Freddie sound too much alike for that."

"Is he very cross, dear?" I asked, giving my boy's arm a sympathetic little squeeze.

He flushed slightly and cast down his eyes.

"Cross?" Ted repeated. "Well, I don't know. He likes to have his own way pretty well—if you mean that."

"Which of course you don't give him," I returned, confidently.

Ted laughed uncomfortably.

"I say," he remarked, abruptly changing the subject, "father brought us that fishing-tackle, you know, and it's stunning, and—"

"Ted Carlton!" I interrupted, sternly, "do you mean to tell me that you are giving in to that horrid man already?"

"No," crossly, "I don't intend to tell you anything, except that Mr. Ainsly is not horrid, and I think you very disagreeable to-day."

"Oh, Teddie!" I cried, the tears springing to my eyes. "Do you put him before me?"

"But you're so ridiculous, Fred!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell you this: Mr. Ainsly is first-rate; I like him—can't help it; so will you when you know him."

"Never!" emphatically.

"Oh, well, let's not fight any more." Ted was always the one to regain his temper first. "Bet you I'll beat you to the resting-rock—we're near there now. One—two—three—and away!" and off he started at full speed.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my light spring ulster and flew after him.

"Beaten!" cried Ted, stopping beside the resting-rock, as we had christened a large stone which hung like a great shelf over the water.

"Oh, I say, don't do that!" cried Ted, catching my arm as I stepped on the rock.

"Why, why?"

"It's not safe," he said, pointing to several insignificant-looking cracks and tiny fissures. "Mr. Ainsly says it may give way any day."

"Pshaw!" I returned, stepping forward again, for I had drawn back when Ted first spoke. "What does he know about it? It has always been just so. Come on—who's afraid?"

"I cannot, Freddie."

"Cannot?"

"No," looking down and digging little holes in the sod with his boot.

"Cannot?" I repeated, in amazement. "Why, yes, you can, Ted. What on earth do you mean?"

How oddly he behaved. How unlike Teddie, to be afraid.

"Well," boldly, but flushing a little, "to tell the truth, Mr. Ainsly has forbidden it."

I gazed at him in speechless astonishment, which rapidly changed to indignation.

"Ah!" I returned, finding speech at last. "Indeed! Well, he has not forbidden me, I suppose; and I am not afraid, if you are."

"I am not afraid," angrily. "You know well enough I'm not afraid of anything."

"Or anybody," I said, mockingly, over my shoulder.

"No, I'm not; but I— Oh, bother!" stepping on the rock. "There—I've done it! Now come along! I say, Fred," in a low shamed voice, "you didn't really think I was afraid, did you?"

"I know you're not now, anyway," I replied, giving him a quick kiss, while my lips quivered. "Ted, if ever you care for anyone more than you do for me, I don't know what I will do."

"Why, Fred, what a— By jingo!" And, with a sudden dart, Ted dropped from the rock upon a little strip of beach which helped support it on one side.

A sweet clear whistle sounded very near. I sat down on the rock and waited, with my face turned toward the bushes from whence the signal seemed to proceed. They were parted, and Mr. Ainsly stepped into view. The sun had set, and twilight was deepening rapidly, but I recognized him at once.

Without a word, he strode forward, took me by the arms, and lifted me, with not too gentle hands, to solid ground once more.

My ulster, which was only fastened to the waist, flew back, revealing the gown beneath; my hat, with its long gray feather, hung from my arm.

The expression in the brown eyes looking into mine changed from annoyance to blankest astonishment. His long fingers still clasped my arms, evidently because his amazement was too great for movement.

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"Well, sir," I said, "I should call that unasked-for assistance."

He returned my glance without speaking, for a moment; then the great eyes regained their accustomed indolence, and, removing his hands from my arms, he lifted his hat and bowed courteously.

"Miss Frederika Carlton, I suppose?" he said.

I nodded, bewildered and piqued.

"You think me like my brother?" I asked, mischievously, rallying my forces.

"Very!" leaning against a tree as if too languid to stand erect. "Really, a most remarkable resemblance! Can you tell me where Ted is, by the way? I believe he went for you."

The sudden remembrance of the unfortunate's whereabouts made me in haste to be gone—and I must take Mr. Ainsly with me!

"Did he?" I said, carelessly. "How rapidly it grows dark—does it not? Would it trouble you to return home with me?"

"I shall be delighted," he answered, pleasantly. "But first allow me to tell you that you really should not venture on this rock."

"Nonsense!" I rejoined, cross again in a moment. "There is no danger; it has always been just so."

"Nevertheless, I repeat, it is far from safe. Look!" stamping on it. "Did you not see it give?"

I certainly did observe a slight swaying forward, but had no mind to acknowledge the fact.

"What! you don't? Well, now, when I go further out—"

"Oh, yes—yes, I see! I see!" I cried, in an agony of fear that he would discover Ted. "Do come home!"

He looked at me curiously, made another step forward, and looked down.

"Give me your hand, Carlton, and I'll help you up."

How foolish I had been, to allow my heart to beat so rapidly at the thought of this lazy stranger's finding Teddie doing something he had forbidden! Forbidden, forsooth!

As Teddie sprang upon the rock, it gave a sudden lurch. I caught my breath, and mentally decided that, in future, I would choose some other resting-place. I looked at my brother, as he stood beside Mr. Ainsly, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks; and—yes, he did—he certainly did look ashamed.

"Going, Ted?" I asked, nonchalantly.

"Yes," glumly. "Come on."

I stepped back on the rock.

"I have concluded to stay and see the moon rise," I said.

Mr. Ainsly stood stroking his mustache, the picture of indifference.

"Do you not think, Miss Freddie," he asked, carelessly, "that it would be better for you to go with us?"

"No," shortly; "I will not go till I choose."

"But you will choose to come now—will you not?"

"No—certainly not. You must have misunderstood me."

I moved on, and looked back defiantly over my shoulder.

His face seemed to grow a trifle white in the uncertain light, and his eyes to turn from brown to black; but he said very quietly:

"Carlton, you may run home now. Go at once to the school-room: let me find you there when I return."

Without a word, my brother started. Dear little independent Ted—could this be he?

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ainsly waited until the boy was some distance from us, then said in a low determined voice:

"Miss Freddie, I hope you will reconsider your decision to remain here; indeed, I cannot allow it. I am very unwilling to go to you; for I don't wish to add my weight to yours."

"You might be killed," I answered, with a little scornful laugh. "I tell you again, you may as well go—for here I intend to remain."

With a quick step or two, he was beside me.

"I would be sorry to do it," he said, still in that low determined voice, "but you must come with me of your own free will, and instantly, or I will be obliged to carry you."

"You wouldn't dare!" I cried, stamping my foot; again the rock swayed, and for the second time I was lifted back on solid ground.

"Now you will come home," he said, as he released me.

Without a word, I turned and walked beside him. Take every rage I had ever indulged in from infancy to that moment, and condense them into one, I am convinced it would have been as child's-play when compared to the passion now boiling within me.

"It was amusing, my thinking you your brother; was it not?" my companion remarked, presently. "It was you who drove me from the station that day. You perceived my mistake?"

"Don't talk to me," I said, in a voice I vainly tried to make steady. "I—I—don't want to talk."

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"Very well."

After about ten minutes of total silence, I spoke again:

"I didn't come because you told me; but because I did not choose to be so treated a second time. I hope you understood."

"Yes, yes," gently, "I quite understand. And I too must say just one thing: I would not have been so rude, believe me, had there been any alternative. It was for your own sake, Miss Freddie; I am sorry it occurred."

We had reached home, and he held the gate open for me to pass through. I went by him without a word, and ran to the house.

A little after eight that evening, I went out into the verandah. Mr Ainsly was there, leaning in his indolent way against a pillar, and gazing into space.

Teddie had not appeared at dinner, his tutor simply saying he was engaged. Didn't I wish I was father just for five minutes! But he sat there quite happy and unconcerned, apparently delighted with Mr. Ainsly's conversation; and, to my vehement protest after dinner, merely answered good-naturedly:

"No, no, my dear, I won't interfere with Mr. Ainsly—a wonderful fellow: makes the boy love and obey him at the same time. Can't understand that kind of thing myself, but I admire it."

I knew that to speak to mother would only worry her; to expect help from Carrie would be quite useless; as for Ted, he was evidently bewitched. My wrath burned all the more hotly that it could find no vent, and I now looked at the man with eyes of dislike.

Carrie passed me, and, going up to Mr. Ainsly, commenced talking in her very best style. I was surprised—and he only a tutor! My sister was usually most careful upon whom she bestowed her pretty little attentions.

Finally, with a slight bow, he left her and walked off toward the garden.

"Carrie," I exclaimed, stopping her as she was about to re-enter the house, "aren't you wasting your sweetness on the desert air?"

She frowned, then condescended to explain:

"He is a gentleman, Freddie—anyone would know that by his manner."

"I don't think him one," I answered.

"Oh, well, my dear, you are no judge," was my sister's reply. "He is heir to a large fortune, which will belong to him when his grandfather dies."

"Where did you learn all this?" I asked.

"Papa told me," Carrie answered, with a little air of importance. "And he said," she continued, "that, if it were not for Mr. Ainsly's energy and determination, he could live with the old gentleman and be supported by him in idleness. This he did not choose to do; so, after graduating, he arranged with papa to finish preparing Ted for college, as he really enjoys teaching."

And my pretty sister looked down, smiled, and went into the house.

Could this account be correct? Did he really possess so much energy? He seemed so thoroughly indolent. Then a sudden recollection came to me of two firm hands on my shoulders, a low determined voice, and the novel sensation of being lifted swiftly through the air against my will.

"Ah, yes," I thought, spitefully, "there is no doubt about his hateful determination."

But there was one thing I must do, no matter how distasteful: so I ran after the tall figure as it moved slowly down the moonlit garden-path. He seated himself upon a rustic bench, and I went steadily up to him and said:

"Mr. Ainsly!"

"Yes?" he said.

"I wish to say," I commenced, swiftly, so as to give myself no time to alter my mind, "that I hope you will not be angry with Ted; I coaxed him to go on that rock every way I could think of—he did not want to go at all."

"No?"

I waited a minute, then said impatiently:

"Well?"

"What is it?" he asked; and, although his lips were quite grave, his eyes were certainly smiling.

"Don't you remember what I asked you?" I demanded, with burning cheeks.

"That I would not be angry with Ted? Well, I am not angry."

I looked at him doubtfully, bowed as coldly as I could, turned, and started to return to the house, but paused as I saw Teddie running toward me. I was in the shadow, and he did not see me as he passed. He shyly approached Mr. Ainsly, who held out his hand, saying:

"Well, Carlton?"

Teddie took the proffered hand eagerly in both his own.

"Are you friends with me again, sir?" he said.

"Yes, Ted—if you are sorry. Are you?"

I did not catch the answer, it was so low, but suppose it was "Yes." For Mr. Ainsly drew my boy to him, and Teddie leaned against him as if he loved him, while I crept away and cried—I don't know why.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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A LAST RESOURCE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

TWILIGHT had gathered when Leslie Hastings reached home in the exhilarated mood which usually follows a couple of hours' gallop on a good horse.

The gas was burning in the library, but a careless servant had neglected to draw the curtains, and the light from the street-lamps struggled in, dimmed by the evening mist. Leslie saw a letter lying on the table; a glance at the superscription showed him that it was from his stepmother. He wondered what reason she could have for writing, as he had heard from her only a few days previous.

While putting away some papers, his thoughts strayed to a person who for many months past had been gradually assuming a more and more important place in his life. Recollecting that this epistle might make some mention of that person, he sat down to read it. But, after opening the envelope, he held it absently in his hand while dreaming his golden dream and pondering the story which he meant to tell Emily Marshall before another week should elapse—the story of the love which had planted its roots in the deepest fibres of his nature and burst suddenly into a summer splendor of blossom and fragrance.

The cathedral clock roused him by ringing out a plaintive chime. He began to read:

"My dear Leslie. I cannot go to my bed until I have told you something which has made me very, very happy I know I shall receive your hearty congratulations, and I am certain that you will take a personal pleasure in my news, as you have always shown a warm interest in both those whom it most concerns."

Hastings marveled what she could be getting at—turned the page and caught Emily Marshall's name. He devoured the ensuing paragraphs, pushed the letter away, and stared at it for a few instants as a man might stare who had wakened suddenly from a dream so vivid that at first he could not tell which was real—the vision or the familiar surroundings that suddenly looked so strange.

It required an effort to pick up the sheet once more. His muscles felt rigid; a tingling sensation like the prick of a thousand tiny pins made a burning heat at the base of his brain; his sight was so indistinct that unconsciously he passed his hand before his eyes to dispel the blur. Again that awful paragraph forced itself on his vision—like a line of flame running to and fro across the blackness of the page.

"Emily Marshall and my darling Louis are engaged, and I am the happiest mother alive! You could not help knowing that he adored her—you must have seen that she took a strong personal interest in my son, so you will not be surprised at my tidings. Louis has been a little wild, but he will grow steady now; and dear Emily feels that perhaps a good many of his foolish pranks might have been avoided had she acted last year as her heart prompted, and granted him the treasure of her love which is now avowedly his."

The letter fell from Hastings's hand and fluttered down to the floor. His head sank on his left arm stretched out on the table, while his right hand clenched itself in the horrible agony which convulsed body as well as mind till the mere physical pain left him bathed in a cold sweat from head to foot.

The evening passed, and the night. Day dawned, and Hastings looked out through the sunlight on the changed world to which he must grow accustomed, as he must to this altered self and the load of pain and disappointment that was to be carefully hidden from all eyes.

Business took him down to Wall Street, where he met Ralph Seymour, an intimate friend, with whom he was joined in various financial operations. He learned that Seymour was unexpectedly called to the Bermudas by his wife's illness and would not return till summer.

"I was going to see you, this evening," Ralph said, after his hasty explanation. "Just come into my office; I want to leave all the papers about the new buildings in your hands."

When they were established in his private room and Seymour was taking various documents out of his safe, he said suddenly:

"By Jove! I'd clean forgotten those stocks! I've meant several times lately to speak to you about them. I expect you'll pitch into me for my unbusiness-like behavior; but you'll see I couldn't well help myself."

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"Just explain what you mean, for I have no idea," Hastings said, patiently.

"Well, this is about the size of it—I'll get it clear gradually," cried Seymour, with a happy laugh which made his friend shiver: "You see, Louis Alden hypothecated those stocks nearly nine months ago, while you were laid up with that fever."

"I was not aware that Louis Alden had any stocks to hypothecate," was Hastings's only remark.

"Well, that's just it—he hadn't: they were his mother's, and she let him have them. They belonged to you, in fact."

"Seymour, for heaven's sake, try to tell the thing straight," said Hastings, sharply; "I don't understand."

"Well, I suppose you've forgotten—you were an awfully sick man. This was the way of it: You had exchanged those stocks with your stepmother for some of her Dakota land, but hadn't made the transfer; and then you were too ill, and her precious son needed the money at once."

"You don't mean, Ralph, that you took such security? Why, it was illegal."

"Wait. I didn't; but I dare say I might have, under the circumstances—knowing that it would oblige Mrs. Hastings."

"Well? well? How did you get the stocks?"

"Why, they came into my hands oddly enough; but I couldn't refuse. Alden hypothecated them to Ring Stapleton, and Ring got into a hobble. He had to have the ten 'thou' to help him out, else burst; so I took the stocks—do you follow?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, Louis came here in a great funk: said his mother wouldn't have you know for the world. But now I need the money. This unexpected trip makes it necessary for me to settle up lots of matters that—"

"I will redeem the stocks," Hastings interrupted. "I'll draw a check now. Let Alden know at once."

Hastings recollected that, during his illness, it had several times been necessary to get papers out of the safe which stood in his bedroom, and Louis had done this, as his mother was unable to manage the combination. He remembered that, on one of these occasions, Louis had taken out the box which held those stocks, and Leslie had mentioned that, though they were paying no dividend, and might not for two years, they were very valuable, and would sell almost at par if put on the market. So Alden had felt confident Leslie would not discover their loss, and probably had been equally certain of his ability to redeem them within six months.

No doubt, he had been terribly pushed—his mother unable to help him, and he not daring to appeal again to Leslie, who had, only a short while before, paid a large sum to help him in a similar strait, and received warning that it was for the last time.

Five years previous, Leslie's father had married the handsome widow and brought her and her son Louis, then a youth of eighteen, home to the old house in Madison Avenue. Mr. Hastings had still been under fifty, and the marriage had excited no dissatisfaction in Leslie, and he was absent a good deal during the three years that the union lasted. Mr. Hastings died suddenly, leaving his wife rich and bequeathing a legacy to young Alden. These bequests had pleased Leslie; for he was not only generous, but a much wealthier man than his father, owing to a large fortune inherited from his scarcely remembered mother.

Mrs. Hastings and her son still made their home in the house which Leslie had inherited. He knew that the arrangement was a convenience to her, and he liked her society. For a long while, however, it had been difficult to put up with Louis Alden, owing to the numerous indisputable proofs forced on Leslie that the handsome fascinating fellow possessed no idea of probity, honor, or principle; and that, under his indolent good-nature and selfish love of peace, there lurked a cruelty as relentless as that of a tiger which any adverse crisis might rouse into sudden vitality.

And this gambler and libertine had actually won the love of a girl so pure, so sensitive, so keen in her intuitions, as Emily Marshall! Yet it was easy to see how the engagement had been brought about: Emily was barely twentyone; she regarded Mrs. Hastings with that admiring affection which a young girl often gives an older woman—was almost as much under her influence as a clairvoyant under that of a magnetizer; and the mother had helped her son to secure the beautiful heiress.

And he, Leslie, had loved her so dearly from the first moment they met. Oddly enough, intimate as she was with his stepmother, Hastings had not chanced to meet her until the journey he took to visit some friends in Montreal after his long illness. He had found Emily Marshall there, and, during several weeks, they were brought into daily intercourse. This had happened late in the spring;

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in the summer, she had visited Mrs. Hastings at the country-seat on Lake George, and, during the early part of the winter, had been in New York.

A few weeks before, Emily had gone to Washington to stay with an aunt. Mrs. Hastings had accompanied her, and Louis followed a little later.

An exaggerated feeling of delicacy had kept Leslie from making known his love until more time should elapse; but he had meant to wait no longer—he could not—and had decided to go to Washington.

He knew that when he bade Emily Marshall good-bye, before her departure, he had betrayed himself; he had believed that she perceived something of his great love, and that the perception was not a matter of indifference. He was not vain or weak, but he had thought that she might be brought to care. It was all over; the beautiful hope was dead; his whole future must be darkened by its grave deep down in his heart, for he was not a man to change. She had not willfully deceived him; her interest, her sympathy, had been given because he was a connection of Louis Alden's—not for himself.

Another night passed—a second morning dawned. Hastings went out early and did not return home until nearly dusk. As he passed down the hall, his stepmother appeared in the doorway of the library. Louis had thrust her forward into the breach; a fellow so contemptible deserved no mercy, but he felt terribly sorry for her: she was a proud woman, and the situation must be worse than death to face.

They exchanged greetings; she put her icy fingers into his feverish palm, and they entered the library.

"I did not expect to see you," he said, slightly emphasizing the pronoun.

"I was the one to come," she replied, looking full in his face with defiant eyes. "Of course Louis brought me Mr. Seymour's telegram. What do you mean to do?"

"That must depend on Louis," he said, firmly. "I have no intention of exposing him publicly—you know me too well to think I would. But my duty is plain: I cannot stand by and see a noble woman sacrificed—my conscience will not permit that."

"Ah—I comprehend!" Mrs. Hastings rejoined, with cutting sarcasm in face and voice. "But your conscience can be at rest where Miss Marshall is concerned—my son is innocent. I am the guilty person—I took the certificates out of your safe one night, when I was sitting up with you. I was in a dreadful strait; you know I occasionally took flyers in stocks? I had done more that time—speculated madly—I had to save myself."

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, as she paused.

She flashed him a glance like fire and went on:

"I handed Louis the certificates and bade him take them to Mr. Stapleton—he was my broker. I said you had made an exchange with me. Louis never questions my judgment in business-matters, and he gave the matter no thought. This is the whole story! I am the swindler or thief—whichever may be the right name."

Her eyes met his unflinchingly; but, in spite of her straightforward account, he knew that she had lied to screen her son. Mrs. Hastings read his thought; she could better have borne his scorn for the commission of a crime than to feel that her degrading falsehood, though it might seal his lips, had failed to convince him. Her wrath and despair drove her on to add recklessly:

"You exonerate Louis? You admit that you have no right to trouble his happiness?"

Hastings slowly turned away his eyes, but did not speak.

"Will you answer?" she cried, passionately. "You have forced me to humiliate myself—ground me down into the dust. You might be satisfied! I said Louis's happiness; I meant Emily Marshall's too—though all heaven and earth could not shake her faith—she loves him."

"That is fortunate for your son," Leslie rejoined, wearily. "You have freed him from blame—there is no need to say more."

"Let us settle matters at once," she continued. "I will pay you that money as soon as I can."

"You will oblige me by never speaking of the affair again."

She inclined her head; her features worked; but her only response was to touch his arm softly with her trembling hand.

"Do you want me to leave this house?" she asked. "It would inconvenience me. Emily and Louis will not be married till autumn."

"There need be no change," he said. "I am going to Nevada; I shall be absent for some time."

"I know you don't want thanks," she said, speaking as if it were difficult to pronounce the words.

"No, no. I must ask you to excuse me now—I had promised to dine out."

"I shall see you at breakfast?" she asked. "If not, the servants will think we have quarreled. You know I would rather be burned

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at the stake than not keep up appearances. I mayn't be a good woman—but I have my own code."

"At breakfast, then," Leslie said, and left the room.

They met in the morning; but Mrs. Hastings had invited a spinster cousin to spend the night with her, so the interview was rendered easier at least to Leslie; and, that same day, his stepmother returned to Washington.

Leslie started for Nevada, and various causes prolonged his stay until summer set in. He had written to his stepmother that he hoped she would, as usual, establish herself at his country-seat on Lake George and invite any friends she might choose.

A fortnight after his return East, some business connected with the purchase of land near his estate obliged him to go up to Eldwood. He knew that he should see Emily Marshall; but, much as he dreaded the meeting, he longed to have it over.

He telegraphed Mrs. Hastings that he might be expected, and she was the first person he saw on his arrival.

"It was so good of you to give us such a pleasant surprise. I had begun to fear you never meant to come," she said. "But how thin and worn you look! You have been working too hard. Oh, those dreadful mines and railways! I do hope, now you are here, that you mean to take a good rest."

"I can only stop a few days," he replied; "I am going to Lake Superior."

"Too bad! too bad!" she sighed. "We have a pleasant party in the house—most of them persons you know and like. Ah, here is Louis! My son, tell this wanderer how delighted we are at his return, and help me scold him for coming back such a shadow of himself."

The graceful creature, whose every movement always reminded Leslie of a panther, hurried forward, saying:

"Awfully glad to see you! I should have met you at the station, but I thought the mater and Emily meant to drive over; there was a blunder somehow. You do look rather pulled down."

"I am tired, I suppose, by my long journeys," Leslie replied. "You appear well and flourishing."

"So I ought," said Louis, with his boyish laugh. "I'm about the luckiest dog in the world. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"You have certainly won a grand prize," Leslie answered.

"And you only hope I'll be worthy, et cetera," added Louis, gayly. "Oh, I mean to, depend on it. I'm getting to be a model—ask the mother."

"I can certify that, at all events, our dear Emily is satisfied," Mrs. Hastings rejoined. "But Leslie wants to go to his room—the dressing-bell will ring in a moment."

When Hastings descended to the library, the guests were already gathered there. He greeted the persons he knew; several others were introduced to him; then his stepmother led him toward the great bay-window, where Emily Marshall stood, a fair vision in white-and-blue—a type of rather delicate but singularly winning loveliness. Yet, sweet and gentle as the face was, it showed signs of a strength of character which no crisis in life had roused into action, and of which she was herself probably still unaware.

"I have brought you the pilgrim, Emily," her hostess remarked, playfully.

"I am glad to welcome you back to your house, Mr. Hastings," Miss Marshall said, courteously.

"Thanks," he answered. "You must allow me to offer you my best wishes and every possible happiness—I have already congratulated Alden."

"You are very kind—I thank you," she rejoined.

She smiled pleasantly; but he missed the old friendliness of manner. He wondered a little about it, while gazing at her through pain-dimmed eyes—then remembered that, even if she were really changed in her feeling toward him, it could not matter now any more than if he were a ghost staring at her across the sweep of eternity.

During the next few days, though of course Hastings was a great deal in Miss Marshall's society, he scarcely exchanged a half-hour's conversation with her. He soon perceived that she avoided him, though with such care that only a very sensitive person would have suspected that it was done intentionally.

From the first, he had been convinced that, under her apparent high spirits, his stepmother was far from easy in her mind. Before his stay ended, Leslie discovered the cause of her secret anxiety: in spite of his engagement, Louis had not conquered his mania for gambling nor his craving for the excitement of drink.

One day, there were races some ten miles distant, and the Eldwood party drove over, with the exception of Miss Marshall, who had gone to visit a sick friend in the neighborhood, and Hastings, who was in no mood for pleasure of the sort.

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It was long past midnight before Louis Alden returned. Leslie had been reading in the library after the rest of the household had retired, and so chanced to meet him. Hastings had already heard that the young man had won a large amount of money, and he could see for himself that he was much the worse for wine—noisily intoxicated, in fact. Leslie succeeded in getting him upstairs; Mrs. Hastings came out of her room, sent Leslie away, and took Louis to his chamber.

The next morning, she said to her stepson:

"Don't judge poor Louis harshly—yesterday was such an exciting day. I could almost wish he had not won. However, he has promised me not to bet again."

His promise! Leslie mentally repeated, wondering if it were possible that even a mother's overweening affection could make so clear-sighted a woman deceive herself in regard to the young man's character. He marveled still more how a person like Emily Marshall could be blind.

Emily was not blind, but deceived by Mrs. Hastings, by Louis's specious eloquence, and by the belief that it was her duty to marry him—that his whole future depended thereon. They had been lovers as children; but, when Emily met him after several years' separation, her feeling for him was that which she might have had for a spoiled brother—he seemed, to her, scarcely more than a boy still. He loved her in his mad fashion, and opposition rendered him more eager. Then came Emily's meeting with Leslie Hastings, and there sprang up unconsciously in her heart a dream which, at one time, seemed likely to become a beautiful reality. Louis's keen-eyed mother had already discovered Leslie's secret, and she read Emily's state of mind with equal correctness.

During their stay in Washington, she managed to dispel the girl's vague vision. She convinced Miss Marshall that not only was Leslie's heart set on a person not free to marry, but that, in spite of his numerous noble qualities, he had one sickening weakness: he believed that every girl he specially noticed fell in love with him, and was much given to temporary spasms of admiration which abruptly ended as soon as he knew or fancied that his attention had won real feeling.

While Emily was in that sore hurt mood in which even a sensible woman will commit terrible follies to hinder the possibility of having it suspected that she has given a thought to a man before he has openly sued for her affection, Louis Alden came anew with his eager pleadings, the friend she loved best in the world begged her to become her son's guardian angel, and the feminine longing for self-sacrifice did the rest.

Hastings rejoiced to get away from Eldwood. His departure was quite sudden, as he had not known till a few hours before that he should be able to complete his business for several days to come.

He made his adieus as the guests were leaving the luncheon-table, but Miss Marshall was not present—he met her when, just before starting, he went into the library to get a book.

"I did not hear till a few moments since that you were going," she said.

"When I came, I only expected to stay a short time," he replied.

"You are leaving a gay party," she continued, in the tone of a person trying, out of politeness, to make conversation.

"The less likelihood of my being missed," he rejoined, with a mirthless laugh.

"I have heard loud lamentations on every side. Mrs. Hastings is terribly disappointed at losing you so soon."

They exchanged a few other idle remarks, then Leslie said:

"I must bid you good-bye now, Miss Marshall—the carriage is waiting for me."

"Good-bye," she answered, with a careless smile. "A pleasant journey!"

"So near and yet so far!" rang in Hastings's mind as he looked into the fair face, while a fresh pang of anguish wrung his heart. She had never dreamed that he loved her—probably under no circumstances could she have learned to care for him; but at least they might have been friends. He could not go away in silence, though an hour before he would have believed that nothing could induce him to allow her to perceive that he had noticed and been pained by the change in her manner. But a great pity sprang up in his desolate heart; it was terrible to contemplate the future which must inevitably await the woman who had given her love and meant to confide her life to the keeping of Louis Alden.

"I may not see you for a long while," he said, quickly. "Let me again wish you happiness; among all your friends, there is no one who can be more anxious therefor."

"You are very kind," she began, coldly; then, softened by the troubled eyes which met hers, she added, in an altered tone: "I thank you, Mr. Hastings."

"And you may believe me," he continued; "I never indulge in empty protestations. Since coming here, I have seen that something has changed your feelings toward me—I used to

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flatter myself we were friends. Whatever the cause, try to overlook it and think as well of me as you can—it isn't binding yourself to much to promise this!"

"I can promise," she answered, and longed to add that, if she had misjudged him, she was heartily sorry; but such words would have rendered imperative an explanation which she could not make.

"Only let me add this," he hurried on: "if at any time I can ever serve you in any way, I shall esteem it a great honor! Will you believe me?"

This impulsive pleading was so unlike his ordinary calm manner that it filled her with astonishment; but, in spite of her prejudice against him, she could not resist the conviction that every word he uttered was true.

"I believe you—indeed I do!" she answered, deeply touched.

"Thanks!" he rejoined. Mrs. Hastings's voice sounded in the hall, and he added: "Now, good-bye! Don't forget—whether it should be a year, ten years, half a life hence—if I could render you any service, you will let me?"

Then he was gone, leaving Emily strangely troubled. She wondered if his stepmother had erred in her estimate of his character. At all events, she need not indulge in any personal rancor; if she had gone near to liking him too well for her own peace of mind, he had no suspicion thereof; and the time was over—now she was another man's betrothed wife.

Emily could not shut her eyes to the fact that her sentiment for Louis would never ripen into love. Affection—a kind of protecting tenderness best expressed it; but he needed her, and this certainty established a claim whose potency it seemed a sin to dispute.

But, as the summer wore on, her enforced tranquillity was preserved with constantly increasing difficulty. All sorts of exciting pleasures were in progress, and Miss Marshall heard more than rumors of the high play that went on at the boating-squadron's club. In spite of his extravagant display of devotion, Louis's overweening selfishness thrust itself more and more on her notice, and the lack of depth and stability which ranked among the main defects of his character was betrayed in scores of ways.

In the latter part of August, Miss Marshall went to visit one of her few relatives. Much as she should miss her companionship, for certain reasons Mrs. Hastings was glad to have her go. In absence, Emily would remember only Louis's brilliant qualities, and, by her letters, the mother could strengthen illusions and impress on Emily's mind that she was bound to keep her promise: if she should forsake her lover, his ruin would lie at her door.

Such reminders and appeals reached Emily frequently, and produced the desired effect. She received, too, letters almost daily from Louis; these varied greatly, not only in style and eloquence, but Emily often noticed certain changes in the handwriting, though she did not think much about the matter.

Meanwhile, Leslie Hastings was eating his heart out among the solitudes of Lake Superior, and, at Eldwood, Louis Alden was driving his mother to the verge of despair.

The marriage must take place early in the autumn—there lay the only possible means of safety. Louis's letters began to plead eagerly for his happiness. The entreaties were fervid enough to have moved a less impressionable woman than Emily, and, with her morbid anxiety to do right, her mistaken belief that duty must lie in the course least personally agreeable, these pleadings were almost irresistible.

While these impassioned epistles were being sent forth, Louis, in his leisure moments, was amusing himself by a flirtation with a Cuban girl stopping in the neighborhood—an heiress with a pretty face but a limited education, and possessing a nature as passionate as it was undisciplined. She took the matter seriously, and fell violently in love with the blonde youth. Mrs Hastings knew that Emily was above jealousy, but, lest reports should reach her from other quarters, took care that Louis's letters made due mention of the Havanese, who went to join her uncle at Niagara shortly before Emily's return to Eldwood.

Miss Marshall found Mrs. Hastings looking worn and pale. Louis was absent—on urgent business connected with her New-York property, his mother said. In truth, having lost another large sum, he had gone on a frightful carouse, and she had forced him to leave home for a few days.

During a fortnight after Louis returned, matters went smoothly, to all appearances; but each day brought fresh suspicions to Emily's mind in regard to her betrothed, and soon such convincing evidence accumulated that her doubts became certainties. She learned that he gambled dreadfully; she could not be blind to the change in his appearance; and, at length, one evening, she saw him helplessly intoxicated.

The very next day, while Emily was pondering what course to pursue, a new and more painful conviction was forced on her mind—the woman

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whom she so loved and trusted had cruelly deceived her. Mrs. Hastings sent Emily to search for some papers in an escritoire, and there the girl came on a rough draft of one of the best letters she had ever received from Louis. These pages were scribbled in Mrs. Hastings's writing, and on another sheet was a portion of the same epistle transcribed in an imitation of Alden's chirography.

The deception was plain; the mother had written those eloquent appeals to Emily, who was to be ruthlessly sacrificed to her false friend's unworthy idol. Emily's heart was almost broken by the proof of Mrs. Hastings's relentless determination to secure her son's interests without regard to the misery she must inevitably bring on the girl whose happiness, she had vowed, should always be her first thought.

It was necessary for Emily to act at once. To depart abruptly and write her explanation was cowardly, yet to tell Mrs. Hastings face to face what she had learned would be worse than the tortures of the Inquisition. In her terrible strait, the recollection of Leslie's parting words flashed across her mind. She longed to send for him—even began a letter, but tore it up: to put the burden on his shoulders seemed as weak as it would to run away!

There were numerous guests in the house, so Emily managed to escape any private interview with Mrs. Hastings on the day succeeding her discovery—and Louis was absent. Late in the afternoon, she went out for a walk in the wood that stretched at the left of the house. She soon found herself unaccountably tired, and returned to a nook in the great garden, where, close to a clematis-covered arbor, a flight of steps led down into a natural grotto, which could also be reached by a path winding round the foot of the hill.

Emily seated herself in the summer-house, and tried to force her aching head and heart into sufficient composure to decide on the least painful method of making known her decision. Again her thoughts recurred to Leslie. She could easily believe now that Mrs. Hastings had had a motive for injuring him in her esteem. The man was true—she had woefully misjudged him; and he had borne her harshness without complaint, though he had been hurt thereby: she had only to recall his face and language at their last parting to be sure of this. She longed to ask his pardon, and beg him as a sign of forgiveness to aid her in this the darkest hour of her life.

A sound made her look up; as if in answer to her eager wish, Leslie Hastings stood before her. She stepped quickly forward, white and trembling.

"Did you know how much I needed you?" she asked, in a choked voice. "Do you remember your promise? I claim it now. No woman ever needed counsel more. I can no longer trust her in whom I have had such blind faith. I am all alone in the dark—help me!"

"I came for that," he answered. "I see you have discovered the truth—I feared that to break it to you would be my part."

Leslie had gone to Niagara to meet Ralph Seymour, and, through him, became acquainted with Dolores Carreñas. She knew that Louis Alden was his connection, and speedily confided to him the story of her love, adding that Louis was bound to a woman whom he almost hated, and that his mother forced him to hold fast to his engagement. Seymour had already told Leslie of the worthless fellow's insane conduct, and that his mother had twice lately sacrificed valuable property in order to pay his gaming-debts. So, when Dolores, in confirmation of her tale, produced a letter from Louis which breathed the most passionate love, Leslie felt that it was time to act. He started at once for Eldwood, intending to warn Alden that he meant to tell Miss Marshall the truth. He had walked from the station, taking a path through the wood which brought him into his own grounds just above the summer-house, and, as he descended the path, caught sight of Emily seated there in her dismal solitude.

They talked for a long hour, and everything was made clear between them. Emily's fair face had recovered its serenity and Leslie's eyes were aglow with new-found hope.

Suddenly, from the grotto beneath, Mrs. Hastings's voice sounded, saying:

"I must sit down here, Louis—I am tired."

Before the pair in the arbor could make their presence known, they heard Alden exclaim roughly:

"I must have the money, mother! I shall be ruined if I don't get it to-night."

"You will ruin me—you have, almost—and you will lose Emily and her fortune. And you love her—you know you do!"

"Well—yes; but she's too much of a saint. Sometimes, I'm half inclined to end it! Dolores would suit me better—if I could make sure the uncle can't leave the fortune away from her. Emily's property is terribly tied up—I should be her slave!"

"Louis! Louis! she is your guardian angel!

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In your marriage with her lies your one hope of safety!"

"Don't prose, dear. How about the money?"

"I can't spare it—I will not! Oh, after all I have done, that you should torture me like this! I degraded myself; to save you I told Leslie that I was a thief! I said I stole the stocks you hypothecated—and you never even so much as asked me how I managed to settle the matter!"

"By Jove, mother, if you keep on, I'll start for Niagara to-night and run off with Dolores! Come—give me twentyfive hundred to stop this gap; I'll be good afterward—I will indeed. I must have it—I lost it to Lesson at poker. I shall be disgraced if—"

"Oh, go away! leave me a minute's peace! You shall have the money at dinner-time—only go!" Mrs. Hastings cried.

"All right, mater—now I'll keep straight. I'll make Emily promise, this very evening, to marry me before winter."

The dialogue had taken place so rapidly, that there had been no time for its unintentional listeners to interrupt, so stunned were both by this overwhelming confirmation of the treachery of the mother and son.

With a gay laugh, the reckless fellow hurried off. The wretched woman groaned aloud—then came a silence.

"Let us go," Emily whispered: "we can at least spare her the humiliation of knowing that we heard."

As they rose, Mrs. Hastings appeared at the top of the stone stairs—her glance fell on the two. She turned deathly white, and staggered so that she had to put out her hand and support herself against the railing.

"I am a very miserable woman," she said, slowly. "I was fond of you both—I have injured you both; but at least you have your revenge."

"We don't want that," Emily exclaimed.

"Wait!" Mrs. Hastings went on. "Do me one favor—you see, I am sunk low enough even to beg that: don't leave at once, Emily! You shan't see Louis—I'll not come near you; but appear at dinner; stop over to-morrow. I can't have all the people suspect—it would drive me mad!"

"I will stay," said Emily.

Mrs. Hastings turned and walked away.

Before the next day ended, the telegraph flashed the news that Louis Alden had eloped from Niagara with Dolores Carreñas. Leslie learned through Ralph Seymour that the girl had only a small fortune independent of her uncle, who had gone off to Europe vowing never to forgive his niece or see her husband.

Mrs. Hastings also sailed for Europe; and, two months later, while Leslie and his bride were South on their honeymoon-trip, he received a letter from Ralph Seymour which said:

"I have just received news of a grand wedding in Paris—your stepmother and Señor Carreñas were the happy pair.

"She is a wonderful woman; he would not hear reason where the young couple were concerned—so, as a last resource, she married him. The old fellow settled half a million on her before the ceremony, and telegraphed a full pardon to his affectionate niece and nephew."

TO A CAPTIVE THRUSH.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARK

How wretched is thy weary lot,
  Wild warbler of the wood!
For ne'er by thee will be forgot
  The twilight solitude
Of hemlock haunts where thou didst dwell,
The minstrel of the hidden dell.

Thy hermitage is lonely now,
  Thy gladsome trill is hushed;
The leaf lies listless on the bough
  'Gainst which thy brown wing brushed;
And all is silent like a tomb
Enshrouded in a songless gloom.

But the wild-rose blossoms as of yore,
  The ferns weep in the shade,
And the gorge gives back the mimic roar
  Of the silvery cascade;
And still the little pensive rills
Go musing down th' eternal hills.

Caged captive, spiritless, depressed,
  What that sad song inspires!
What note swells in thy speckled breast
  That beats against the wires!
Ah, is it too a truth with thee
That he is happy who is free?

Yet thou art missed—though 'tis in vain
  Thy comrades mourn for thee—
The squirrel laughs in sadder strain,
  And softer hums the bee;
The violet wakes a tear to shed,
And the harebell hangs her tiny head.

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THE SUGARING-OFF PARTY AT DRAPER'S.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

MR. ENOCH DRAPER and his wife concluded to have a "sugaring-off" party this spring.

Mr. Draper lived in Vermont, among the maple-crowned hills of that beautiful State, and the principal income of his farm was from maple-sugar.

Now, while in the city markets "this year's fresh pure maple-sugar" is to be found in January, in Vermont, where they make it, it is never to be had until March, and the greatest yield of it is often secured as late as April.

"We didn't have no Thanksgiving last fall, 'cause the turkeys warn't fit to kill," said Mr. Draper to his wife, "and we didn't have no Christmas worth mentioning, 'cause all the turkeys had been sold; and I don't call a pair of old hens, made into a pie, much of a Christmas dinner, anyhow. Now, I say that we'd ought to have a kind of a sugaring-off party down to the camp some night, while the snow lasts. Tom and Sam has worked well a-tapping trees and lugging sap this spring, and the sugar's turning out well. What do you say, Mariah?"

Mrs. Draper rubbed the end of her rather long nose, and said reflecting:

"Wall, Enoch, I dunno's as I've any objection, if your mind is sot on it; but them boarders that's down to the tavern at the Corners will have to come, and they'll eat a pound of sugar apiece. Miss Marley, the housekeeper, told me herself that it was as much as ever they could do down there to fill them fellers up so's they'd stay filled from one meal to another!"

"It beats me, Mariah, what they ve come up here for in the middle of the winter, eenamost. 'Tain't natral for 'em to come."

"Law sake, Enoch, they come to that silver weddin' that Ginral Potter had, and they stayed to fish through the ice on the pond. And they've fished, and fished, Miss Marley says, and hain't never caught nothing but a measley horn pout and two eels! It's my opinion, Enoch, that the tallest one on 'em is here sparkin' Mary Simmons, and the 'tother one is here seeing him do it."

"Wall, I hope they'll let our Almiry Jane alone, that's all!" said the farmer, "for I hain't much of an opinion of a man that has to part his hair in the middle to keep his brains from tipping to one side, as that young Warren does his. But we'll ask 'em to the party, Mariah, and I guess there ain't no doubt but there'll be sugar enuff for 'em."

So the invitations to the party, written by Almira Jane, were sent out forthwith, and were, with a very few exceptions, accepted.

A sugaring-off party is an up-country institution, and it may be necessary to explain its features.

The sap from the maple-trees is boiled until it is of the consistency of molasses, and, at that time, great care is necessary in transforming it into sugar. If the fire is but the merest trifle too hot, the syrup is scorched and rendered worthless.

Just before the syrup reaches the turning-point when it is formed into sugar, if it be poured upon the snow and rapidly cooled, it can be pulled out into sticks, like candy, and there is nothing ever concocted by the confectioner's art that is half so delicious. And it is an old custom to invite in one's friends to the "sugaring-off."

About forty responded to Mr. Draper's invitation, old and young, grave and gay, married and single; they came by the light of the wintry moon, and filed off to the sugar-camp.

Mr. Jasper Warren and his friend—Harry Levy, from Boston—the young men who had come up for the fishing and the "sparking," were there, and Mary Simmons and a dozen other girls came in for a share of their attention.

Mr. Draper and his son Tom acted as masters-of-ceremony.

It was a still frosty night, and the hard snow-crust cracked every now and then with a noise like the report of a pistol, and the dry brush under the great kettle, where the syrup was foaming and boiling, sputtered and hissed merrily.

The firelight gleamed redly over the young eager faces of the party, and brought out in strong relief, against the dark background of pines and cedars, the slender maples with their silvery trunks and the delicate tracery of their sweetness-dropping branches.

The young men of the neighborhood were attending to their favorite girls, and the old folks stood around in groups, and discussed the price of butter and eggs and cord-wood, and

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exchanged receipts for making mince-pies and gingerbread.

At last all was ready, and Tom Draper and his father lifted the big kettle from the fire and dexterously poured its amber contents on the snow.

There was a general rush toward the centre of attraction, and Mr. Warren, not to be thought so green as he might be, leaned over the seething syrup with a long spoon in his hand and dipped for the first sample of lusciousness.

"Sweets to the sweet!" he cried, striking an attitude and presenting the spoon gracefully to Miss Simmons, who advanced blushing and smiling to take it.

But it was a little slippery where he stood, and, before he realized that he was going, the elegant young man measured his length flat on his back in the pool of syrup, which cooled instantly; and, when he rose to his feet, it stuck fast to his back and trailed a yard on the snow behind him.

"This is where Warren fell!" yelled one of the small boys, who had once traveled as far as Bunker Hill and seen the tablet erected on the scene of the Revolutionary hero's death.

A shout rose from the crowd, and Warren, obeying the first impulse of mortified pride, set out down the hill at a high canter, with the congealed syrup dangling behind him.

One of the young men seized on the trailing sweetness and spun it out behind the flying Jasper, who was doing his best to eclipse all previous records of speed and get 'out of sight and hearing.

His wild flight and the excited cries of the sugaring-off party roused Betsy, the twentyfive-year-old horse of Mr. Draper, from a nap which she was taking behind the fence, where she had been left with the big sleigh and the various extra wraps and rubbers of the company; and Betsy, having been in her time a noted animal on the turf, thought she had got the word to "go!" and went accordingly.

The sleigh upset, and shawls, cloaks, rubbers, and tin pails strewed the track; but the old mare was game, and she and Warren went it neck and neck down the hill, and both of them too excited to notice that the river lay in their track.

When they did notice it, they were both too deadly earnest to turn out for it, and the consequence was they both went in, and were fished out with a good deal of trouble, much the worse for their cold bath.

The "sugaring-off" was a failure; but the young people had many a hearty laugh over it; and Mr. Draper said to his wife, after they had rolled the old mare down in arnica and given her a dose of ginger to keep the cold from "settling":

"Tell you what 'tis, Mariah: I guess that 'ere young city chap won't be likely to fish through the ice agin right away! Drat him! he come pritty nigh being the means of drownding Betsy!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY JEAN LINTON

'Twas summer weather; soft zephyrs blowing
Came freighted with the breath of flowers;
And birds were singing by fountains flowing,
As onward sped the sunny hours.

Then stood together a youth and maiden,
Gazing into each other's eyes,
And sweet the moment with joy so laden
They breathed beneath those summer skies.

He broke the silence in accents tender;
He told his love and craved a kiss;
She, shy and blushing, made full surrender;
And then—they knew that love is bliss.

'Twas summer weather, and, young and ardent,
They wandered through the golden hours;
Thus in one love two lives were blent,
As happened first in Eden's bowers.

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HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

Of course, a beginner hates to start out with entirely new goods; but the alteration of old garments really requires much more skill and ingenuity than the manufacture of new ones, so my advice to the novice in dressmaking is this: Begin by making your dress of some very cheap material, such as the five-cent chintzes or eight-cent challies which are so plentiful. Then the cost of your gown will be so slight that, if it is only a partial success or even a total failure, you will not feel quite ruined in purse, but will merely consider that you have paid—and not dearly—for a lesson in the art of dressmaking.

Most amateur dressmakers depend on patterns, and these are obtainable in every desired style. Large cutting and fitting establishments will cut by measurement a pattern of any sort, which is warranted to fit exactly. A perfectly-fitting basque-pattern is always useful in making your own clothes. If you do not care to go to the expense of purchasing one, or do not find it convenient, you may get a tolerably good pattern in the following way:

Rip up an old basque which fits you well, lay the separate pieces on heavy paper, to which they must be basted tight, and cut your pattern, being careful to mark the places for darts. The result may not be infallible; but, by cutting some cheap goods by it, making the necessary alterations, or, better still, getting someone else to make them for you, and then cutting another pattern from the altered basque, you will find this last a satisfactory model. Always have a duplicate, in case the paper of the original gets worn. Patterns cut in muslin would be more durable, but unfortunately they stretch.

Wire and steel figures for fitting garments over are very useful, but rather expensive. A good partial substitute for them is the straw model without the waist, which answers the same purpose so far as draping is concerned. These may be bought, at least in the cities, for seventy-five cents. If you cannot obtain one, you must victimize some female member of the family who is near your height, in order to drape your skirts.

The present style of basque requires considerable time and skill to concoct; but it is more easily fitted, as the original foundation is so covered with folds, puffs, or shirring that its conformation to the figure is hardly noticeable. These fancy bodices are admirable for utilizing remnants of silks, challies, etc., for or using up the good portions of a half-worn silk dress which is hardly worth putting with new stuff, but will make a very pretty jacket for evening house-wear. In the manufacture of these garments, it is really patience more than skill that is required. Some of the newest waists are worn inside the belt, often with a sash, so the finishing-off of the bottom, if not very neat in your first attempts, will not show.

The art of buttonhole-making is not much needed at present, when hooks and eyes usually take the place of buttons. It is well, however, to know how to make a neat buttonhole, as, on the plain tailor-made basque or its imitations, buttons are always used. You may acquire skill in this direction by practicing on under-clothing.

Several of "Peterson's" Supplements during 1889 have been fancy jackets, such as the Figaro and Saratoga and the Empire, the latter given in the June number, being an admirable example of the newest style. Directions for tracing these patterns were published in the December number of last year, and full explanations always accompany each Supplement. If you are sufficiently skilled to be able to enlarge patterns, try one of these bodices. If not, use your plain pattern which fits you, and add the trimming afterward; very pretty effects may be obtained in this way.

In starting out to make an entire suit, it is well to cut your basque first, as you must have that, and can cut your skirt "according to your cloth," in case you happen to have a short pattern. Of course, if possible, avoid this latter dilemma; but sometimes remnants are obtainable very reasonably, from which a dress may, if you are ingenious, be "squeezed out."

For dressmaking purposes, a folding table, the yard measure marked on it, is almost indispensable, and one can be bought for a dollar. You will find it better than a lap-board, if you cannot have both.

The first thing to do is to lay the different

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parts of your pattern on the lining, which should be silesia for all except the sleeves, which may be chintz. The basque of a summer dress, such as sateen or gingham, may be lined with French chintz, which is very thin and cool, but rather expensive. About two yards of silesia and one yard of chintz will be required. In stitching your basque, always use sewing-silk; it is almost as cheap as cotton, besides being stronger; and then it will not fade. Large spools of basting-thread are needed, and only cost about half the price of ordinary cotton.

Pin your pattern on the lining, and mark the outlines with pencil—or, better still, with a tracing-wheel, if you are lucky enough to own one. Be careful about marking your darts exactly. When you cut out your pieces, follow the lines traced with great precision. After the lining is finished, cut the goods from it. With both materials, be careful to place the separate pieces of your pattern lengthwise with the goods and parallel to its edges. Always try to lay the pattern on to the best advantage, the arrangement depending on the width of the material. Double the stuff as you cut each part, for every one is duplicated. Now baste each portion of the lining to its corresponding outside, being particular to notice all notches in the pattern; and then baste together the entire basque, with the exception, of course, of the sleeves. Unless very certain of your pattern, you had better try on the waist before stitching up the seams. The cutters of patterns warranted to fit insist that you must not do this—they say it stretches the material. This rule, however, is not very safe, as some slight alterations are generally needed.

In stitching up the seams on the machine—I take for granted you have one—be careful not to draw them nor to take up an extra fold of the goods. If not a skilled operator, you may do this, particularly with curved seams. If alterations are needed, make them if possible in the loosening or tightening of the under-arm and the shoulder seams, which latter can be left to the last. Be sure that the sleeves fit the arms: it requires some art to accomplish this apparently simple matter, and a correct pattern is very important. When the basque is all stitched up, before putting in the sleeves or adding the collar, see whether the neck or armholes need trimming out. Face the bottom of the basque as neatly as possible, first seeing whether it is the desired length and slope.

All trimming must be put on before adding the collar, and certain kinds before sewing up the shoulder-seams. The surplice-trimming—folds laid diagonally across from shoulder to waist, either meeting or crossing at the latter—is put on at this time. If you want an evening bodice, open at the throat, do not finish-off the neck with a collar, but fold-in a three-cornered piece of each front as low as you like, face or turn-in the back according to the height you wish, and then lay on the folds of the material, following the slope of the turned-in part. If you like, you may fill in the front with lace or net, or even with a contrasting material, such as black velvet with pink cashmere. This is about as simple a way as you can find of devising a fancy basque.

In making a full sleeve—the most fashionable sort and particularly becoming to slender persons—arrange all the trimming on the separate portions of the sleeve before joining them. Cuffs, however, are always made separately and put on to finish the wrist after the sleeve proper is made and ready to sew in. Sleeves not having cuffs must of course be neatly faced with either silk or the material itself. Cuffs are not much worn at present. Some fancy sleeves are made from patterns, others are simply trimmed with a straight piece of the goods, shirred, plaited, or gathered into a puff.

All this additional trimming makes the arm look larger, so the nearest approach to full sleeves that a stout woman should attempt is to have them very high on the shoulders. The newest plain sleeves are made in this way, and, of course, the shoulder-seam is very short in order to obtain the desired effect.

Collars are worn very high just now; so, if your pattern is old, enlarge it as much as your neck will allow. The collar must be lined the same as the cuffs, and is added after the neck is trimmed out, before the sleeves are put in. The fitting of this part of the waist is quite difficult. With a standing collar—the kind generally worn by ladies—sew the right side to the corresponding side of the basque, turn over, and, turning in the edges, hem the inside of the collar to the lining of the basque, so as to cover the raw edge of the neck; the ends of your trimming will also be hidden beneath the collar. The bodice is finished now excepting the fastenings and whalebones. Either buy the ones already covered, which is easier, or cover the whalebone yourself with the lining. Each under-arm seam and dart has the whalebone whipped on it, eight being the usual number.

In my next paper, I will talk about the remainder of the costume, and consider the alteration of old garments.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a house-dress, of figured muslin, a border woven in the pattern. The skirt hangs

No. 1.

quite plain from waist to hem. The bodice is round at the waist and high at the neck, and is made with a gathered fullness which passes from the left shoulder, under the arm, to the bottom of the waist at the back. A sash passes around the waist, and ends on the right side in long loops and bows; the sleeves are puffed at the top and at the elbow. Deep collar of plaited mull. This model will be suitable for any of the pretty embroidered nainsook muslins, which come now with a wide hem, and embroidery above, in wide enough flouncings to form a skirt. From five to six yards of forty-inch flouncing will be required, or ten to twelve yards of sprigged muslin.

No. 2—Is an Empire dress, of nun's-veiling or

No. 2.

China silk, in cream-white or any of the soft evening self-colored shades. The skirt is tucked

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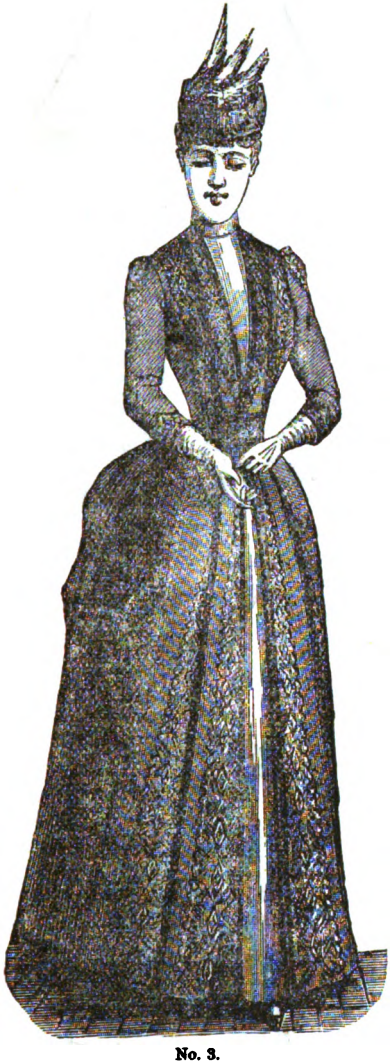
from the waist about twelve inches deep, across the front and side gores. The back hangs in straight folds. The bodice is round in the waist, and the full crossed-over fronts begin at the shoulder-seam. Small revers of moiré, to match, finish the V-shaped front, which can either be open, displaying the throat and neck, or a vest



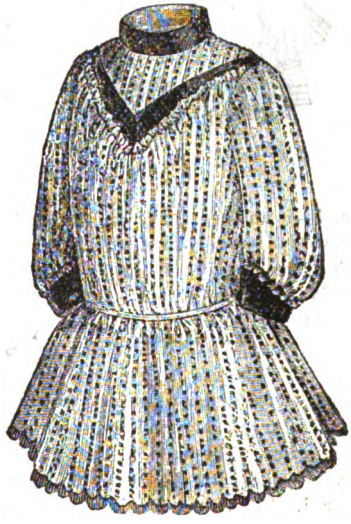
No. 3.

with high moiré collar may be substituted, as seen in the illustration. Full puffed short sleeve, under which a long coat-sleeve with cuff is fitted. A sash of wide moiré ribbon passes around the waist, and ties at the left side with long loops and ends. From ten to twelve yards of forty-inch material will be required.

No. 3—Is a costume of Gobelin-blue summer

No. 4.

cashmere or a light-weight camel's-hair material. The skirt is trimmed in front with bands of



No. 5.

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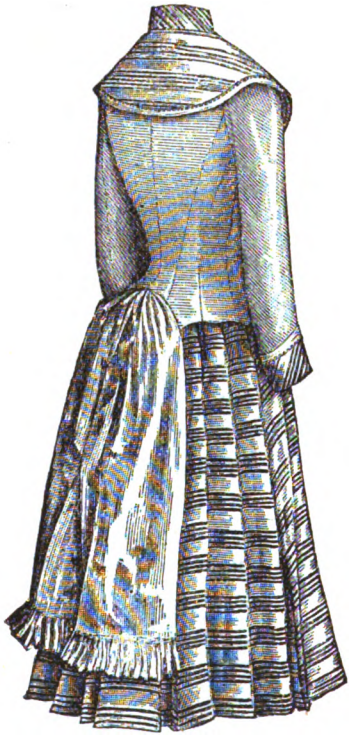
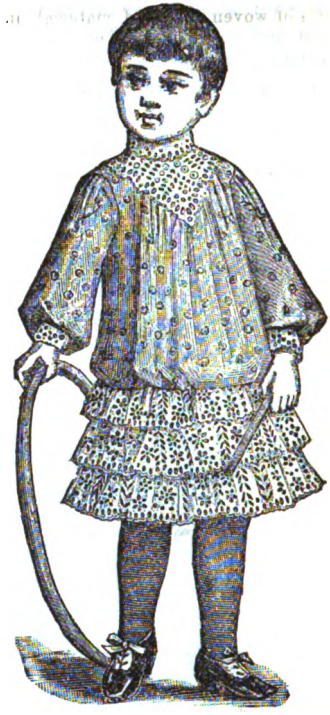
embroidery or passementerie to match. The skirt opens in front over a simulated petticoat of cream-colored cloth. Vest of the same. The back of the skirt is slightly looped and then hangs straight. The short Empire bodice opens over a plain round waist, with vest and belt. Narrower trimming, to match the skirt, trims the bodice, is used for epaulettes at the shoulders and cuffs. Small turban of the material, adorned with three cream-white wings, completes this charming costume. From eight to ten yards of double-fold material will be required.



No. 6.

No. 4—Is another model for Directoire gown to be made of one of the striped bordered woolens, which come by the robe or by the yard. The skirt is plain and round, the woven border forming the trimming. The jacket bodice opens over a full vest of soft China silk or crêpe. A wide surah sash with fringed ends passes across the front of the under-waist, and ties at the left side. Six large fancy buttons adorn the fronts of the bodice. The back of this gown may be cut all in one with the back of the skirt, if preferred. The revers are lined with the same material. Coat-sleeves high on the shoulders.



No. 7.

No. 8.

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Six yards of woven bordered material, and three to four of plain to match, will be required.

No. 5—Is a blouse-dress, of small figured or pin-striped challis, for a little girl. The cuffs, collar, and edge of yoke are of black velvet.

No. 6—Is a tennis-dress for a girl of twelve to fourteen years. The skirt is of striped wash-flannel—a plain round skirt, simply hemmed and plaited into the waist. The bodice has a wide collar ending in points in front, which opens over a full vest. The bodice is of plain flannel. Collar and cuffs of the striped flannel, like the skirt. Sash of the plain flannel, fringed at the ends. This sash is simply gathered and hung at the back.

No. 7—Is a pretty little blouse-costume, of dotted mull and embroidered ruffles, for a girl of four to five years. The yoke is formed of the embroidery; standing collar and cuffs likewise. The embroidered ruffles form the skirt, and the skirt is attached to a petticoat body.

No. 8—is a seaside-dress for either girl or boy of four to five years. It is of navy-blue flannel, trimmed with bands of white worsted braid. Cap of white cloth, with blue ribbon band and tassel.

No. 9—Is a novelty in the way of a bathing-suit. It is made of marine blue serge and trimmed with white worsted braid. Long sleeves may be added.

No. 9.

BRAIDED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, for our colored pattern, a design for a braided slipper. The foundation may be cloth, velvet, plush, or leather, and the braid may either contrast with or match the ground in color, and is back-stitched to the material with strong silk. Mixed gold and silver braids are sometimes used for slippers. The pattern is traced upon the material or drawn upon tissue-paper, which is pulled away when the design has been worked. The beauty of the work depends upon stitching the braid even and keeping the stitching to its centre, turning all corners sharp, and in making the braid lie flat on the material without a pucker. To prevent the latter fault, fasten one edge of the material to a weight cushion while working. Both ends of the braid should be taken through to the back and fastened off there, as no joins or frayed edges are allowable to the front. Damp the material, and iron at the back, when the work is finished.

PARLOR PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

The design for a parlor pincushion, given in the front of the number, can be made the exact size of the illustration or enlarged, according to taste. Each circle consists of two thicknesses of heavy cardboard, the back covered with pale-blue satin, the front or right side with mahogany plush. The flowers can be embroidered or painted, and each small cushion has a fancy coin attached to it. Black glass or gilt-headed pins surround the edges, and the whole is finished with a blue bow, behind which is a small ring to hang it on the wall.

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JACKET SAINT-GERMAIN WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the half of jacket and vest pattern. It consists of seven pieces:

1. Half of Vest.
2. Front of Jacket.
3. Side-Front of Jacket.
4. Back of Jacket.
5. Side-Back of Jacket.
6. Upper Part of Sleeve.
7. Full Under-Sleeve.

Letters and notches show how the parts are joined.

The vest is made of silk muslin, gauze, or surah, in cream-white, also the full under-sleeve. The jacket is of English embroidery. The belt and edge of under-sleeves are with a puff of the material, through which a rose-colored ribbon is run. Small bows of the ribbon adorn the sleeves, and two long loops-with-ends tie at the right side of the vest-front. This vest and jacket are very pretty made of velvet and surah.

CHILD'S RATTLE.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

Every child loves a rattle, and the one given in the front of the number will not only delight his ear, but please his eye. The handle is simply a penny leadpencil wrapped with narrow pink and blue picot ribbon, of which three yards are required. Eight lengths of it—the longest five inches, the shortest three inches—are sewed fast to the top, after a notch has been made in the wood to hold all firmly. A little gilt bell hangs from each piece, and a full bow composed of the different colors completes the top. If the bells cannot be found, fancy colored glass buttons will answer. This also makes a pretty ornament to hang over a small picture-frame.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design for a nursery-bureau or table cover. It is in outline, very original, and has given much pleasure to many children, not only when worked, but because it is so simple that the beginner in embroidery can easily follow the outlines. It may be done either on felt, momie-cloth, sateen, or coarse linen, and may be worked in gray, white, black, or tawny-yellow embroidery cottons, silks, or threads.

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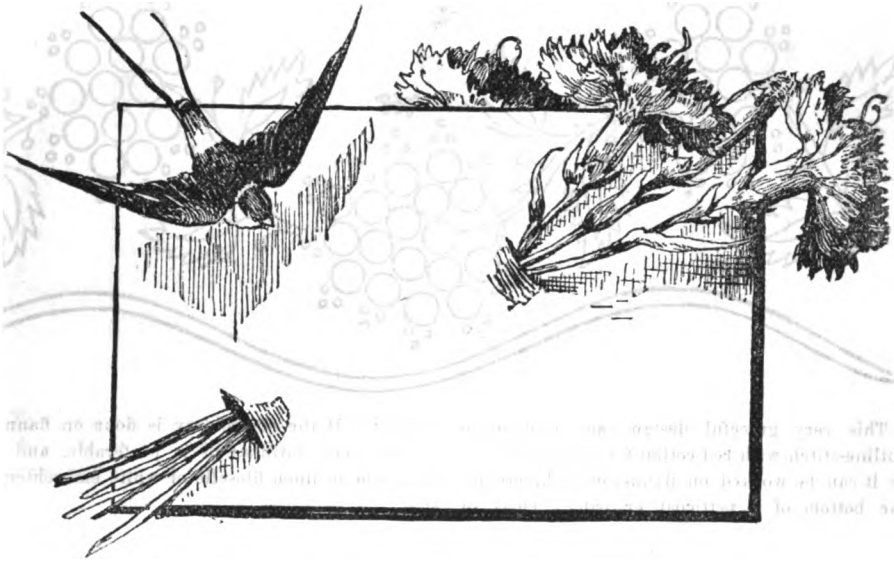
BIRTHDAY OR GUEST CARD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

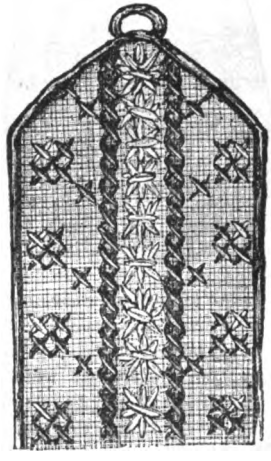


This graceful arrangement can be infinitely varied by introducing different flowers, birds, butterflies, etc. The whole design is either to be painted in colors or simply etched on cardboard. Natural flowers can also be used for decoration. It is a pretty compliment to put on the card the favorite flower or bird of the person to whom the card is sent.

WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This envelope-shape receptacle can easily be decorated by a child. The outside strip is in silk canvas, embellished with groups of cross-stitch in two colors to harmonize with the central row, of double cross-stitch, and the framing-row, of single-stitch. It is lined with plaited satin and bound with fancy galloon, a piece of which is used for the top loops. Pockets and elastic bands are added inside, to suit the taste, to hold the work and accessories.



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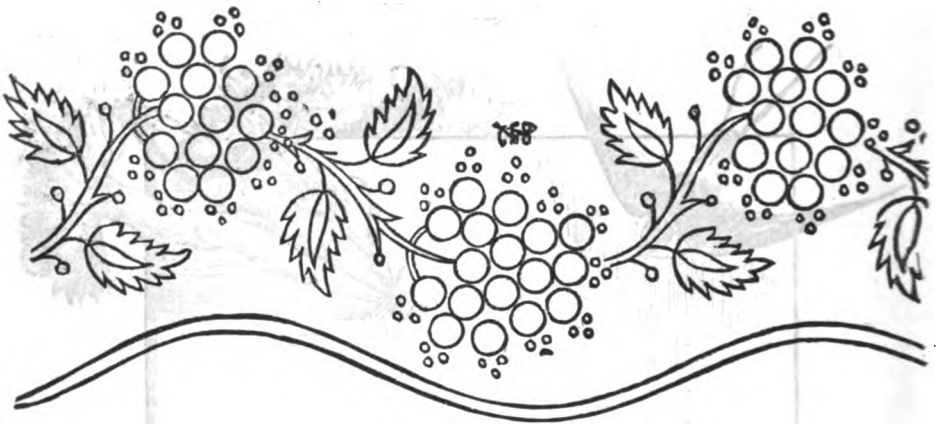
EMBROIDERY IN SATIN OR OUTLINE STITCH.

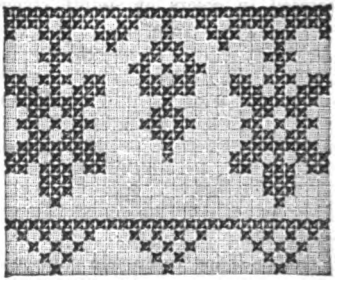
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

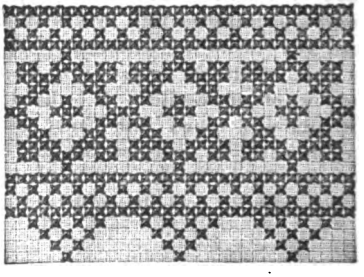


This very graceful design can be done in outline-stitch with red cotton for a child's frock, or it can be worked on flannel or cashmere for the bottom of a petticoat or baby's cloak or blanket. If the embroidery is done on flannel or cashmere, satin-stitch is preferable, and it should be in linen filoselle or white embroidery-silk.

RUSSIAN APRON, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





The foundation of this apron is cream-colored linen. Two stripes are embroidered on the linen, with blue and red French working-cotton, in cross-stitch, the patterns of which we give in detail. The linen should be coarse enough to enable one to count the threads. A linen lace forms the lower edge. It makes a very pretty apron.

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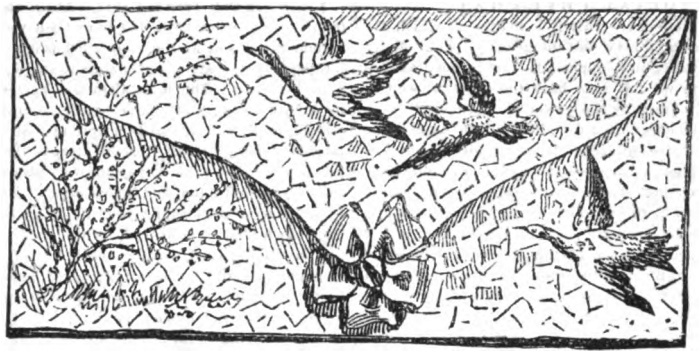
PAPER AND ENVELOPE SACHET.

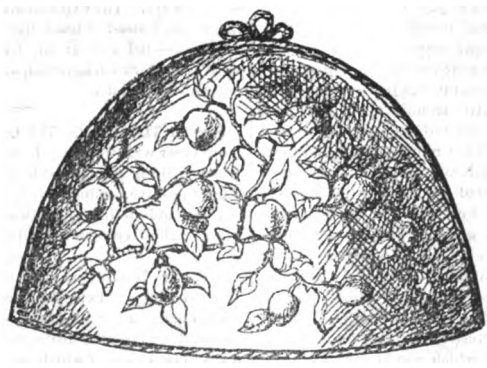
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a useful contrivance for travelers. It is made of blue satin, and the birds and flowers may be either painted or embroidered. The inside is lined with a contrasting color of satin. A pretty ribbon bow finishes the case and adds to the effect.

TEA-COZY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cozy is of olive-green velvet or velveteen. Any pieces of velvet, satin, or plush may be utilized for this kind of appliqué. The design must be traced rather smaller than it really is upon the material. The leaves and fruit are cut out of scraps of plush and satin of the real size. These are carefully cut and pinned in their places upon the foundation. The stems are then worked solidly in shaded browns, outlined with Japanese gold thread. The fruit should be of plush or velvet, the leaves of satin, from olive to the palest green. The whole is outlined with the gold thread. Both sides of the cozy can be treated in the same manner, and finished at the seam with a silk cord. It is an effective and truly cozy-looking article, which can be made at home at but little expense. The lining should be of soft silk, and a layer of wadding between it and the outside.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Art in the Nursery.—This is a matter to which far more attention might be advantageously paid. Many parents who have begun to appreciate "art in the drawing-room," and know what it is to have the heart, as well as "the eye, made quiet by the power of harmony," seem quite to forget the effect of surroundings on the impressionable minds of sensitive children. The little ones upstairs are often left with hideous carpets and curtains, and ungainly uncomfortable chairs. The nursery walls are disfigured with badly colored pictures, which terrify them by day and haunt their dreams by night; or else, in the end, tender susceptibilities are deadened by the hardening process of living in daily contact with graphic representations of human misery. Strange to say, in the good old days of our grandfathers and grandmothers, Bible incidents of a peculiarly agonizing tendency used to be chosen for the special benefit of children. Joseph in the Pit, Daniel in the Lion's Den, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Death of Abel, the Deluge, and marvelous pictures of the Day of Judgment decorated the nurseries of the period. Many a sensitive nature has been injured by the constant sight of scenes of suffering—the horrors of a battle-field, or some terrible shipwreck, for example. In the present day, when such charming pictures are within the reach of the most modest income, there is no excuse for leaving young children with anything which is likely to produce distress of mind, personal fear, and horrors in the dark.

The world they have so recently entered is still very strange to children, and, while young memories are "wax to receive and marble to retain," surely every effort should be made to provide pictures full of joy and hopefulness, not suggestive of dreadful deeds and punishments which they cannot understand. The books now produced for our nurseries fill the hearts of a bygone generation with amazement and envy, and there are engravings just as appropriate if people would only take a little trouble about providing scenes likely to fill childish hearts with happy thoughts, and cultivate their best instincts. If any representation of human suffering is brought before children, it should teach them that relief can be administered by those who, however young and insignificant, are brave and noble enough to sacrifice themselves for the good of others. Life soon brings its clouds and storms to the happiest, and little children should have only things of a cheerful nature in their nursery, and no pictures save those which tend to develop a sense of the helpfulness of the smallest atom of humanity. There are Bible illustrations very unlike those mentioned above, illustrations which would give the little ones a different feeling about life and death, and draw them with cords of love instead of filling them with abject terror of the great and mysterious Ruler of the Universe.

For a Rose-Jar.—For the old-fashioned rose-jar, gather any sweet-rose leaves on a fine day, dry them slightly, lay them in a large jar, and throw in a little table-salt to every layer of roses. When the jar is nearly full, add two handfuls each of rosemary-leaves, lavender-flowers, and knotted marjoram; also a few bay-leaves, one ounce of sliced orris-root, one ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, gum benjamin, and storax, with a quarter-pound of bay-salt pounded. Mix and cover closely for one week, when you will find a delicate scent on opening the jar.

A Use for Old Tennis-Balls.—At the end of the lawn-tennis season, when balls that have been well played with become rather soft and are discarded as useless, is the time for an energetic caterer for bazaars to step in and make off with her spoil. The most attractive babies' balls can be made by covering them with worsted. A tray of red, green, orange, pink, and blue balls, heaped up, one upon the other, labeled "Baby's Balls," soon attracts the attention of purchasers. The work is easy and very pleasant. Hold the ball in your left hand, and bind a piece of string over it to form six divisions, keeping your finger and thumb tightly on; take a needle and thread, secure the string at each end, and fasten off; then, with a needle full of worsted, work round and round till the ball is covered, passing the needle under, and then twice over, each piece of string, to form a ridge all the way down. If the needle is merely passed round the string—that is, once over—the surface is smooth. Odds and ends of wool can be used by making circles of color. It is pleasant work for old ladies and invalid children. With odds and ends of arrasene or chenille, the effect is very rich.

Curious Optical Experiment.—By the following curious optical experiment, the principle of the stereoscope is very well illustrated. Cut out of black paper two similar figures—say two crosses—and place them, their extremities almost touching, at about three inches from the eye, before a sheet of white paper. You will then see three crosses, the middle one being dark and completely separate. This phenomenon is explained by the simultaneous vision of the two eyes, and it is easy to show this by looking at the objects successively with one eye. The experiment becomes still more interesting when, instead of black figures, we employ complementary colors—red and green, for example. In this case, we must use a dark background, and there will appear a white cross in the middle.

Strong Testimony.—The tricycle is finding more and more favor with women. Everywhere and in every instance where nothing unreasonable is attempted, the testimony is a most positive commendation of the exercise as a means, not only of building up the health of women, but of contributing to their enjoyment and happiness of mind and body.

"Three Magazines In One."—The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal says: "Peterson has earned the right to style itself a magazine of literature, art, and fashion; for in every essential it unites the distinctive features of three separate magazines, either of which one would acknowledge to be of superior merit."

Unending Influence.—We know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high and solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual, that her earthly influence, which has had commencement, will never, through all ages, were she the very meanest of us, have an end.—*Carlyle.*

"Outdone Itself."—The Mt. Washington (Ohio) School Journal says: "Peterson has outdone itself in the June number. The ladies always admire 'Peterson' and say it is of the greatest assistance in making their summer outfits, and we believe it."

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A SUGGESTION FOR OLD BOXES.—Do mothers and nurses know how much enjoyment and fun can be had out of the boxes we so often ruthlessly destroy? If all the members of the family will save the boxes, they will find, some stormy day when children are forced to remain indoors, that a trip to the attic (where they can be kept) will afford a great deal of amusement. The little girls of the family will select a good-sized box for a new kind of doll's house, and mamma or nurse can easily teach them how to cut cardboard furniture to furnish this little house. If it is summer-time, make a tiny house out of an old cardboard box, and paste on to it dried moss, then set it upon a shingle, and have a little gravel path leading up to the door. On one side have a bit of looking-glass for a pond, and some branches of evergreen boughs for trees. You can add whatever else you like, to make it look like an old-fashioned farmhouse.

The boys can use the boxes for theatres, Punch and Judy, and many different kinds of shows.

The baby will be amused with an old tin box, some beans or pebbles put inside, and the outside covered with some bright-colored flannel after the cover is firmly fastened. This will make a good rattle, and, if a string be tied to the box, it can be drawn on the floor, or be suspended from the chandelier and swung, if baby is too young to walk. All these simple things have been helps to many mothers and nurses on rainy days, when the expensive toys of the nursery have grown old and the little children are longing for something new.

When you go away from home for the summer, put some boxes and bright-colored papers and cloths into your trunk; you will find them useful and very acceptable when the children cannot have their own nursery or the toys it contains.

A NEW OIL.—Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard and the yolks are then removed, crushed, and placed over a fire, where they are stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use in South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, and scratches.

TAKING REVENGE.—In taking revenge, a girl is but even with her enemy; but, in passing it over, she is her superior.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE TRUE REASON—WASH-DAY MADE EASY.—There is reason in everything, but not every reason given is true. About washing clothes, for instance, common-sense and the chemistry of everyday life teach us that certain things must be done, while others may be left undone. Clothes must be made clean, sweet, pure, and wholesome, without either injuring the fabric or the hands of the laundress. If these objects can be attained, it does not matter what methods are used; and the soap or soap-powder, no matter what it is called, that will admit of the most varied methods of use is the handiest. Some things, however, are important to observe. The dirt and soap must be entirely removed from the interstices of the clothes. The easiest way to do this is by heating the water in which the clothes are contained to the boiling-point. The water, by constant self-agitation, cleanses them from dirt and disease-breeding microbes without in any manner injuring the fabric. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any easier or safer way of washing clothes clean than by using Pyle's Pearline and strictly to follow the directions accompanying each package.—*American Analyst, N. Y.*

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Spiritual Evolution. By Warren Holden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This little volume of poems is in many respects a remarkable production. While inculcating the doctrine of spiritual evolution, it strongly upholds the truth and reliability of the Bible. The author justly considers that a too literal interpretation of the Scriptures exposes them to the assaults of atheism, and that nothing can so effectually combat such attacks as the open recognition by Christians of the symbolic character of the sacred writings. The book is full of noble thoughts clothed in language which never sinks to commonplace and frequently rises to an unusual height of poetic eloquence. The writer's creed is a lofty one and can be best expressed in his own words:

"Nothing is settled save that God is true,
Though every man should prove a living lie.
For God, there's nothing old and nothing new;
For man, arrest of progress means to die.
To live is still to gain a wider view,
Till new horizons reach beyond the sky."

Physical Training; or, The Care of the Body. By Professor Warman. Chicago and New York: A. G. Spalding & Brothers.—Any work by the author of that most admirable book, "Warman's Practical Orthoepy," is sure to merit and receive wide attention. The present volume deals with hygiene and practical modes of developing and preserving physical health. The directions for the employment of all sorts of bed-room gymnastics—dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, and the like—are given with great clearness, and made still more intelligible by copious illustrations. Every parent should buy the book for the use of his growing family, and every young man and woman should possess a copy and proceed conscientiously to carry out its teachings. Professor Warman is doing valuable work in various departments of literature. Whatever he undertakes is not only exceedingly useful and attractive in design, but is always thoroughly and admirably performed.

Laramie; or, The Queen of Bedlam. By Colonel Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—Colonel King has a place peculiarly his own among American novelists, and, in his special line, he is inimitable. "The Queen of Bedlam," like most of his previous books, is a story of life in a frontier garrison, and is full of interest. The plot is so skillfully managed, that, until far toward the close, even the practiced novel-reader is at a loss to unravel it. The characters are all well delineated, several of them ranking among the author's most life-like portraitures.

Merle's Crusade. By Rosa Nouchette Cary. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is a very charming novel, written in the author's happiest vein. The story is told in autobiographical form, simply and naturally. It is a tale of home-life, with a happy mixture of pathos and wholesome hearty humor. The book is prettily bound and illustrated.

Can Love Sin? By Mark Douglas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a novel of American life, with an absorbing plot and very original both in conception and treatment. It is a book which will be read through if once taken up; and, whatever may be thought of its teachings, there can be no question as to its ability and interest.

The Changed Brides. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is one of Mrs. Southworth's most fascinating stories. Plot, incidents, and characterization are full of the most intense interest. The publishers have included this work in the dainty twenty-five-cent edition which has proved so popular.

Nothing could be better for summer reading, as the volumes will go easily into ones pocket. The print is clear and the paper good.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Green Pea Soup.—Take one pint and a half of green peas, boil them in salt and water with a little mint; when thoroughly cooked, pound them and pass them through a hair sieve. Put a piece of butter into a stewpan; when melted, put in an onion and a carrot cut in thin slices, fry until they begin to color; add a quart of stock, a little salt, pepper, and a pinch of white sugar. Leave it to boil for a quarter of an hour, stir in the purée of peas, let it come to the boil, strain it, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

Corn Soup.—Eight large ears; cut off the grains and scrape well the cob; cover it with water; boil until perfectly well done. Be careful not to put too much water with it. Add two quarts of milk; let it come to a boil; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in two teaspoonfuls of flour; let it boil for ten minutes. Pour the soup on the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and serve.

Tomato Soup.—Boil a small piece of meat with cabbage, parsley, celery, pepper and salt, onions, allspice. When they are well boiled, add a good quantity of tomatoes and a dessertspoonful of butter, rolled in flour; strain all through a colander, and serve with small squares of toasted bread.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Cucumbers.—First parboil the cucumbers; then slit the cucumbers down one side, leaving the skin all in one. Season the cucumber with grated bread, butter, pepper, salt, a little onion, and thyme. Mix all well together and bake in the skins. They are very like egg-plant.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Peel cucumbers, and cut them as for table; stew them in a little water, with butter, pepper, salt, and one onion. Let them stew for half an hour, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Tomato Omelette.—Scald six ripe tomatoes, pare them, and remove the ends and seeds. Stew them until tender, then mash them and run through a sieve; add two ounces of finely grated breadcrumb, four well-beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all thoroughly, pour into a buttered dish, and bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with vinegar or brown sauce, not of course made with stock, as is ordinary brown sauce, but merely browned butter thickening thinned with vinegar. Fine herbs sauce is very suitable for serving with savory omelettes. The following is a well-known recipe for it: Chop very fine a dozen mushrooms, four shalots, and a little parsley; put these into a small stewpan with a little butter, stir over the fire for a few minutes, then add, in the ordinary method, a spoonful of flour and a quarter of a gill of brown thickening, the juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste, and a teaspoonful of vinegar; boil for a few minutes, adding a small lump of white sugar just before serving.

CAKES.

Whortleberry Cakes.—Three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, quarter-cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of sifted flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, one small teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, one heaping pint of whortleberries. Mix the baking-powder with the flour, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and beaten eggs, then the flour, stirring in lastly the berries, over which you have previously dredged a little of the flour. Pour into twelve small tin cups buttered and heated, serve hot for breakfast or tea, with butter. They can be baked in muffin-rings.

PICKLES.

Pickled Cauliflower.—Cut off all the green leaves, and put the flowers into boiling water with a good supply of salt; boil from three to five minutes according to size, then take out and dip in clear cold water for one minute. Break the flowers into convenient pieces and put them into jars; make a mixture of one tablespoonful each of mace, cloves, allspice, ginger, and two of mustard-seed, also a large chili; put this to a gallon of vinegar and let boil; when boiling, pour on the cauliflower; cover closely and stand for a week, then pour off the vinegar, heat it again and return to the jars, when seal or tie down for use.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Slice a peck of tomatoes in a broad-mouthed jar, sprinkle salt between each layer, let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off any liquor. Put the tomatoes into a saucepan, with a teaspoonful each of ground ginger, cloves, mace, allspice, cinnamon, and scraped horse-radish; twelve large chilies, three onions, and a teacupful of brown sugar. Cover all this with vinegar, and boil slowly for three hours.

Pickled Onions.—Peel the onions and put them in salt and water not very strong, for six days, changing them every other day. Then boil some vinegar, putting in two handfuls of salt. Let it stand to get perfectly cold, and then pour over them.

A tablespoonful of mustard-seed to each quart is an improvement.

O & O Tea is now to be had at many of the leading grocers' stores, and is truly the choicest article ever offered to the public. It is perfectly pure, and the quality never varies. It is also the most economical in use, as it has more strength than the lower grades. It is sold only in tins hermetically sealed and bearing the trade-mark of the company. At last, consumers of tea are to be protected by a responsible and well-organized association of producers and importers.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Fig. I.—An Afternoon Visiting-Gown, of Changeable Surah and Figured China Silk. The figured material has Pompadour designs upon a cream-white ground; the surah is a golden-brown and green, giving a bronze effect, which makes a charming combination. The front of the skirt has a deep flounce, which is done by making a tuck two inches deep; when drawn up, it forms the frill; the fullness above is gathered into the waist. The overdress falls in straight folds. The full bodice has fine tucks forming a yoke; under the belt, is a knife-plaited ruffle all around the waist. The full puffed sleeves are gathered into a pointed piece at the elbow, finished by a fall of lace. Narrow collar with frill of lace, finished with a bow at the side. Poke hat of écru straw, trimmed with brown and green flowers and leaves.

Fig. II.—A Garden-Party Gown, of Figured Red China Silk. The foundation-skirt of this costume is faced with the silk. A side-panel of flouncing-lace is mounted upon this foundation. The polonaise is cut in one, opening at the side to display the lace panel. The waist forms a V-front, opening over a lace vest, which is finished at the throat by a plaited ruffle of lace. The full sleeves have deep plaited lace cuffs. Small capote of lace, trimmed with red ribbon and flowers with foliage. Lace parasol.

Fig. III.—Is a Walking-Costume, of Blue Nun's-Veiling. The underskirt is bordered with a passementerie of a lighter shade; the same trims the cuffs of sleeves and edges the front and back of yoke. The overskirt has a long Grecian front, and the back may either hang in straight folds or be slightly draped. A belt and sash are added, the latter lined with a lighter shade of blue. Wide knife-plaited ruffles finish the sleeve from shoulder

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to elbow; the same for the neck. A large hat, of crêpe or tulle to match, is trimmed with loops of wide blue ribbon intermixed with field-daisies.

FIG. IV.—IS A RECEPTION-DRESS, OF BLACK DOTTED LACE OVER A SLIP OF AMBER-COLORED SURAH. The straight round skirt of the lace is bordered with five rows of narrow black satin ribbon. It is looped at the sides, to form paniers at the hips, and again falls plain in the centre of the back. The waist is V-shape, both back and front, the lace being pulled over the silk lining. Full puffed sleeves, finished by a band bordered with three rows of ribbon corresponding with the skirt. Long tan Suède gloves and black lace fan complete this costume.

FIG. V.—IS A VISITING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CHALLIS, cream-white, with pink roses on the figured material. The underskirt, of plain cream-white, is accordeon-plaited all around. The over-polonaise forms two long pointed tabs in front, edged with a knife-plaiting of the plain. The same edges the fronts of the bodice, where it opens over the full vest of poppy-red surah. A plaited ruffle of the same finishes the neck. A belt and long loops-and-ends of ribbon to match ties at the left side. The full sleeves are ornamented by tiny bows of the same, and a plaited ruffle finishes the sleeve at the elbow. Hat of red tulle or crêpe to match, trimmed with poppies and leaves.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE SURAH. The skirt is trimmed with three pinked-out flounces; the upper one is draped up panier-fashion, on the left side, with wide satin ribbon. The bodice is of the surah, cut rather low at the back and to a point in front, and is filled in with point-d'esprit net, with narrow satin ribbon run in the gathers. The sleeves are also of the d'esprit net.

FIG. VII.—FICHU, FOR MOURNING-WEAR, MADE OF ENGLISH CRÊPE AND JETTED CRÊPE OR NET. The plastron is of the jetted material, and the folds at the sides and the collar are of the plain crêpe. This will look well in white crêpe and pearl beads, for a lighter mourning. The point and the fastening at the side of the collar are studded with jet drops.

FIG. VIII.—HAT, OF WHITE TULLE, CRÊPE, OR STRAW, trimmed with a foliage of ivy-leaves with its black-and-yellow berries and a jetted edge.

FIG. IX.—NEW-STYLE WAIST, suitable for a slender woman. It is of violet-colored India silk, with a wide collar of black plaited gauze and very wide black surah waistband and bands of black surah on the sleeves.

FIG. X.—PLASTRON, useful for making a variety in the wardrobe, as it can be worn with different dresses. It can be made of embroidered tulle, either white or black, and is trimmed with either white or black jet. The collar, bretelles, and front are all full.

FIG. XI.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE CHALLIS FIGURED WITH PINK ROSES IN STRIPES. The skirt is plain, the bodice gathered in Grecian folds from the shoulder to the waist, and is worn with a ribbon sash, which passes from under the left arm around the waist twice and ties in long loops on the left side. Short full sleeves. Hat of white straw, trimmed with white ribbon and a pink feather.

FIG. XII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE GRENADINE FIGURED IN WHITE. The skirt is not draped at the back, but is slightly caught up in front and is jaboted down the left side. A long end of ribbon with a butterfly bow trims the right side. The high plain bodice is also trimmed with ribbon-and-bows, and the sleeves have a plaiting on the outside of the arms from the shoulders to the cuffs. White straw hat with dark-blue feathers.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF PALE-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with brown velvet ribbon and ostrich-tips shaded from light to dark brown. The veil is of point-d'esprit.

FIG. XIV.—JACKET-BODICE, for either outdoor or house wear. It is made of French flannel striped in fawn and light-blue, is gathered on the shoulders, and opens over a plain blue plastron vest.

FIG. XV.—VALOIS BODICE, OF TAN-COLORED CASHMERE striped with dark-brown velvet bands. The plaitings on the hips and sleeves are of pongee silk, of the color of the cashmere.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE, suitable for a house-dress, but more particularly for a chamber-wrapper. It is plaited lengthwise from the shoulder to the cuff; but, just above the elbow, the plaitings are loosened and are sewed into a broad cuff.

FIG. XVII.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF PLAIN DARK-GREEN SATEEN. The skirt is plaited to the waist, falls in straight lines, and is trimmed around the bottom with two rows of guipure insertion and a row of guipure lace. On the left side, the plaits are much narrower, and are caught together by a bow of green ribbon. The full bodice has a broad fichu collar of the sateen, edged with guipure lace. Wide waistband, fastened with an oxydized buckle. Plaited half-long sleeves. White straw hat, faced with green velvet and trimmed with white satin ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, with a full trimming of black velvet studded with steel beads, and trimmed with black ribbon and bunches of snowberries. Double strings of black satin and white satin ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—HEADDRESS FOR AN ELDERLY WOMAN. The hair is combed high and rolled in crosswise puffs. The lace lappets cover the top of the hair in front.

FIG. XX.—HOUSE-JACKET, OF BLUE FLANNEL. The front has a loose vest of blue silk, and a plaiting of the same is around the point at the back. Collar and cuffs of blue silk, with fancy stitching of silk in a darker shade.

FIG. XXI.—INVALID'S WRAP, OF PINK-AND-WHITE STRIPED FLANNEL. It is made loose and full, with large sleeves put into large armholes, and is pinked around the edge, collar, and cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year, there is very little to chronicle that is new in the fashions. By June, all the newest modes are out, though there are some minor variations of the styles.

Skirts are made to have a plain straight effect, even if somewhat draped, as nearly all thin materials must be.

Bodices, however, are made in quite fantastic and often very ugly styles. Sometimes, one side of the bodice will be made of one material, fitting closely to the figure, the other side will be of a lighter, as soft silk or woolen goods, and gathered over the bust from the shoulder to the waist. This gathering or drapery is done according to the taste of the wearer. No style of bodice is absolutely fashionable—all styles are adopted, except the very plain severe ones so long popular, and these are sometimes seen in tailor-made traveling-dresses.

Evening-bodices have short puffed sleeves or draperies like half-handkerchiefs, which take the place of sleeves, or are full and puffed.

The Medici collar, which is a high ruff standing about the back of the neck, is worn with the Empire dress, and is becoming to tall slim figures.

Black net dresses have taken the place of black figured lace, to some degree.

Sashes are tied at the sides or at the back, as fancy may dictate, and are worn either wide or narrow.

Wraps of various shapes are seen, though usually they are short, and can be easily put on or off, as is necessary. The three capes, made of cloth, with long mantilla ends, are the newest.

Bonnets are small. Those trimmed with an Alsatian bow are the most generally becoming: this is a wide bow which lies flat across the top of the bonnet.

Sailor-hats have only a band of ribbon around them; they are not generally becoming except to youthful faces.

Hats of black net, black straw, Leghorn, etc., are generally

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large and trimmed with a profusion of flowers; they are frequently dented in the most fantastic shapes, are often too large to be comfortable in a breeze, and are not becoming. Those made of transparent net on wire frames look the best, though not so useful as the straw ones.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The summer fashions continue to present the type of picturesque grace with which the spring has made us familiar. In none of the past seasons have flowers been so much worn, both for evening-dress trimmings and on hats and bonnets. Worth has introduced the Empire style of bordering not only the corsage, but the skirt as well, with large roses without buds or foliage, set close together in a continuous garland. Also, he has made dresses in white silk or satin, cut all in one, with the corsage slightly draped over the bust, and with a massed garland of either pink or pale-yellow roses starting from the right shoulder, crossing the dress at the waist, and continuing down the left side of the skirt to the edge, a similar garland bordering the dress just above the hem. This very effective style is very easy to reproduce. A ball-toilette recently made by Worth, for the young Duchess de Morny, was also as simple as it is beautiful. It was in white crape, the front in accordeon-plaits, and the half-long train made with two enormous tucks, each a quarter of a yard in depth, and bordered all around with a narrow plaiting of crape. This train was caught back at intervals with long sprays of large white daisies.

The Exhibition has actually brought gray alpaca into vogue once more. The quality used is of very fine grade, and has a silvery sheen that makes it very dressy-looking. It is made up in a variety of styles, such as with a flat-plaited skirt braided with very fine black braid in an elaborate lace-like pattern above the hem to the height of a quarter of a yard. The sleeves, made full to the elbows, and tight-fitting thence to the wrists, are braided on the lower part to correspond with the skirt; and a deep braiding around the throat, simulating a wide lace collar, completes the dress. Then there are other costumes made with flat-plaited skirts, every alternate plait on the front or side breadths being braided with black, the back of the skirt being composed of plain breadths of the alpaca, falling straight and in larger plaits. This favorite material is also made up in combination with black velvet, which forms a very stylish costume, though rather too heavy for summer wear. The Exhibition wraps are small dolmans, the universal and ever-popular jacket, and coachman's capes—that is to say, capes formed of several superposed ones in cloth or in faille. This last wrap is very serviceable, and very becoming to persons with slender figures. Brick-red is a very popular color for these light wraps, and especially for the dolmans, and it is a tint that has the advantage of looking well with the fashionable shades of gray.

The most fashionable round hats have immensely wide brims and extremely flat crowns, the latter not exceeding two inches in height. Long ostrich-plumes in black or in cream-color are sometimes used for trimming black or cream-white hats; but flowers are much the most popular garniture. New flowers are continually introduced, such as hops and clover and various forms of the rarer orchids. Dandelions, with their straight-stemmed plumy seed-vessels, are used for trimming hats in black straw, and hats in white rustic braids are picturesquely wreathed with wild roses. A pretty garniture for one of the delicious little capotes, all in flowers, that are worn on full-dress occasions, is a single small butterfly set just on the front edge of the brim. The newest of these flower capotes are composed of the blue corn-flower, of pansies in shaded velvet, or of small roses—the brim, in the latter case, being composed of a branch of foliage. Capotes in black tulle, the brim covered with flat folds of the tulle, and having a jet star set in front of the brim, are very elegant and dressy, and are easily made, as well as very becoming. A more dressy bonnet of this shape was made in black tulle over pink faille, the tulle dotted with jet. Two bands in cut jet, and a butterfly—also in jet—set on front, formed the trimming. A very artistic bonnet was in strawberry-blossoms, with a cluster of small ripe strawberries set in the front of the brim. But there is no end to the pretty conceits in this line that are being produced this season.

Dresses in black embroidered net or crape, set off with green ribbons, are, however, a good deal worn, and are very effective. I have seen a pretty toilette in this style, made of black lace, with the flowers outlined with embroidery in small jet beads, and made with a sash, cuffs, and collar in green faille ribbons, which was not only dressy, but serviceable as well. In fact, the fashions just now are eminently practical. The prettiest dresses are easy to reproduce, and becoming to the wearer, and eminently wearable on all sorts of occasions.

Fans are carried of medium size, and the painted Louis XV style is the most fashionable for full-dress occasions. I regret to note the almost total disappearance of the fan in ostrich-feathers, as it was picturesque and graceful, and very useful as well. Very pretty fans for demi-toilette are made with sticks of enameled wood, matching in color the leaf of gold-spangled gauze, and continued up the back of the leaf to the edge. Gauze leaves, painted in monochrome—that is to say, in shades of blue on blue gauze, red on red gauze, etc.—are very much in vogue. A pretty innovation is to have the edges of the leaf worked in such a way with minute gold or silver beads, that, when the fan is folded, the embroidery forms the Christian name of the owner.

Parasols for the late summer and early autumn are shown in all sorts of materials, such as Pekin silks, laces, foulards matching the costume, etc. The newest of all are in black satin, lined with green or pink silk; and on this lining are set plaited ruffles of black lace, entirely covering the interior. The parasols in accordeon-plaited black gauze over colored linings are very much in favor.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG I.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE. The trousers are plain. The blouse opens at the throat, and has a light-blue linen collar and cuffs; and the jersey is of blue and dark-red stripes. Dark-blue sailor-hat.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF WHITE CAMBRIC FIGURED WITH BLUE AND RED. The skirt is buttonholed at the edge with red cotton. The skirt is plain and fastened to the bodice under a sash of red surah silk. Bows on the sleeves are of red ribbon. The fullness of the front is arranged, at the neck, with smocking or honeycomb. The sleeves are full, with a band on the upper part of the arm. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with dark-red and dark-blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-RED SATEEN FIGURED WITH WHITE. The skirt is quite plain. The tunic is long and full, draped lengthwise, and faced on the left side with white Hamburg embroidery. The fullness of the bodice forms a ruffle at the waist, and has a belt of white Hamburg insertion. Cuffs and collar of the embroidery. Black straw hat, trimmed with poppies and daisies.

FIG. IV.—LEGHORN HAT, FOR A LITTLE GIRL. Loops of white satin ribbon are on the crown, and under the brim are loops of narrow satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—COLLAR, OF LACE OR EMBROIDERY, for a little girl. Three small butterfly bows ornament the front.

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Painted by A. Rudaux. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

PICK-A-BACK.

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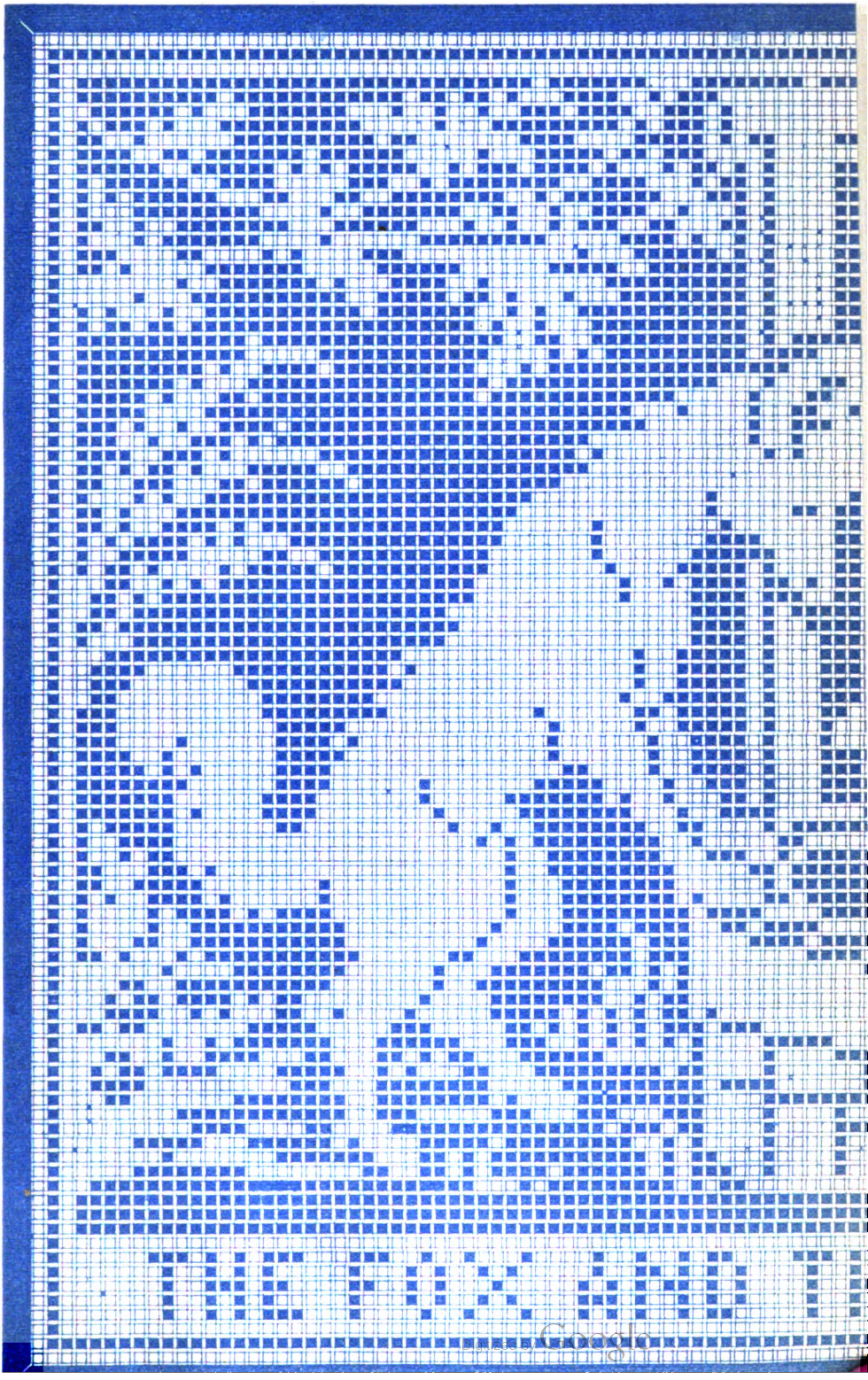

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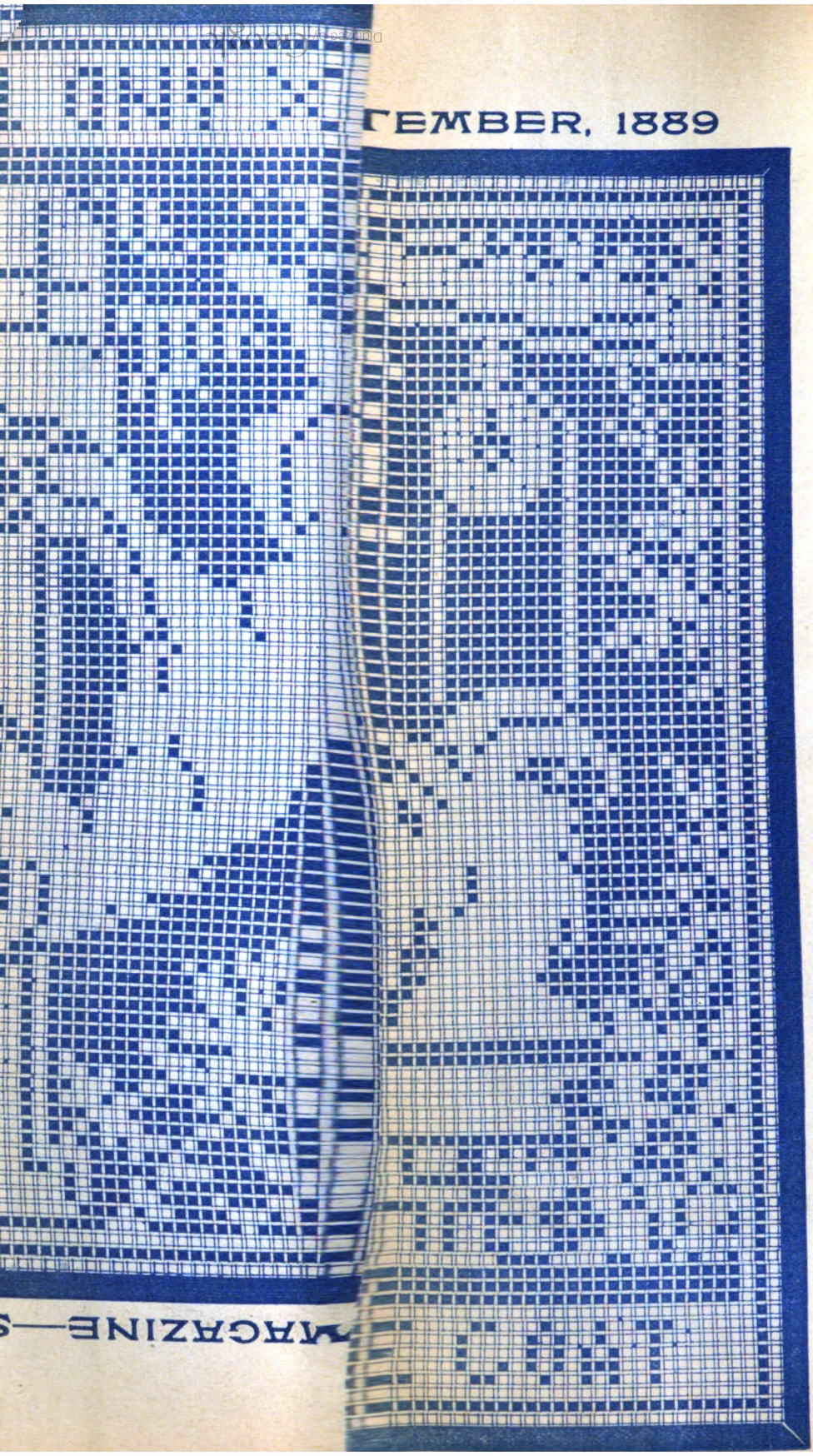

MAGAZINE—SEPTEMBER, 1889

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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HEAD-DRESS. BODICE. BACK AND FRONT OF BONNET.

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MOURNING BONNET. FALL MANTLE. WALKING-DRESS.

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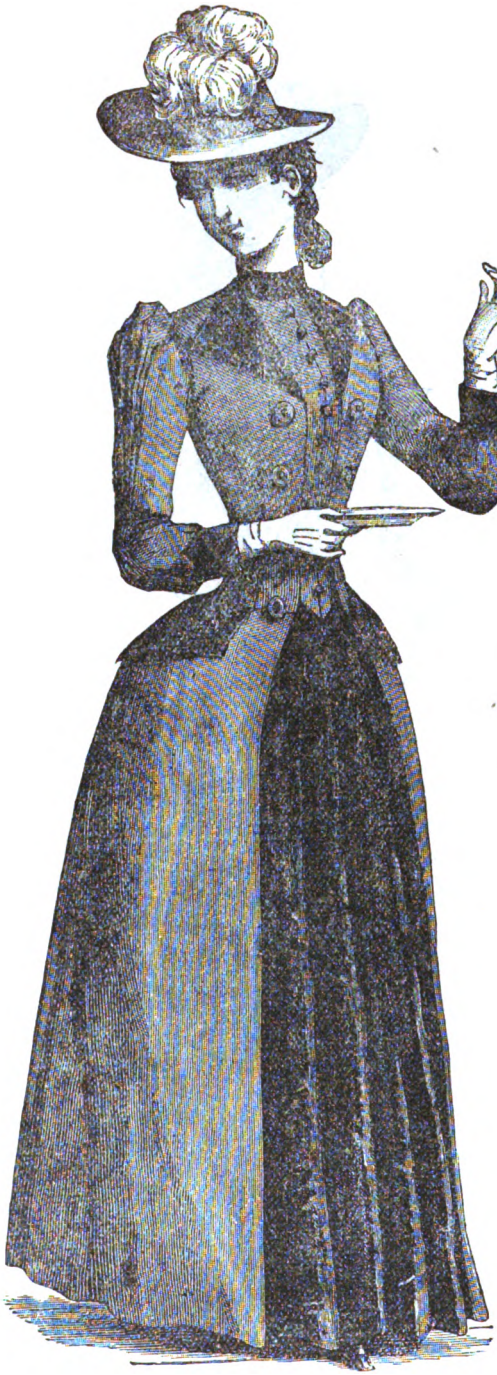

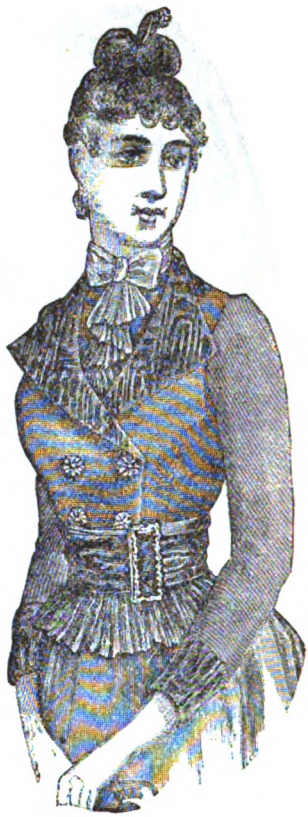

WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-BODICE. HEAD-DRESS.

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BONNETS. WALKING-DRESS.

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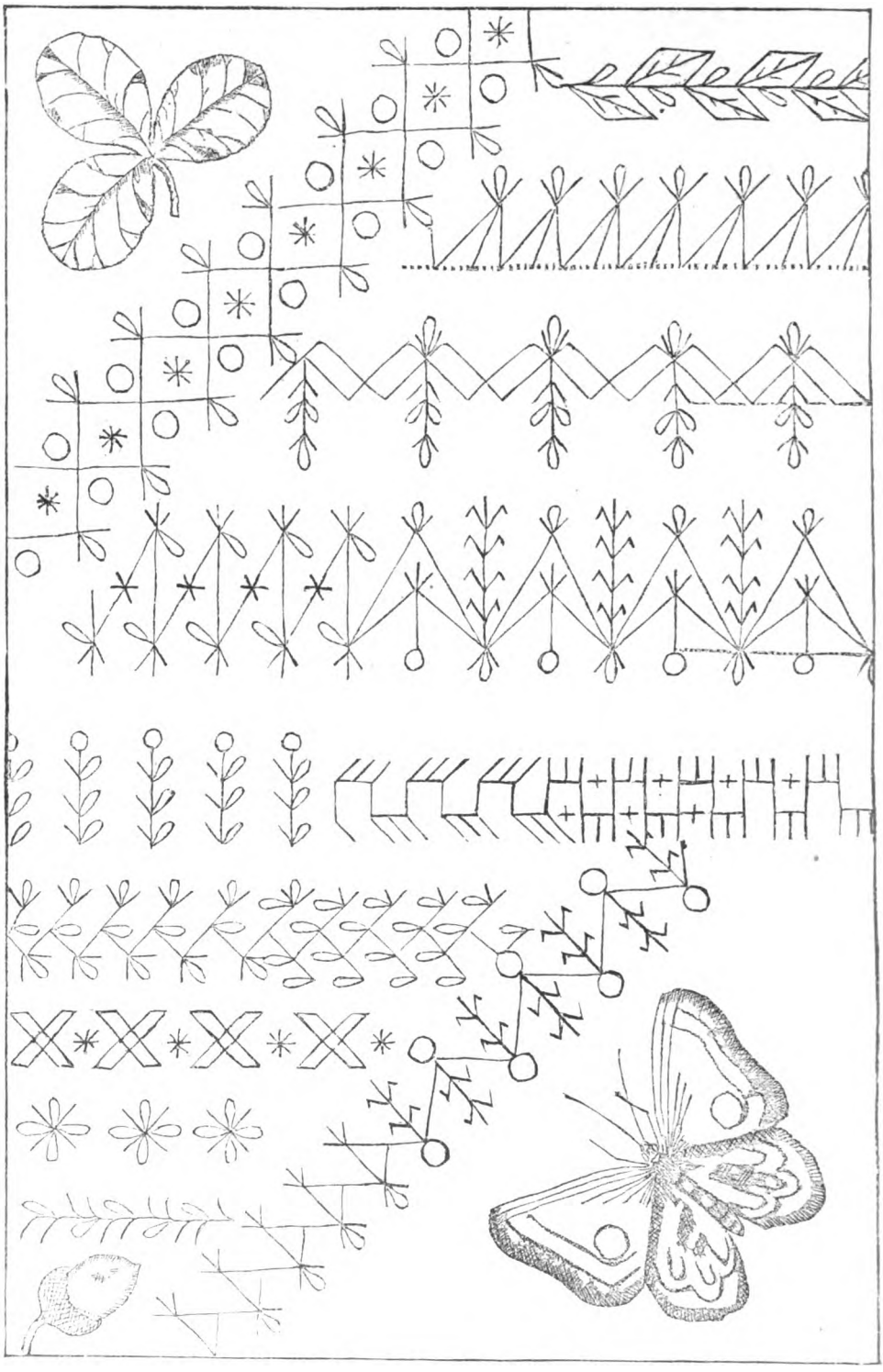

STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY.

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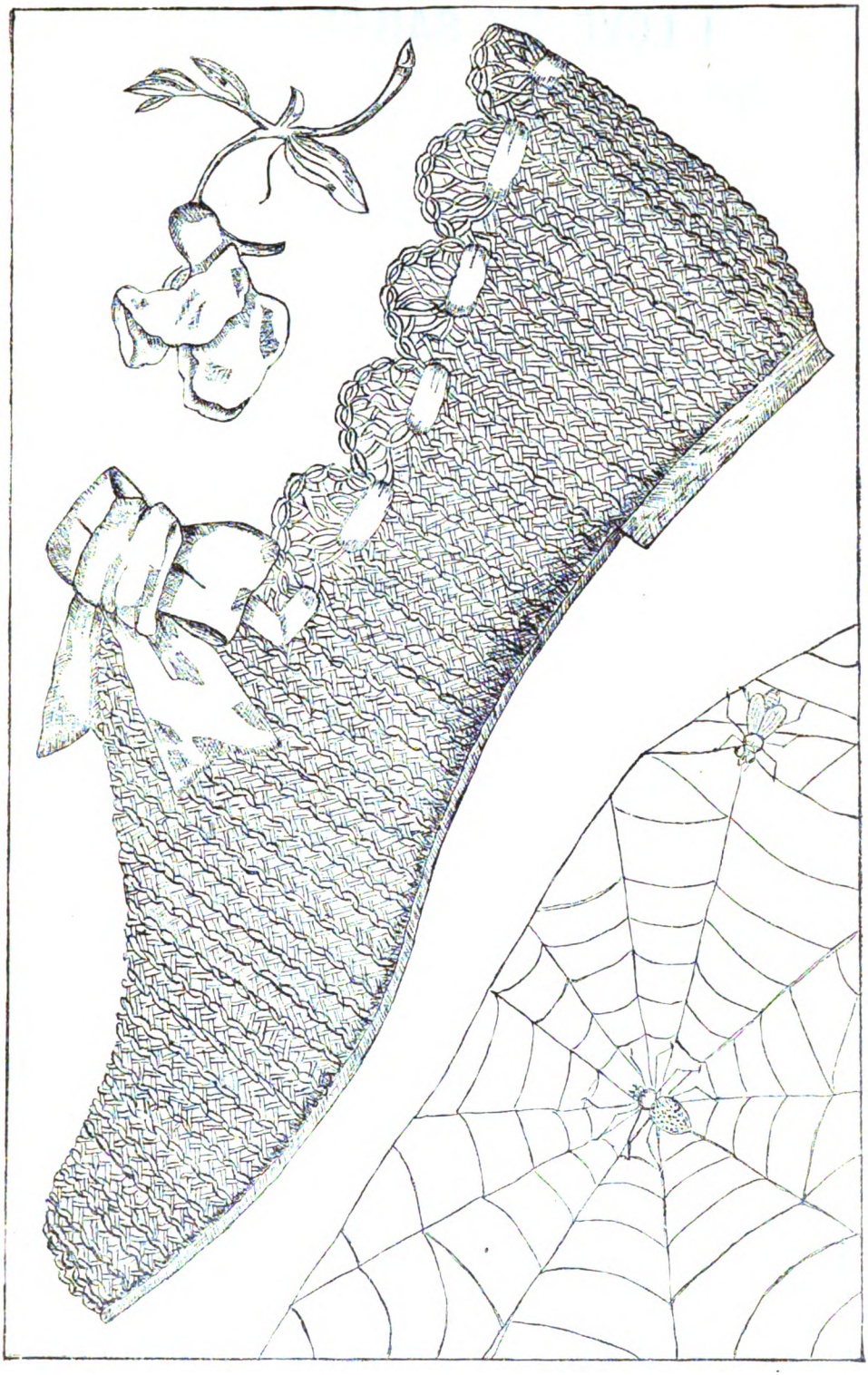

BED-ROOM SLIPPER. COBWEB-DESIGN FOR OUTLINING. SWEET PEA.

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I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

PUBLISHED ALSO FOR PIANO.

Ballad by GEO. A. CRAGG. **Arranged for the Guitar by SEP. WINNER.**

Voice.

Guitar.

1. He said good-by a year a-go, And sail'd a-cross the sea; He said, my love, I will return A-gain sweet-heart to thee. One night I had the sweet-est dream, A vis-ion wond'rous clear— I saw his ship at an-chor ride, My love stood smil-ing near, I saw his ship at an-chor ride, My love stood smil-ing near.

2. 'Twas but a dream, the cru-el sea My love had not brought back, And gold-en years had fled apace, Since I had seen my Jack. But then there came an-oth-er dream, His form my vis-ion drew When I a-woke, oh joy, oh bliss, My dream, my dream was true, When I a-woke, oh joy, oh bliss, My dream, my dream was true.

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I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY.

Tempo di Valse.

Jack stood be - side me, laughing and teas - ing, Shout - ing his lus - ty a -

hoy..... Ah, hap - py meet - ing, What joy - ous greet - ing,

Gave I my brave sail - or boy..... You have my heart, love,

We'll nev - er part, love, Ah, how his words gave me joy..... Here in our

cot, love, I'll cast my lot, love, I love my brave sail - or boy .....

rit. . . . . *tempo.*

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CROQUET-DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1889. No. 3.

SOME FRENCH FASHIONS OF OTHER DAYS

BY SARAH POWEL.

COUVRE-CHEF, 1317.

SO dearly do women love dress and change in dress, that perhaps Eve, our mother of mischief, tried new arrangements of her green garments, admiring her own beautiful self in some mirror-like stream in the Garden of Eden. But woman has not been alone in the love for the beautiful or gorgeous in personal adornment. From the earliest days of which we have any record, down to the beginning of this century, the man has been almost as lavish in expenditure in dress as the woman. We are not told for which sex it was that Tyre made her famous purples—which are what we now call crimsons—but no doubt both profited by them, and it is certain that those stuffs were used for household purposes.

In Greece, the beautiful—but, to awkward modern limbs, uncomfortable—flowing and clinging dress was worn, with modifications, by both men and women. The men wore fillets in the hair, and, at the games or on festive occasions, wreaths of flowers or leaves were used; and the amount of false hair worn by the women would have surprised a modern belle. The same remarks apply to Rome as well.

In France, in the Middle Ages, as late as 1317, men wore what was called a "chapeau de fleurs," which was not a real hat, but simply a coronet of forget-me-nots, roses, or some other flowers, and it was an indispensable part of dress for festivities. After this came, still for the men, a species of fillet made of silk and covered with gold or precious stones. These were, of course, more costly, but were universally worn by persons of rank, as they served as a very decided distinguishing mark between the noble and the "vilain" or dependent. In the old missals and sculptures, it is sometimes difficult to tell which is the man, and which the woman, from the dress. The headdress of a lady of the nobility at this time—about 1317—was called a "couvre-chef," and consisted of a framework of wire, covered with silk stuff which was embroidered or trimmed with lace. This "couvre-chef" did not continue in favor beyond the middle of the fourteenth century, when women adopted the

HEADDRESS OF 1350.

custom of wearing any kind of headdress they preferred, the hair being kept back by a silver net, attached either to a frontlet or confined by a veil of very light material.

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The extravagance of the men's dress went to the farthest limit; but the women's attire, in the time of Charles V of France, grew more elegant, more dignified, and more simple, as is seen in the statue of Jeanne de Bourbon, wife of Charles V, which

HEADDRESS OF COURT LADY, 1450.

is considered by artists the very best of the Middle Ages.

The fashion of wearing false hair continued during the middle of the fourteenth century, and it gave rise to all sorts of ingenious combinations. Nets or cauls were again adopted, and headdresses which, while admitting a display of masses of false hair, hid the horsehair or padded puffs.

About 1450, the "escoffion" came into fashion, a heavy roll, which, being placed on a cap, also padded, produced the most clumsy and ungraceful shapes. These were worn by the court ladies of that day, and, ugly as they were, they were not much more so, nor so very unlike, than the narrow pointed bonnet or hat of the present time. The women of the lower classes, however, wore much more suitable and really becoming costumes, simple, graceful, and convenient.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the ladies still appeared with very long trains, which they carried tucked up under their arms unless they had pages or waiting-maids. There grew, however, a tendency to shorten these inconvenient trains, as well as the long hanging and embroidered or fringed sleeves. But, as the dresses became shorter, they were trimmed in the most costly manner. The headdress consisted of a very large roll surmounted by a high conical bonnet called a hennin, the introduction of which into France is attributed to Isabel of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI, in 1390. Later on, Charlotte of Savoy, the second wife of Louis XI, is represented in pictures of the period in headgear of this kind. The waist of the dress was short, the sleeves tight, and the robe of some gorgeous material with large figures on it, very close-fitting and trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of miniver. The thin veil depending from the hat reached to the feet, like a bridal veil of the present day. It was at this time that women began to uncover the neck and to wear necklaces.

Monstrelet tells us that, about 1487, ladies ceased to use trains, substituting for them trimmings of grebe's-fur velvet and other materials, of almost half a yard in width.

A distinct separation between ancient and modern dress took place about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was during this century that women wore garments closely fitting to the figure, with tight sleeves and richly-trimmed petticoats; the skirts were tight to the waist and opened in front very wide, displaying the lower part of a rich under-petticoat which reached to the ground, completely concealing the feet. This, like the sleeves with puffs falling to the wrists, was an Italian fashion. Frequently the hair was turned over in rolls, adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a small cap, coquettishly placed on one side or on the top of the head, and ornamented with gold chains, jewels, and feathers. The body of the dress was long and pointed in front, and the dress of a rich bourgeoise of the time of Francis I is a good illustration of the fashion.

Catherine de Medici introduced into France, from Italy, the fashion of ruffs in 1550, and Marie de Medici that of lace collars standing out from the shoulders in 1599. This latter fashion,

CHARLOTTE OF SAVOY.

in a modified way, found great favor a few years back with many women; only, in the case of the Queen, the collar was wide and was worn at the back with a bodice rather low in the neck, and the modern Marie de Medici ruff was worn with

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a high bodice and dress open in front; and most becoming it was.

Dresses tight at the waist began to be made very full around the hips, by means of large

HEADDRESS OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

padded rolls, and these were still more enlarged by an arrangement of padded whalebones and steel, which subsequently became the ridiculous paniers which were worn almost down to the commencement of the present century. This fashion is seen at its best, or worst, in the portraits of Marie Antoinette, and was a remnant of the fardingales such as Queen Elizabeth wore, grown to be enormous. They assumed such proportions that a satirist of the time said that they made the short women look like balls, and the tall ones like bells.

So monstrous did the arrangement of the hair become about 1772, that butterflies, birds, cupids,

CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

fruit, and even vegetables, entered into it. The Duchess de Chartres appeared at the opera one night with the hair dressed in a puff, which represented her son in his nurse's arms, a parrot pecking at a cherry, and a little negro boy. The full-dress coiffure for the opera made the ladies' faces seventytwo inches high from the chin to the top of the hair.

The coiffure à la grecque, à la reine. à la junon, are among the least exaggerated of the styles of the time, as given in a fashion-book of that period.

On one head there is a small fully-rigged vessel, invented after the naval combat, June 17, 1778. It was an imitation of the frigate La Belle Poule with its masts, rigging, and guns.

Louis XVI, who was plain in his tastes and careless in his attire, tried in vain to stem the extravagances of the times. Satire and caricature, which are frequently such formidable weapons, especially against women, were equally powerless. The police attempted to interfere, but all they could do was to prevent ladies visiting the theatre if the headdress was large enough to obstruct the

COIFFURE À LA REINE, 1772.

view. We do not find the police so efficient in the present day.

The toilette of a pretty woman before the French Revolution was a sort of an intimate reception, when the hair was dressed. She sat in her room, attired in an embroidered, be-ribboned, and be-ruffled peignoir, while the hairdresser took an hour or more to complete his task. During that time, the conversation went on without interruption, dealing with all the novelties of the day, though it was considered good taste to give it a literary, scientific, or philosophical turn.

The toilet-table was covered with all the new books. Marie Antoinette gradually diminished the size of her headdress. She had tired of the brilliancy of Versailles, and now played dairymaid at the Little Trianon; her costume, as well as her headdress, underwent a decided change.

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Madame de Sartory writes that "woman's dress was never so plain as it is now; a straw hat with a knot of ribbons and an apron, for house-wear, have taken the place of curls, frizzles, and fallabals." It is in a garb of the latter description that the poor queen is represented in prison,

HEADDRESS OF 1787.

with disheveled hair, widely different from the powder and puffs and plumes of her earlier days.

The fashion of wearing powder on the hair was imported into our own country from France and England. There are traditions preserved in many families here of the difficulty of having this crowning beauty dressed for the Assembly or some other festivity. Many a belle has sat from the early morning till the time for the ball, with hair arranged for the evening's gayeties, as the fashionable hair-dresser was in such demand that this must be done, or the hair not dressed; and, in one case of which we have heard, the hair was "done" the night before, and the beauty got her sleep by sitting up in her chair all night. But, alas! the untidiness of it all. What was erected with so much cost and care was not to be lightly pulled down, and days would go by before the superstructure was demolished.

Somewhat earlier in the eighteenth century, "patches" were used to such an extent that a contemporary writer declared that a woman's face looked like the signs of the zodiac; they were of black court-plaster, cut in the most grotesque shapes, such as a coach and six horses, birds, the sun, moon, stars, comets, or crescents. They had been sparingly used in the time of Louis XIV, and only to enhance the whiteness of the skin; women of dark complexion took good care not to put them on. It required a special knack to place these patches where they would best set off the face—upon the forehead, the temples, near the eyes, at the corner of the mouth, etc. A great lady was always seen with seven or eight, and never went out without her patch-box, so that she might put on more, if she felt so inclined, or replace those which might happen to come off. A tiny mirror was set in the lid of many of these boxes, and the boxes themselves were often works of art. The writer possesses two which belonged to great-great-grandmothers, one of dark-blue Battersea enamel, encrusted with tiny seed pearls, the other of clouded agate set in gold.

That woman's dress during this century has gone through all changes of ugliness, we know; our fashions have been as preposterous as at any time since the world began. None more so, though, than the hideous hoop-skirt first in vogue in the time of Louis XIV and again revived in the early years of the Second Empire. To the Empress Eugénie has been accorded the credit—or, rather, discredit—of introducing this senseless fashion. But the supposition is a mistake: this style, like so many others, was brought out by a French-woman more noted for her beauty than her respectability. She appeared, one day, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, wearing a hoop-skirt, and naturally created a sensation. Such a crowd of street-boys and idle men gathered about her, that she was obliged to take refuge in a shop.

Soon afterward, at an Imperial ball, Eugénie, Madame Metternich, and Madame Gallifet, made

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

their appearance in the new style, and the awkward and ungainly fashion immediately became general. To such an extent was the wearing of hoops carried, that some women's skirts measured fifteen feet round.

A happy contrast to these balloons, and the

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JEANNE DE BOURBON.

most artistic of dresses for women, is the mode fashionable a few years back, and known in America by the slang phrase "the pull-back." When not carried to an excess, so that the wearer could scarcely bend or sit down, this style was exceedingly graceful, and, showing the curves of the figure, most artistic.

The Directoire dress, when not reaching an extreme, is almost as charming a fashion; but as much cannot be said of the Empire, which is coming up now also. The latter is neither becoming nor beautiful.

Still, each new fashion is preferable while it lasts, and every change seems, at the time, an improvement. Last year's styles become almost as antiquated as those of our grandmothers. Every decade brings a complete revolution in feminine taste, so that what we to-day fondly imagine is beautiful is likely to be considered hideous by the next generation: and what will be written of us, in the centuries to come, we cannot imagine.

Speaking of ugly fashions, can anything be more uselessly ugly than the present dress of men? Of course, it is claimed, in this utilitarian age, that the costumes of the "sterner sex" must be adapted to the necessities of the workaday world and the practical nineteenth century. Still, there are times when these lords and masters unbend, and at such times it seems as if they might adopt a more picturesque array than the regulation black suit with its ungraceful cut.

There is a slight progress apparent in the matter of undress suits for seashore and mountain. The reform will be greatly advanced by a return, at least for full-dress occasions, to the elegant styles of our grandfathers—such as knee-breeches and the like.

When this is the case, these lords of creation may presume to criticize the absurdities of feminine attire—not before.

AT NIGHT.

BY J. B. SKIDMORE

A HUSH of mighty mystery,
  A silence deep and vast—
The quiet of eternity
  Is o'er my spirit cast.

Beneath me, softly sighing,
  The waters gently moan,
As for some mermaid dying,
  In sad sweet undertone.

The white foam of her garments
  Comes curling to my feet,
The sea breathes forth its incense
  For such sweet burial meet.

Above, the stars shine faintly,
  Dimmed by the moon's white glow;
Weird shadows, dark about me,
  Do, wraith-like, come and go.

Wrapped in a radiance silvery,
  The sea and slumbering land
Seem to rise but now from eternity,
  Fresh from the Master's hand.

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GILLIE FRANCIS.

BY MRS. MINNIE ALBRO CASSITY

ILLIE-E-E! Gillie Francis! Gillie—Francis—honey-my-chile! Whar kin that thar gal be? She's allers a-trapsin' off som'eres."

The speaker replaced her short cob pipe between her lips, and, resting her bony hands on her hips, stood upright and angular in the narrow doorway of the cabin. She appeared to be ruminating on the prospect before her, as she energetically puffed the smoke into clouds.

The log cabin, with its stick chimney plastered with mud, its attendant hen-coops, well-sweep, and wood-pile, was surrounded by a high staked-and-ridered fence. On three sides stretched the yellowing corn-field, extending some distance up the steep mountain-side, rustling like a forest of pine-trees in the scurrying autumn wind. In front of the yard, what was known as the "medder lot" sloped to the creek. A sleek little mountain scrub cow was bawling for her calf, which was making ineffectual attempts to gain refreshment from the maternal udders by poking its head between the rails of the fence.

"Mis" Ayers, as she was commonly called in the neighborhood, came down the one step into the yard. The path, worn through the grass and weeds by the frequent peregrinations of the "Ayerses," showed the yellow clayey soil of the bottom. An attempt had been made by the ambitious Gillie at ornamenting the premises. The result was not encouraging. A few straggling ladyslippers, hollyhocks, and sickly four-o'clocks battled with the weeds and the chickens. "Mis" Ayers discovered an adventurous Domineck hen and her brood of chickens scratching industriously among the flowers.

"S-shoo-oo! Shoo-oo!" she screamed, flapping her thin calico skirt to and fro with one hand, while she held her pipe with the other. "Drat the critters, thar won't be a single one of them posies left. They've e'enmost a-scratched the roots up, and Gillie Francis has nigh broke her neck over 'em, a-tryin' ter git ahead o' them Foster gals with their double hollyhawks and their sunflowers," she said, throwing a chip after the Domineck.

She stooped and began to rake the dirt up around the roots of the flowers. Her straight black hair, streaked with gray, was drawn tightly back from a thin weatherbeaten face and fastened with a horn tuck comb in a hard little knot at the back of the head. Her faded dress clung to her spare form in folds that suggested an absence of other garments.

The wind rose higher, and huge masses of black clouds swept up from the southwest like giant armies eager for the fray. The mountain-tops were completely hidden, but the twisting and writhing of the trees that clothed their sides could be plainly seen from the doorway, which by this time was filled up by another figure, also bony and angular to the last degree. A very long nose, slightly crooked, and little round gray eyes gave a weasel-like appearance to the man's face. His head was perfectly bald, save a thin fringe of black hair around the ears and the nape of the neck. An old hickory cotton shirt, patched in many places, and blue cottonade trousers held up by one home-knit yarn suspender, the whole sadly in need of soap and water, completed the attire of the master of the cabin, Jonathan Ayers.

"I say, Mandy," he drawled, "can't yer raise the gal no'eres?"

"Can't find har nor hide o' her, Jonathan," replied Mandy, rising to her feet, "and I'm e'enmost tuckered out with yellin' an' fixin' arter them dratted chickens."

"Thar's a-goin' ter be a rain," said Jonathan, pointing one bony finger in the direction of the nearest mountain. "Thar comes a nubbin stretcher over Clack Mounting, an' that 'ar gal'll git wet, shore as shootin'. Kin yer see that thar clift over thar? That's whar Bo Day fell over. Yore eyes is a heap better than mine, an' I thought mebbe as you could see it, Mandy."

"It's a-mizzlin', over thar, an' I kin skeercely see the mounting," she replied.

"Mandy, hev you seen Bo Day sence? You hearn tell, I reckon, 'bout how he come home an' skeert Sairy e'enmost inter fits. He wus a-walkin' on the top o' the clift, with his jug of moonshine tied onter him with a bridle-rein. Well, Mandy, over he tumbled, and slid like

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greased lightnin' down through the top o' that thar big spruce-pine. When he lit, he didn't hev nothin' airthly on but the bridle-rein an' the jug-handle; an' Jim Barber, he swans he never broke a bone."

The old man chuckled like a superannuated ghoul, and cracked his bony fingers together, in the enjoyment of Bo Day's exploit.

"Wal, I reckon that Gillie Francis hes gone ter see Sairy?" said his wife, interrogatively.

"Mos' likely she's a-mopin' around som'eres by herself," he replied. "Mandy, I'm consarned 'bout that gal o' our'n. I'll be dadsquizzled if I'm a-goin' ter let that Mit Foster come hangin' 'round her much longer; but thar she is, down thar in the edge o' the corn-field. Ef she don't lope up, she'll ketch the rain."

And "ketch" the rain she did. The great heavy drops began to fall thick and fast from the low thunderous clouds. Jonathan and Mandy retreated precipitately to the house; but Gillie Francis came leisurely by the fence, just inside the corn-field. She was a tall ungainly girl of sixteen, with a heavy stupid face, disfigured by freckles, under her limp green sunbonnet. Her dress, of orange calico sprigged with red, had a diminutive overskirt, evidently adjustable, for it showed by its freshness that it had not been worn as much as the main part of the costume. It looked odd enough, fastened around her thick waist. She had taken off her cow-skin shoes and carried them swinging by their strings, and walked along slowly in the pouring rain, her large feet leaving tracks in the soft earth. She skirted the field, and, wearily climbing the fence, made her way through the high grass and weeds to the house. Her dress clung wet and muddy about her ankles, and her sunbonnet drooped forlornly over the stolid misery of her face.

"S'pose I do git wet? Who keers? I don't keer fur nuthin', I'm that miserable," she was saying to herself, between her set teeth, all the way to the house. "You needn't say nuthin' ter me, mam, nor you neither, pap," she said, almost fiercely, as she came through the doorway. "I reckon I've got a right ter git wet if I want ter."

"Never mind, honey-my-child, come here ter the fire and git yoreself dry," said her mother, her hard features softening at the sight of the girl's face.

Jonathan was on his knees before the wide fireplace, blowing the embers to get a blaze. His wife threw an apronful of dry chips and corncobs on the fire, and the merry flames leaped up the dark cavernous chimney. Gillie Francis sat down on a three-legged stool close to the "jamb rock," and, drawing her sunbonnet forward so as to conceal her face, remained in sullen silence, while her father placed a small "back log" behind the burning chips, and then, with a turkey's-wing, brushed up the hearth, formed of large flat stones of different sizes. Taking his pipe from the high chimney-piece, he filled it and lighted it with a live coal. He glanced two or three times at the figure in the corner, but said nothing, and, sitting down in a split-bottomed chair at the other side of the hearth, began to smoke.

Mandy had thrown a piece of an old quilt over her head and gone out to "tend" to her "late" chickens, for they formed too important an item in the domestic economy of the family to be allowed to drown in the pouring rain.

"I don't keer if it is wicked, I wisht I wus dead, I do, and if I wus them Foster gals I'd hate ter be so mean. I'd hate ter look down on folks 'cause they wus pore!" burst out Gillie Francis, throwing her bonnet violently to the floor.

"Never mind, gal," said her father, soothingly, "you air a heap better than them, anyhow; fur you kin read and write, and that's more'n they kin do. An' I tell you that Mit Foster ain't wuth worritin' over, ef he ain't got no more backbone then ter let them gals pull an' haul him 'round by the nose."

"Yes, he is, too. It's all 'em hateful ole things. He was a-talkin' ter me down ter the fur bars, an' they come an' made him go home, an' they'll git him so he won't keer nuthin' fur me no more, I know they will," said the girl, sobbing.

Jonathan smoked a while in silence, then a bright idea entered his mind. It almost lifted him out of his chair.

"I tell yer, Gillie Francis, you kin git ahead o' them yit. You hev got good larnin', an' you kin write a letter ter the editor of the Mounting Scorcher, an' let everbody know what fools them gals is, an' it'll make Mit Foster 'shamed o' hisself ter be rooled by a lot o' wimmin-folks."

Gillie Francis sprang to her feet, her face brightened by a new hope.

"Do you think so, pap? Do you think it'll make him come ter see me like he uster? Then I'll do it, shore! I'm glad as I kin write."

"Yes, gal, I'm shore it would, an' you jist write it ter wonce an' it'll come out this week," said Jonathan.

While her mother prepared supper, and her father milked the cow, Gillie Francis, with the wooden stool for a seat and the split-bottomed chair for a desk, concocted the following letter, which was duly dispatched to the post-office.

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It was written on a half-sheet of foolscap paper. The spelling was execrable and the letters so crowded into each other that it was almost impossible to decipher it; but it was deciphered and published, and this is what the typos made of it:

"devilcrick K Y————18 88

Mr edit ter iwill rit you apeace here ef you will will ples ter publish it in yore paper. i wus keepin compine with anic young man. mr Mit foster who lives in the naborhood of devilcrick K. Y. he has fore sisters that roole him at home an he minds everword tha sa as ef he had ter he is nerlie twenty won he had a wo.nd on his hand i went ter see him an dun oll i cod fur him no i cod a dun more fur him but he told me before that tha wodn't let him keep compinie with me he wus a talkin ter me doun ter our bars a few minnits an his sisters cum an hollered fur him and he didn't go an tha sent fur him an then they caught him an made him go home o how dere i loved that young gentleman but his sisters has went on til he has fussakened me an don't keer nuthin more fur me. ples publish this in oll of yore papers an send me won of yore papers do oll i hev axed you fareyouwell Gillie Francis ayers to mr. editor."

To Gillie Francis, the time seemed interminable until Thursday, the regular day for receiving the paper; but you could not have found a happier girl in Rowan County, when her father came home from the post-office in triumph with a damp copy of the Mountain Scorcher carefully wrapped in an old red bandana. She read the letter over and over that night, by the light of the blazing pine-knots, to "pap" and "mam," who regarded their daughter with such loving pride and admiration that they let their pipes go out for want of attention. "Pap 'lowed that that 'ud fetch him, shore," and "mam" said she "shouldn't be s'prised if Paliny an' Sally Ann an' Jane an' Tabithy Foster warn't jist ready to drap from shame."

Two days went by. Gillie Francis was restless but happy; for she expected her lover every hour, never doubting her father's assertion that it would "fetch him, shore." She staid close at home until Sunday afternoon, when she dressed herself in her new blue calico dress and her clean white sunbonnet, and, wrapping herself in a gorgeous plaid shawl, started for the Big Spring.

It was one of those still gray days, when the world seems muffled in a misty cloak that the sun cannot penetrate; but the girl's heart was as light as if he shone in all his glory. She followed the windings of the stream, crossing it many times on the stepping-stones placed there by her lover in their former Sunday walks.

How clear the water was, and what a pleasant gurgling sound it made running over those rocks, and how blue and misty the mountains were! Rude and illiterate as she was, she had not grown up among such exquisite scenes without learning, in a measure, to appreciate their beauty.

The Big Spring gushed out of the face of the cliff and fell into a natural basin worn in the solid rock by the action of the water. Gillie Francis sat down on a mossy log and waited. She knew by some intuition that her lover would meet her there. The stillness was broken by the splashing of his horse's feet in the water as he crossed the creek. She pretended not to notice his approach. He dismounted when he perceived her, and threw the bridle over his arm. He was dressed in his "store' clothes and had a yellow silk handkerchief tied around his neck. His brown mare also sported a new saddle. He had a round pink face, pale-blue eyes, and a weak irresolute mouth. The expression of anger on his features boded no good to the girl's bright hopes of a reconciliation.

"I knowed as you'd come, Mit," she said, rising and laying a timid hand on his arm. He shook it off roughly.

"You know'd as I'd come, did you?" he said, angrily. "Mebbe you know what I've come ter say."

The girl's face hardened.

"No, I don't; but you'd jist as good say it."

"Well," he said, doggedly, "it's that you've gone an' made a tarnel fool o' me, an' the hull country is a-laughin' at me; an' I hate you, I tell you, and never want ter set eyes on you agin."

She reeled as if he had struck her, but the dazed look in her eyes showed that she hardly understood the full force of his words.

"An' I'm a-goin' ter be married ter Cynthy Utterback," he went on, mercilessly. "I axed her last night, an' she said she'd hev me."

At last, the girl understood. Her countenance grew white as death, but her woman's pride came to her aid. There was a certain dignity about her as she faced him with scornful eyes.

"You needn't say nuthin' more, Mit Foster," she said. "Go long and see Cynthy Utterback; what do you think I keer 'bout you?"

He attempted to speak, but she turned her back on him, and, after a moment's hesitation, he rode away.

The horrible misery of it all fell on the girl's heart like a millstone. She had expected so much, and then to be treated like this. All the

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brightness went out of her life, for her love had been honest and true, and even this blow could not entirely crush it. How could she endure to see him married to Cynthy Utterback? She could not be still. The thought goaded her to desperation. She must walk, walk, tire herself out, and then perhaps it would seem less awful to bear.

"I'll climb ter the top of Clack Mounting," she said to herself.

She walked rapidly, unheedingly, for a mile or two, and then struck into the brush and began the toilsome ascent. Her breath came in quick gasps, but she never slackened her pace. Her feet rustled through the fallen leaves, and her clothing was torn in many places by the bushes; but she never heeded. It was growing dark and cold; a mournful wind sighed through the pine-trees, and she thought how lonesome it sounded, and shuddered. At last, she reached the top and threw herself, panting, upon the ground. She had lost her bonnet; her long brown hair, her one beauty, had come unbraided, and hung in heavy masses about her shoulders.

How gray and desolate it was! Her misery returned with redoubled force; then her attention wandered. From her place on the top of the cliff, she could see the surrounding mountains. Over on the side of Bunker Hill, she noticed a cloud of pale-blue smoke that grew denser as she looked; and she thought dully that the mountain must be on fire.

"Thar's whar pap said they had a wild-cat still," she thought; "some o' them moonshiners must a-fired the leaves from their pipes."

But what difference did that make to her? Wasn't Mit going to be married to Cynthy Utterback, and didn't she have to go home and live through it all? "No," she said, savagely, "I'll not go, never! I wisht I wus dead; but that thar Baptis' preacher telled pap as how that lawyer feller as killed hisself had gone ter burnin' torment. But s'pose I wus ter climb ter the top of the swingin' rock, an' it war ter fall with me, I cudden't help it, an' I d never know nuthin' no more."

The idea, once lodged in her half-crazed brain, haunted her. The swinging rock, a huge mass weighing many tons, poised on the edge of a sheer descent of a hundred feet, was scarcely ten steps away. Almost a feather's weight on its outer edge would send it crashing to the depths below.

There was no anger in the girl's heart now; only a dead cold weight of misery and a strange apathetic longing to end it all. She solaced herself with the sophistry that it would not be wrong, for how could she help it if the rock were to fall, and she would find peace, she thought. She felt a frenzied desire to lie still and cold, without sight or knowledge.

The fire on Bunker Hill had increased. Through the gathering darkness, the red flames licked up the dead leaves and the dry brushwood and leaped like mad living things to the tops of the tall pine-trees. The whole mountain-side was in flames, and the powerful red glare lighted up the bare cliff on Clack Mountain with a spectral light and revealed the form of Gillie Francis, standing by the swinging rock, her face white as marble, her eyes blazing with excitement, and her long dark hair streaming in the wind. The fire was just opposite and so close she could hear the crackle of the flames and the crash of the falling trees. A horrible exaltation took possession of her. The Indians lighted a death-fire and sang their death-song; what a glorious bonfire to light her on her way to darkness and oblivion!

Then she thought of the lonely cabin in the cornfield; of how, even now, Mam was calling to her through the night: "Gillie! Gillie Francis! Gillie Francis—honey-my-chile!" and Pap was wondering "whar his gal could be." The tears sprang to her burning eyes, but she dashed them away and began with feverish haste to climb the swinging rock. Slowly, step by step, she approached the edge and stood a moment in the unearthly light—then came one piercing scream, a crash that woke hoarse echoes, which sounded from rock to rock, from mountain-side to mountain-side, as the huge mass of stone and the living form were hurled, as by some giant hand, down, down, to the horrid blackness below.

The flames crept higher toward the summit of Bunker Hill, and wreathed themselves about the "monarchs of the forest." The mournful autumn wind moaned a requiem through the whispering pines.

BE TRUE.

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall a world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy words
Shall be an ever-fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life
Shall be a great and noble creed.

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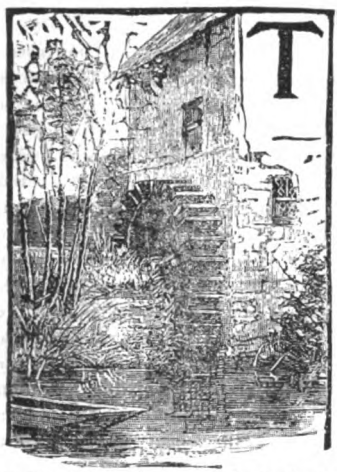
IN ST. TAMMANY PARISH.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN, AUTHOR OF "CREOLE BLOSSOMS," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 146.

IX.



THIS quaint still life in the tree-embowered Magruder home possessed many charms for Osborne. There were the minuet meals, the wanderings in forest depths, hours in the quiet mill, where he wrote and read, daily visits to the bright Lorelei, and evenings on the old gallery.

These last were always charming. Sometimes the blind mother passed back and forth, holding the guiding ring in her clasped hands. She seemed to Osborne, as he watched, a silent fate, weaving, with her string and her monotonous walk, the mysteries of coming years. Sometimes, too, Kallade sat an hour or more with him. The grandmother ceased her walking then, talked of corn and potato crops and garden produce—talked, too, of cattle.

Osborne was surprised to find that Gilbert Kallade managed all affairs for these ladies, herding their cattle with his, making sales to city drovers, and keeping accounts of profit and loss, with exceeding cleverness. He felt a growing respect for the young herdsman.

Miss Magruder always came forth, as the evening passed. Sometimes she lingered talking in her clear calm tones—sometimes she only said "Good-night." That good-night to Osborne fell like a benediction on the coming hours of rest.

And so two weeks passed. He had never heard Miss Magruder sing since that first evening—but, somehow, the voice of her soul was always with him, whispering its tender wail and sweet consolation. And he had drawn very near the soul of this woman, who stood, as it were, aloof from all others, with the burden of sorrows on her life, Lorelei in her arms.

"As much in her arms now as then," he thought, noting the tender care bestowed on the child. How fair and bright the arch face, as it nestled on the white pillow, the gold hair, like an aureole, loosened about the pretty head. How fair and restful and rich in soul-depths, the face bending above, pure as if cut from marble, tender as if filled with the sweetness of pine-sighs, and grand as if lighted by other than the lights of earth. It was a lovely picture, and often the physician felt tempted to linger.

Once indeed, after the arm had been freshly bandaged, he drew up a chair and sat down, answering some light badinage from Lorelei; but Miss Magruder, looking gravely toward him, retained her erect position, and, when she found that he yet lingered, said firmly that "the child needed rest."

"Ah, I'm always resting, Aunt Lorelei," objected the young girl, with a pretty pout. "And I'm ever so much better. Dr. Badger says I may get up in three days, if Mr. Osborne sees me improving. May I?" she questioned, lifting her brows and looking at him with expectant eyes.

"That depends," answered Osborne, "that depends on how the poor shoulder feels. You must be very frank," he continued, gravely. "Remember, carelessness now may entail a great deal of suffering. A few days more or less in bed may make much difference in your future."

"I am always frank. I never deceive," exclaimed the young girl, a faint color stealing into her cheeks.

"Yes, I believe you are. Well, then, in three days, if all goes well, we shall have you up."

And, three days later, she was indeed moved to a low couch and rolled forth on the shaded gallery.

"You are like a white flower, Miss Lorelei," said Osborne, smiling down on her from the height of his six feet.

But Kallade, who stood near, said nothing—only his eyes shone, as if with the sweetness and the beauty of the girlish form reflected in them.

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He put forth his great brown hand and touched with his finger the delicate helpless hand lying stilled on the white couch—a mute little caress, freighted with the burden of his love.

"I can't stay long," he said. "There's a man comin' to see about the cattle to-day. But I jes' thought I'd have to come and see you out in the air once more. It's been a dreary time—this time o' your sickness, Lorelei—a dreary time," he repeated, drawing up a chair and sitting by the couch.

"She's been a jewel of a patient," said Osborne, moving to the other end of the gallery.

And, now that convalescence had fairly commenced, he found the days just flashing away.

Miss Magruder was always present. She talked more than her niece, sent the latter early to bed, and herself entertained the guest. He did not indulge in the flattering delusion that this attention rose from any admiration on the part of Miss Magruder. Quite the contrary. She seemed rather performing a duty than taking part in a pleasure, yet, even as a musician who plays for money enjoys while he works, so sometimes the guest hoped she was not quite indifferent.

She had read much, her views of life and of men were drawn entirely from books, and so possessed for the traveled man of the world a quaint charm. It was indeed as though she had seen life only under moonlight—that is, only under the light reflected from other minds. The world seen in this way becomes mystical, and, as Osborne cautiously drew forth with skilled manœuvres these mystic views, he was often surprised at the beauty and even grandeur of the woman's mind. As she sat there near him, in the dimness of those summer evenings, her calm voice, drifting through the silence like the voice of a spirit, gave additional charm to every word.

He wanted to go at the end of the third week, but the grandmother insisted that he should wait two more days—just two days, till Lorelei could take her first walk.

"Down the lane, and to the woods where I was hurt, Aunt Lucretia," the girl said. "I have a real longing to go there. I suppose it's only a silly wish, but it seems to me I shall feel better when I have seen the place looking peaceful and quiet, and not as it looked that day."

She shuddered and turned a trifle paler while she spoke, and Osborne, as physician's adviser, said it would be better to grant the whim. She had walked several times under the trees about the house, and, when that second day came, she felt quite able, taking his arm, to go down the lane, and so to the pine woods.

"How sweet the air is," she said.

Her white dress fluttered against him, as they walked along the green way. There was a cow grazing in the field, and the bell on her neck rang lazily when she moved, cropping the tall grass.

"See old Brista! What a soft evening song the bell sings."

"Upon my word, Miss Lorelei, you make me believe there's a bit of sense in the doctrine of those old philosophers who gave themselves pain just to enjoy the delight of losing it."

"I dare say they were very sensible people," laughed the girl, turning her charming face full toward him. "I know I never enjoyed a walk half so much, in all my life."

"Don't talk nonsense, Lorelei," said Miss Magruder, calmly reproving.

She was on the other side of her niece, coifed, as Osborne expressed it, in her black sunbonnet, and moving along as he had once seen a German abbess, when he was a little boy and went with his mother to an old abbey in Europe. Odd how that figure had lived in his childish memory. He laughed as he told of the resemblance, and Lorelei laughed too, looking gayly toward her aunt from under her straw hat.

"Childish reminiscences are not always correct," said Miss Magruder, indifferently. "Probably, if the German abbess walked beside me, you would find only that we were both tall and both dressed in black."

"Perhaps," responded Osborne. "Now, Miss Lorelei, here we are—here are the sweet pine woods, and here's the spot where I found you. Come—didn't I say you'd turn pale?"

"Ah, but it's over now, Mr. Osborne," said the young girl, drawing a long breath, "and I think I would like to sit down. There's a lovely place by that tree."

"Well," remarked Osborne, glancing about as she sank to the ground, "I must say, these are the cleanest prettiest woods I have ever seen."

"A real brown silk carpet, isn't it?" responded Lorelei, rubbing her hand over the smooth dead needles covering the ground. "Come, Aunt Lucretia, sit here by me. Take off that big bonnet. Do you know, Mr. Osborne, somehow Aunt Lucretia seems to belong to the woods."

"To the piney woods?" asked Miss Magruder, smiling and clasping the young girl's outstretched hand. "Do you remember what we read, the other day?"

"I shall present you as contradiction," laughed Lorelei. "You have grown up among the pines, and you are a princess; a beautiful pearl; a—"

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"Having seen a princess, you are good authority," interrupted Miss Magruder, again smiling softly.

"Having seen more than one princess, and two of them very regal-looking," interposed Osborne, who sat opposite, "I at least may be considered good authority. I side with you, Miss Lorelei."

"A German abbess and a princess—you are profuse in your compliments, Mr. Osborne," said Miss Magruder, using a tone which brought a flush to Osborne's brown cheek. "Lorelei, you are right. This is a sweet evening. Just hear how the pines sigh."

All three were quiet an instant. It seemed almost a communion of spirits.

"Restful indeed," murmured Osborne, taking off his hat.

"Well," said Lorelei, looking up into the green depths, "it seems to me they have caught all the sighs of the world and woven them into the sweetest melody. But they make me restless: they make me think of the ocean—the surging waves beating back and forth. It is all I can remember of that sad journey. And I don't know why—but they make me think, too, of palm-trees: I suppose because they are straight and tall like the palms, with their foliage clustered about the top, and the sunlight shining down between their shadows. And, when I think of Italy, I am always restless. So you must know they are not quiet restful trees to me. Sometimes I quiver all over when I sit still under them. I hear a voice saying: 'Come! Come!' I suppose," she continued, with a light laugh, "I suppose that is just what sailors hear when the ocean beats on the land. I'm afraid I'm a born vagrant. Terrible, isn't it, Aunt Lucretia?" And she turned a face wistful yet full of daring.

Her aunt did not answer, but stroked the hand lying within her own. So like the two were, Osborne might have thought them the same, save that the hand of the aunt shone whiter, as if more etherealized.

"When I make such speeches," she added, "I always feel that I have confessed a sin."

"Perhaps," remarked Osborne, looking calmly into the arch face, "perhaps because they are hostile to the future which your aunt has planned for you."

A faint color like the pale-pink tint of a dying sunset covered the fair face, and the opaline eyes fell, even as stars sinking from an evening sky.

"Lorelei knows that I plan only for her happiness," said Miss Magruder, rising wearily. She walked away as she spoke, leaving the two alone; and the young girl commenced talking about her recollections of Italy, filling up the dim pictures of memory with what her companion could tell of those far-off shores.

Suddenly Osborne exclaimed:

"Here comes Kallade! What a handsome fellow! George! how he rides! I thought he'd come. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just go and talk with your aunt. Here, Kallade—here's our bonny patient. I'll leave her with you awhile."

And so Osborne, laughing and waving his hand, went off through the purple light to join Miss Magruder.

X.

She was waiting to receive him.

"It is a pretty picture, that yonder," he said, as he approached.

"Yes," said Miss Magruder; and then she sighed.

He looked curiously into her shadowed face.

"You are troubled," he said.

"Yes," she replied, again a shade of reluctance or embarrassment touching the calm voice.

"Can I help you?" he asked, quickly.

"I think you may, Mr. Osborne."

She moved, stood still, then moved again. Osborne walked beside her.

"I must say what is not agreeable—and, frankly, I hesitate to say it."

Osborne's heart gave a great leap. He really did not know what he feared, but he looked quickly into Miss Magruder's downcast face.

"I wish you would speak out unreservedly—I wish you would tell me exactly how I can serve you."

"And I wish I knew how to speak unreservedly," she answered.

When she had uttered these words, she turned to retrace her steps, and Osborne turned with her.

"You are looking toward Miss Lorelei," said he, in a low voice. "May I guess that what you have to say concerns—"

"Lorelei?" she interrupted. "How did you know?"

"Because," he replied, and there was a tinge of bitterness in the tone, "because it seems to me there is room for no one else in your thoughts."

"Oh, yes—I think of my mother. But Lorelei is young, and she has been a child of many cares, though of much love—I mean, she needs great care. You heard what Doctor

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Badger said; you can then realize to a certain extent how anxiously I look forward to the unsettled future."

"Unsettled?" exclaimed Osborne. "Unsettled? I thought the future was quite settled—"

"That she was to be married to Gilbert Kallade?" interrupted Miss Magruder. "Yes. But, don't you see, Mr. Osborne, once married, all those—well, what the child calls vagrant longings would be quieted, and I should be able to think of her leading a healthy life here as her father wished, away from the excitement and worries of the world, tenderly loved—in fact, I think I may say worshiped," she added, glancing off toward the young people: where Kallade, head uncovered, sat looking at Lorelei while she talked, the whole attitude of the young fellow expressing reverent adoration.

Osborne's eyes followed her glance.

"They seem very happy," he said.

"You make it difficult for me to speak the words I want to speak," exclaimed Miss Magruder, as if annoyed.

"Then speak them at once, I beg of you," cried Osborne.

"I will obey you," she went on. "I want to ask a great favor: that—that you will gradually cease your visits. You are going away to-night," she went on, rapidly. "Lorelei needs but little care now. Come at first every day, if you will; then come once a week; and—I hope you don't misunderstand me—I realize all your kindness, and how much we owe for the care you have given the child. I am glad there is peace between our families. I don't wish the old wound opened. It is just that—I wish you would not make me say it: but, until Lorelei is married, I should be glad to have you see her as little as possible. You are of the great outer world, and your coming thus into her quiet existence arouses a restless spirit and a distaste for the quieter pleasures of her simple life."

The words came pouring forth in a torrent of combined pleading and protestation.

Osborne listened in silence, covertly watching the white hands clasping and unclasping each other restlessly while she walked, her steps quickened as in time to her words.

"I think, Miss Magruder," he said, when she had finished, "you will be more comfortable if you will sit down on this log."

"I shall be more comfortable when you have promised to grant my petition," she answered, quietly taking the proffered seat.

"Has Kallade been talking to you?" asked Osborne, slowly.

"Gilbert? Certainly not. Why?"

"Because what you have just said sounds very much like a repetition of what he said to me."

"Indeed? When? And what did he say?"

"Well," answered Osborne, slowly, "like most lovers, he was jealous. I told him that I would not interfere."

"And he was satisfied? You promised him nothing else? Didn't you promise that you would cease visiting at the house as soon as possible?"

"No, Miss Magruder, I did not."

"I—I wish you had," she went on, regretfully. "But surely you will promise me now?"

"No, Miss Magruder, I will not. Do you know why? It is because I love you!"

She looked, at first, as if she had received a blow, then as if she had not heard aright; a tide of emotion swept over her face, and then it was gone.

"You have certainly succeeded in surprising me, Mr. Osborne," she answered, after a silence, "I cannot imagine your object."

"My object?" cried Osborne, in amazement.

"Yes," said Miss Magruder, looking coolly toward him, "your object. Perhaps," she went on, and there was a flavor of scorn in the clearly-spoken words and a flash of scorn in the uplifted eyes, "perhaps it is better for me to be frank: I overheard a conversation. one day, between a gentleman and yourself. The wind blew your voices toward me. I heard your avowal, Mr. Osborne—rather an awkward avowal to be made in open air. Now," continued Miss Magruder, as if carefully weighing the matter, "since you have presented me with neither books nor flowers nor music, I am somewhat puzzled to know on what you base your aspirations. I—"

"And is it possible," cried Osborne, his face all aglow, "you remembered those silly speeches—senseless babble? It is true," he went on, coming forward and sitting near and bending earnestly toward her, "that I have been perhaps horribly conceited and overbold; but I haven't a bit of it now. I do assure you, I never felt like a coward before—for I never loved anyone till now. If you heard that conversation, surely," continued poor Osborne, "surely you heard the rest—you heard me say I had never found an Eve for my Paradise. And I never had—never," he went on, impetuously, "till I met you—till— Do lay aside that cold calm," he broke in, almost angrily: "do be a tender woman. Ah, now I like you better." For,

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before these earnest pleadings, Miss Magruder's eyes fell; a soft color crept into the white cheeks and swept up under the long lashes.

"Do believe me," continued Osborne, his voice deep with emotion. "I tell you, when I came here and saw you, like a beautiful priestess in your sad life, serving about the desolated home-altar, I drew near with reverence. No, do not interrupt me. And, when I heard that hymn, it seemed to me your soul in its loneliness called to mine, and that my love—my life—was the answer to that cry. I don't ask you to love me now," he went on, more soberly. "I know I have surprised you; but you have forced the confession by asking me to cease my visits. Surely, you will not ask this now? You will let me come to see you—and, after a long while, you will promise—"

"Promise?" interrupted Miss Magruder, speaking so low that Osborne could scarcely hear. "I can promise nothing. I— It seems to me that all the world is changed."

She passed her hands once or twice over her eyes as if dispelling a mist, and looked about like one aroused from sleep. The pillars of the pines shone through the purpled evening light, and off beyond could be seen Lorelei, sitting where they had left her.

"I must tell you," Miss Magruder said, speaking softly, "that I have thought of you as a dangerous companion for Lorelei—I did not think of myself. No one has ever said these words to me before."

"Thank heaven—untarnished even by the breath of another! You come as Eve, to—"

"You mistake," interrupted Miss Magruder, the color deepening on her smooth cheek: "I do not come to you. I am where I have always been—in my old home, leading my old life."

"But, some day," pleaded Osborne, face and voice filled with infinite tenderness, "some day, you will come to me. I do not ask you to live in the great world; I like you better here in the sweet pines. Only we will walk here together, and sometimes you will go with me into the wide world; and you will let me make life beautiful, wherever we may be. Dear soul, we will not say 'Life is sad.' We will say 'There is shadow and there is sunlight, and a Great Destiny sends both.' And so, through both, soul with soul, we shall pass—some day. Is it not a prophecy I speak, dear heart?" asked Osborne, drawing near and reaching out his hand, and laying it over both hers as they rested clasped on her black dress.

"I don't know. I cannot tell. It is all too strange and too new. I—I had never thought of this; and yet—"

The voice sank. Her eyes gazed down pine-tree aisles—but these she did not see: the long years of a new life, beautiful with the brightness of a soul's companionship—these stretched in endless loveliness through the purpling light.

"And yet?" repeated Osborne, anxiously.

"We will not talk any longer now," said Miss Magruder, drawing her hands from beneath his, and suddenly rising.

Osborne, too, got up, but he sighed and gazed at her sadly.

"And you are not to sigh," she went on, slowly—and, as she spoke, the soft eyes again fell beneath his pleading regard—"and you are to remember that, whatever may come, you will never take away from me this hour. I mean," she added, quickly, "the happiness I receive, knowing that you are honest and true, and that I may remember you always as—as I would wish."

"No, I will remember," answered Osborne, walking slowly beside her, "and I will be patient. Only, if ever a moment of sadness comes—think—I am with you in spirit—rest your dear spirit on my love—on my heart—where I pillowed it, that night, when you sang your song. I wonder if you realize how I love you," he cried, breaking off suddenly. "You have haunted me ever since the day I first met you. Your life seemed a pale beautiful bud which had never bloomed—which nestled, as it were, waiting for sunlight. And—"

"Aunt Lucretia," called Lorelei, "are you never coming? Gilbert was just going after you. I think Mr. Osborne must have had a hundred directions to leave, and—"

"Are you tired, child?" interrupted Miss Magruder, quietly covering her head with her big bonnet.

"I believe I am—a little."

"Wait!" cried Osborne, "let me help you up. There, now. Kallade, where's your arm? Not many fair damsels have such a good strong arm to lean on, Miss Lorelei. Go you ahead; I'll lead the charger, and Miss Magruder will help me. Trot off, little children."

But Lorelei did not look very well pleased with this arrangement, and, when they came forth from the pines, all four walked together up the green lane, Osborne holding the bridle, and the herder walking quietly behind.

"Aunt Lucretia, do take off that big bonnet!" exclaimed the young girl. "There's just a tint of sunlight left. Here, Mr. Osborne, let us load

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Arno's saddle with all our headgear. Pile them up, or hang them on these straps."

Osborne obeyed, smiling. He did not once look at Miss Magruder.

"Now, this is what I call lovely!" cried the young girl. "We've, every one of us, a crown of gold from the sinking sun—something like halos. And—oh, me! isn't the air sweet?—just like the breath of purity. As for Aunt Lucretia—only look at her, Gilbert—do just look at her, Mr. Osborne. Why, she's absolutely beautiful. Aunt Lucretia, there's just a pale-pink rose in—"

"You will force me to put on my bonnet, if you continue your criticisms, Lorelei," interrupted Miss Magruder, with that gentle dignity which Osborne so loved.

"This air is indeed sweet," he continued. "I am going to put away the memory of this walk. It's a pretty thing, the making of a mental picture-gallery, Miss Lorelei. I hold some pictures which will never fade."

"As, for instance," laughed the young girl.

"As, for instance," pursued Osborne, and his voice grew impressive, for he remembered what had followed, "the first time I met you in the old mill, watching the chrysalis and wishing for a ball-dress like the wings of the cicada. I shall never forget."

"I think I have put away a good many soul-pictures, too," she said, "and you have made them nearly all—you, my good physician. I—I am very grateful. I have not thanked you, because, it seemed to me, I could not."

"Come," said Osborne, "I think it is your Aunt Lucretia to whom you owe thanks."

"Ah," laughed Lorelei, "she doesn't need any. She sees me well, and that's enough—isn't it, Aunt Lucretia?" she asked, bending and looking forward with loving mirthful eyes.

"Quite enough," said Miss Magruder, tenderly meeting the girl's regard.

"Oh, my aunt, but you are beautiful this evening!" she cried, shaking her head, and mischief sparkling over the expressive face. "No, you shall not have your bonnet. I am, after all, princess of this hour, and I intend to hold high carnival. The road to recovery must be a gay one."

And gay she certainly was: for the sparkle she dashed, that night, over what Osborne called "the minuet supper" was like the sheen of spangles on a stately court-dress.

XI.

"Now, Aunt Lucretia, isn't this lovely? And I'm not in the least tired," cried Lorelei, the next morning, as she and her aunt entered the mill. "What a surprise it will be to Mr. Osborne, when he comes and grandmother tells him we are here."

She seated herself, as she spoke, on her favorite pile of planks.

"It will be a surprise to Gilbert too," said Miss Magruder, also seating herself, and looking about the familiar lichen-draped roof and through open gray arches to the river-view below.

All things appeared new since last night—even the mill seemed smiling in its sweet old-age, and the river murmured with a marvelous tenderness as it trailed through the old wheel.

"Always 'Gilbert! Gilbert!'" repeated the young girl, petulantly.

Miss Magruder turned and looked at her niece.

"And why should it not be 'Gilbert'?" she asked, gravely.

"Because," answered Lorelei, the flush on her cheek belying the indifferent tone, "he is not in my heart." Then vehemently: "Because he never will be in my heart. Aunt Lucretia," she cried, suddenly facing her aunt, "why do you make Mr. Osborne believe I am engaged? You know that I am not—you know that I never will be!"

"Since when have you decided, Lorelei?" Miss Magruder questioned, a calm rebuke in the quiet words.

"Since when?" exclaimed the girl, with energy. "Since the day when I compared his roughness, his uncouthness— Oh, Aunt Lucretia—don't look at me in that way! I know his worth—I know what he has been to us! I know grandmother and you think I ought to marry him—think I would be happy with him; but—but listen, Aunt Lucretia—I should learn to hate him!"

She paled as she spoke; her eyes grew dark; the intensity of the young creature's nature was written on those white cheeks and in those darkened eyes.

"Yes, I know it is terrible to say this," she continued, in low repressed voice, as if answering the disapproval expressed on her aunt's face. "I know it is terrible; but I must tell the truth."

She hesitated a moment; then the blood surged over her face, the enmity expressed in the dark eyes gave place to an exquisite softness, and she turned them away from her aunt and looked forth over the sunlit river.

"Aunt Lucretia," she went on, hurriedly, "I have never hidden anything from you in all my life! Oh, don't you know?"

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Saying these words, Lorelei got up suddenly, and as suddenly knelt before her aunt, burying her face in her lap.

"Well?" said Miss Magruder, laying a cold hand on the golden head, her very heart listening—sick with a great fear.

"Did you think I could care for Gilbert, after seeing him? Do you hear, Aunt Lucretia—do you hear? And I tell you this because I cannot keep any thought from you; because you must not say to him that I will marry Gilbert; because perhaps—perhaps some day he may care for me. Did you hear him, last night? He said he would never forget the day he met me first. And his voice trembled when he said it. Oh, Aunt Lucretia, you think me silly, but I am not! I tell you, it doesn't matter whether he loves me. I shall never marry anyone else. And I hate Gilbert—I hate him! I believe," she cried, suddenly lifting her head and looking into her aunt's face, bending pale and still above her own, "I believe, if it had not been for what you said of Gilbert, he might have cared for me: don't you think so?" she asked, wistfully.

"Cared for you?" repeated Miss Magruder, her voice sounding hollow and faint. "Poor child!"

"Don't look at me like that, Aunt Lucretia. Is it wonderful that I find him grand and strong and noble? Is it wonderful that he comes into my heart, when he just feels every thought I feel, and understands often even before I speak? Oh, Aunt Lucretia! don't pity me—don't say 'Poor child!' Don't look as if you thought he could never care for me."

She trembled violently, kneeling there in all her fair girlish beauty—the pain in her heart stealing up and spreading over the upraised face.

"My poor child!" whispered Miss Magruder, again.

"Why do you say that? Why do you look as if I had done a great wrong? Perhaps I might not have known—perhaps I might not have spoken—if you had not forced me to speak. Why do you say 'Poor child'?"

"Because," said Miss Magruder, striving for calmness, "Lorelei, I think he will never care for you. Because I think he loves someone else. In fact, Lorelei, I am sure of this, for he has told me. My child, he will never give you his heart."

She had not looked at the young girl as she spoke. She had not, indeed, thought what she should say. She wished only to stem the tide of confession and to teach her the hopelessness of her hope.

"Do you say this, Aunt Lucretia, because you want me to marry Gilbert?"

The voice was so hoarse, so unlike the voice of Lorelei, that Miss Magruder fixed startled eyes on the girl's questioning face.

"Oh, forgive me, Aunt Lucretia! But—"

She got up, and sat down quietly.

"But what, Lorelei?"

"Don't tell me her name—I should hate her!"

"Listen—" said Miss Magruder.

"I will not listen!" interrupted the girl. "I don't want to know anything! You have told me enough, Aunt Lucretia. I believe I would like to go home."

She rose and listlessly put on her hat. All life seemed to have died out of the young face.

"You will tell Gilbert—" she said, as they passed out of the mill together: "I mean, tell him that I will never marry him. And I don't think we need talk of this, Aunt Lucretia. It was very silly to think that he might have cared for me. But I shall never care for anyone else. We shall be everything to each other, Aunt Lucretia," she went on, slipping her hand within her aunt's arm. "And I don't want to see—Mr. Osborne." There was a faint hesitation before pronouncing the name. "Tell him my arm is quite well."

"We will neither of us see him to-day," said Miss Magruder, with decision. "I have really a bad headache, and you are tired. Your grandmother will explain."

"I—I wish he would go away."

"I do not," said Miss Magruder; "I wish he would stay here, and teach you, my child, to look on him as a good honest friend. You are very young, and this fancy—"

"I will not talk to you, Aunt Lucretia," broke in the girl, in a weary voice. "You don't understand—you will never understand! Oh, how long the lane looks! I am so tired! It seems to me, we shall never get home!"

Miss Magruder, from under her heavy coif, marked the white face, the sad eyes, and weary mien of the poor girl. A great terror entered her heart. All the warnings of the kind physician who had helped her nurture this young being into the beauty of a fair life formed themselves into this warning terror, which stifled the words on her lips and the thought in her brain.

She wanted to be alone and to think; and, after she had seen Lorelei enter her room and had told her mother what excuses to offer to Osborne and Kallade if they called, she stole upstairs to the old disused nursery, where she

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had played with her brother, and knelt by the great bed. But no thought came.

Every sound rose distinctly. She could hear even her mother's soft pace back and forth on the gallery below, the voices of the old servants, then a well-known step, and then the sound of other voices—Osborne's and her mother's.

She went down to dinner when they called her, and again felt a new terror, seeing the young girl's pallor and calm: it was as though a white shroud had been thrown over body and heart.

The blind mother seemed instinctively to feel their sadness, and she talked more than usual—talked of Osborne—said he contemplated changes in his lodge, and repeated all the messages he had left for both.

The long day closed. Night fell, and Lorelei slept.

Miss Magruder paced up and down the great gallery. The mother went in, and she was left alone with her sorrow—alone with her terror—alone with all the misery in her heart. One by one, the dead evenings of the past weeks came trooping through the flickering fireflies and through the soft noise of wind-swept branches and the shadows of the long gallery. The light of the sick-lamp, yet burning for Lorelei, shone across the bowed blinds and lay in yellow bars on the dark floor, just as it had lain that night when she sang her song and Osborne had asked for the cry of her soul. Almost, she could hear the words.

She had not understood then—she knew now.

And this cry, lifted in the days of her youth, had been answered—answered! Ah, long ago it had been answered, she had thought, when a little girl, weeping on the bed beside a dead father, laid a gold head on her bosom and sobbed herself to sleep.

There came the long years after trooping past, Lorelei filling them with all the grace of her sweet life. Once, when a pet lamb died—once, when her dear old dog died—the child had grieved herself ill. She had watched, hour after hour, by the tiny fever-tossed body—wondering over the depths of the child's nature. She had been warned—and now—

She paused here in her restless walk. Her feet were touched by the bars of light. She opened the blind. As an artist before his heart's painting, as a sculptor before the chiseled beauty of the pure marble he has fashioned into life, as a worshiper before the shrine where, day by day, he has laid flowers and burned incense—so now knelt Miss Magruder beside the sleeping Lorelei—the shrine on which she had laid the fair blossoms of her life—the shrine where, like incense, had risen her heart's love, her soul's prayer. Sleep had lifted the young girl to another land—the shadowy land of rest. She seemed indeed translated—lying there before the pale kneeling watcher—the creature she had molded—the fair soul within—the warm fresh young heart—breathing through the transparent frame—showing through the chrysalis, and pleading unconsciously, as pleads the helplessness of a child. The white sheet fell in waves about the gently breathing sleeper. One little foot, uncovered, nestled like a white dove against the soft folds. A sudden gust of air blew through an opened window. It lifted a lock of waving gold from the snowy forehead. Just so, Miss Magruder remembered, just so a sudden gust of air had lifted a gold curl from the pale forehead of her dead brother.

And then a great agony shot through her heart. She got up quietly and stole out under the trees. The old dog, Kaspa, tried to follow, but she stooped and patted his head and sent him back to his watching on the gallery above.

The stars were shining through a mist. The wind moved among the trees, and the leaves and the branches all sang together as in a symphony breathed from afar, and the gray moss waved about and swept over her face and head, with the touch of a spirit. Every sound seemed a pleading—every touch of the moss a prayerful caress.

She groped in the dark; stumbling, she almost fell once, and then she sat down, and bent her tired head, and buried her face in her pale hands. All the long sad life rolled backward till she saw herself, a little child, standing under these trees, and looking up at the stars, and wondering if they were big still fireflies. She lifted her head, and threw it back, and looked upward now. Yes, there they were—the same soft bright lights. How many years they had shone above the joys and the sorrows of mortals.

And, through the long vista of almost two thousand years, there came the vision—that greatest sorrow—Gethsemane, and the hour of agony, and Christ in the garden. Her soul reached down the long way lingering, and the trees about became as the trees of Gethsemane. And on this pale patient woman, in her weak mortality, there fell the hour of a poor mortal's agony.

After a while, a great strength stole over her spirit, and then a wondrous calm—so sweet, so still, it rested like a heavenly light on the pale face.

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And, when Miss Magruder rose, she went back to the old home, and took up again her shadowy life, and loved Lorelei with a new tenderness. For, on the shrine of the girl's life, she had laid her heart's love.

XII.

When Osborne called, next morning, Miss Magruder received him in the parlor.

He could not see the pallor of her face. She had evidently been waiting, for she was seated on a low chair, and her head was bent as in deep thought.

She got up slowly, gave him her hand, and said simply that she would not detain him many minutes. She reseated herself, and Osborne took a chair near, and then she told him, in her quiet stately way, that her life would always be just as it was—unchanged. When he asked her reasons for speaking thus, and impetuously pleaded his cause, she silenced him, saying only:

"It is for the best."

When he besought her earnestly not to decide—just to wait, he cared not how long—his voice must have touched her heart, for she walked across the room, paused beside a small stand, and, laying her hand on the family Bible, said solemnly:

"I have vowed here."

He thought he could see her hand tremble, for his eyes were getting accustomed to the twilight, and it shone very white, lying on the dark leather binding of the book.

This was the vision he carried with him many days—a tall graceful figure, standing in dim light, with a white hand resting on an old Bible.

And thus he thought of her ever after, for Osborne went away from St. Tammany, and twelve months passed before he returned.

Then, there was another grave on the soft hillside. It arose golden-yellow among the green mounds scattered around. Miss Magruder slept with the brothers and sisters who had gone before.

"You didn't get my letter in time," said Kallade, joining Osborne as he rode slowly away from the Magruder home.

"No," answered Osborne, gravely. "It was forwarded to me in France."

"Did you see her?" asked Kallade, nodding his head backward.

"Miss Lorelei? No," again answered Osborne. "I saw the mother."

"Ah, she keeps up wonderful, but the other—"

"Well?" asked Osborne.

"Well," said, Kallade, slowly, "she's goin' jes' like the aunt. She ain't sick—but seems like she's jes' fadin' away, like a sweet pink rose that fades away into white."

"Poor child," said Osborne. "Why don't you marry her?"

"Why?" asked Kallade, speaking fiercely and turning a haggard face toward Osborne. "Because she hates me—because—it ain't no use hidin' the truth, Mr. Osborne—she's never cared for me—sence—sence—the day her eyes fell on you. I reckon," he went on, looking now straight forward, "I reckon yer'll be surprised to hear that I think you blinder than the old lady; but it's true—it's true."

"What do you mean?" asked Osborne, lifting mournful eyes.

Kallade gave a short laugh.

"Well, it's curious how folks who ain't been educated see what educated folks can't see. I reckon now you thought I didn't know that you loved her—the one that's gone. Aye, but I did," continued Kallade, nodding his head and glancing compassionately toward his companion's white set face. "And what's more, I can tell you, Mr. Osborne, it was jes' a fight twixt two loves, that killed her—twixt her love for Lorelei and her love for you. Aye, you understand now, Mr. Osborne," pursued Kallade, nodding his head and looking into the face of the other, turned toward him, full of amazed regret and sorrow, "you understand now. She wanted to see you before she went, and she said: 'Gilbert, will you write and tell him to come?' But it wasn't to be—it wasn't to be, Mr. Osborne. So when she'd waited, after my letter was sent, and you didn't come, and we found at the Lodge you were on 'tother side, then she said: 'Maybe it's for the best'—jes' in that quiet sweet way—Lorelei's gettin' jes' like her. And, one day, I asked ef she wanted me to say anything to Mr. Osborne when he'd come back from the business that took him away from St. Tammany. And she looked at me and said so solemn, like a prayer 'most: 'My poor Gilbert!' I jes' told her never to think on me—to think on herself and on Lorelei. Then she said: 'Yes, Lorelei,' and she seemed to think a long while, and then she told me to give her a pen and some ink and paper, and, after I'd given her all these things, she wrote a few words, and she made me promise I'd give 'em to you. And then I said 'Yes, and I was goin' to Texas to live, sence my brother Ben was big enough now to 'tend to all the cattle and things.' She jes' pressed my hand. She knew I couldn't live here without Lorelei. I told her, though, I'd stay long enough to give you

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this," concluded Kallade, thrusting his hand within his coat and drawing forth a sealed letter.

Osborne silently took it.

"I'm goin' now, Mr. Osborne; I know what's in there, and," he guided his horse a little nearer Osborne's, "I've seen the writin', and I know. You meant to be true—you didn't mean no harm, and all I want now is that yer'll promise solemn to be kind to Lorelei, and never to let her know but what her aunt went like the others. She's dyin' there. She goes round that old house like a spirit. Her cheeks are white, and her eyes are black, and she looks jes' like the picture that hangs on the wall—the Italian woman that was her mother—and then there's a look of the father; and, more than all else—it's queer—I don't know how it's come—but there's jes' about Lorelei that same sweet, quiet, far-away fashion o' talkin' and holdin' herself—seems like Miss Lucretia had jes' come back and wrapped her spirit round the child. It's the saddest sight. And so, Mr. Osborne, yer'll promise solemn that yer'll be kind to Lorelei?"

Osborne silently extended his hand.

Kallade clasped it, then, suddenly striking spurs into his horse, dashed off down the shadowed road. Osborne, slowly riding, watched him till he had disappeared.

The pines were singing their ceaseless hymn, and from the grass the little creatures of earth cried softly. He dismounted, tethered his horse, threw himself on the grass, and drew forth the letter which Kallade had given.

His hands trembled. He felt that he talked with an angel. And this was what she said—only this: "I leave you Lorelei."

Osborne lifted his face. It was as the face of one translated, holding communion with a spirit, whereon was blended the light of Lucretia's sacrifice unto death, and the dawn of that new life on earth, thus promised to Lorelei.

A PICTURE.

BY LILLIAN GRAY.

MARBLES gleaming dim and ghostly,
Lonely night-birds flitting by,
Rows of narrow grassy hillocks
Where the breathless sleepers lie,

Silent, dreamless, earth-forsaken,
With no roof-tree but the sky—
There a child lies sleeping, sleeping
While the solemn nights go by.

Eyes with all the life-light faded,
Feet so strangely stilled in rest,
Dimpled fingers loosely folded
In the flowers upon her breast;

In her meek still beauty lying,
Draped in garments soft and white,
In a bed that needs no smoothing,
No remaking, for the night;

Far without the loving shelter
Of the home-nest safe and warm;
Far from word or touch of soothing,
In the darkness and the storm:

This the picture—haunting, vivid—
Rising in the mother's sight,
While she spends the long hours, sleepless,
Listening to the wind at night.

Who shall blame her if she cannot
Always look beyond the tomb—
Cannot always see heaven shining
Through the silence and the gloom?

SANTA CRUZ.

BY MARY LEONARD.

ON thy white beaches, Santa Cruz,
The warm waves lay their wreaths of foam;
In thy green hills is summer's home;
Here fall the summer's rains and dews.

O city of the Holy Cross!
Couched by thy blue and languid bay,
Thou feelst the touch of ocean-spray,
Blown where the near long breakers toss.

Fair city of eternal bloom!
Thy slopes, height-bordered to the skies,
Are altars whence to Flora rise
The incense-clouds of rare perfume.

Of what is sweet and bright and green,
From where dark Loma Prieta looks
On redwood groves and foamy brooks
To the blue sea-line, thou art queen.

O city of the mission-heart!
O fair Bethesda by the sea!
Thy task is holy: for to thee
Flow the spent forces of the mart;

And, where thy tides of healing roll,
Wan sickness, kneeling on the sward,
Feels the keen thrill of health restored
And hears the bidding: "Be ye whole!"

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GERANIUMS.

BY RAY JOYCE.

ONE of the most popular plants is the geranium. We find it grown and loved in all sorts of homes and among all sorts of people, from the attic-window of the poor waifs of humanity to the rich man's conservatory and the florist's greenhouse.

Always satisfactory, with moderate care, and often without even that, this much-tried and long-suffering plant will stand uneven temperature, dust, heat, cold, dryness, and over-watering in a manner wonderful to behold. It blooms the greater part of the year, and the foliage is clean, luxuriant, and handsome. No other flower runs riot through so many shades from white to maroon. If your taste is for single flowers, here you have them; or, if you prefer double ones, you may still be suited. It is beautiful in the house; it is magnificent out-of-doors.

Another most satisfactory item about this plant is that it is scarcely ever afflicted with the ills that plants are heir to, in the shape of insect pests. I have told what geraniums do for us under adverse circumstances—now let us talk about what we should do for them to obtain the best results.

Geraniums like good soil—light, fibrous, and well enriched. The earth must also be porous, in order that it may not become hard, and thus prevent the water penetrating to every part of the root. Never let the soil become soggy.

If the plants are to be kept in pots, be sure to give perfect drainage by putting pieces of pottery into the jars to the depth of an inch, so allowing the excess of moisture to drain off through the hole in the bottom of the pot: otherwise, the water will get clogged up, causing the earth to turn sour and the plants to suffer.

If you wish plenty of flowers, do not use too large pots; a size or two larger than the one the geranium has grown in is usually best. Even large plants, in eight or nine inch pots, may be repotted in the same-sized jars, when not too much root-bound, by taking them out carefully, shaking off the old soil, trimming out the roots somewhat, and using fresh soil. Of course, when the roots are cut off, the top should also be pruned to make up for the loss of root to the plant.

Many persons claim that young geraniums are better bloomers, both in the house and out-of-doors; others that old plants bloom more profusely. I think, as a general rule, young plants grow most vigorously, but old ones bloom more abundantly; at least, my older ones bloom more constantly, and, being large, carry more trusses at a time.

For winter flowering, geraniums need special preparation. They should not be allowed to bloom through the summer, thus exhausting their vitality before winter. If large enough, leave the plants in the same jars through the summer, watching them just enough to prevent their drying out. Be sure to keep all flower-buds pinched off. Cut off the top of each branch: this will cause laterals to push out, from which flowers will be obtained later. September first, repot with fresh rich soil, using pots only a little larger than those in which the plants were growing, if root-bound, and water well. Of course, when buds begin to form, it is well to stimulate once a week or so with liquid manure or a little ammonia; say, one-half to a whole teaspoonful to a quart of water. Guano, used in the proportion of one-half teaspoonful to a quart of water, is also very good. Bone-dust, mixed through the soil, is a splendid fertilizer.

Do not allow the soil to become hard; keep it stirred frequently. The air should be as moist as possible; no plant likes a dry close atmosphere. Geraniums need a temperature of from sixty degrees to seventy degrees during the day, and fifty degrees to sixty degrees at night. Give them plenty of light, and, in winter, all the sun they can get. Sprinkle or wash the leaves frequently, so that the pores may not become choked with dust. It is well to turn the plants often, as in this way they retain their shape and keep symmetrical.

Do not let the old blossoms hang on the plant until almost ready to form seed, as that tends to exhaust the plant. Geraniums like bronze tricolors and the scented ones should have larger pots, and, being grown especially for their foliage, should not be allowed to become pot-bound.

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Use tepid water in winter, and soak thoroughly, so as to wet the entire ball of earth, instead of, each day, moistening just enough to wet perhaps an inch or two of the top soil while the roots are begging for water. Never allow water to stand under the plants in saucers.

Geraniums, like human beings, need proper ventilation to keep them healthy, but so arrange matters that no cold air will blow directly on the plants.

If you simply wish to keep a number of geraniums that have bloomed all summer in beds till another season, take two or three, place them in a jar together, cut the tops back somewhat, and keep on an old stand in a room cool but not too cold. In very severe weather, protect the plants with newspapers. I have kept many geraniums through the winter in this way, using an upper room which was occasionally heated from a register in the lower hall, the door being left open only part of the time. They were as green and nice as could be, but of course neither grew very fast nor blossomed. I only watered them once in awhile, to prevent their drying up.

The best varieties for winter blooming are found usually among single geraniums, of which I will name a few. Of course, there are some doubles, to form the usual exception to the rule.

Master Christine is bright-pink, with white markings on the upper petals; this is also a splendid summer bedder.

Salmon Vesuvius is a lovely soft rich salmon, with very large truss. The individual florets last until nearly the whole truss is expanded.

Apple-Blossoms is of the most delicate white suffused with pink, or vice versa, you cannot tell which, so beautifully blended are the two colors. It is a lovely flower and a good bloomer, but almost too delicate to stand the summer sun, and so is not the best for bedding.

Another soft delicate shell-pink is Mrs. John Thorpe. It has a spot of white at the base of the upper petals. The trusses are not very large, but the florets are of very good shape and size.

Mrs. Moore has a ring of bright salmon around a white centre. This is a very fine variety.

Jean Sisley, scarlet with white eye, is good either as a winter bloomer or a summer bedder.

Mrs. Jas. A. Garfield is a pure white. It is a new dwarf grower and very fine for pot-culture.

William Cullen Bryant is one of the largest and finest-shaped single geraniums. It is a lovely rich scarlet of velvety texture. The trusses are large, and each floret is from one to two inches across. It is a good bloomer for winter and also a splendid bedder.

The above-mentioned geraniums are all single, and are but a few of many deserving especial mention.

Among the best winter-blooming double varieties, we must name:

Mary Hill, a soft lovely shade of pure pink, with white eye. Its trusses and florets are of large size, and it is a splendid constant bloomer for pot-culture or bedding.

S. A. Nutt is equally fine, of a rich deep shade of crimson, and a beautiful variety.

Asa Gray is one of the best known double geraniums; it is salmon in color.

Among the best geraniums for summer bedding, beside those already mentioned, are the following:

J. H. Kippart is a dazzling scarlet double variety, with large trusses.

Queen of the Belgians, a pure white single geranium, is a very free bloomer and a fine bedder.

Henry Cannel is a bright-red double, of large fine form, and always in bloom.

Queen of the West is a standard variety for bedding; in color, a bright-orange. It is a great bloomer and a single geranium.

Among the bronze varieties, Marshal MacMahon, Bismarck, Distinction, and Corinne are the best. Happy Thought and Cloth-of-Gold have fancy leaves.

The tricolors are very slow growers, and that most beautiful one, Mrs. Pollock, is rather hard to raise to a large plant.

Among the silver-edged varieties, Mountain of Snow and Madame Solleroi are the finest. The latter, being very dwarf, makes a fine border to a geranium-bed. It is always thrifty and easily cared for.

Among the scented varieties, the rose-geranium is well known, likewise the so-called skeleton-leaved Doctor Livingstone. Nutmeg is a most beautiful species, but it requires more shade than the others, as do the balm-scented geraniums. The rose varieties require more heat and less moisture than zonal varieties; but all need a good deal of root-room.

Of course, there are many newer varieties of exceptional merit, and many old ones, in zonal geraniums, but space forbids my dwelling upon them. It is well to try a few new ones every year, and you will be surprised at the beauties such trials will develop. In outdoor bedding, the best location would be where they may have the morning but not the hot noonday sun, as the latter would fade the flowers quickly as well as dry the beds out.

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THE FORAN SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

I ALWAYS meant to be a lawyer. When I was thrown upon the world, an orphan, at ten years of age, without a penny, I had no plan nor purpose but that. I used to write my name on the fences with a burned stick—John C. Ladd, Attorney at Law—and gently rub it out again. I was an errand-boy, then a farm-hand, picking up what schooling I could; then I taught in winter, and went to college in summer; then I worked in the field in summer, and went to the law-school in winter. And now, there I was, at twentythree, John C. Ladd, Attorney at Law, without a dollar and no prospect of earning one.

Peatville was an ambitious country-town; her lawyers did not teach nor plough. My hands were tied. I had paid the rent of my office, a tiny wooden building, with a closet at the back in which I slept. I was already in debt for my board at Mommy Dido's eating-house. The motherly old body suspected the truth, I fancy, and used herself to bring me the hottest waffles and crispest bits of chicken, her black face beaming with good-will. But I choked with shame as I ate.

My hands were tied, as I said. There I was forced to sit, idle, day after day, in my new office, with my brand-new inkstand and clean pens, waiting for clients, watching the farmers in court-week crowd into the big room opposite, where Lawyer Silas Edson sat, as he had done for thirty years, chewing tobacco and making filthy jokes. Edson was vulgar and stupid, and belonged to a worn-out school; but his father and grandfather had been lawyers and Silas Edsons, and Peatville was conservative.

Worst of all, I was engaged to be married. I cursed my want of sense, every day, in coming to Peatville, in studying law, in struggling to be anything but a farm-hand; but I never blamed myself for securing that one most priceless thing in the world—Dolly Pierson's love.

Dolly's story was that of tens of thousands of American girls. Her father, the physician in another Maryland town, surrounded her with luxury while he lived, and, dying, left not a dollar to buy her bread and meat. The French are wiser than we. If I am ever blessed with a daughter, she shall have a dower laid by for her if she wears calico gowns all of her life.

Well, Doctor Pierson being dead, I begged Dolly to marry me at once, that I might work for her, as it was my right to do.

"I will throw up the law," I said; "I can get a clerkship that will pay enough to keep us both."

Dolly never was reckoned a scholar, but she had a good brain for business under her curly poll.

"You want to fish in the world as the negroes do in the bay," she said: "catch herring all of your life, when, with other bait, you might pull in turtles. Give up all your knowledge of the law, and go to counting up the price of yards of muslin? Why, you will be a great jurist some day, Jack." And she began to write on the table with the tip of her pink finger "Judge John C. Ladd," looking up sideways saucily at me from under her thick lashes.

My reply to that impertinence left her all in a soft flush and tremble, quite unable to speak.

"Then you shall marry me, and I will go on practicing law," I said.

"And shall I, too, board at Mommy Dido's?" For I had just told her of my trouble. "No, Jack; we will not think of marriage for two years. I will teach the little Peters boys and the Cromlin girls—a visiting governess, you know. I will amass a snug fortune. In two years, clients will be storming your door; and then—" she retreated to a safe distance "then—"

I groaned. Dolly's practical plan was no less intolerable to me because I felt it was reasonable and expedient.

It was carried out. Every day, as I sat idle in my office, I saw a soft plump little figure in a dark-blue cloak-and-hood pass down the street and turn in at the Cromlin gate.

About this time, I managed to secure legal papers from Baltimore to copy, which enabled me to pay Mommy Dido.

Dolly lodged with Miss Plympton. She was my one stanch friend in Peatville—a woman old and poor, the butt for the ridicule of the fashionable young women of the town. Any morning, just after dawn, you might see the little woman, in her gray cloak, work-basket on

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her arm, picking her steps carefully along the cobblestones of the sidewalks to the house of one of the Wrights or Browns who were her patrons. There was an odd contrast between her delicate aquiline features, soft sincere eyes, and dainty puffs of silvery hair, and their smug assertant faces. Her voice was low and singularly sweet: even Dolly's was less musical. The Peatville women forgot that she had been a seamstress only since Judge Plympton's death; that, twenty years ago, she was Miss Ruth, the Lady Bountiful of the village. But she never forgot it. It was the reason why she never spoke of her family or the old homestead to these people; why her talk to them was confined to plaits and shirrings and draperies; why she never accepted their unwilling invitations to "sit down with the family" when at work with them. Nobody dared to ask her to eat with the servants. So, to avoid trouble, poor Miss Ruth carried her dinner in her basket, and ate the scanty bread-and-butter while the house was filled with savory smells that sickened her hungry stomach.

Alone with Dolly and me, in the evening, she forgot that she was the seamstress, and chirped and fluttered and sang little old love-songs, in her thin treble, like the ghost of the Miss Ruth of long ago. Dolly had her guitar, and I was the audience. Musicians said Dolly could not play. I don't know. She used to cuddle the guitar up in her arms and make a soft tinkle like running water, while she cooed out delicious little snatches about "Tell Him I Love Him Yet" and "Away, Dull Care!" and the lamp shone on her reddish curls and blue knots of ribbon and the shy dancing eyes peeping out of their curly lashes—the world has no such music as that now!

Of course, we should have been very miserable—a hard-worked teacher and penniless lawyer who loved and had no hope of marriage, and a half-starved old seamstress with no hope at all. But even great sorrows do not press with an intolerable even weight in real life; we relish a good cup of coffee and glance at the fit of our new coat before our dead is carried out for burial. We three should have been wretched, that year; but, in fact, those evenings in Miss Ruth's shabby little parlor were full of keen enjoyment. Sometimes I made enough by my copying to buy Dolly a new kerchief or ribbon. How I hurried along the road that night, looking at it twenty times, uncertain whether it was pretty or hideous. How the dear girl delighted in it and ran to call Miss Plympton, who rejoiced and chattered over it while they tried it on Dolly's neck, before the glass. If it had been a rivière of diamonds, we would not have been more pleased. Sometimes my gift was to Miss Ruth, in the shape of birds or some dainty for supper; for there was no secrecy among us as to our empty pockets and hunger. Then what a feast we made of it! Dolly and Miss Ruth each put on gigantic aprons and cooked the supper, which was eaten in high glee.

But there were days and weeks, as every energetic man will understand, when I was subject to moods of deep depression at my enforced idleness. These two frail women were at work, while I, with willing brain and the muscles of a ploughman, sat staring out on the highway.

One day, in a fit of despair, I wandered down the turnpike a few miles, and encountered an old gentleman standing helplessly beside a puddle, in which his horse had fallen. It was the work of but a few minutes to unharness the animal, bring him to his feet, and assist his owner into his carriage again. He overwhelmed me with acknowledgments, uttered with formal old-fashioned courtesy.

I had altogether forgotten the incident, when, a week later, I saw the same horse and carriage draw up to the door of my rival, Silas Edson, on the other side of the way. The scraping of a fiddle inside of the office frightened the horse; the old gentleman tried twice to alight, but drew back in alarm. Edson, who was a fat coarse fellow, sat grinning inside, winking encouragement at the fiddler. The stranger at last reached the sidewalk in safety, and drew himself up stiffly, his thin face red with anger.

"I came to this town," he said to Jabez Prim, who passed at the moment, "to attend to some important legal business. Is there any other lawyer than—that man?" with a contemptuous glance at the big figure in its shirt-sleeves.

Prim did not want to offend Edson; he grumbled something and hurried on. But Pierson's boys, playing marbles on the pavement, called out:

"There's Ladd! He'll be glad to get you!"

The next moment, the stately old man crossed the street. I had barely time to leave the window and busy myself with some writing, when he rapped at the door.

He made no allusion to Edson, but entered at once upon his business.

It was a queer romantic case. But I saw at once that he was so convinced a lawyer could do nothing in the premises, that he employed one only for form. He could afford to satisfy his whims in the matter.

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He was Colonel John Barr, and he represented, as he told me with great form and courtesy, two ladies—the Misses Foran, of Kent County, Delaware. They were, he might say for my better understanding of the matter, maiden as to estate, somewhat advanced in years, and possessed of high social position and a moderate amount of wealth. They lived on the ancestral estate, Foran Place. The facts of the case were briefly these: Marmaduke Foran, their father, was twice married. They—Jean and Isabel—were the offspring of the first marriage. After their mother's death, their father placed them at boarding-school in Philadelphia and went abroad. While in Europe, he married a Miss Jane Fortescue, the daughter of an English sea-captain, remaining with her for several months. He was recalled on business, and forced to leave his wife with her family until after the birth of her child. She gave birth to twins—a boy and a girl. When they were two months old, the girl died, and Mrs. Foran set sail with the boy, to join her husband in this country. The ship on which she embarked—the "Gray Gull," Presbrey, master—was wrecked in Chesapeake Bay, July 2d, 1815, and went down with all on board. There was a vague report that a child—an infant—had been saved and carried inland by the negroes. But Mr. Foran, searching as a man would search for his son and heir, could find no trace of it. A few months later, he died, and his daughters inherited his estate.

"Sir," said my visitor, impressively, "we have, so far, had smooth sailing; now we come to rocks and bars: Last year, a large property, for the most part invested in consols, descended unexpectedly to the heirs of the body—if any such are living—of Jane Fortescue. Some rumor of the search fortyfive years ago, for the missing child, having reached England, the trustees of the fund insist that fresh search shall be made, and that the matter shall be put in the hands of an attorney. Of course, the search is useless. Still, as they are prepared to pay handsome fees and require the counsel of an able man, I am happy to place it in your hands," with a smile and a bow. "I have not forgotten that you proved my friend, the other day. I am pleased to see the evidence of your large practice," glancing around at the papers which I had copied.

"I have no practice at all," I said. I could not, of course, cheat the man who trusted in me. "I am a beginner here. I don't see that my expertness with a horse ought to satisfy you as to my legal skill. But, if you will trust the case to me, I'll do the best I can with it."

"My dear sir," wagging his head, "there's nothing to do. The child went down in the 'Gray Gull' nearly fifty years ago! But you will satisfy these men on the other side of the water, which is all that is necessary."

"When may I call upon my clients?"

"The Misses Foran?" I was conscious that his startled eye swept over me with a new meaning. Was I of a caste to be presented to these ancient ladies? The anxiety in his face was, for the time, intense; but it disappeared. "Shall we say to-morrow? I will be frank with you: I employed a lawyer in another State to prevent gossip in their neighborhood. When you come, there is no necessity of mentioning the matter outside of their drawing-room."

I promised secrecy and bade him farewell, finding some boyish fun in Edson's scowl as he watched me escort the client he had lost, to his carriage.

I set out, the next morning, for the Delaware town in which my clients lived. It was a journey of several hours, and, before I had reached the end, I was firmly convinced that the lost child still lived. I had as yet seen no proof for or against such a belief. It was only the absolute faith which the hunter, before he sets out upon the chase, has in the game he shall bring home at night. The chase-fever was on me. I panted to begin it. What could be easier than to unearth a missing infant after half a century?

I must confess that I had carried the story of my first case to Dolly and Miss Ruth the previous night. Does the reader blame me? I was alone in the world, friendless but for these two loving women. This was an important crisis in my life, and— But I shall apologize no further. I did give my secret to them, and they kept it better than I.

They listened breathless, and then had a thousand suggestions to make.

"Of course the child is alive," said Dolly, her head sagely on one side like a contemplative pigeon. "If Cousin Ruth and I could spare time to go down among the plantations and look it up! I'd make a splendid detective! I'd be as secret as death!" her eyes dancing and her rosy lips pursed up. "The negroes would remember such an event as a shipwrecked child. Poor little thing!"

"You forget, Dolly," said Miss Ruth, "that the babe would now be a man of more than fifty."

"Good gracious! So he would. Then we can't help you, John, I'm afraid."

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Such help as could be afforded by letters every day, during my absence, she promised. In fact, I received a brief note before setting out on my journey the next morning.

Foran Place was a large plantation which faced the bay, in Kent County. The house belonged to the colonial period, and was one of the huge tasteless brick structures in which the souls of our forefathers exulted. It was set upon a hill, however, overlooking the water, and the beating of many storms had weathered its color into not unpleasing browns and grays. Hardy English ivy draped its sides, and the lawn, sloping down on every side, was darkened with enormous oaks and sycamores.

The Misses Foran received me in a library, in which there were few books and no newspapers. I saw at a glance that it had been the abode for generations of refined, reserved, unintellectual people. The old black mahogany tables and piano shone in the firelight; here was some fancy-work, there a well-studied cookery-book, the Queen's Compleat Advisor; flowers bloomed in the windows; a fat Maltese cat lay on the rug; tame canaries fluttered about the room.

The ladies sat on opposite sides of the fire, in high-backed easychairs: two thin tall figures in lustreless black gowns, their silvery hair in soft puffs upon their heads. A faint scent of faded rose-geranium leaves hung about them both; they had the same watchful attentive air which belongs to people who live in a prison of some kind and only rarely gain a glimpse of the outside world. They had, too, the motherly eyes of tender women who have never had a child. For the rest, there was a difference: Miss Jean talked incessantly; Miss Isabel nodded a pleased assent. Miss Jean wore stiff white collars and cuffs; Miss Isabel a soft bit of lace at neck and wrists. The elder sister offered me a chair, with a stately bow; the younger closed the window herself, that I should not feel the draught.

They gave me the papers bearing on the case: a couple of old letters from England, stating the death of the twin infant and the fact that Mrs. Foran, a few days after that event, had sailed in the "Gray Gull" with her remaining child, and one or two newspapers containing an account of the wreck of the ship.

The letters were written by the physician who attended the child in England, to its father, and were brief and formal.

"There were other letters," said Miss Jean. "Papa received letters from Mrs. Foran, giving him an account in detail of the death of our little sister and of her intended immediate voyage. But he only outlived the shipwreck a few months."

"Five," murmured Miss Isabel.

"Five. And his private letters were burned before his death. We were at boarding-school. Papa never spoke of the loss of either of his children to us. He was a very reserved man."

I glanced over the letters submitted to me.

"These do not seem to bear upon the case," I suggested, respectfully. "They concern the death of the child in England. It is the boy who sailed for this country that is of interest to us."

"You are greatly mistaken, Mr. Ladd," said Miss Jean, hastily. "It is the little girl's loss that has always hurt us most deeply. A younger sister would have made our lives much fuller and happier. If it had pleased Providence that the boy should have lived, we should, of course, have made the best of him. But we are not accustomed to boys and men—never have been."

"I have no doubt, sister," said Miss Isabel, "that he would have been a very nice little fellow."

"In any case, it is he whom we want now," I answered. "If he is alive now—"

"Alive now?" Both ladies rose excitedly. "You do not think it possible?"

"I hope to find him," I said, confidently.

They looked around the room in which they had lived undisturbed for sixty years, as doves might at their nest when it was threatened by a robber-hawk.

"I had not thought it possible!" gasped Miss Jean. "I— If living, he is a man of fifty—raised among the negroes, probably—"

"Sister!" said Miss Isabel, gently. "He is our brother."

But the shock to both was a terrible one. I dined in state with my clients. The programme of the day had been made out long before my arrival. Colonel Barr arrived before dinner. After it was over, we all had a solemn consultation, and I was then allowed to depart on my search.

The colonel accompanied me for the first mile of the road.

"Your clients," he said, "feel that they ought to pray for your success; but—"

"It would be disagreeable to them?"

"Disagreeable? Why, sir, you can see: They have lived among the softest of shadows all of their lives, and to bring a coarse rough boor into the house—it will kill them."

"We will hope he is not a boor," said I, jealous for this great discovery of my life. "I believe he is a Philip Sidney."

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I do not purpose to enter into the details of my journey. I extended my search along the entire Eastern Shore. Now and then, an old farmer would be found who remembered the wreck of the "Gray Gull"; but the universal testimony was that there was no survivor. At last, I discovered a gray old negro who had beeff on the beach when the fragments of the ship were driven ashore, and who declared that an infant had been found tied to a hencoop.

"White chile, sah. Some ob dem no-'count dahkies cahied it off. Dunno ef it libbed or died. Took it up-keantry. Boy? Dunno 'bout dat. Is you shooah 'twas a boy? Dunno nuffin 'bout it."

The "no-'count dahkies" were "name ob Preston," which was presumably that of their master. But weeks of search failed to discover a Preston among the planters of the neighborhood.

I had come to a blind alley. Thoroughly discouraged, I returned to Foran Place and reported my defeat.

The gentle old ladies breathed a sigh of relief which they supposed to be grief.

"Poor little fellow!" said Miss Jean.

"Yet, sister," said Miss Isabel, "it was better for him to perish as an innocent infant than to grow up a rough creature among the negroes."

"Surely, sister. You will report, then, Mr. Ladd, that no heirs of Jane Foran are now living. The estate will lapse to a far-off cousin. Now, if our little sister had but lived and could have inherited this property!"

"There would have been no trouble in tracing her," said Miss Isabel. "One of the English letters mentions that she had a singular birth-mark—a red ring that completely encircled the arm like a bracelet. I don't know what she could do with it when she wore a ball-dress, I'm sure."

"I have often reminded you, Isabel, that she could have covered it with a real bracelet. Her mother had very good jewelry."

I saw that this sister, lost sixty years ago, was a most real and dear possession to the lonely women; so, leaving them to quarrel over her probable ball-dresses, I bade them farewell, and returned, sadly enough, home. I had, it was true, a substantial fee in my pocket, but I smarted under a sense of defeat.

I arrived in the evening, and, very soon, knocked at Miss Plympton's door. Dolly opened it. I was, at first, so engrossed with the delight of seeing her and the excitement of telling my story, that I did not notice her grave face.

"Where is Miss Ruth?" I asked, at last.

"Oh, John, she has been ailing ever since you went. The doctor has forbidden her to leave the house, and she could get no work at home. He prescribed wine and rich nourishing food, and—and—" The tears choked her.

"And you could not get it for her?"

"The trustees did not pay my salary when it was due, and I could not ask for credit, and—sometimes we were hungry."

Poor Dolly was not a grim self-contained heroine. She sobbed and laughed away her misery in my arms.

It is needless to say that we had a savory supper that night, with wine to make glad Miss Ruth's chilled blood. She came down wrapped in a soft gown, to make our little feast complete. When it was over and the two overstrained women began to smile with their old happy content, we sat close around the fire and I made ready to tell my story.

Inwardly, I was galled and chagrined beyond measure at my defeat. I was still convinced that the child lived, and that, if I had been shrewder or more persistent, I should have found him.

Him? What proof had I, after all, that it was a boy who was lost? The doubt came to me with a shock. The English physician's letters had not once specified that it was the girl who had died in London: he had only mentioned "one of the twin children." Detailed information concerning the death of the child had doubtless been given by the wife to her husband. But his daughters Jean and Isabel were then children at school, and they distinctly stated their father had never mentioned either of his infant children to them. His letters he burned before his death. Could they have mistaken the sex of the child who died in England?

"Why do you sit frowning into the fire?" said Dolly, putting her hand on my shoulder. "Here is Cousin Ruth waiting to hear all the particulars of your search. You do not know how anxious we have been about it."

"I was anxious," said the gentle old lady, "for an odd reason, John. I knew a woman once who was rescued from a wreck."

"You knew a woman who was rescued?"

"Yes," she said, placidly. "If it had not been a boy you wanted, I should have thought I could help you in your search."

"And this woman?" I rose in my excitement.

"She was washed ashore, and lived when the strong men and women perished. Some negroes carried her up-country. The planter and his wife adopted her, and, as they soon left the State,

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no one ever knew that she was not their own child. When they died, however, they left an attested statement of the facts, in order that she could prove her identity if any inquiry was made for her. But she kept it secret. She wished to be known only as their child."

"How did you know it, then?" asked Dolly, innocently.

Miss Plympton grew pale, drew her breath hurriedly. "You—you have surprised my secret, children. I meant to tell you, some day."

I felt a great heat sweep over me.

"What was the ship in which you were wrecked?" I said.

"The 'Gray Gull.'"

My excitement touched her; she got up trembling.

"Your arm! Show me your arm."

She pushed back the sleeve, and there was a hair-line circle, blood-red!

Well, it all ended happily and comfortably. Search in the register of the parish in London where the baby died proved that it was the boy. Miss Plympton established her claim to be the heir of Jane Foran and to inherit the estate.

But, long before the legal proof was established, her sisters came in state to claim her and carry her away. In spite of their life-long devotion to this lost sister, they were afraid to meet her, lest she should prove to be the female counterpart of the brother they had so dreaded. Dolly and I had a natural pride in finding, when they were all together, that Ruth was the most delicate and tender of the three, bearing most unmistakably the stamp of good birth. They took her to their hearts at once with the keenest delight, for the delight that comes to the old has the terror of nearing death in it to give it edge.

While they lived, she made them happy.

They were so enraptured with the skill which I had shown in conducting the search to a successful issue, that they insisted I should remove to the town nearest to Foran Place. I had thereafter sole charge of the management of the property of the three sisters, and soon came into a large practice in the neighborhood.

As years passed, Dolly and Dolly's baby became the chief objects of interest in life to the three old ladies. Dolly nursed and coddled and comforted them. But the baby ruled them all with a rod of iron.

"HERZ-WEH."

BY GERTIE V. GUERNSEY.

In a pause of the merry dancing
That ushered the New Year in,
A Swedish player dreamily
Was touching the violin.

Led by the Viking instinct,
Far, far his feet had strayed;
In a cedar-camp in the wild Northwest
To-night he sat and played.

He tried vague snatches of music
From strange lands over the sea,
And at last came one that matched his mood—
A German melody.

I know not what words went with it,
And yet it seemed to each
It voiced the thoughts that he held most dear,
Plainer than human speech.

And so, as they sat a-dreaming,
Rapt by the music's art,
That motley crowd from many lands
Grew leagues and leagues apart.

The fickle Frenchman saw not
The maiden by his side—
He thought of the girl in Canada
He left last Christmas-tide.

The German boy was playing
Beside the cottage-door,
With brothers and sisters far away
Whom he might see no more.

The Nihilist thought of freedom
And the hopes he had nursed in vain,
And, as he mused, his brow grew dark
With the shade of a nation's pain.

And one from the South was dreaming
Of his mother's placid face,
And another, still more young and fair
And bright with love's soft grace.

To the Norseman, it brought the sighing
Of the pines in his native woods,
The midnight sun, and the dark-blue fiords,
And the glaciers' solitudes.

And the mother to her bosom
Held closer her baby fair,
As she thought of another, under the snow,
That once had slumbered there.

It spoke to all of life's changes,
Of home and sundered ties,
And a softness crept o'er the sternest heart
And a mist before the eyes.

Only the girl by the fireside,
Half woman and half child,
She pictured a future rosy-hued,
And softly blushed and smiled;

Nor guessed the sweetest pleasure
Her heart would ever feel
Lurked in the time that bridged the space
'Twixt the dreaming and the real.

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A REVELATION.

BY NELLIE T. GRANT.

A ROUGH narrow road, bordered on one side by a clump of woodland; on the other, by a series of uncultivated barren fields: this scene lay before Philip Langdon's vision, as he walked slowly along beneath the fervid rays of the July sun.

"Perhaps it is a fool's-errand, after all," he murmured, impatiently. "I wonder what Selwyn meant when he said, one mile from where the stage stopped, I would find the Hibbard house. I'm certain I have walked a mile: but where is the house?"

As if in response to his inquiry, he suddenly beheld a small dwelling before him.

"This is it, I suppose," he said; "but 'house' is a misnomer: 'shanty' would be more appropriate."

The appellation was somewhat misplaced: for, although it was but a two-story meagrely-proportioned abode, nearly devoid of paint, everything pertaining to it was scrupulously neat, and a few flowers blooming beside the door showed that there was not an utter lack of taste and love for the beautiful among the inhabitants. Natures that love flowers cannot be utterly coarse.

As Langdon walked up the little path, he perceived an old woman sitting in the open window. She was sewing industriously, and did not perceive the advancing visitor until he reached the steps.

"Laws-a-me!" she exclaimed, dropping her work and her brass thimble in astonishment. "An' who be ye?" she called through the window.

"My name is Langdon, and I wish to stay here as a boarder for a time. I—"

But his explanation was summarily cut short, as the old woman suddenly slammed the window and pulled down the apology for a shade. Somewhat discomfited, Langdon was reflecting upon his next course of procedure, when he heard a voice piercingly sweet call:

"Who is it, grandmother?"

"How should I know?" testily answered the other. "Some city snipe, I reckon, by his varnished boots."

"Why don't you open the door?" called out the young voice, which evidently came from an adjoining room.

"'Cause how do I know who 't is? Like 'nough, some robber."

"Robber!" echoed the young voice, rather contemptuously. "I'll come."

"Portia! no, I say!"

But the old woman's command was unheeded; the door was opened, and Langdon, who had been patiently awaiting the end of the audible dialogue, said, taking off his hat:

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure; I was told that I could find lodging here for a few days, while I am transacting some business near-by. My name is Philip Langdon, and a friend—Mr. Selwyn—sent me here."

While he spoke, he was observing rather curiously the girl who stood in the doorway. She was certainly an odd-looking person, with her dark hair cut short like a boy's and her pallid complexion. Her features were far from possessing regularity or beauty; but the eyes she fixed on Langdon were the largest and darkest, and at the same time the most sombre, he had ever seen. Her expression did not reassure the newcomer, but she spoke a trifle more graciously than her grandmother had done.

"Yes, Mr. Selwyn staid here awhile; and you may stay, if you want to. Will you come in?" And she held the door wider open, to admit entrance.

The old woman sat down to her sewing, not deigning to look up as Langdon entered and took a chair. The grandaughter intimated that the visitor was not to mind her "ways"—she was "queer" sometimes. And then ensued a silence, during which Portia sat up very straight in a high-backed chair, her hands folded in her lap and her dark serious eyes gazing out of the window.

Strangely enough, Langdon, man of the world though he was, felt quite awkward at the present moment, and at a loss what to say next; but, finally, he ventured to ask:

"Will you kindly let me know where the room is which I am to occupy?"

"Yes—in a minute." And, with this abrupt reply, she was gone, while Langdon gazed after her vanishing figure with an intensified surprise.

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But, very soon, the girl reappeared and said abruptly:

"Your room is ready; it is the one on the right, at the head of the stairs."

Thanking her, he followed directions, and found the little chamber, which, although plain, was essentially neat.

"Not so bad, after all," the young man soliloquized. "I must not expect luxurious quarters, and I can stand this for a few days. Selwyn was so bedazzled by the silvery prospect, metaphorically speaking, that he would have been content to subsist on bread and water and to sleep on a board."

"Speaking of subsisting," he went on, "I am getting confoundedly hungry. I wonder what they have to eat. That girl looks as if her daily fare might consist of a mixture of vinegar and nightshade. I don't believe she feels a bit more amiable than the grandmother."

At this moment, catching sight of his face in a small glass hung high on the wall, Langdon burst into a laugh: for his handsome features were reflected at an uncomplimentary angle and with a greenish cast.

"Oh, yes, Selwyn is sanguine—too sanguine, I'm afraid. But, if it proves all right, my interest in the 'Atlas' may be a good thing; beside wealth, will give me happiness—and Florence."

With an ill-repressed excitement, he paced up and down, his mobile features alternating between smiles and frowns, the latter the reflection of some inward doubting thought.

When he descended to the room below, the twilight shadows had begun to lengthen; but he discerned a man in laborer's garb, who looked up and said:

"So ye're goin' to stay with us awhile?"

Evidently he had been informed of the arrival.

"With your permission," was Langdon's reply, for he identified the speaker with a description furnished by Selwyn of one Lew Hibbard.

"It's only plain livin' we can offer ye," said the host, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe; "but, if ye're like Mr. Selwyn, ye won't mind."

"Not in the least," returned Langdon, heartily.

"I s'pose it's the 'Atlas' ye've come to see," Hibbard said next. "There's a deal in it, some thinks."

His tone was rather skeptical.

"I think so," Langdon rejoined, with a half-assumed confidence. "I shouldn't have come way out to Arizona, if I had not put faith in the 'Atlas.' My friend and I expect to reap a silver harvest."

For a moment, there was a defiant gleam in the eyes that met the visitor's.

Portia had placed a candle on the table, and then quietly left the room.

"An' where is our fortune to come in?" said Hibbard. "We that are workin' away, day after day, workin' with a will, an' for what? A pay that only keeps us from starvin'. The poor man's children can go half clothed an' without learnin'. Well, I was bound my girl should have some edication. I sent her to Tucson for awhile; but the money give out, an' she hed to come home. She's smart, too; it's queer what she picked up, an' she's got books that seem dern foolishness to me; but I reckon they're all right. Mister Langdon, I've led a hard life; but I was a man once. Aye, sir, a man with a heart, and I set all that heart on my wife when I married her; but I done her a wrong. I wasn't fit for her, an' the life out here killed her. There's Portia now. Queer name—Portia—ain't it? She named her. Where she got it, I never knew—out of a novel, mebby. As I was sayin', there's Portia. She's—"

"Supper is ready," interrupted the low full tones of Hibbard's daughter, as she appeared in the flickering candlelight.

Langdon was glad to find the food palatable, and he afterward learned that Portia was the cook. He went to bed early, to be ready for investigations on the morrow, and secured a deep dreamless sleep that restored his exhausted energies.

Not long after breakfast, which was at dawn, Langdon started for the "Atlas" mine, but a short distance away. His explorations strengthened his hope and confidence in the ultimate success of the "Silver Wonder," as it had been called, and he returned to Hibbard's at dusk with an almost buoyant serenity. Portia curtly informed him that his luggage had arrived and her father had carried it upstairs.

After supper, Langdon lighted a cigar and went out into the warm moonless summer night. Only the voices of innumerable insects broke the stillness. Seated on the door-step, with her face upturned to the stars, was Portia; and it was only when Langdon stood beside her that he perceived her.

"Ah, Miss Hibbard, are you here? May I sit down also for a few moments—or do I disturb a pleasant reverie?"

"A pleasant reverie?" she echoed. And, although she vouchsafed no permission, Langdon

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seated himself near her. "That means pleasant thoughts, I suppose. No, mine weren't pleasant."

"I am sorry to hear that," he responded, lightly. "At your age, one should always have pleasant thoughts, one should always feel happy."

"What is it to be happy?"

The abrupt question quite took away Langdon's breath for a moment. Here was a problem which has puzzled the wisest philosophers, which the deepest thinkers of our age have asked, and are still asking, without obtaining a satisfactory solution. "What is happiness?" earth takes up the cry, and it echoes back again and again. Langdon, who did not pretend to be an expounder of any superior wisdom, replied to Portia in the trite yet perhaps true saying:

"'To be happy is to be content.'"

"I cannot be," said the girl. "The months I spent at school showed me a different life from this. I shall never forget them, although I think they have only made me more miserable."

In spite of himself, Philip was touched.

"You should try to be happy now," he said. "Do your best—that is all anyone can do."

"Oh, you may talk!" she exclaimed, bitterly, much to his surprise. "It is so easy when you have everything you want. You rich people are grinding us down without mercy. What do you know of misery? You are all alike—cruel and hard. I hate you all—I hate you all!"

Before he could reply to this amazing tirade, she had disappeared; and, in a bewildered state of mind, Langdon finished his cigar and betook himself to bed, where his last waking thought was: "What a little fury that girl is."

When he met her, the next morning, she looked cold and haughty, and his greeting met with but slight response.

He was on his way to the "Atlas," when he heard steps behind him, and, turning, confronted Portia Hibbard. Her pale face was quite impassive, but her great dark eyes were all alight with earnestness.

"I want to tell you," she said, hurriedly, "that I am sorry for the way I spoke, last night."

"Don't mention it," replied the young man. "It doesn't matter in the least; I had forgotten it," which was not true.

"I shouldn't say what I feel. It sounds badly, doesn't it?" she asked.

He could not help smiling.

"It isn't always pleasant—for others. Still, it's well to be frank."

Perhaps the smile irritated the girl, for she only said "Oh, is it?" and started homeward, while Philip pursued his way in a puzzled frame of mind.

Her face haunted him that day, and he returned to the house rather early. He found Portia in the dining-room, mending a shirt of her father's. She gave a start when she saw him. Sitting down, he talked of different things, and then the desultory and rather one-sided conversation seemed to lead to books; for Langdon found himself quoting from Tennyson, and in Portia's eyes dwelt a wonderment, an unexpressed inquiry. So he went to his room, got the volume, and read "Maud" in a manner that would have made Selwyn smile could he have heard him. Selwyn was too practical for poetry, while with Langdon nothing came amiss to satisfy his omnivorous appetite for literature.

"How do you like it?" he asked, marveling what this strange girl's reply would be.

"Don't stop—go on! go on!" she said, eagerly. And so he read from the "Idylls," conscious that his listener was most attentive.

"I never heard anything like it before," she said, at length, when he paused. "It is what I have sometimes felt here," laying her hand on her heart.

After this, they had many conversations together, and in Portia's possession were several books with Langdon's name inscribed within. A subtle change, a new sweetness, seemed stealing over the girl. Those fierce wild moods were becoming infrequent, and each day she imbibed some new happy thought that sank deep into her heart and stirred it with a gentle mystical joy. How much of this transformation was due to Philip Langdon, neither he nor Portia dreamed at first. It was as if a sudden revelation had come to her and she looked out upon a beautiful world. She would spend hours poring over the books that opened a vista of delight. She and her new friend walked forth in the dewy freshness of the morning, and he revealed to her wonderful secrets of nature. At night, they gazed together upon the starlit heavens, and she heard of those worlds afar and of many things hitherto unknown to her. Well might she have said:

> "You were to me the world's interpreter,
> The man that taught me nature's unknown tongue,
> And to the notes of her wild dulcim
> First set sweet notes and sung."

And Langdon—it was time he should return to New York; no longer had he any plea for lingering. This very day, he had received a letter asking when "she" might expect him, and, in a foolishly womanish way, he had pressed the little monogramed, scented, delicately-traced

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sheet to his lips. And yet he staid on. In truth, to his own heart he confessed that he felt an anxiety concerning the miner's daughter. Twice he had surprised her walking with a man whose loutish ways were most disagreeable to him. Why had the girl listened with apparent interest to Dick Morgan's words? Should he warn her? No, best be silent. It was with these thoughts that he entered the house, to find Portia standing in the little front room by the window. Her back was toward him, and in her hand she held a photograph which he had left on the table in his chamber. A cry escaped her lips when she saw him; but she made no apology for having taken the picture, only saying slowly:

"Who is this, Mr. Langdon?"

Philip's face grew tender as he looked at the card in her hand.

"It is a friend of mine—Miss Florence Stuyvesant," he replied.

The girl said nothing, but continued to gaze at the beautiful flower-like face, with its sunny eyes and hair, at the lovely neck and arms.

"You love her?" came with startling abruptness from Portia's lips.

Almost reverently, Langdon answered:

"I do. I hope to make her my wife."

Without a word, Portia seized the picture and tore it in two. It was so quickly done that Langdon had no time to hinder the act.

"What have you done?" he exclaimed, angrily. "How dared you?"

For a moment, her defiant glance rested on his, then she sank on her knees with a loud burst of tears, sobbing wildly.

Fairly alarmed at this transition, Philip stood dumb before her.

"Ah, forgive me, forgive me," she cried. "I could not help it."

"No, I cannot forgive you," he replied, sternly, but he was frightened at the effect of his words, for, with a heart-breaking sob, she moaned:

"I shall die unless you do."

The truth flashed on Langdon, and, as he stooped to undo her clenched hands, she looked up. In her dark eyes there was an expression more potent than beauty, the magnetism that exerts a strong fascination. Langdon was not proof against it. He gazed into those marvelous eyes, saying, as he drew Portia to her feet, still keeping her hands in his:

"I do forgive you, dear, believe me."

For a moment they stood thus, almost breathless, then Portia fled, and, dizzy with a strange emotion, Philip was alone, with the torn photograph at his feet.

* * * * * * * *

The strength of human resolution proves feeble at times, and, despite Langdon's intention of leaving the Hibbards', he still staid on.

The next day after the interview with Portia, he met Dick Morgan near the "Atlas."

"See here—a word with ye," was the rough greeting.

"What is it?" rejoined Langdon, nonchalantly.

"Let my girl Portia alone, will ye?" was the rude remark, which Langdon haughtily ignored, turning on his heel.

"Oh! ye're goin' to run? Ye're a coward!"

This passed the bounds of patience, and, catching hold of the man, Philip gave him an unmerciful switching with the stick he had in his hand.

"Now," he panted, as he let the fellow go, "be off, and don't you dare mention Miss Hibbard's name again."

Morgan waited for no further permission, casting behind him, as he went, a glance of deadly animosity.

"To-morrow I must say good-bye," Langdon resolved, as he went on his way, conscious of a sharp pang of regret. To Portia, he said nothing of his projected departure; a restraint seemed cast over them both.

Langdon gave all his attention to the "Atlas" that day, staying there to oversee the work until the sun had disappeared behind the mountain and the purple shades of night descended; then he started for the house. Just before he emerged from the little wood, he gave an exclamation of surprise: for, in the gathering night, at his feet lay the body of a man. Langdon struck a match, and started back as the light fell upon the features of Dick Morgan. Was he dead? At first, it seemed so; but, placing his hand on the inanimate form, he could feel a feeble fluttering of the heart.

At that instant, there was a sudden cry, and three men sprang forward and surrounded Langdon, one of them catching him by the throat, as he exclaimed:

"You have killed him!"

Throwing off his assailant's hand, Philip said:

"I know nothing about it. See—I haven't even a weapon."

"Here is the gun," said one of the men, picking it up. "It is warm—it has been fired off."

"It is not mine," Philip declared.

"No, Joe; that's Morgan's gun," the third man said, as he loosened his grasp on Langdon.

"Yes, but this gentleman fired it. He and Dick hated each other. This won't do, my fine sir. Come with us."

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"All right; do your worst," was the reply. "But first see that this man is cared for; he is not dead."

It was finally agreed that two of the men should carry Morgan to his home, while the third marched Philip off, covering him with a pistol all the way to Hibbards'.

The news spread like wildfire, and, within fifteen minutes after they arrived at the house, it was thronged by miners and their wives, whose unrestrained ideas of justice made them violent. Convinced that Langdon was guilty of causing Morgan's death, they seemed athirst for vengeance; and it was Hibbard who, loyal to his guest, brandished his gun, threatening to shoot the first man who laid a hand on Philip. Near-by stood Portia, her quiet demeanor a strange contrast to the prevailing excitement: her dark eyes dilated as she looked at the prisoner, and two vivid spots burned in her usually pale cheeks.

Without trial, Langdon was condemned to death.

"He killed Dick Morgan; he must die!" cried a voice, and the infuriated mob rushed forward. Hibbard was pushed to one side, his threatenings entirely disregarded, while Langdon, with folded arms, stood waiting.

"Stop!"

At this command, the crowd paused and looked toward Portia Hibbard.

"I shot Dick Morgan!" she exclaimed.

There was a loud murmur of surprise, as the throng fell back.

"She lies! She's in love with this Langdon. She only says it to save him," one man cried.

As for Philip, he looked at Portia in consternation. What if she spoke the truth?

"Listen," said Hibbard's daughter, coming forward and speaking in a clear firm tone: "I heard Dick Morgan tell Allen that he was going to shoot Mr. Langdon when he came through the woods. And all the men were at the mines, so I ran to warn him. I met Morgan, and he threatened to kill me if I went on—and I snatched his gun and shot him."

Evidently convinced, the crowd dispersed, and soon the room contained only Langdon and Portia. Even Hibbard, overwhelmed by this sudden blow, had disappeared.

For a moment, silence reigned; then the young man stepped to Portia's side, and, taking her hand, touched it with his lips. She snatched it away.

"There is blood on it!" she cried. "They say Morgan will die, and I have murdered him! But it was for you—it was for you!"

"I know it."

As he spoke, Langdon was looking closely into those beautiful eyes. Each instant he was swayed more and more by their fascination. An overmastering impulse, a sudden delirium, swept over him; he clasped Portia to his heart, and showered kisses on her lips, her brow, her cheeks. A happy light illumined her eyes.

"You love me?" she murmured.

"With my whole heart—my darling!"

All, all was forgotten save the intensity of this new passion.

Later came news that Morgan was not fatally wounded—he would recover.

All that night, Langdon sat by his window with wide-open eyes and torturing conflicting thoughts. Everything now had changed. The memory of Florence seemed like a dream. His vow to her was broken, and he would marry Portia. Come what might, he would marry Portia—for he madly loved the woman who had saved his life.

Finally, he threw himself on the bed and fell into a troubled sleep; but, at dawn, he woke. The first thing that caught his eye was a piece of paper under the door. He unfolded it and read:

"Dearest—I may call you so once—I am going away; and you must not try to find me, for I will never see you again. You couldn't make me your wife. I know that you wouldn't be happy—and, above all, I want you to be happy—so go back to Florence. God bless you, Philip! You told me so many beautiful things; I'll never forget them if I live. I will keep the Tennyson, for you gave it to me. Good-bye! good-bye! God bless you, dearest! PORTIA."

Langdon stood staring at the words in the cramped handwriting; then, dressing hurriedly, he rushed downstairs to find Hibbard. Yes, Portia had fled, and, half distracted, they hastened in search of her.

It was Langdon who, toward evening, found her lying in a little hollow near the wood. Those dark eyes were closed, and the long lashes lay on cheeks burning with the fever in her veins. To her breast was clasped the volume of Tennyson, and, without displacing it, Langdon carried her to the house.

The strength of her youth ebbed steadily, and the physician that Langdon summoned from Tucson shook his head gravely as he tried to check the consuming fever. All in vain! Portia drifted on nearer and nearer the dark river, and at last its dark waters closed over her young head.

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TED AND I.

BY G. E. CHITTENDEN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 165.

CHAPTER IV.

MY sister and I were seated in the library, one morning.

I had ensconced myself in a window-seat and was lost to all outside sights and sounds in the fascinating pages of a French romance. The day before, I had discovered a pile of such novels in a closet off Carrie's room, and had taken possession thereof, as I was fond of the language and read it with ease.

This was a leisure hour with me, and, remembering my treasures, I had selected one at random and hurried downstairs to devour as much of the story as I might before mamma should summon me to go to the village with her.

Carrie was also reading. She had taken a fancy to the oddest books of late, and regarded all light literature with a contempt that was amusing.

Ted and his tyrant came into the room, the morning study-hours being just over.

"Oh, Mr. Ainsly," exclaimed Carrie, with a look of a pretty perplexity on her face, "I am so glad you have come. Will you be kind enough to explain this passage, or would it trouble you too much?"

He smiled and went up to her. I bent lower over my book.

"Hullo! there's Will Manners!" cried Ted, and ran out of the library.

The murmur of voices across the room continued. I put my hands over my ears and read steadily on.

"Can I help you also, Miss Freddie?"

I looked quickly up, sufficiently surprised to send a sudden color to my cheeks, as Mr. Ainsly coolly moved my gown a little to one side and seated himself beside me.

"No, thanks," I replied; "I understand French."

"French? Is that a French book you are reading? Will you allow me to see it?"

"Well, hurry, please; I'm so interested," I returned, reluctantly allowing him to take the volume.

He fluttered the leaves a while without speaking. His eyes were on the book, and I raised mine to his face. I had fallen into the habit of examining this clear-cut quiet countenance, when I could do so unobserved. I wished to discover, if possible, wherein lay this man's fascination and power over—not me, of course; my dislike remained as firm as ever—but over Carrie, Ted, and even our mother and father; everybody, in fact, with whom he came in contact—but me.

He looked up with a slight smile. One must be just, and therefore I acknowledged inwardly that his smile was exceedingly winning, lighting up his calm face and listless eyes with a wonderful brightness. It seemed a pity his smiles were so short-lived and so rare.

"Will you give me this book, Miss Freddie?" he asked.

"Give it to you? Yes, you may have it after I've finished reading it."

"No," quietly, "I mean before you have finished; now, indeed."

"But why?" I demanded, in surprise.

"You agree with me, perhaps, Mr. Ainsly," said Carrie, in her softest tone, "in disapproving of French novels."

He started slightly, as if having forgotten her presence, and a fancied a look of annoyance passed over his face.

"Why, Carrie Carlton!" I said, bluntly, "you know you used often to read them!"

"Yes, used," she answered, still speaking softly, but with a decided increase of color in her cheeks; "but now I hope I've learned to employ my time better," and she glanced complacently at the heavy volume in her lap.

"Carrie!" called mother's voice from the hall; and, with a sigh, my sister rose and left the room.

Mr. Ainsly glanced after her—with eyes of approval, of course; she was just such a girl as he would admire—pretty, ladylike, and quiet. Then her toilettes were always charming, and, only the evening before, I had heard him say he liked to see a lady prettily and becomingly dressed.

"Please," I said, impatiently, "be so good as to give me my book."

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"You refuse to allow me to keep it?" he asked, with a fairly pleading intonation in his low deep voice.

"Yes, indeed I do; I want it," I replied, stretching out my hand as I spoke.

"Promise me you won't read this," he said, still holding the volume out of my reach. "Oh, Miss Freddie, it is not fit for an innocent young girl like you to read."

I looked up smiling, a pleased little feeling in my heart.

"Why?" I asked, saucily. "Don't you think my father and mother can take care of me?"

He flushed slightly, and stooped to pick up a knot of blue ribbon that lay at his feet, and which had, as he must have been aware, fallen from Carrie's white gown. He drew the prize through his long slender fingers once or twice in silence, then suddenly raised his eyes to my face.

"Will you promise?" he asked.

"No," I answered, coldly; "it would be too silly."

He handed me the novel, rose, and left the room, still with that blue ribbon in his hand.

Presently, Ted returned.

"Why, Freddie!" he cried; "you've torn your book all to bits!"

"How careless!" I exclaimed. "I—I was thinking, and did not notice what I was doing."

He looked at me curiously, and I stooped to pick up the leaves of the mutilated volume and to hide my face.

CHAPTER V.

The days, weeks, and month. went by; it was September.

"Well, my boy," said father, holding out his hand to Teddie as he entered the library, one Sunday morning, "so the ordeal is over, eh? Come here: I'll be glad to shake hands with such a clever fellow."

Teddie smiled, delighted, as he obeyed, but said modestly:

"I'm afraid the praise don't belong to me, father."

And, going up to Mr. Ainsly, who was leaning back on a couch in the indolent fashion that I now knew so well, he placed his slight hand confidingly on the broad shoulder.

"We must not lose you, you know, Ainsly, just because this boy has entered," said father, heartily. "You'll remain with us through the autumn—will you not?"

"I hope you will, indeed," said mother.

"Ah, yes—pray do," in a soft voice from Carrie.

"Yes—of course you must stay," cried Ted, earnestly. "I'm to have a week's vacation, you know—nothing to do. Won't it be jolly? But I say—you will, won't you?"

I bent low over the glove I was fastening and waited for the answer. There was a minute's silence, then he said slowly:

"You are all very kind. I think, Ted, as we intend walking to church this morning, we had better start; the bell has been ringing some time."

He had not answered these entreaties. Had he noticed my silence? Could it be—

"Yes; and there's the carriage, girls," said Ted. "Why, Freddie!" stopping before me and regarding me with blank amazement, as I rose from a large chair wherein my small figure had been almost concealed.

My principal idea in dress heretofore had been to wear what would be most comfortable and the least trouble to don, combined with an ardent desire to array myself in as boyish a fashion as possible: hence linen collars and cuffs, sailor waists and hats, stiff little neckties, and short straight skirts had been usually affected by me. To-day, for the first time, all that was changed: I was arrayed in delicate cream-color—gown, hat, gloves, laces, all of the same shade; the only bit of brightness to relieve the monotony being a cluster of palest pink crêpe roses which looped-up one side of my wide lace-covered hat.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed father, bowing to me profoundly. "So I'm to have two young-lady daughters, am I?"

"You are not to tease her," said mother, who alone had been in my secret and helped me choose and arrange my novel costume. "The dress is very pretty and proper."

"But what possessed you?" demanded Ted, in a tone of great disgust. "You look pretty enough; but I thought you hated all that bother."

"Well, you see," I returned, laughing shyly and blushing deeply, "I'm seventeen to-day, so I thought I would dress this way just for—"

I looked up, and, meeting two brown eyes that were regarding me steadily, I paused.

"Well," said Mr. Ainsly, "just for what?"

Instead of answering, I ran past him, out of the long open window, down the veranda steps, and sprang into the carriage. Was it possible he guessed the real reason for which I had so attired myself? Did he think me "prettily and becomingly dressed"?

Father and mother had decided to remain at home that morning, and, as Mr. Ainsly and Ted

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preferred walking, Carrie and I had the carriage to ourselves.

"Do you like me, Carrie?" I whispered, as we drove down the avenue.

"Like you? Oh, your gown, you mean. Why, I must confess I think the shade you've chosen rather delicate for your complexion."

Carrie's own complexion was so exquisitely fair that she could wear the most trying tints, and was looking wonderfully pretty to-day in softest dove-color.

Mr. Ainsly and Ted had started a little in advance of us, and, as we now reached them, I saw that the former was fastening three or four late roses together. As the carriage passed, he looked up with his sweet sudden smile; I returned it shyly. The next moment, the little cluster of flowers would have fallen in my lap, had not Carrie dexterously caught them as they dropped.

I drew back my half-extended hand. It was all right; they were intended for her, of course; still it gave me a strangely restless feeling to see her so quietly fasten them against the lace at her throat.

Suddenly she turned to me; the accustomed softness was all gone from her eyes, and in its place had come a steely glitter that I knew only too well. What was the matter? My mind flew rapidly over the events of the last few days. No, I could recall no especial iniquity on my part against my sister.

"Freddie," she began, gently—but I was acquainted with that peculiar tone of gentleness, and braced myself accordingly—"I am glad of this opportunity of speaking to you alone. I am sure it is unintentional on your part—you are so unaccustomed to society, and I never before knew you to fall into the error of positively forcing your society where it is plainly simply tolerated, and sometimes hardly that."

I stared at her in open-eyed surprise.

"It is a disagreeable thing even for one sister to say to another," she continued, removing her eyes from my face and carefully smoothing a tiny wrinkle from her long écru glove; "but I will not stand by and see you ridiculed, be it ever so quietly."

This roused me from my bewilderment. Ridiculed!

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "No one has ridiculed me; no one would dare."

She smiled pityingly. "You're very young, dear," she said, sweetly, "and don't understand shades of meaning as I do. I could see from the first that your manner was a surprise to Mr. Ainsly, and of late has become an—amusement."

An icy hand seemed to grasp my heart. Words of fierce denial rose to my lips, but I forced them back. No—she—no one must ever guess of the swift pang that darted to my heart and there took up its abode with a sharp pain that seemed utterly out of proportion to the cause.

But was it true? Could it be?

Yes—with a feeling of burning shame and anger, I recalled how I had often watched him while conversing with others, and how seldom he smiled; and I had been pleased, actually pleased, that for me it had seemed so easy a thing to amuse him. I had never before realized what a delight it had been to me to bring that quick bright smile to the grave face. And it had meant ridicule!

"You are not angry, Freddie?" asked Carrie, softly. "It was for your own good I spoke, dear."

"Angry?" I answered, making a tremendous effort to speak unconcernedly. "Angry about what?"

The horses now drew up at the churchyard gate, and we prepared to alight.

"Oh, Carrie," I whispered, "do look at Isabel Mar's bonnet; I believe it's a story higher than the last."

She regarded me curiously; there was an expression of extreme annoyance on her fair face.

"Stupid!" she muttered.

For once in my life, I had deceived Carrie.

CHAPTER VI.

Ted's last day at home had come; Mr. Ainsly would also leave on the morrow. How strange and lonely the house would seem without—dear Ted.

Since that memorable drive to church, no one could accuse me of forcing my society on Mr. Ainsly, or of giving him cause for ridicule. At first, I thought he observed the change in my manner, and was surprised thereby; and once or twice, if I had not been quite sure it must be otherwise, I would have fancied there was a slight expression of reproach in his eyes; nevertheless I continued to avoid him as much as possible, and to maintain an almost absolute silence when in his presence.

But that morning, as he disappeared through the school-room door, I obeyed an irresistible impulse and followed him. What he thought of me did not matter now. To-morrow he would be gone, quite gone, out of my life.

He was writing at Ted's desk, by a window. He looked up as I entered, but he did not smile

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as he used; his face was very grave. He rose from his place and said gently:

"Ah, Miss Freddie, did you come to say good-bye? We're off to-morrow, you know."

"Don't talk about it!" I exclaimed, petulantly. "It will be dreadful."

"You will miss Ted so much."

"Yes," I answered, and my lip trembled as I spoke.

I had paused before a table in the centre of the room, and Mr. Ainsly now came and stood beside me.

"But," he said, regarding me steadily, "Ted is coming home every Saturday."

"That will be nothing," I answered, determined not to be comforted.

"I should consider it something to see anybody I cared for, even once a week."

"Should you?" I returned, stupidly.

My hand was resting on the table. He had also placed his there, and now moved it slightly, so that it touched mine. A strange sensation which I could not in the least understand thrilled to my finger-tips. Hastily withdrawing my hand, I said quickly:

"Ted has gone to say good-bye to the Manners boys. I wish I could row up after him."

Mastering the inclination which caused my eyelids to remain so persistently lowered, I raised them. No, his eyes were not smiling—they were quite grave, and in them there was a gentleness which caused me to forget Carrie's warning and my many resolutions. I lifted my right hand.

"See," I said: "I've hurt my wrist so, I cannot row."

It was a glaring hint. He would be obliged in common politeness to offer to do the rowing for me.

He took my hand in his and gravely examined the small bruise on the wrist.

"I wish I could go with you," was the reply I received; "but it is quite impossible—these letters must be answered at once."

"I believe, after all, I would prefer to walk," I cried, hastily. "And I wouldn't have liked being rowed; I wanted to do the rowing myself."

"Ah, I see."

Did he believe me? Was that excuse about the letters quite true? Or did he, also, think my forwardness stood in need of a check?

I left the room, and was soon out of the house and hurrying along the river-path. Tears blinded me, but I brushed them resolutely away. I met Ted about half-way home, running at full speed.

"Hullo, old fellow!" he called. "Come on; let's run. I must see Mr. Ainsly about something. This is his last evening, you know."

"Anyone would think he was about to be executed," I said, catching my brother's arm as he tried to rush by me. "He can't see you now; he has important letters to write—at least, so he says."

"Why, then, he has, of course. Look here, Fred—here's the old resting-stone. Do you remember how mad you were with me, one day, for wanting to mind Mr. Ainsly?" He laughed, and then added: "You little thought you'd soon be as bad yourself, did you?"

"What do you mean?" I demanded, standing still and looking straight into his saucy eyes.

"Why, just this: If Mr. Ainsly wants you to do a thing, you're dead-sure to do it. You go about it in a roundabout way, but you do it all the same. And I should think you would—he's the dearest fellow."

"But I don't!" I cried, with burning cheeks.

"Oh, don't you?" He laughed again provokingly.

Suddenly, on the still air came the steady splash of oars and the sound of voices singing. My heart gave a great bound, then seemed to cease beating.

Ted was speaking again.

"Hush!" I panted. "Wait!" and sprang on the rock.

For an instant, I saw Mr. Ainsly and Carrie directly before me, then came Ted's frightened voice:

"Freddie! Freddie! Come back!"

His arms were around me. There was a crash—a feeling as if the foundations of the earth were giving away: I fell down, down, and sank beneath the water.

CHAPTER VII.

"She sank but once, they say. It was the blow on the head that deprived her of consciousness. It's not at all serious; no cause for alarm, Mrs. Carlton. It was fortunate Mr. Ainsly had his wits about him; pulled them both out in no time, I hear."

I opened my eyes, to find myself on my own bed, with my mother and our physician bending over me.

"That's right, that's right," said the doctor, cheerily. "Drink this, my dear; you'll be quite yourself again after a good night's rest."

I did as I was bidden, and soon my heavy eyelids closed again.

It was night when I awoke. I was alone; a small shaded lamp burned on a table near.

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I lay still a minute, feeling odd and confused, then gradually remembered what had happened: He had told me he could not go; he thought so then, of course, being far too honorable to deceive even in the smallest thing; but Carrie had asked him, and everything else was forgotten. And he had saved me. But Teddie? He also was on the rock!

I sprang from among the blankets they had wrapped about me, and, dressing as rapidly as my trembling fingers would allow, crept to Teddie's room. I saw, on the pillow, a still white face, which was rendered more ghastly by the long black patch that disfigured one temple.

My mother, who was sitting by the bed, raised her eyes as I gave a gasp of horror, and, with a look of astonishment, motioned me away.

I waited long enough to assure myself that Teddie breathed, then groped my way downstairs. In the confusion, lights had been forgotten, and the house was very dark. A sudden storm of wind and rain had come up, and rattled against the windows. I huddled in a miserable little heap on the library floor, and covered my face with my hands.

Ted—my Ted—was he dying? Had I killed him? I burst into convulsive sobs. Life without Ted? I could not bear it! I could not! And I had done this dreadful thing—I who loved him so dearly. How white his face looked! Oh, Teddie! my bonny boy! my own dear, dear little brother! The sobs came faster and well-nigh choked me.

Suddenly a firm hand was placed on my shoulder. I started up. Someone had lighted the lamp: my eyes were dazzled.

"Freddie!"

"Mr. Ainsly!" I cried, wildly. "Is he worse? Tell me—did mamma send you?"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "Try to control yourself, my child. Did you think, then, that Teddie was seriously injured?"

"He is," I sobbed. "I saw him. I know he is! Oh, if I have killed him! If—"

"Freddie!" he interrupted, giving me a little shake, "stop crying! Stop, and listen to me: Ted is in no danger; none whatever. There is not the slightest doubt but that he will be quite himself to-morrow."

I raised my tear-stained face, and looked into the quiet one above me. He meant it; he knew.

For a moment, I was beside myself with joy, the revulsion of feeling, and intense relief.

"You saved him!" I cried, and, catching the hand that had but a minute before given me that peremptory little shake, I pressed it against my cheek and lips; then, realizing what I had done, in an agony of shame I turned to fly from the room, but found myself held fast.

"Freddie," said my captor, rather sternly, "what induced you to venture on that rock?"

I did not answer, but the remembrance of the motive that had caused me to go on forbidden ground called up a burning color to my cheeks. I struggled to free myself from his grasp, but in vain.

"It is of no use to struggle, Freddie," he said, quietly. "I cannot let you go until you have answered my question." A pause. "Well?"

"Well," I stammered, stupidly, "I heard you singing."

"Heard me singing?" he echoed, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," I replied, flushing more and more; "you and—Carrie."

"Ah! I understand."

What did that odd tone mean? I longed to look up, but lacked courage.

"I will explain," he said, "how I happened to be there with Miss Carlton."

"There is no need," I returned, quickly. "You had a right to do as you chose—so had I; that is why I went on the rock. Let me go, Mr. Ainsly. I will go! I want to see Ted."

"Ted is asleep, and must not be disturbed. Give me a few moments," he said, in a tone of mingled command and entreaty.

As I could not very well help myself, I stood still, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, my heart beating rapidly with—indignation, of course, at being thus detained against my will.

"Yesterday, after you left me," Mr. Ainsly went on, "I concluded to neglect my letters, although they were very important, and go with you. I was sure you would take the path by the river, so I started for the boat. On the way, I met your sister; she—kindly offered to accompany me. I watched for you, and finally was—rewarded. I caught a glimpse of you; the next instant, you were gone."

He stopped abruptly, and turned away his head.

"It was not Ted's fault," I rejoined, hurriedly; "he came to take me back."

"I know." Then, after a pause, he added: "Ted is a good little fellow."

"So do I mean to be," I said, quickly.

He laughed; then asked gravely, while the hand that rested on my arm slightly tightened its hold:

"Will you let me help you, Freddie?"

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"But you're going away," I returned, the dismal tears again filling my eyes.

"I will remain if you wish," he said. "If you think I could teach you—Freddie—" He hesitated strangely. I glanced up, but something in the earnest eyes that met mine filled me with an overpowering shyness, and I hid my face in my hands like a silly child.

He took them both in one of his, and held them against his heart.

"Is it a surprise to you that I love you?" he asked, very, very gently.

I did not speak; indeed, I could not. There was a surging in my ears, lights seemed to dance before my eyes, and, above all else, I was conscious of a wild tumult of joy that was like pain in its intensity.

Presently he spoke again very quietly, but I could feel the throbbing of his heart against my still imprisoned hands.

"Don't tremble so, darling," he said. "All I ask is that you think—think well. If you cannot love me, I must bear it; I have but little hope—so little!"

The slight tremor with which these last words were spoken scattered my shyness to the winds; and, lifting my head, with a thrill of deepest gladness I laid it against his breast.

"I'll never be good enough—never," I whispered, tremulously, as his arms closed about me.

There was a slight rustle behind us, then a sharp exclamation of surprise. Mr. Ainsly turned, still keeping me in his arms.

By the door stood Carrie, with such an expression of blank amazement on her face—which was flushed to a lively scarlet from throat to brow—that I had much ado to keep from laughing outright. Mr. Ainsly smiled and drew me forward.

"Will you not congratulate me, Miss Carlton?" he said, gayly. "Freddie has consented to be my wife."

"Freddie?" The unbecoming flush slowly subsided, leaving her face quite white. "Freddie?" she repeated. Then, recovering composure with an evident effort, she laughed affectedly.

"I confess myself surprised," she said. "I always understood, Freddie, that you particularly disliked Mr. Ainsly; you have certainly told me so, numbers of times."

"Oh, Carrie!" I cried, blushing hotly, "that was at first; you know it was."

"And you see, Miss Carlton," said my lover, bending his head and calmly kissing my small conscience-stricken face, "she has concluded that, in this instance, second thoughts are best."

A REQUIEM.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Dead! with the world before him,
With talent and wealth and fame;
In the flush of manhood's beauty,
In the light of a noble name.

Dead! with the world to praise him,
With laurels laid at his feet;
The strife has been hard to gain them,
And his triumph was just complete.

The flowers he strove to gather
Are his in profusion now,
And the laurels he strove in vain for
Lie heavy upon his brow—

But cold and silent, unheeding
The brilliance of glory's rays,
Unstirred by man's approval
And the world's too tardy praise.

Dead! Just grasping the treasure
That before has passed him by:
Perhaps, in the Great Hereafter,
God's angels shall teach us why.

SO TIRED.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

I'm tired of gleaning when I fain would reap;
I'm tired of smiling when I fain would weep;
I'm tired of all these lonely hours that creep—
So tired!

I'm tired of making idols out of clay,
Of watching hope's sweet visions fade away,
Of learning bitter lessons day by day—
So tired!

I'm tired of trusting but to be deceived,
Of doubting all 'twere sweet to have believed,
Of failure where much should have been achieved—
So tired!

Some day, sweet sleep shall hush earth's weary moan;
Some day, the kindly daisies will have grown
Above a heart too tired to bear a stone—
So tired!

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MARTIN CROZIER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MARTIN CROZIER was a man whom one needed to know well in order to discover that he was worth knowing. As few persons ever tried to penetrate his unattractive exterior, and still fewer succeeded in doing it, the almost unanimous verdict among his neighbors would have been that a more dull and commonplace individual than he did not exist.

Martin was little, ugly, and shy, and, to make matters worse, was painfully conscious of these defects. He had no gift of language, and was as undemonstrative as a stone. But noble impulses and tender feelings lay under that cold outside, as precious gems are sometimes hidden in the heart of the rough mineral which scores of passers-by thrust aside unheeded. Occasionally, however, there comes along one whose eye is able to recognize the treasure buried in the ungainly mass, and, by dint of patient labor, he lays bare the gems.

This happened now and then in regard to Martin Crozier, and those who learned to understand his real self loved and venerated him. He lived in the outskirts of a New England seaport town, in a gloomy old house where his father had dwelt, and he carried on the business which that deceased parent had bequeathed to him. It was eminently characteristic of the man that, though among all the numerous ways of earning a livelihood open to a person with brains and education in this broad land of ours the profession of a shipping-broker was about the last he would have selected, he pursued it with a devotion which knew no slackening, simply because his father had besought him to continue the work which he had been obliged so unwillingly to leave.

Martin Crozier had done what his parent had never succeeded in accomplishing—he had built up a flourishing business-house, the honor and credit of which were founded on a rock.

At thirtynine, Martin was rich enough to give up his uncongenial employment, but doing so would have thrown divers persons out of places which they had held so long that they were fit for no other; so, for their sakes, he kept on in the old routine which was as much at variance with his tastes as it had been on the day when his father for the first time assigned him a desk in the office. Of course, the world said that greed impelled the broker to keep on at his treadmill. Of course, his neighbors would have smiled in scorn at the idea of a sane man's continuing a business for a reason so Quixotic as that which I have set down; but those wiseacres would have had no hesitation in pronouncing him a maniac could they have known of certain actions still more Quixotic which about this period entered into the conduct of his life.

Ten years before, Mr. Crozier had become the guardian of a girl of ten, the daughter of one of the few intimate friends he had possessed in his boyish days. Charles Wilder was supposed to be a very rich man; but, when his estate was settled up, Martin discovered that, instead of a fortune, the little Helen would be left with a mere nothing. He made no confidence in regard to this to any human being. He placed the child in an excellent school; later, he sent her to Europe, under the care of a distant relative; and, on their return, Mrs. Henshaw and Helen took up their abode under his roof.

Martin's one real holiday in years had been to join his ward and her cousin during the last six months of their stay abroad. It proved an unfortunate trip to him in one way—he fell deeply in love with Helen Wilder; he loved her with a passion which one might have looked for in an Italian poet rather than a cool calculating man of business; he loved her with a devotion so pure and unselfish, that, to give her happiness, he would have shrunk from no sacrifice, even to that of both body and soul.

She fell ill while the three were in France, and, during that time, she learned to know Martin Crozier. Certain business-complications, which arose from the malice of one of her relatives, made it necessary for Martin to acquaint her with the truth in regard to the state of her father's affairs at the time of his death. Very naturally, the romance-loving girl made a hero of Martin Crozier; and, when her feminine intuitions rendered her cognizant of his love, she felt it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to persuade herself that the highest boon life could

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bestow on her would be to make the happiness of this noble man by becoming his wife.

I cannot be quite sure that she told him so; but he was allowed to see that it depended on himself to change into blissful reality a dream which it had appeared madness to indulge, and they went back to America conditionally engaged.

Within the year, a young kinsman of Martin's came on from the South, and was given a place in the business and a home in Martin's house. Neal Eldridge was a showy dashing fellow who seemed a creature of impulse and generosity; but he was as calculating and cold-blooded as he was selfish.

Of course, the end of Martin's poor little romance is easy to imagine, and his conduct was in keeping with his character. He had become much attached to Neal, whose protestations of affection and respect were poured into the ears of all about with fervid eloquence, and his appreciation of Martin formed from the first a strong bond between him and Helen.

Crozier was no judge of character, but Neal Eldridge was: and, though the game he played would have seemed very dangerous, to a looker-on, he knew that it was the wisest course to take with his cousin.

Neal had been some months in the house, when business called Mr. Crozier away for several weeks. When he came back, he found Helen so changed and pale that he was rendered terribly anxious.

Two days after his return, Neal asked for a private interview; and, as soon as they were alone, he began abruptly:

"Cousin Martin, I shall seem terribly ungrateful, I know—but I must tell you: I want to go away."

"Go away?" Mr. Crozier echoed, in astonishment. "Why, Neal, I should as soon expect my son—if I had one—to talk about leaving me. You can't be in earnest: this is your home; the business is to be yours."

"No, no!" Neal cried. "It can't be, cousin—I must go. I honor and reverence you more than I do any other human being—but I must go. I—I can't be indebted to you; it makes me feel like a beast—a monster! I—"

"Stop!" Martin interrupted, laying his two hands on the young man's shoulders and pushing him down into a chair. "Don't talk in this crazy fashion—tell me exactly what you mean, in plain words."

But Neal would not do this. He had a talent for dramatics, and, having worked himself up to indulge in them, he could not descend to quiet commonplace explanations: he smote his forehead with his fists; he strode up and down the room; he uttered broken sentences of remorse, stopping to beg Martin to believe that he had not meant to be a demon of ingratitude; and, at length, drove his listener nearly as frantic as he himself appeared to be. Finally, Neal reached the climax at which he had been aiming, and a fine point he made of it.

"You will not let me go in silence?" he cried. "You force me to speak? Then I must. You will hate me—spurn me! I deserve it! But oh, don't you understand—are you blind? Helen—it is Helen that stands between us! There—it is all said now. Let me go—only give me your hand once more, cousin! Oh, try to forgive me! I—"

Martin put his hand over the young man's mouth and again pushed him down into a chair. Neal uttered one low groan and buried his face in his hands. Mr. Crozier turned away, and walked to and fro at the further end of the room where the closed curtains kept his face in shadow.

For a good many moments, there was silence in the chamber, so complete that Neal could hear the fierce palpitations of his own heart. How would it end? Had he failed, after all?

Slowly, Martin Crozier moved forward; when he reached Neal, the young man's two arms were stretched out on the table, and his face was buried between them. He felt a hand laid on his shoulder, so cold that it actually sent a chill through his thin summer coat. Then he heard a low voice speaking—not Martin Crozier's voice—not the voice of any human being; if a ghost could speak, its utterance might sound as those tones did.

"And Helen loves you?" the voice said.

"Oh, I have not meant to be false, dishonorable—"

"Hush—I understand!" the ghostly tones interrupted. "But she knows?"

"Yes. I— It was only just before you came home. I went mad! I—"

"Go on—go on!" the voice urged, while the icy hand gently patted the young man's shoulder. "Or I can tell it—I understand now. I was very blind—but I understand!"

"Oh, Cousin Martin—we never meant it!" groaned Neal.

"Don't I say I understand?" the voice queried, with a pathetic quaver which made its listener's heart beat high with exultation: his course had been the wise course—he had won. "Yes, you told her; no—you could not help it; and she would not listen—she would have broken your heart and her own for what she believed her duty. Isn't that so?"

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At least, the girl's fear of Martin Crozier's anger, and the species of selfish irritated penitence which belonged to a nature like hers, had borne sufficient semblance to sacrifice and abnegation to enable Neal to dwell eloquently on her determination to die by inches rather than bring an hour's suffering on their benefactor.

"So you see that I must go," was the young man's peroration. "Only say you don't hate and loathe me! Of course, you can offer Helen a great deal: you can give her wealth; you can make her life bright—"

"I can make her happy—and you too! Look up, boy—look up!"

The voice rang out rich and full; the young man lifted his eyes in wonder to see a face so transfigured by the spirit of self-sacrifice that for once the crude meagre outlines were positively beautiful.

From that moment, Neal Eldridge began to hate his benefactor: unconsciously, at first; later, with a bitterness which knew no bounds—a cold calculating malice, that watched ceaselessly for an opportunity to sting. His mind was acute enough to appreciate the grandeur of Martin Crozier's conduct, but the capacity to do so only added to the intensity of his hate.

Helen Wilder could no more comprehend the nobleness of Martin's act than a canary-bird. She accepted the happiness offered as a matter of course, and speedily decided that her guardian could never have really loved her: regard, affection, a desire to protect and cherish—those were the sentiments which belonged to his age; love and passion were the attributes of her handsome Neal and his youth. No; Mr. Crozier had not suffered in giving up his mad hope—she saw now how mad it had been—doubtless he would be much more content, happier even, in looking on her as his daughter. She argued thus until not only was she positive that her belief had a settled foundation, but actually ended by admiring herself for having been brave and magnanimous enough to try to regard this elderly man as a lover and future husband.

A few months later, the young pair were married. Eldridge became a junior partner in the shipping-house, and gradually Mr. Crozier, though never sparing himself work or care, allowed Neal more and more responsibility and freedom in the general supervision of the business.

A couple of years after the marriage, Martin broke down somewhat suddenly and had a severe illness, which was followed by a lengthened period of such physical and nervous prostration that change and complete rest from labor were imperatively enjoined.

The physicians sent him to Barbadoes; of course, Eldridge could not leave, and Helen was fully occupied with her baby and her own fancied delicate health, so there could be no question of the sick man's having their companionship.

Mr. Crozier was absent a twelvemonth, and, when he returned, he was far from having grown really well and strong; he knew that physical suffering must in all probability be his portion for the rest of his days, though he bore the knowledge with the same quiet fortitude with which he had always faced pain or disaster.

He had been expected, so his surprise was great when he found that Helen and the child were absent. Eldridge met him at the station, and somewhat cavalierly announced the fact as they were driving toward Crozier's house.

"Unless they will be back in a few days," Martin said, "I shall go and pay them a visit. Did you say they were in Vermont? It must begin to be chilly there by now—we are getting on in October."

"They are better there for a while yet," Eldridge answered.

Martin Crozier gave him a quick searching glance—there was something odd about the young man; he looked older, too—his face was worn—it had grown hard, and puzzling little lines already showed about the temples and the corners of his mouth.

"You have been kept too close at work," Martin said; "you need rest. You must let me do my part for awhile—I am quite able—and you shall join Helen and the little one."

"You are very considerate," Neal rejoined, and, if such a supposition could have been conceivable, Martin might have thought the tone held a covert sneer; "but I don't need a holiday, and I have a great deal to do here."

"You must let me take up the burden again," Martin said, patting his shoulder; "I have had a long rest."

"Each man must bear his own burden," Neal replied, succinctly, and changed the subject.

By the time dinner was over, Mr. Crozier had made up his mind that Neal was in trouble—perhaps in his youthful eagerness he had ventured too far in some business-matter and dreaded to confess it.

"He needs happiness," Martin thought; "why, adversity would warp his whole character! He is actually fretful—sharp; my Helen could never bear that! We must get at the bottom of this; he can't think I would be hard on him for an error of judgment—"

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Neal abruptly interrupted his soliloquy by saying:

"I am obliged to go out for a while—you will excuse me? A cousin of Helen's is in town—Mr. Medway; I have an appointment with him."

"Nathan Medway? I've not seen him in years," Crozier said. "He never liked me—why, I don't know; he certainly did not wish the care of Helen, yet he seemed to resent her father's having intrusted her to me."

"He wants to see you," Neal said; "that was partly what brought him to town."

"Indeed—well, to-morrow then. But why didn't you ask him to stop here?"

"He would not come," Eldridge answered, rising as he spoke.

"Is it possible that he can still feel animosity toward me?" Martin asked. "I suppose that is the name to give—I wonder why he felt it in the first place. I'm a shy dull man—I don't expect strangers to like me much; but surely I hope nobody can feel downright repulsion."

"You can ask him his reason—if he has any; he seems to me a man to tell it very plainly," said Neal, with a cold smile.

"Never mind him," returned Martin; "you've not time now; to-morrow, we'll have a long talk. Just let me say this—you look troubled, worried—don't! Whatever may be amiss—if there is anything—it can easily be set right. I could afford even a pretty heavy loss, and I should know you had meant to act for the best—I think you must be sure of that."

"You are very considerate, sir," said Eldridge, in a voice that shook a little, but not with the softness of any tender emotion. "You are right in thinking there is something amiss—but not of my bringing-about: it is a case in which I shall not appear as the culprit, but the judge. Good-night, now—I am behind time."

"Good-night. God bless you and yours, my boy!" Mr. Crozier replied, stretching out his hand.

But Neal left the room without noticing the movement.

The next morning, Nathan Medway presented himself before Crozier; with him came Neal Eldridge, who soon made his benefactor comprehend what he had meant by his scarcely-noticed words of the previous night: "I shall not appear as the culprit, but the judge."

Medway accused Mr. Crozier of having cheated and defrauded Helen Wilder in the settling-up of her father's estate. Some of the proofs which the malignant creature brought forward looked plausible enough by themselves; others, Mr. Crozier felt convinced, as he listened to several letters written by men now dead, were forgeries.

He saw clearly enough that a strong case could be made out against him; he could offer only his word and his acknowledged probity as rebutting testimony. In numerous instances, he had paid large sums out of his own pocket—sometimes from sympathy with those who would be the losers, sometimes because the facts would have told seriously against his lost friend.

It was not, however, a fear of facing justice that caused Martin Crozier to act as he did—it was because strength, vitality, even will, were temporarily paralyzed within him by the awful suddenness of the revelation that the young man whom he had loved as a son could be capable of believing him guilty.

Again Neal spoke the words which Crozier had scarcely heeded on the previous night, but this time they smote his ear like the trumpet of doom.

"I warned you," he said, "that I should not appear as a culprit, but as the judge. My personal feeling, Mr. Crozier, would lead me to overlook the whole matter—but I have no right. The proof is so clear, that you cannot even attempt to gainsay it. Oh, sir, there could be no punishment severe enough for the man who, while professing to play the part of a generous benefactor to an orphan girl, was merely bestowing on her a beggarly pittance out of the wealth he had stolen from her dead father."

Slowly Martin Crozier staggered to his feet; his face was like that of a corpse; his eyes looked as might the eyes of a ghost in Hades.

"And Helen?" he asked.

"My wife knows; we were forced to tell her."

"And—and she believes it?"

"She does not allow herself to take in the full meaning of these proofs," Neal answered. "She is sorry for you—sure that only stress of difficulty could have led you into such—"

"Crime!" Nathan Medway quickly added.

Mr. Crozier sat down again; he knew that he should fall if he tried to stand. In those instants of silence, he realized the significance of the words uttered by Paul the teacher: "I protest that I die a thousand deaths daily."

Martin Crozier's heart broke then and there; but physical life still remained.

"I will go now," he said. "You have suggested what will satisfy you. I consent; the business, this house, the town property, I will resign to Neal Eldridge."

"It can be done now," Nathan Medway

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rejoined. "The papers are ready for your signature. I knew you would come to terms."

Mr. Crozier did not reply; he sat in silence while two men were called in as witnesses. When the work was done and they had gone, he rose and faced his tormentors.

"I must believe, Neal, that you think me guilty," he said. "I could not live another hour if I doubted this—for you—for Helen! Nathan Medway, I am an old-fashioned man; I hold to my old-fashioned faith. I believe in God and in a Judgment to come—on that Last Day, He shall decide between you and me."

Then Martin Crozier went away out of the lives of all who had been connected with his past as utterly as if the grave had closed over him. Soon—the world is so busy that it has little time to remember the lost—"he was clean forgot as a dead man out of mind."

The years slipped by. In due course, Nathan Medway died and went to his own place. More years elapsed, till the sum made a decade; still another decade rolled by, and the prosperous business-man, the honored citizen, the be-praised philanthropist, Neal Eldridge, also passed beyond the Great Divide. His business fell into the hands of his son-in-law—for his one daughter had married very early; and, when Helen Eldridge was left a widow, she had a lovely little grandaughter to make an interest in her life and keep one green spot in her amiably selfish heart.

One spring day, some eighteen months after Mr. Eldridge's death, there was brought to the town hospital an old man who had been seriously injured in a railway-accident. Contrary to the expectation of the physicians, he recovered, and his special doctor had come to take a great interest in the case of old Mr. Martin. He learned that his patient had been a sojourner for years in Australia, and that a moderate income which had served his modest needs had been suddenly swept from him by the failure of some company in which his little all was invested. Now, aged and feeble, he must depend on his own exertions for support, and the doctor meditated sadly over the matter, saying to himself:

"In our busy generation, there's hardly standing-room for the young men—it would have been kinder, on the part of fate, to provide this poor old wreck with a home in some other sphere."

But it chanced that he was able to find Mr. Martin an humble position in the house of Eldridge & Beacon, and there he toiled at his desk for two whole years, scarcely more heeded by anybody about than if he had been a half-paralytic fly sunning himself on the window-sill.

Sometimes, on a holiday or after office-hours, in the pleasant days of spring or autumn, Mr. Martin used to go visit a great public garden in the outskirts of the town. There was a pretty arbor, shaded by clustering vines, where he liked to sit and read or indulge in quaint fancies—for he loved birds and flowers and all things beautiful. He had lived too long to care to look forward, and life at certain crises had been too hard for him to wish to look back over it; so, when he was not in a mood to read, he used to sit and watch the flowers grow into perfection and study the habits of the bird and insect world.

One day, a winning little maid of about five summers came with her nurse into the garden, and, while the woman gossiped with some acquaintance, the child ran about and found her way toward the arbor.

Mr. Martin had just stooped to watch a curious caterpillar which had made a comfortable bed of a leaf while dining off it, and the child came close up and studied the caterpillar and the man with a gravely questioning air.

"He is very queer," she said, suddenly; "do you think he minds because he is not a butterfly?"

Mr. Martin looked at her with a wistful expression and a slow smile that was full of pain.

"What is your name, little maid?" he asked.

"Helen," she replied; "I am named after grandma. Ain't you very pale? Maybe you are tired—don't you want to sit down?"

Mr. Martin seated himself on a bench outside the arbor, and gently laid his wrinkled hand on the child's arm, saying:

"So your name is Helen and you are called after grandma."

"Yes; Helen Eldridge Beacon," she added, with a comical little nod of her curly head. "But what makes you look at me so?"

"Because you remind me of a little girl I once loved very dearly."

"Was she yours?" the child asked.

"Yes—mine—for a time."

"And she's dead?"

"Yes, dead long ago—to me," he answered, but the last words were spoken in a whisper.

"I am sorry," said the child. "You look good—I think I shall like you! Do you know any pretty stories?"

So there began an acquaintance between the pair which went on for many weeks. The weather staid wonderfully mild, and, as the nurse was sure of finding company in the garden, she yielded willingly enough to Miss Helen's wish to go there daily, and old Mr. Martin learned

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to look forward to that season of companionship as the sweetest boon destiny had granted him in a long while.

One Sunday afternoon, the pair had taken quite a tramp about the garden, and, when they got back to the arbor, Helen huddled herself up in a rustic chair, to play at going to sleep. After awhile, she thought the play must have become earnest, for suddenly—she could not tell how or when—another old man, grayer and more bent than Mr. Martin, was standing in the arbor, and he and her friend were talking eagerly.

"I had seen you time and again," the stranger was saying, "and always I said he reminds me of somebody! But somehow to-day I knew you at once. I had heard of your death long ago, but I said—if so, the grave has given up its dead, for that is Mr. Crozier."

"Let the poor fellow rest—Martin Crozier died long since," came the answer, as the two shook hands. "Keep my secret, Brierly—nobody knows me—nobody remembers me."

"But oh, sir, how does it come that you are like this? Why do you work in the office where you used to be master?"

"Never mind—never mind!"

"Oh, you were so good to me, in the old days! If I could only in some way prove that I am grateful!"

"You can—by keeping silence. I am glad to have met you. Come and see me sometimes. Hush! don't talk any more—I think the child is waking."

Then Helen opened her eyes dreamily, and knew that the visitor was looking closely at her.

"Why, it's Mrs. Eldridge's grandaughter!" she heard him say.

"Helen Eldridge Beacon," she murmured, and then she really fell asleep.

When she woke, the man was gone, and Mr. Martin was watching her with his wistful smile.

"You had a famous nap," he said. "Did you dream?"

The child nodded, regarding him curiously.

"But I shan't tell," she answered; "I shan't tell."

Just then, the nurse summoned her, and she said good-bye and went obediently away.

The pair were together in the arbor several times after that; but, with the strange reticence which is so often natural to imaginative children, the small maid asked her aged friend no questions about the stranger, though the conversation she had heard gave her food for much puzzled attempt at reflection.

One afternoon, she came to tell Mr. Martin that she was going away with her grandmother to spend the winter in New Orleans.

He only saw her once after that; they went for a walk through the garden and up the hill beyond. They said good-bye very sorrowfully, and, when Mr. Martin again visited their favorite arbor, he felt as if he were standing by a new-made grave.

"An old man's past is full of graves," he said, sadly. "So is his heart, for that matter; and those are the dreariest of all—the graves of dead hopes, of illusions, of affection. I can't see any reason why I should be left here as if death had forgotten me; but there must be a reason, so let me have patience."

He missed the child sorely; instead of feeling her loss less, with each week he missed her more and more. He grew feebler and feebler; but nobody noticed this. He could do his work; he paid his room-rent punctually: so why should those about bestow any thought on him? Occasionally, he had a visit from Brierly; but the old fellow was very rheumatic and could seldom go out; so, during the long winter evenings, Mr. Martin sat in his dreary little chamber alone. His eyes would not stand much night-work; so there he sat, with folded hands, beside his solitary hearth—patient, resigned, his sole complaining utterance taking no more rebellious form than the psalmist's suffering wail: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The winter passed; spring came, and, during the last days of May, little Helen and her grandmother returned home. The very morning of their arrival, the grandmother was shaken out of her normal state of selfish placidity by evil news which her daughter and son-in-law had tried in general terms to prepare her for in their letters.

At fortyfive, Mrs. Eldridge was pretty much what she had been at twenty—plump, handsome, and smiling, so long as matters moved to her liking—beloved and cared-for by all about her, as only a thoroughly selfish person ever is.

It was a difficult task to break to her the impending misfortune; but it had to be done. Owing to the failure of a branch establishment in San Francisco, the house of Eldridge & Beacon was menaced with ruin. If a certain sum of money could be raised, the trouble might be averted, affairs set right, and fortune once more smile on the long-favored firm. Mrs. Eldridge, by a sacrifice, could manage to give a part of the amount needed and still leave herself above want; but the outcries she set up when this

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course was suggested were heartrending. To increase her anguish, she learned that a large fortune would just now fall to Martin Crozier, had he still been alive.

"Oh," she cried, "never was poor creature so ill-treated by every human being and by fate! If only Martin Crozier had not died! He loved me; he would not have allowed trouble to come near! Oh, Martin Crozier! my more than father! How he must reproach himself for dying!"

Little Helen had been sitting unnoticed in a corner; she crept out, frightened by Mrs. Eldridge's moans and tears.

"Grandma," she said, "I know him; he's not dead! Come to the office, and we'll find him. I heard them talk. The strange man said: 'You are Mr. Crozier.'"

When her listeners discovered that the child had not gone mad, but spoke the words of "truth and soberness," the carriage was ordered, and, under Mr. Beacon's charge, the grandmother and Helen drove to the counting-house.

It was noon; most of the clerks were absent; the spring sun shone in through the windows and slanted across a desk in the farthest corner. The old clerk was seated at it; his hands were folded over the ledger, and his face was bowed on them—he had evidently fallen into a doze over his work.

"That is Mr. Martin," the head book-keeper said, and hurried forward, touched the sleeper's arm, adding: "Wake up! Mrs. Eldridge wants to speak with you."

But no human voice could ever again reach Martin Crozier's ear: the patient martyr had gone beyond the stars.

An open newspaper lay on the desk. It contained the announcement that the heirs of Martin Crozier must prove his death in order to inherit the half-million which would have been his had he lived till now. There was found, too, a short holograph will, written on the previous night, which bequeathed this fortune to Helen Eldridge for her life, and to pass from her into the hands of her grandaughter.

So there was great excitement in the town; the newspapers all over the country rang with the strange story, and Martin Crozier was bewailed by Mrs. Eldridge, and the world at large exalted him to the skies—wailing and praise both as short-lived as they were excessive.

Mr. Beacon died suddenly; his wife followed; and Mrs. Eldridge took little Helen to Europe, where they staid so many years that the child was a young woman and her grandmother an old one when they returned.

Helen Beacon discovered that no monument had ever been erected over Martin Crozier's grave, and pain and indignation filled her soul.

"You are very unreasonable and very cruel," Mrs. Eldridge sighed. "How can I be to blame? I am sure I ordered one; somebody has cheated me—somebody is always doing it."

Helen and her agent sought out the quiet cemetery where, at his request, Martin Crozier had been buried. The books had been partly destroyed in a recent fire—the grave could not be found. At last, an old man who had once been sexton was unearthed, and he decided which of two unrecorded graves was Martin Crozier's; the other, he said, must be that of an old servant in the Crozier family, named John Turner.

A fine monument was procured and Martin Crozier's name inscribed thereon, and, at the same time, a plain granite headstone was ordered for John Turner's grave.

The monument and headstone were duly erected, and still stand. Doubtless, the sleepers beneath are not disturbed by the fact that, owing to the sexton's forgetfulness, the monument lifts its stately length over the old servant's bed, while Martin Crozier's place of rest is marked by the granite headstone.

UNDERSTOOD?

BY THEODORE B. DALE.

So devoutly, my darling,
The kiss on the hand;
You smiled as I gave it—
For you understand;
Your words were so graceful,
Your smile was so bland.
See, I meet your eyes brightly,
For I understand.
Too long have we mimicked
The old happy band
Whose strength lies in fragments,
Since we understand.
What warmth is there in ashes
By memory fanned?
None; the flame is quite out, dear,
And I understand.
So I lift the calm fingers—
Stooping, kiss the cold hand.
If the pulse leaps, who knows it?
None; but I understand.

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AUNT ROXY'S ADVICE.

BY LILIAN GREY.

The wind was holding high carnival in the creaking old elms near a farmhouse almost as old, and the clock had told the hour of ten; but, in the sitting-room, two women lingered over the fire as if loth to leave its cheer.

"Now, Sary Hanner, I want to know whatever in the world has come between you an' George Patterson. You hain't hardly spoke to each other to-night."

The stern questioner was Aunt Roxy Snyder, and the girl so closely questioned was her niece. The young people had just gone from choir-practice, which, in that primitive neighborhood, took place at the homes of the various members; so this rehearsal had been at "Aunt Roxy's," as she was familiarly called, and that keen-eyed old lady had discovered the icy coldness existing between Sarah Hannah and her lover.

"Now, child, whatever have you been a-doin'?"

"Nothing, Aunt Roxy," answered the girl, sullenly. "My head aches, and I'm going to bed."

"No, you ain't—leastways, not till I know what's the matter. There you two was, both singin' out of one tune-book some of the time, an' nary a word or smile or look at each other at all. I declare, I was beat! An' I don't see how you could sing them blessed words with sech feelin's in your hearts as you must have had! An', come to think, I don't believe it was a cold kept him away from here last Sunday night, neither; for, when I asked him how his cold was an' told him to be sure an' take cherry pictorial if he had a cough—why, he looked as if he didn't know what I was talkin' about. You 'n' he has been quarrelin'—now, ain't ye?"

"Well, yes—we have, if you're determined to know."

"There! I thought so! Two silly children as ye be! Who's the most to blame?"

"He is, of course!" said the girl, warming up to the subject. "Why, he'd be a perfect tyrant if he had a chance! It's lucky I found out about his temper and caprices in time."

"Now, Sary! George is a fine young man. Good family, them Pattersons—forehanded an' smart, all of 'em; an' you ain't goin' to let no foolishness come between you an' him—now, I tell ye! If your parents was a-livin', I shouldn't feel it my dooty to interfere; but, as things is ordered, I've got an awful responsibility laid onto me about your settlin' down in life. It's heavy on my mind."

"Well, Aunt Roxy, you surely don't want me to marry a man I'd be perfectly miserable with all my days, do you? I won't, anyhow!"

"I'll resk your bein' very miser'ble with sech a handsome proper-mannered young feller as he is. He's the pick of the hull township."

"He has a dreadful temper, Aunt Roxy."

"I hain't never seen nothin' of it—an' I've known him ever sence he was a baby, an' his father afore him—yes, an' his gran'father too; good clever men, all of 'em. Mebbe, to come right down to facts, you've got a leetle too much temper yourself, Sary Hanner."

"Well, I have too much to be any man's slave. I believe in a woman having some rights."

"Now, don't talk foolishness, child! Men is peculiar—very! I didn't live with Joshua Snyder twentynine year lackin' a month without findin' that out. An' he was the best of 'em all, poor dear man! But they've got to be humored, all of 'em, more or less, an' a woman needs a world of patience; but I've seen enough of old maids to know that they are more miser'bler still than married wimmen. I don't mean to be harsh with ye, child—young folks is given to have little spats, I s'pose; but it's alwers best to make right up agin an' furgive an' furgit. You an' George was good friends, fur as I see, when I left you in the parlor that last night he was here. What did you find to quarrel over?"

"Well, it wasn't much, to begin with. It was about a table-cover. But, finally, he flew into a fury."

"A table-cover? My goodness me!"

The old lady's eyes roamed around the room in search of the bone of contention.

"Oh, it wasn't your table-cover, Aunt Roxy."

"Wasn't mine? Whose was it, then, for pity's sake?"

"Nobody's—that is, nobody's yet," said the girl, laughing hysterically.

"Nobody's yet? What kind of crazy talk is that, now? Can't you tell anything straight?"

"Oh, we were talking of the way we would furnish our parlor when—when we went to

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keeping house, and almost the first thing he said was that we'd have a red table-cover, anyway; and I said: 'Never!' I was going to make a crazy one out of silk patches; and he said 'not for the parlor'—that one should be bright-red; and I said it shouldn't. And so one word brought on another, and then he said the window-curtains should be red too—it made a room look so bright and cheerful; and then I said he could have the walls red too, for all me—I wouldn't have anything to do with his old parlor, or him either."

Aunt Roxy laughed at the vivid recital.

"What did George say to that, child?"

"I don't remember all he said, and I don't want to; but he behaved dreadfully, and proved what a tyrant he'd be if he had a chance. The idea of a man dictating as to the colors inside of a house, and being so obstinate about it!"

"Well, Sary Hanner, you orto be thankful to heaven that George knows one color from another, for lots of men is color-blind. There was Joshua—knew almost everything, an' yet he didn't know red from blue, nor blue from green, up to the day of his death. It makes a woman a lot of trouble to have a man so dumb about colors, 'special if she wants to send to the store by him for any dry-goods. I tried, 'long when we was first married, to learn him that grass was green, an' the sky blue, an' roses an' pineys was red; but law! he'd furgit 'fore I was done tellin' him. It don't seem to be given to men to know everything.

"I'll never furgit a dress he bought me once. I had jest took care of him through a spell of fever, an' he was terrible thankful; an' I s'pose he wanted to do something to show it, so he got me a dress. Well, I was nigh on to fifty, an' hadn't worn nothin' bright nor flarin' for years; but, poor soul, how bad he did feel when I wouldn't make up that goods an' wear it! But I couldn't noways, for it was the firiest stuff that ever was made. I wish you could a-seen it; but there—I can show it to you, for I pieced it up in a quilt. I ain't noways reflectin' on your Uncle Joshua, child—for he was jest the best man that ever lived, otherways. I only speak of it to show you what a comfort it must be to have a man that ain't as dumb as a beetle about colors."

"Well, Aunt Roxy, I don't know about that. If George hadn't known red from green, we shouldn't have quarreled. It was a small matter, of course, but it gave him an opportunity to show his disposition. So let him go—I don't care!"

"You do care, too. Hain't you been mopin' around like a sick hen for a week an' more, an' as cross as two sticks besides? Why, I've felt terrible worrited about you, thinkin' you might be gittin' them chills, or malarier, or somethin'; an' there it's been all your onsettled mind that ailed you. Now, I'll venture that's the reason you've took them red feathers offen your bunnet, an' wore it so to meetin', last Sunday, jest to spite George—now, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was! Do you think I was going to wear anything to please him? I'm not bound to his lordship yet, thank goodness!"

"You'll alwers be a poor miser'ble creetur till you be, Sary Hanner—now, I tell ye! After a couple is all reg'lar engaged, they can't pull apart an' go their separate ways without feelin' terrible onhappy about it—leastways, for a long spell; an' as for you an' George Patterson dividin' off forever, jest for a shaller reason like that—why, I won't hear nothin' to it, now, I tell ye!

"Why, I was tickled wonderful when him an' you took sech a likin' to each other, when you first come here to live with me; an' it's done my heart good to see what a nice proper-lookin' couple you be. An' all the folks has said, time an' agin, that you was made for each other; an' now to have 'em laughin' about your cuttin' apart—it's redicalus!

"Young folks don't appear to have none too much sense these days, anyhow. How giddy an' flirtin' some of them gals acted here to-night—an' to-morrer's communion-Sunday, too! They didn't use to act so when I was young; but times change, an' folks too."

Aunt Roxy sighed dismally as she considered the shortcomings of the present generation.

"Now, see here, Sary my dear," she continued, as her niece rose to retire, "I'm goin' to give you my advice jest as honest an' earnest as if you was my very own child: You jest put them there red feathers back on your bunnet an' wear 'em to meetin', to-morrer—I mind now how George took to 'em when you first wore 'em—an' then you look at him kindy smilin', an' I hain't no manner o' doubt he'll come around all right an' as meek as a lamb; an', when he does, then you tell him he shall have forty red table-covers if he wants 'em. Then he'll let ye have 'em all the colors of the rainbow, if ye want 'em. That's the way to get along with a man. Them Pattersons may be a trifle high-headed; but I guess you can manage him, if you're kindy easy an' coaxin'-like. He's feelin' terrible bad an' low-sperited at present—that's certain. Now, will ye take my advice, Sary?"

"I'll—I'll think about it, Aunt Roxy."

The subject was not resumed, the next morn-

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ing, for the wise old lady knew when to talk and when to be silent; but, as her niece came downstairs, dressed for church, the red feathers waved saucily on her hat, and Aunt Roxy said thankfully to herself:

"Praise goodness! the child has got some sense, after all!"

The good old soul gave her niece a smile so tender and loving, that it brightened her withered face like sudden a ray of sunshine.

Sarah Hannah blushed to a scarlet almost as vivid as her waving plumes, but for the time not a word was said.

When the pair left the meeting-house, they were joined by George; and, after exchanging greetings, Aunt Roxy walked on with one of the neighbors and left the youthful couple to themselves.

George was at the house again, that evening; and, the next day, Sarah Hannah was singing, upstairs and down, as blithely as a thrush.

"My girl is happy agin—that's plain enough," thought her kind-hearted relative.

Suddenly, she appeared at the door of Aunt Roxy's sewing-room, as the old lady sat busy with her needle.

"Wal, child, why don't ye come in?" Aunt Roxy called. "Don't stand there on tiptoe, jest as you used to do when you'd ben at some of your didoes and was kind o' 'fraid I meant to scold."

"You never did that—never; though mercy knows I deserved it often enough—and do yet, for that matter," cried Sarah Hannah.

"Oh, you might be wuss, my dear," Aunt Roxy remarked, with a nod that made her cap-frill shake. "Yes, you might be a powerful sight wuss. Ye see I'm ready to say the best I can fur ye—aint I?"

"That's rather feeble praise, isn't it?" the girl asked, gayly. Then she knelt on the stool by her relative and gave her a warm hug and a resounding kiss.

"Bless the child!" cried Aunt Roxy. "You've squeezed the breath nigh out of me! Now tell me what it all means."

"It means that you are the wisest old woman in the world and I am the happiest young one!" cried Sarah, with a laugh and a sob. "George behaved just as you said he would. Oh, aunty, how can I thank you for your advice? It has set everything right!"

"My advice wouldn't ha' been of any use if ye hadn't had the sense to act on it, child," Aunt Roxy replied. "And now let it be a lesson to you and George both; then your little trouble will have ben wuth living through, and wuth remembering too."

RAVEN STRANDS.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Beside the slender icy form,
Too frail to bear life's beating storm,
  I kneel to quell a sterner strife.
With trembling hands I draw the shroud
From snowy features, angel-browed;
From o'er the bosom, listless, cold,
I draw the spotless hiding fold
  And see, once more, my light, my life!

'Neath waxen fingers meekly crossed
Like sunbeam on the winter frost,
  A lily blooms in peaceful rest.
There once gay roses heaved and throbbed,
From whence pale cheeks their color robbed—
Alas! the crimson tint has fled;
This lily pale now decks the dead
  And, paler still, the silent breast.

From out the sable band there strays,
As steals the night through starry ways,
  A lock of rippling raven hair;
Along the cheek where careless grace
Would oft, in life, the locks displace,
It sadly lay; no witching smile
Those dear dead lips may now beguile,
  No love-lit eyes are dancing there.

I think how short but sweetly dear
The flight of love from dawn to bier,
  And weep beside the passive clay;
My heart had read the mystic script
In drooping eye, of love unlipt,
But yesterday, when passion's plea
Gained love for all eternity,
  Pledged love forever and for aye!

Within the lily's leaves entwined
In one last kiss my love I bind
  With fetters naught of earth can break!
And from the sheen of raven foil
I take the willful glossy coil,
To tell the passion lost to earth,
To speak the eyes and lips of mirth,
  To keep and treasure for her sake!

My loyal love will ever rest
Upon that pure and gentle breast,
  Though lilies die 'neath withered hands.
The sparkling eye, now dim in death;
The tender heart, past passion's breath;
The ruby lips, of laughter lorn;
The maiden true I live to mourn—
  Fond mem'ry chains to raven strands!

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

LIFTING AND MOVING A HELPLESS PERSON.

When an accident happens and the sufferer has to be lifted or carried, it is seldom done in the best and easiest way. Inexperienced persons almost always take hold awkwardly or in such a way that they cannot use their strength to the best advantage, making it harder both for the patient and themselves. There is one cardinal point to remember: do not hurry.

Nothing is gained by haste; a minute or two more or less makes no difference, and it is well spent in planning how to effect the moving in the way most comfortable for the injured person, and then in carrying out the plan in a quiet steady manner.

If the accident has happened at some distance from a house, and where no appliances can be obtained, if the sufferer cannot be left alone while his friend goes for help, he must be carried without assistance. Unless he is unusually large and heavy, or the bearer is puny and undersized, this can be done without very great exertion. By taking frequent rests, he can be transported a considerable distance.

Stand on the left side of the patient; if possible, let him put his left arm round the bearer's neck. Pass the right arm under the shoulders below the arms, and the left under the knees. Draw the burden close to the body, so that the weight comes on the bend of the elbows; this brings the heaviest part of the burden on the right arm, which is usually the strongest.

When there are two persons to carry the injured, the matter is a much easier one. They can bear him in their arms in the manner described, both standing on the same side of him—one taking the part above the hips, the other below. They must, of course, keep step in walking.

If the patient is able to be carried in a sitting position, it can readily be done by the two bearers standing facing one another. Let each, with his left hand, take firm hold of the left shoulder of his companion; if they then join the right hands, the injured person can sit in the hollow between them, comfortably supported by their arms.

Another way is to form a seat, by each person taking hold of his left wrist with his right hand, and his companion's right wrist with his left hand, while his companion does the same. The patient sits on this cushion and puts his arms around the necks of his bearers.

If the materials can be had, a litter is easily constructed. A blanket, horse-blanket, or stout sheet is laid on the ground, and the sides rolled around two long sticks until it is about two feet wide. The patient is laid on this and carried by two men.

If four poles can be procured, a litter can be made by laying two of them parallel with one another, and the others across the ends, and tying the corners of the blankets to the sticks where they cross.

In lifting a person from the litter to the bed, have two chairs placed at right angles to the foot of the bed, the length of the litter apart. Place the litter on these, with the head of the person toward the foot of the bed. Two persons can then lift him and lay him on the bed by turning half round. If this maneuver is not perfectly clear to the mind, place two chairs in the position described, lay a stick on them to represent the patient, and it will be seen how easily it can be executed.

The mistake usually made in moving a helpless person from one couch to another is that two or more persons attempt to do it, some standing on one side of him and some on the other. Those who are between him and the bed on which he is to be laid are in the way, and must get out of it before their burden can be deposited; whereas, when all are on one side, there is no obstruction, and he can be slowly and carefully laid down.

A common wooden settee makes a good litter. The patient should be tied on with broad bands passing around the body and legs. It can then be raised on the shoulders of four men.

A board slipped under a mattress renders it firm enough to be carried with ease. Board, mattress, and patient should be tied together by thin bands of any material that is at hand. This is a good contrivance in fracture of the thigh or leg; for then the mattress can be laid on a bedstead and the board slipped out without changing the position of the patient.

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A patient can be carried in an ordinary chair by passing two stout poles under the seat, letting them project beyond it, and fastening them to the legs either by tying or nailing them. Two men can lift and carry it with ease.

When the head has to be supported, it is best to use a rocking-chair. By fastening the poles close up under the seat behind and about two-thirds down the legs in front, it can be held tipped back at a comfortable angle.

In lifting a helpless person in bed, to raise him higher on the pillows, put one arm over his shoulder and the other under his arm, letting the hands meet behind the back, and draw upward gently and steadily.

To raise the hips from the bed, have the legs drawn up and the knees bent; put one arm firmly around them and the other under the back just above the hips, and lift without jerking. Always put the hands well under the body, to get a good purchase, and do not try to lift with the fingers alone.

A sick person can be rolled on the side by passing one hand under the shoulders and the other under the hips and gently turning him on one side.

To raise him to a sitting position, pass one arm under the shoulders—not under the neck, as is usual.

Frequent changes of position are very desirable for the sick, as long-continued pressure of the body on one part causes bed-sores.

HELPS TO HEALTH.

Suitable dress is one condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light, and comfortable. Woolen stockings should be worn throughout the winter, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from dampness. Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp. By far the most comfortable boots for wet weather are such as are worn by gentlemen. The thickness is a protection both from wet and cold, and they are more readily taken off than those that button or lace. The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made; consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity.

But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system and the tortures endured? A famous physician says: "Even Pharaoh only demanded bricks without straw for a short time; but the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years."

At the present day, so much has been written against the improper use of corsets that some of the new generation do not wear stays at all. Still, many thousands do. Many sudden deaths have occurred solely from tight lacing.

Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy skirts should be fastened round the waist without a body or strap over the shoulders, to throw the weight on them. But, indeed, lightness should be as much studied as warmth in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our backs than our chests to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders; and, through ignorance of this fact, we protect our chests from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts should be covered with flannel.

The best safeguard is to strengthen the constitution as much as possible. Cool sponging is an almost certain preventive of cold-catching. Fresh air is another necessary of life and health. As soon as you rise from bed, you should throw off the bed the whole of the clothes and open windows, in order that a thorough draught should air the sheets and bed.

In damp weather, a fire is better than having the window open too long. The nightdress, also, should be thoroughly aired after being taken off; never folded up directly, as is sometimes done. The same rule applies to linen taken off at night to be put on again in the morning.

The directions given above are very easily carried out, and it must be apparent to any thinking reader that they are all founded on common sense. One would suppose that the mere desire for physical comfort would induce any sane human being to dress in obedience to rational laws, but the reckless indifference shown thereto by so many women is as astounding as it is painful.

However, it is to be said for this generation that in many respects it has greatly improved on the habits of its predecessors, and we will hope that with each year these reforms will increase and strengthen.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon-dress, of figured challis or China silk. The plain round skirt has four narrow scalloped ruffles. To scallop

No 1.

these ruffles, they will have to be buttonholed, but will look very pretty simply hemmed by hand. The round waist is full in the back, to match the full surplice-front. The sleeves are composed of two large puffs, ending in a ruffle. These puffs are gathered into a plain piece at the shoulder. A sash of ribbon ties at the side with long ends. This gown made of sprigged muslin, with embroidered ruffles to match, will make a very pretty and simple evening-dress for small winter parties. The hat is of straw, and is trimmed with a wreath of ostrich-tips. From fourteen to sixteen yards of China silk or challis will be required to make the dress.

No. 2—Is a simple model for a walking-dress,

No. 2.

of plain camel's-hair combined with plaid velvet or woolens to correspond. The side-panel is of the plaid material; the front breadth is draped,

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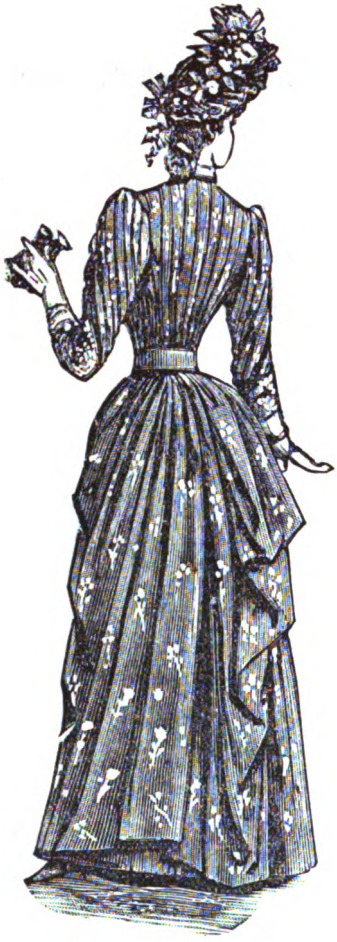

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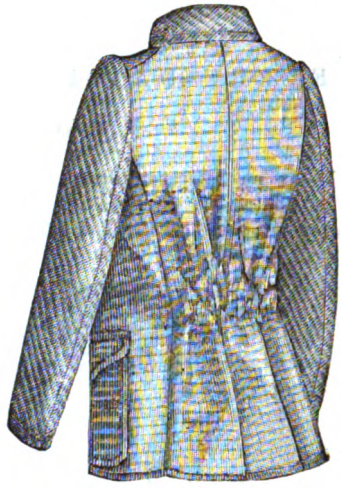
No. 4.—Front.



No. 4.—Back.

No. 5.

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No. 6.

as seen in the illustration. The back hangs in

No. 7.

straight folds. The basque-corsage forms three small points, back and front; the edges are piped with cord. The corsage opens over a vest of the plaid, fastening at the left side with two buttons. The collar is made to correspond. Also deep cuffs of the plaid, into which are gathered the full sleeves. Two yards of plaid and from eight to ten yards of plain material, according to the width, will be required for the dress.

No. 3—Is a visiting-dress, of printed challis or India silk. The skirt is simply draped, as

No. 8.

seen in illustration, over a foundation-skirt faced with the material. The fullness of the round waist is laid in plaits or tucked. Sleeves are made to match. From fourteen to fifteen yards of single-width goods will be required. The hat is of lace, trimmed with a wreath of flowers in autumn shades. This makes a very pretty costume.

No. 4.—Back and front of tennis-jacket for a boy of nine to twelve years of age. Make of striped or checked wash-flannel.

No. 5—Is a morning or everyday dress, of soft

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No. 9.

flannel or cashmere, either one with a woven border, or bands of ribbon or braid may be put on for the trimming. It is cut Princess-shape, and may open in front over a full vest of surah or be simply buttoned. Both the collar and cuffs are made to match the border of the skirt.

No. 6—Is a blouse-pelisse, of mohair, trimmed with narrow bands of satin to match, and having a plaited front of merveilleux to match. The sleeves have double epaulettes edged by the satin bands, and the collar is deep and likewise edged. Eight yards of mohair, four yards of merveilleux, and two yards of satin, will be required to make it.

No. 7.—Boy's blouse-frock. Our illustration shows the back and front, both box-plaited. The material may be of flannel or piqué.

No. 8.—Frock, made of serge or camel's-hair, for a girl of six years. The bodice has crossed folds, both back and front. The skirt is tucked, and the sleeves are puffed at the shoulders. A Leghorn hat, with loops of black velvet ribbon and white ostrich-tips completes the costume.

No. 9.—Highland costume, for a boy of five to eight years old. Scotch plaid skirt, with black velveteen pants and jacket. The sash is made of the plaid material. Black Scotch cap.

PASSION-FLOWERS, IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

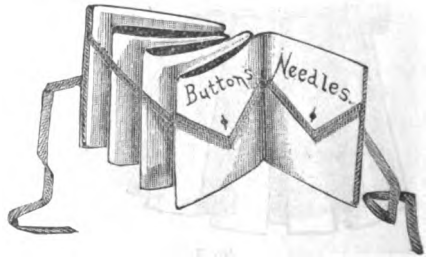
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on our Supplement, a border of Passion-flowers, to be done in outline-stitch with filoselle. The border will be appropriate for the cover of a prayer or other devotional book. This is a neat and very effective design.

HOLDER FOR BUTTONS, NEEDLES, THREAD, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Five or six small envelope-pockets, made of stiff linen, bound with braid or ribbon, and held together by a ribbon to tie, as a book when folded, with "Buttons," "Needles," etc., etc., either painted or worked in silk upon each pocket, make a very useful addition to the work-basket.



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OUTDOOR JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, this month, the pattern for a very stylish Outdoor Jacket. It consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.

5 AND 6. UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.

This jacket should be made of fine cloth, bège being the most fashionable as well as the most useful color, as it can be worn with any costume. As seen by our illustration, the fronts fasten with two buttons, and then cross, slightly displaying the under-dress. This model is easily slipped on and off, and requires but little adjustment. A fine striped or ribbed navy-blue cloth is stylish with brass buttons.

INFANT'S HAT OR HOOD, IN SILK KNITTING-ARRASENE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The crown is worked in crochet with No. 9 bone hook. Three skeins or six half-skeins of arrasene will be required, and half an ounce of single Berlin-wool.

Commence with arrasene for the crown. Four chain; join with single-crochet to first chain. First round: insert a piece of colored wool and work eight double-crochet, two in each chain. (Draw colored wool at the end of every round, as a mark.) Second round: work sixteen double-crochet, two in each chain. Third round: one double-crochet in next chain, two double-crochet in next chain, eight times. Fourth round: a double-crochet in each of the next two chain, two double-crochet in the third, eight times. Fifth round: one double-crochet in the next three chain, two double-crochet in the fourth, eight times. Sixth round: one double-crochet in the next four chain, two double-crochet in the fifth, eight times. Draw into shape the eight parts at the end of each round. Seventh round: one double-crochet in the next five

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chain, two double-crochet in the sixth, eight times. Eighth round: one double-crochet in the next six chain, two double-crochet in the seventh, eight times. Ninth round: one double-crochet in the next seven chain, two double-crochet in the eighth, eight times. Still keep the colored wool as a mark where the rounds end. Tenth round: one double-crochet in every chain; there will be seventytwo. Eleventh round: miss one, one double-crochet in the next seventeen chain, miss one; repeat to end of round. Twelfth round: one double-crochet in every chain; there will be sixtyeight. The next four rounds are worked in Berlin-wool: fasten to arrasene three chain, and work the rounds in treble-crochet, joining at the end of each round with single crochet to the third of the three chain. The crown is now finished. It should be slightly stretched to measure nineteen inches.

The border is knitted in loop-knitting; a pair of No. 9 bone pins. Cast on loosely nine stitches, and knit a strip of nineteen inches. Loop-knitting is worked thus: Place the right-hand pin in the first stitch, and wind arrasene over the pin and twice round the first two fingers of left hand, also over the pin; there will be three strands of arrasene over the pin. The next row is plain knit; but hold the loops firmly down with the thumb of the left hand.

For rosettes which are crocheted, begin with

wool; make a chain of four, join to the first with single-crochet, draw the wool toward you, and begin the loops with arrasene—there is no necessity to join arrasene to the wool; put hook into next stitch, and wind arrasene over hook and twice round the first two fingers and the hook, and draw the arrasene through. Repeat four more times. Second round: with wool, place it behind the hook and work three double-crochet stitches in each arrasene chain, making in all fifteen stitches; now bring wool forward and work the next round in loops with arrasene. Third round: move the wool behind hook and work two double-crochet stitches in each chain; there should be thirty. Then work a round of loops in arrasene. Fourth round: work the same as the third.

To make up the hood, place the loop-border on the brim of the crown—*i.e.*, over the wool trebles—line it with sarcenet, and place the two rosettes on the top of the front, half over the loop edge and half on the crown, and tack the outside loops down; place the strings—a yard of ribbon is sufficient. Give the hood a little shake, when it will at once have a pretty fluffy appearance.

The silk knitting-arrasene comes only in white, and costs forty cents per skein. Any other pretty soft fluffy wool will do quite as well for the cap.

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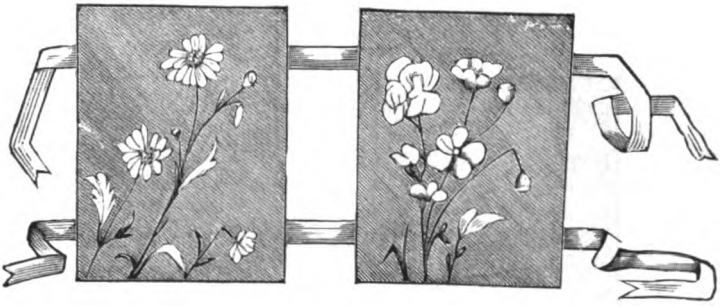
LETTER-HOLDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A very easily made trifle is a letter-holder. One of the ordinary size will require four pieces of card-board six by ten inches, a quarter-yard of figured silk or cretonne, same quantity of plain material, two yards of ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide. On the two pieces of card-board, paste the cretonne, turning the stuff smoothly over the edges, holding it firmly in place by many stitches. Cover the other two pieces in the same way with the plain material. Lay one of the first-covered boards on the table, and pin across it one piece of the ribbon, two inches below the top; the same at the bottom, with the second ribbon. Next lay, on this, one of the card-boards covered with the plain stuff. Overseam the edges neatly to avoid the spaces through which the ribbon passes, but closing these spaces firmly by several strong stitches on each side of the ribbon. The same is done with the remaining two pieces of covered card-board, and an excellent letter or photograph holder will be the result; the ribbon slipping easily through the unsewed spaces allows you to enlarge the hinge or back of your holder as occasion requires. Any amount of ornamentation, in embroidery or hand-painting upon linen or satin or silk or velvet, may be put upon such a holder.

STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

We give, in the front of this number, a page of new stitches in embroidery. They are suitable for flannel, crazy-patchwork, or for decorating children's dresses and aprons. Either cotton or silk of any color can be used, according to taste. The butterfly, clover-leaf, and acorn can be done in outline-stitch, and are suitable for d'oyleys, book-markers, etc.

BRAIDED OR EMBROIDERED VEST.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on our Supplement, a very handsome design for either braiding or embroidering, in stem-stitch, a vest for a dress or jacket front. We give the front of the vest, also the revers and the portion of revers to join to the back, marked by X where they join.

SWEET PEA.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

The sweet-pea blossom, given on the same page with the bed-room slipper, is intended for painting on satin or velvet. The petals are shaded in pink, while the stem and leaves are a very pale-green. It will look well on a sachet or book-marker.

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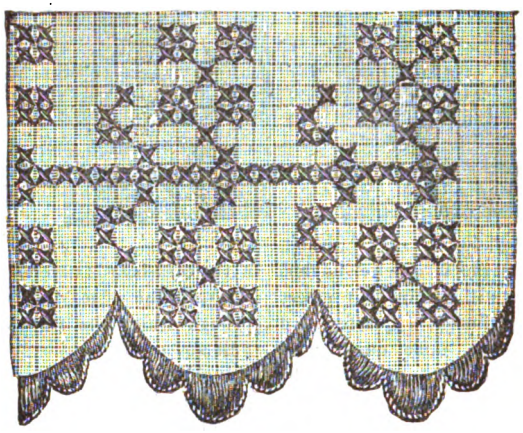
TRIMMING FOR A CHILD'S DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty trimming in cross-stitch can be done in blue or red washing-cotton, on white or on a colored material, and it makes a most effective, simple, and inexpensive ornament.

BED-ROOM SLIPPER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

In the front of this number, we give a novel design for a bed-room slipper made of gray linen macrémé cord. It will be found as soft as silk and much cooler than the old-style woolen affair. It is done in simple single-crochet, with the exception that each stitch is taken in the back of the loop instead of the front. Begin at the toe of a number three slipper by making a chain of eleven stitches, and, in the centre of each alternate row, add two stitches, to widen until there are altogether fortythree.

Commence the side by taking up twelve stitches, and, after knitting seven plain rows, begin to widen at the top for the heel, which must be four stitches higher than the sides.

After widening sufficiently for the heel, which must be done very gradually, knit two rows without widening, and decrease in the same proportion until there are but twelve stitches. Knit seven plain rows and crochet fast to the other side.

Of course, the work must be measured and graded according to the sole that is to be used. A shell border finishes the top, and an elastic and bright ribbon are run through it and tied with a bow on the instep. A strong cork sole, lined with gray linen, should always be used, and care must be taken in sewing the slipper and sole together, as the stitches are liable to be seen.

COBWEB DESIGN FOR OUTLINING.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

On the same page with the summer slipper is a cobweb design for outlining. It is very pretty when done in pale-yellow silk on a peacock-blue ground. The spider should be black and the fly brown. It is very effective on a cushion or book-cover.

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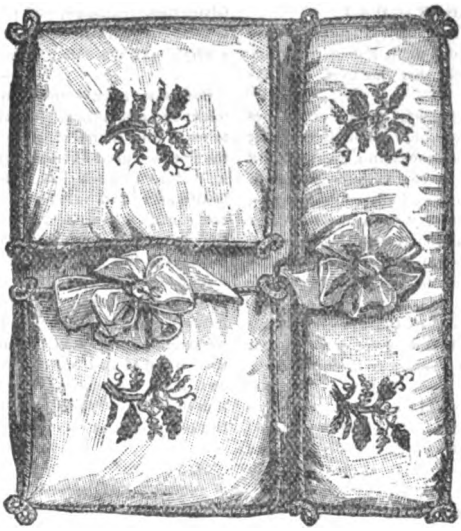
SACHET FOR BRIDE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Squares of white or cream satin, divided into three compartments—for gloves, lace, and handkerchiefs. They are covered with watered silk, and enlivened with sprays of orange-blossoms wrought in silks of the natural colors, interspersed with silver thread. Large butterfly bows in satin ribbon. Cord of white chenille, mixed with silver thread.

BRUSH-POCKET, FOR HALL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Cover stiff card-board the required shape and size for a convenient whisk-brush, on the under side of the pocket and the under side of the foundation. The upper parts are to be embroidered or hand-painted with flowers, birds, etc. Use either butcher's-linen or satin. Finish with silk cord to match.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Vines for the Window.—You know I told you once before, I had a passion for vines, both indoors and out. Just now, a most beautiful one runs riot over the bay-window of my morning-room.

It clings here and there in graceful profusion, reaches out in such a human way to grasp the wires of the hanging baskets, and clambers to the top of the ceiling; but, finding nothing to cling to there, wanders down to the basket again. It grows green and thrifty through all the winter months, asking only a refreshing draught of water when the other plants receive their share, and a sprinkling once a week.

This dainty graceful vine is called Pyloguyne Suavis. It seems to be singularly free from insect enemies, which is very much in its favor.

So many pretty vines are infested by those pests, that it is a great good-fortune to find one that does not suffer in that way, and this particular creeper I can fully recommend.

A very pretty vine, which I lately saw in the east window of a friend's house, pleased me very much. It is generally called Parlor or German Ivy, and is a rapid grower. The window contained nothing but this vine, and it made a perfect screen of green. It grew in a large pot that rested on a bracket, and was twined around "invisible" strings, having almost reached the top of the casing. It was indeed a "thing of beauty." English Ivy is to be seen in almost every collection of plants, and, if good care is given it, is a very beautiful vine; but through neglect it is frequently troubled with scale, which in time denudes it of leaves, leaving a yard or two of bare ungainly stalk. This vine should be trained over the window in such a manner that it can easily be taken down and effectually washed. I have used whale-oil soap, making a tolerably strong suds, and then thoroughly sponging the leaves and stalk. I find this treatment very efficacious in the case of all plants troubled with scale.

A thrifty healthy English Ivy is much to be admired, but a diseased specimen is a most unsightly object, and I should lose no time in cutting it back or consigning it to the rubbish-heap, if there were no other remedy at hand.

One winter, I tried the experiment of putting a few seeds of the ordinary Morning Glory in a hanging basket. Over each of the cords, they grew like Jack's bean-stalk, soon reached the hook from which the basket depended, and then threw out their tendrils in search of something else to clamber over. Don't frown and say "how common!" but try for yourself and see what a pretty vine it is! When the blossoms came, opening every morning as they do out-of-doors, I was really delighted. They grow very small and delicate in the house, and the coloring of the flowers is rare and dainty enough to suit the most fastidious taste. Having had such good success with the Morning Glory, the next year I tried Sweet Peas, and oh! here was fragrance for you. I think them most excellent for growing in winter; in fact, I have better success with them in the house than out-of-doors, where they are very frequently injured by hot dry winds. I have mentioned a few vines I have grown, but not nearly all, there are so many. With the Cinnamon vine, so extensively advertised, I have succeeded in the house. Lophospernum Scandens, if kept clean and well showered and powdered with insect-powder (Pyrethrum), is very desirable. Smilax is a capital house-vine, but it requires plenty of sun, water in abundance, and cleanliness. Given these requisites, and you may cut sprays occasionally to twine in your hair or put in a corsage bouquet. It is such a wiry tough vine, that it may be used in so many ways.

Convalescence.—Only those who have had the good-fortune to pass through a really serious illness will be able to realize the charm of the word "convalescence." We use the phrase "good-fortune" advisedly: for, as it is necessary to endure sickness before we can prize the blessing of health at its true value, so we must be really ill before we can rightly appreciate the pleasures of getting well. The time of convalescence has been the date of a fresh departure in many a life, and often the good resolutions which are nearly always made in the happy days of convalescence are carried out faithfully. But—alas! for the frailty of human nature—it too often happens that, in contact with the world, we quickly forget and become more and more callous, so that, when at last our time comes and we go each to "our own place," we have profited very little by that regeneration of body and spirit from which we promised such brave things in the good days when we were convalescent.

Water for the Suffering Infant.—When the baby is suffering and restless without apparent cause, offer it water, and in nine cases out of ten relief will follow. Many mothers do not know that nursing children need water as much as larger children. It is safe to boil the water and let it get cold, a supply being in this way always kept on hand. Children, when teething, suffer very much from thirst, and a cold wet cloth laid on their gums will often comfort them. A bit of ice wrapped in a towel may be used to rub the gums—though care must be used, of course, not to let too much ice-water get into the stomach of the infant at one time. But as much pure cool water as it relishes cannot hurt it.

Fir Cones.—Open fir cones, such as children love to pick up and bring home, can be made into quite pretty floral receptacles by being set up in a damp pot, earth sprinkled around and over them, and then bird-seed. Keep them moist, and after a time the seed springs into life and a crop of delicate greenery sprouts from the cone-segments. It is on the same principle as the Canadian mode of putting dry grain-ears into water and watching for the green shoots to spring therefrom. Children and young girls derive great amusement from the process.

An Expert Wheelwoman.—Minna Smith says: "One of the prettiest wheelwomen I know is a tall girl of fourteen, whose skirts are scarcely to her shoe-tops, yet who says that she has been practicing cycling ever since the days of her baby-jumper. She rides as easily as she walks, and does long distances on a single machine, escorted by her brother on his bicycle, with much less fatigue than most of the women of to-day would have felt at her age, with one-tenth of the exertion."

Errors on the Safe Side.—As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent of having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE GRASSHOPPER.—There is a curious belief in some parts of England that no one over sixty years of age can hear the song of the grasshopper. Though this is untrue, there are some people who seem to have a strange inability to hear it; the air may be full of the curious "zic-zic" sound to one of the party, while another may not be able to detect a note of the whirring song. Though shrill and anything but musical, the chirping of the grasshopper and its kindred—crickets, locusts, and so on—has always been much admired. The Greeks used to think so highly of their love-song, that they kept the little insects in cages as we do canaries. Their praises are sung by many of the Grecian poets; Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, and many others addressed them by the most endearing epithets. The sound is produced in slightly different ways by the various species; but the principle is always the same as that on which our common grasshopper makes its sound—namely, by rubbing together its long half-horny outer wings. The male only sings; the female appears too busy laying her eggs and depositing them in a hole in the ground, which she has dug with a sharp sword-like instrument projecting from the under part of the body. The grasshoppers appear in July, and are to be seen till the cold weather begins; but the eggs do not hatch till the following spring, and the insect which first appears, though much the shape of a perfect grasshopper, has no wings, and it is only after five or six moltings of its outer skin that it is perfectly developed.

GOOD-BREEDING.—The groundwork of good-breeding is care for others, not for oneself. It is the aroma of altruism, the perfume of unselfishness. If we think of what others would like—what we should desire in their place—we must of necessity be well-bred. If we think only of our own desires, we are just as much of necessity ill-bred, no matter what our social status or the skill with which we can pronounce the fashionable Shibboleth. We have to begin at the beginning; and he who would see his sons and daughters thoroughly and truly gentle must forbid selfishness of action, rudeness of speech, carelessness of forms, impoliteness of conduct, from the first, and demand that in childhood and the nursery shall be laid the foundation of that good-breeding which is as a jewel of price to the mature man and woman. But then he himself must be well-bred, and so must be the wife, mother, and mistress. It is the home that begins it—and, with rudeness suffered to reign at home, impoliteness must necessarily be the rule abroad.

JOINED FOR LIFE.—What greater thing is there, for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the last parting?

ENTERPRISE AND PUSH.—The Spencer (N. Y.) Herald says: "'Peterson' constantly follows in the line of enterprise and push. It never lacks its usual brilliancy in all of its departments, nor is it ever behind in its stories, fashion-plates, etc. Send for it."

ONE-EYED SOULS.—Here, our souls have but one eye. The apostle saith: "We know but in part." Be not proud if that chance to come athwart thy seeing side which meets with the blind side of another.

NOTES ON IRONING.—Smoothing-irons are of late invention. In the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for ironing.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.—The great charge to be brought against the girl of to-day—and it is not her fault, poor child—is that, whatever she may be abroad, she is in only too many cases practically useless at home. She may know how to teach to perfection, and even exercise her talent in other homes—but how often does she use it to save her father the expense of a governess for those younger brothers and sisters not yet old enough for school? She can talk learnedly on the industry and thrift of the Greek women—but how often does it occur to her to "help mother" with some of that appalling basket of mending, plenty of it probably her own? She talks of Nausicaa and other classical ladies, who washed their fathers' and husbands' clothes by the river or seashore—but will she take the trouble to count over the clothes as they come back from the wash?

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Antoinette. By Georges Ohnet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is one of the author's best books, and deserves to rank by the side of his novel, "The Forge-master," which gained him so wide a popularity in this country. The plot is simple, but managed with rare skill, and the incidents are at once natural and dramatic. The hero is a fine enough creation not to be overshadowed by the charming heroine, as is so often the case in novels of the present day. "Antoinette" ought to prove one of the most successful of the summer issues of light reading. The volume is copiously illustrated, and the paper and type are so good that it is a pity to have published it only in pamphlet form.

An Object in Life, and How to Attain It. New York: Fowler & Wells Company.—This is a capital little treatise on a very important subject, and cannot fail to suggest many valuable ideas and theories. The author says, in his preface, that it is especially designed for young men setting out in the great race of life; for all, whether young or old, who are not pursuing a worthy and fixed object; and for those who, though they may have some definite and noble aim in view, have hitherto met with little success. The cheapness of the pamphlet puts it within everybody's reach, and it will be found well worth a careful perusal.

Fallacies of Henry George. By M. W. Meagher. New York: American News Company.—It is always a mistake not to examine both sides of an important matter, whether it is a question of religion, ethics, or social economy and reforms. Mr. Meagher denies the very premises on which the noted author of "Progress and Poverty" builds up his theories. Whether or not one may agree with his criticisms, they are written with an ability and force which must make them worth a careful examination by Mr. George's followers, and the most enthusiastic among them cannot fail to admit that the writer has performed his task in an earnest and conscientious spirit.

A Lost Wife. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—Mrs. Cameron of late proves almost as prolific as the Duchess, who really seems to write books by steam; but both authors possess one merit in common. Even when their stories show marks of haste, they always hold the reader by the interest of their plots and the cleverness of their conversations. The present story, though a less ambitious attempt than several of Mrs. Cameron's novels, is certain to be liked by her numerous admirers.

Bertha Laycourt. By Edgar C. Blum. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—We have here a story of modern American life—and a very good one, too. Plot, description, and dialogue are all well managed. The author's name is new to us, and, if the work is a first attempt, it augurs well for the future.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XV. The Cause of Decay in Children's Teeth.

As all young mothers desire to know at what time they may expect their babies to "show their teeth," I will state the rule in the majority of cases. The "milk-teeth," as the first twenty are called, usually appear in the five following periods: First, between the fourth and eighth months, the two lower front middle teeth appear nearly simultaneously. Second, in a few weeks thereafter or between the eighth and tenth months, the four upper front teeth appear, the two central preceding the two on each side of them. Third, after a pause of from six to twelve weeks or between the twelfth and sixteenth months, the two front grinding-teeth in the upper jaw appear, leaving a space for the eye-teeth; next, two more lower teeth on each side of the two central ones, followed shortly by two grinders of the lower jaw. Fourth, a considerable pause now ensues; but, between the eighteenth and twentyfourth months, the canine-teeth are cut, and then there is a pause until the thirtieth month. Fifth, between the thirtieth and thirty-sixth months, the other four grinders make their appearance.

Between the fifth and sixth years of life, the second dentition begins; and all the front teeth appear by the tenth year, followed by the canines before the twelfth year. The second grinders now begin to show themselves, and, sometime between the sixteenth and twentyfourth years, the wisdom-teeth are cut and the dental furniture of the mouth is completed. And yet, during all this time, decay is going on, and Whence spring the causes? is the anxious question.

The old custom of giving the new-born babe molasses-and-water—or the later one, sugared water—followed in a few weeks or months by a little sugar tied up in a rag, which it is taught to suck, or by candy or other saccharine substances, all of which tend to produce a disordered stomach with acid fermentation, is the very initiative of starting decay in the teeth. Still, apart from these, we must admit in not a few cases there is an hereditary predisposition to decay in those born of weakly mothers or in those in whom the phosphates are defective from any cause. Saccharine substances, however, by favoring an acidulous state of the stomach, promote acidity about the teeth in the form of tartar, and hence decay results by the destruction of the enamel. In other words, the secretions of the mouth become acid in character, which causes early destruction of the imperfectly-developed dentures, the teeth decaying frequently before fairly erupted. This unhealthy condition, no doubt, not a few mothers have witnessed among their acquaintances. As the child grows, instead of giving good, plain, wholesome, substantial food of "ye olden time," the most refined flour is used, rich cakes and preserves form part of the daily repast, the dishes are highly seasoned and made appetizing in order to tempt the incapacitated stomach to take what it cannot dispose of. In this way, many enfeebled stomachs are overtasked: half-digested food is conveyed into the bowels; diarrhœa is produced; and then "doctor's-stuff" necessarily is resorted to, to correct this imprudence. This poorly-assimilated food cannot possibly build up and repair the tissues in a proper manner, and becomes a source of badly-decayed bones and teeth. See the children of poor laborers, including the negroes of the South, who live on plain and substantial food—how much better are their teeth than those of the wealthy and luxuriant.

Typewriting is so peculiarly adapted to women, that it almost seems as if the business might be monopolized by them.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC., ETC.

Quinces Preserved Whole.—Pare some ripe quinces, and put them in a preserving-pan, three-parts covered with cold water—if they should float while the water is being poured on them, press them down with a plate until you have gauged the exact height of the water; take the quinces out, measure the water, and to every pint allow three pounds of broken loaf-sugar; let this boil rapidly in the preserving-pan for five minutes, and then put in the quinces. The syrup should not cover them at first, but when they are half cooked it will then amply cover the fruit. Boil the quinces rapidly until soft enough for a knitting-needle to pierce them easily, which should be in an hour and a half, reckoning from the first boiling up. Take the quinces out carefully, so as not to break them, and lay them on dishes to cool. Run the syrup through a jelly-bag or a piece of new flannel put in a gravy-strainer: this frees it of all odd little bits that may boil from the outside of the quinces, and makes it clearer. Put the syrup back in the preserving-pan, and boil it rapidly until it will jelly when dropped on a plate; put the quinces into the boiling syrup, and let them simmer gently for ten minutes. Place each quince carefully in wide-necked jars, pour the hot syrup over them, and, when cold, cover in the usual way. I have kept quinces preserved in this way quite good for two years.

Quince Marmalade.—Peel and core some quinces, slice them very finely, put the cores containing the seeds in the preserving-pan, barely cover them with hot water, simmer for twenty minutes, strain through a jelly-bag, and put the juice back in the preserving-pan. Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar to one pound of fruit; put the sugar and fruit into the juice; boil rapidly for an hour, very frequently stirring it, as it burns easily; skim in the usual way, and, when it looks clear and jellies quickly when dropped on a plate, it is done. Put into jars, and cover when cold. Some people add a few drops of cochineal when taken off the fire, to make it a deeper red; but, if quickly boiled and well skimmed, it is pretty enough without any additional color. If possible, quinces should be peeled and cored with a silver or plated knife, as it keeps them a better color.

Quince Jelly.—Cut very ripe quinces into thin slices; do not peel, core, or remove the seeds; press them down in a preserving-pan, and cover them with water; stew gently until quite soft and pulpy; turn them into a jelly-bag, and let the juice trickle through without any pressure. If the juice does not look clear enough, pass it through the jelly-bag again, after the pulp is removed and the bag rinsed. Measure the juice, and to every pint allow twelve ounces of crushed loaf-sugar; put it into the pan, and boil it rapidly for twenty minutes, skimming it well. Drop a spoonful on a plate to see if it jellies, and, when done, pour it into glasses or jars.

Quince Jam.—Peel and quarter your quinces, leaving the seeds in, as they readily impart their mucilage to water, and thus thicken the syrup. Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar to one pound of fruit; put the fruit and sugar into a preserving-pan, and half a teacupful of water to moisten the bottom of the pan; stir the fruit and sugar frequently, and, when it boils, keep it boiling rapidly until the fruit is soft and a clear red color. It will take about an hour, reckoning from the first boiling up. Put into jam-pots, and cover when cold.

Elderberry Wine.—To a gallon of berries, add three quarts of water; let it stand three days, then pass through a hair sieve, thoroughly pressing the berries to extract all moisture. Measure, and to each quart of liquor add one pound of

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moist sugar, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of cloves (bruised); the ginger and cloves to be sewed in muslin bags. Put these ingredients all together into a perfectly clean vessel, and boil gently for an hour, then pour into an earthenware pan; when it has cooled sufficiently to allow one's finger to be dipped into it, put in one tablespoonful of brewer's yeast, let it ferment three days, then skim, and put into a jar or small cask, taking care that there is sufficient wine to fill it. It must not be corked tightly for three weeks, but the air must be kept out.

Stewed Pears.—Peel eight pears (not large), cut them in halves, with one-half of stem to each, and as each is peeled throw it into cold water, to prevent its turning black—not core them; put the fruit into a deep and wide basin or pie-dish, strew over them four ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, a few pieces of stick-cinnamon, and the grated rind of half a lemon, and barely cover with boiling water; cover dish or basin with a properly fitting plate or dish, and bake in the oven for two hours. Turn the fruit over once, with a silver or wooden spoon (not iron).

Stewed Apples to be peeled, cored, and cut in quarters, and done in precisely the same way.

If too much water be added to fruit, either for stewing or in pies or covered tarts, then the fruit becomes tough; and the same with meat-pies, the meat to be only slightly moistened.

Whole Pears Preserved.—To each pound and a half of pears, allow one pound of loaf-sugar, a gill of water, the juice and rind of a quarter lemon, and a tiny bit of whole ginger. Make a syrup of this, boiling and skimming for half an hour. Then put in the pears (previously peeled) and boil twenty minutes, take them up carefully and boil the syrup by itself ten minutes longer. If coloring is liked, put in a few drops of cochineal, put back the pears, just give them another boil; bottle while hot.

Apple Marmalade.—A peck of apples not at all ripe, but full-grown; quarter and take out the cores, but do not pare them. Put them into a preserving-pan with a gallon of water, and boil moderately until the pulp will allow itself to be squeezed through a cheese-cloth, only leaving the peels behind. To each quart of pulp, add one pound or more of loaf-sugar, broken up in small pieces. Boil all together for forty minutes, keeping it stirred. It keeps best in large pots.

Apple Jelly.—Quarter the apples without peeling or coring them. Put them in a saucepan with just enough water to cover them, and let them boil about five minutes. Then put them into a bag and let it drain until next day. Put half a pound of sugar to a pint of the liquid, and boil it as currant jelly.

Apple Jelly.—Slice thirteen large apples without paring them; cover with water; boil and strain. To the juice add one pound of sugar and lemon-juice to the taste. Clarify with egg, and boil to a jelly.

PICKLES.

Onions for Pickling.—Two ounces of salt to be put into a large saucepan of boiling water, the onions tied in a thin cloth to be put into the boiling water, and remain till within a moment of its boiling up, and then be thrown in the cloth into cold water, and let the tap of cold water run on them, or a pitcher of cold water be poured on till the onions are cold; then slip the skin off each and lay it under a clean cloth; fill a pickle-bottle a quarter full of onions, put in six cloves, and half a teaspoonful of salt, and a little whole ginger; then pour on them good vinegar—brown or white, and continue till the bottles are full. Tie each down with strong paper, over which brush beaten white of egg. This, however, scarcely matters with onions done in this way, as they will keep good for a year; after three months' being tied over or corked, they will without covering keep good. This is the result of using cloves. Nothing molds, not even ink, if cloves are put into it.

Pickled Walnuts.—Procure one hundred walnuts (young enough that they can be easily pricked; if the shell is felt at all, they are not fit for pickling), prick them all over with a fork, make a strong brine by boiling four pounds of salt in a gallon of water, skim it, and pour it over the walnuts; let them remain in the brine nine days, stir them every day, then take them out, drain them, and put them on dishes in the sun; let them remain until they are quite black, which will be in about three days, then put them in a jar with four small onions (stuck with six cloves each) and twenty-four bay-leaves. Take five pints of vinegar (rather less, if the walnuts are very small), boil it for ten minutes, with one ounce of allspice, two ounces of bruised ginger, and a quarter of a pound of whole black pepper, pour it boiling hot over the walnuts, let them stand near the stove all night, and tie down the next day.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Choose large cucumbers, but before the seeds are ripe; cut them into slices about one-quarter of an inch thick, and lay them upon a hair sieve. Between every layer of slices, put two shalots and sprinkle over them a little salt; let them stand for about five hours to drain thus, and put them into a stone jar Boil as much strong vinegar as will cover them, with a blade or two of mace, a few white pepper-corns, a little sliced ginger, and some scraped horse-radish; pour these boiling hot upon the slices of cucumber. Let them stand till cold, and then repeat the process three times more, taking care that the cucumbers are cold between each. Tie them down with a bladder for use.

Chow-Chow.—Take two heads of cabbage, two heads of cauliflower, one quart of dwarf onions, two quarts of small tomatoes, one dozen cucumbers, and six roots of celery; cut into small pieces and boil each vegetable separately until tender, then strain and take two gallons of vinegar, one-quarter of a pound of mustard, one-quarter of a pound of mustard-seed, one pot of French mustard, one ounce of cloves, and two ounces of turmeric; put the vinegar and spices into a pan, and let them come to the boil, then mix the vegetables, and pour the liquor over.

Tomato Pickle.—Take a gallon of green tomatoes and six large onions, cut them in thin slices, and stand them in salt and water all night. In the morning, pour off the brine and put them into a preserving-pan, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, one of cayenne pepper, and one of the best curry-powder. Simmer for one hour, and, when cool, pour into pickle-jars.

THREE TIMES ITS COST.—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BROCADE, IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE, COMBINED WITH VELVET TO MATCH. The front of the skirt is draped, and caught up at the left side in two places, and tied with loops-and-ends of velvet ribbon. The back of the skirt hangs plain, and is cut in one with the back of the bodice. In front, the bodice laps over to the left side, under a loose belt of the material; at the neck, it opens over a chemisette of white silk muslin or China crêpe. A wide velvet collar with epaulettes finishes the neck and top of sleeves. Cuffs to match. A broad-brimmed hat of blue

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velvet, like the trimming of the gown, is simply trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. II—IS A RECEPTION-DRESS, OF LEAF-GREEN BROCADE OR CHINA SILK, TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET. The skirt has a demi-train, and the front is edged with a ruching of velvet loops. The round waist, which is full, laps at the left side under a wide velvet waistband, from under which depend long sash-ends of velvet fringed at the bottom. A revers of black velvet adorns the right side of the bodice; a ruching of velvet loops corresponding with the edge of the skirt finishes the neck and forms the epaulettes. Plain velvet cuffs.

FIG. III.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF DARK-GRAY OR BLACK HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The skirt-front is draped, and finished at the edge with a wide border in braiding or passementerie. The back, of course, hangs straight. The Directoire jacket opens over a full vest, belted at the waist. The revers, cuffs, and collar are elaborately braided. Hat of dark-gray felt, faced with black velvet and trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon and gray ostrich-tips.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF RED CASHMERE OR CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is braided in a darker shade of red. The full bodice is finished with a wide belt of velvet of a darker shade; over this is worn a Bolero jacket of the velvet, which is sleeveless. Collar and cuffs of velvet.

FIG. V.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF CORN-COLORED SILK COMBINED WITH BLACK LACE. The foundation-skirt is edged with the lace, and a panel of the same is let into the left side. The front is draped, and the back hangs in deep straight plaits. The lace bodice and sleeves are trimmed with the silk, and a pointed sash of the same defines the waist. The bodice and side-panel are lined with the silk.

FIG. VI.—DIRECTOIRE COSTUME, FOR VISITING, OF BROCADE IN COLORS UPON A BLACK GROUND, combined with plain gros-grain to match. The front of the skirt is of the plain material, adorned with a long sash with pointed ends. The Directoire coat, of the brocade, opens in front over a vest of white China crêpe. The front of the coat has a double or under vest of the plain material. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with a bird and ostrich-tips.

FIG. VI —HOUSE-DRESS, OF PALE BEIGE-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING OR CASHMERE, ornamented with yoke, epaulettes, cuffs, and bands in dark brown-green open-work embroidery laid on a beige-colored foundation, or the embroidery may be beige-color laid on a dark brown or green foundation. Belt in moiré ribbon; guipure or smocking may be substituted for the embroidery, the former with the raised cord being the most fashionable; or all the trimming may be of moiré silk to match or in brown. Hat of brown lace, trimmed with loops of brown ribbon and cream-white chrysanthemums.

FIG. VII.—BODICE, OF FIGURED SURAH OR CHALLIS, FOR A YOUNG LADY, made full back and front, and fitted on to a tight lining. A knife-plaited ruffle of the material forms the collar, cuffs, and basque, also edges the front. A belt of the material crosses in front, with an oxydized buckle or clasp.

FIG. VIII.—BACK AND FRONT OF BONNET. The only trimming is a large standing bow of velvet-edged ribbon, as seen in the illustration. The bonnet may be of velvet or felt in any self-color, or black, as a useful everyday bonnet.

FIG. IX.—MOURNING-BONNET, OF ENGLISH CRÈPE, with veil worn only at the back.

FIG. X.—FALL MANTILLA, OF SELF-COLORED CLOTH. It consists of four capes, ending in long tabs in front, lined with surah, and bound with silk braid.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN. The front of the skirt is cut on the bias, and is looped at the left side; the back and sides hang plain. The Directoire jacket opens over a white cloth vest, the upper part of which is covered with lace. The wide revers are edged with the white cloth like the vest. Rosettes of velvet ribbon adorn the bodice. Large hat of felt to match the dress, trimmed with a long ostrich-plume.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF BLACK OR SELF-COLORED HENRIETTA-CLOTH COMBINED WITH VELVET. The front-breadth is of velvet laid in deep plaits. Pockets, revers, and cuffs of the Directoire coat of the same velvet. Sleeves full. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with ostrich-tips and velvet band.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-BODICE, OF CASHMERE OR SILK, with belt, cuffs, and revers in moiré silk to match. A knife-plaiting of the material falls from under the wide belt.

FIG. XIV.—HEADDRESS, of artificial flowers forming a half-wreath, intertwined with the puffs and curls of the coiffure.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF SOFT SILK OR CRÈPE, faced and edged with velvet and trimmed with three large rosettes of narrow velvet ribbon to match the crown. Velvet ribbon strings.

FIG. XVI.—OPERA OR THEATRE BONNET, composed of daisies and trimmed with ostrich-tips.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SELF-COLORED LADY'S-CLOTH OR CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is severely plain. The bodice opens in front, over a vest of a lighter shade, or cream-white, or sometimes light-gray. Sleeves full at the shoulders. Plain turnover cuffs. Toque of alternate bands of felt and velvet, trimmed with a large bunch of plaited lace intermixed with flowers or loops of narrow velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—A SIMPLE TENNIS OR CROQUET DRESS, OF STRIPED FLANNEL, trimmed with rows of narrow braid or velvet ribbon. Hat of straw or felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with fall flowers.

FIG. XIX.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF EMBROIDERED CASHMERE OR SERGE. The embroidered pattern covers only the front and sides; the back is plain. The pointed bodice has the vest to match; also cuffs and collar. Poke hat, trimmed with velvet and ostrich-tips.

FIG. XX.—TENNIS OR CROQUET GOWN, OF CHECKED SERGE. Plain skirt and Norfolk jacket. A silk cravat, in sailor's-knot, is tied under the high collar.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—STREET-DRESS, OF CREAM-WHITE FLANNEL, FOR A CHILD OF THREE TO FOUR YEARS. The garment is made all in one, and plaited into a round yoke at the neck. A double knife-plaited ruffle of surah covers the yoke and forms the collar; the same is continued down the front and edges the sleeves. A wide sash of cream-white surah is tied around the waist. Hat of white felt, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon to match.

FIG. II.—DRESS WITH OUTDOOR JACKET, FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS. The skirt is of self-colored cashmere laid in accordeon plaits; the waist is plaited to correspond and worn with a guimp. The outdoor jacket is of navy-blue cloth, with collar, cuffs, and revers braided either in gold or black braid. Hat of rough straw or soft felt, trimmed with navy-blue velvet ribbon. The sash matches the dress.

FIG. III.—COSTUME, OF DARK MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE, FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF TWELVE TO FOURTEEN YEARS. The skirt is kilt-plaited, over which the front-drapery forms a long point and the back hangs plain. The Directoire jacket opens over a vest of checked surah, in pale-blue and green or other corresponding colors. The revers are faced with the same. Hat of rough straw or felt, trimmed with loops of dark-green velvet ribbon and pale-blue ostrich-plume.

FIG. IV.—LARGE HAT, IN LEGHORN OR FELT, for little girl, trimmed with ostrich-tips in white and faced with black velvet.

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THE COMING STORM.

Engraved expressly for the Illustrated Magazine

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IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE. [*See the article, "Then and Now."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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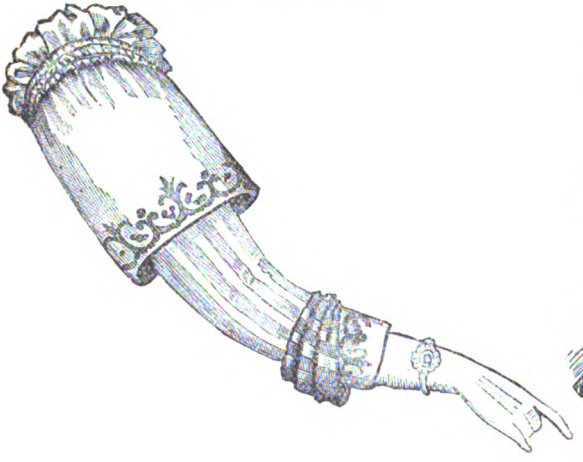

HAT. FICHU. SLEEVE. BONNET.

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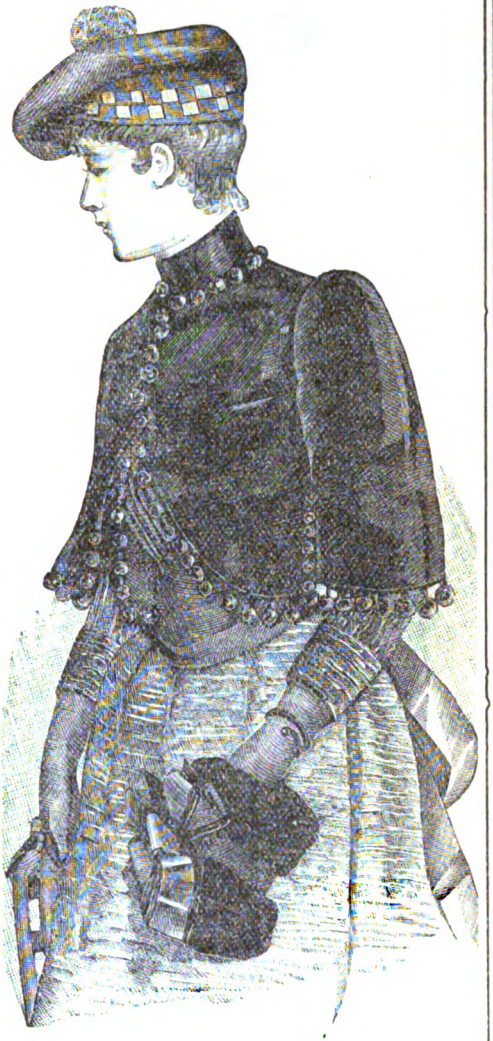

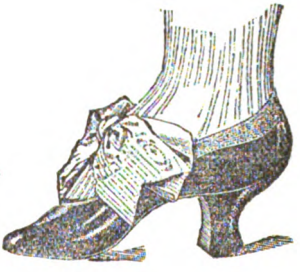

HAT. FIGARO WRAP. MORNING BODICE. SHOE.

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WALKING-DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS. FICHU. BONNET.

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CAPE. WALKING-DRESS. BODICE.

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ALPHABET IN ETCHING OR OUTLINE.

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ALPHABET IN ETCHING OR OUTLINE.

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HEART WHISPERS.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia

Words by J. ANDERSSOHN. **Music by FRANZ ABT.**

Animato.

Piano.

p *poco a poco.* *cres.* *f* *p*

8va. *8f* *pp*

p *poco cres.* *p*

1. If I should see up - on thy face A smile a - kin to sad - ness, I
2. Then if I saw the shades depart, Love's peace - ful sky re - veal - ing, And

p *poco cres.*

would 'twere mine the cloud to chase, And fill thy soul with glad - ness, Ay,
marked the sun - shine of the heart O'er ev - 'ry feature steal - ing I'd

p *cres.* *p*

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cres.

I would prom - ise happy hours, When grief should harm thee never, I'd
weave for thee a chaplet bright No chance nor change should sever; I'd

cres. *poco rit.*

seek to strew thy path with flow'rs, And whisper, "Thine for - ev - er!" I'd
welcome days of calm de - light, And whisper, "Mine for - ev - er!" I'd

p

seek to strew thy path with flow'rs, And whisper, "Thine for - ever!"
wel - come days of calm de - light, And whisper, "Mine for - ever!"

f

p *rit.* *f*

f *pp*

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DIRECTOIRE VISITING-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

THIS is a delightfully old-fashioned house in which we are living—mamma and I. Outside there is a great old-fashioned garden, full of lilacs and dahlias, nasturtions and azaleas, and every sort of blossom that grew in the gardens of our grandmothers.

Looking out of the window now, I see a gnarled old peach-tree, its branches trained over the low stone wall to get the southern exposure, and near by a thick bed of gardenias and tulips. I almost imagine that I can see my father's mother, to whom all this belonged, coming out into the spring sunshine and glancing up at the leafy blossoms in which a robin is singing. Yet I know she died before I was born.

But the house itself is queerest of all. It is a great rambling structure of stone. Most of the rooms open unexpectedly on balconies, and on one side is a queer L-shaped room looking with delightful frankness into the library, from which the wing juts out.

To me, with my eighteen years and my childhood spent in America, this home of my English ancestors is charmingly quaint—when I marry, it is to be my "dower." How odd! And, though I am not quite eighteen, I am going to be married. I am engaged to Paul Darragh, and he is coming very soon.

Here mamma makes her appearance to interrupt my meditations. How I wish I were as good-looking as mamma! Perhaps I shall be when I am thirtyseven.

"Cicely," she begins—this quaint out-of-the-way name is an inheritance from the same old lady whose property I am to possess—"Cicely, I have just received a letter—your grandfather is dead."

A silence falls between us. A strange feeling of awe stirs my soul. No nearer feeling can enter for the stern old man whom I have never seen and who has been so unkind to my mother.

"I hoped he would send for us at the last," she continues. "That was why I brought you over here—not altogether on account of the money—he may not have left you that."

"Oh! it doesn't matter," I cry, with the sublime indifference of my age to such sordid considerations.

But my wise elder sighs and shakes her head.

"At least, I shall have this property," I say, with a proud feeling of ownership. "We three, you and Paul and I, can all live here together."

"What shall we live on?" queries mamma. "You know Paul is poor, and we cannot sell this 'dower-house.' That is forbidden in the terms of your grandmother's will. She thought, of course, that all her future grandchildren would inherit her husband's fortune. She could not foresee the sad estrangement which I caused."

"Mamma," I exclaim, indignantly, "don't—you will make me hate the dead."

"Hush, dear," is the shocked rejoinder. "Besides, I can't think your grandfather has willed the property away from you. He could not be so unjust."

I do not answer. I can believe anything of the man who had cast off his son for marrying my mother.

"We must get ready to go to 'Llanmere' at once; it is quite a journey," brings me back from my thoughts, and we begin to make our preparations immediately.

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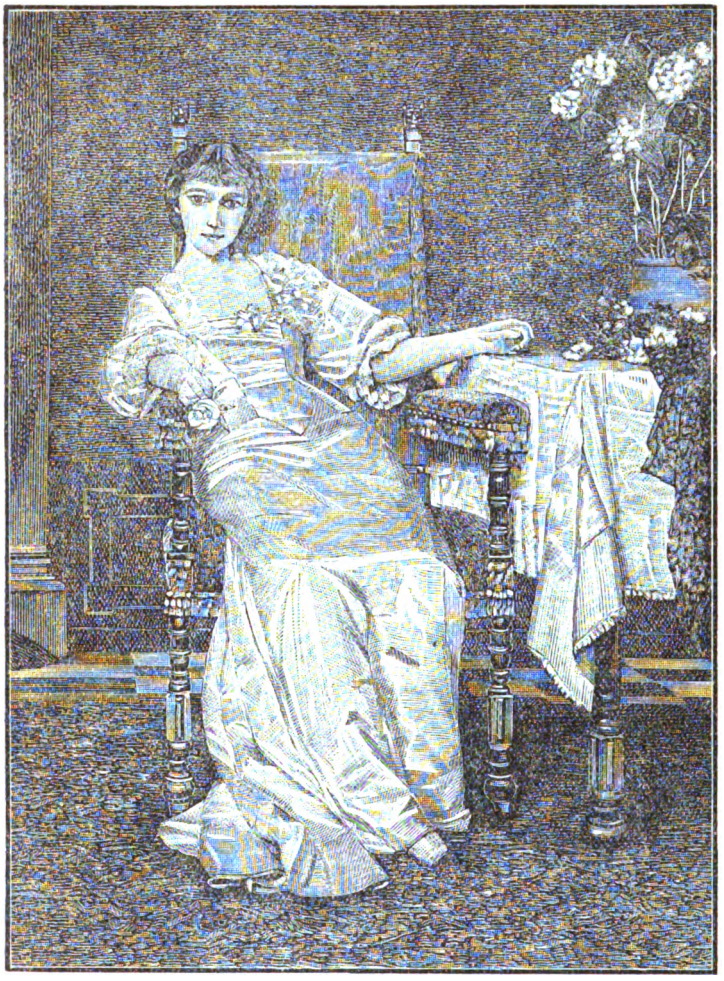

"Llanmere," my grandfather's extensive estate, is near the Welsh border—indeed, there is a mingling of the old mountain Celt in my paternal ancestors, which may possibly account somewhat for their inherent obstinacy.

The week which follows seems like a dream: the great awesome house, with its closed silent room—the face of the dead, dimly recalling my father's, as well as I can remember it—the few distant relatives—the grave lawyer—the solemn services—then the reading of the will. Rather, it is not the real will—only directions; the former is not to be read until I have reached my eighteenth birthday, which will be the coming September. We can remain at Llanmere until then, if we choose; but we do not choose, and, at the end of the week, are back in the house at Wyncote which has been our home now for three months.

The summer slips away, quietly, uneventfully. At mamma's desire, I put on mourning for the conventional period, but I am glad when I can lay it aside—even if my grandfather left me his money, I can hardly forgive his treatment of my mother.

The fifteenth of September is here; I am eighteen today. Mr. Dean, the lawyer, is coming—and somebody else. Of course, the somebody else is Paul—Paul, whom I have not seen for seven months! What matter musty old wills now?

Mr. Dean has arrived. After dinner, he will read the will. Paul must be here very soon. I go upstairs and array myself in a white dress, the most becoming thing I can think of. I show myself to mamma, and then take a seat in the room which opens out on the balcony. I have picked a late rose—the last time we met, Paul gave me a single rose—I have it yet. I lay my lace shawl on the table by the great pot of hydrangeas. Then I sit and wait in the autumn stillness. The air is delightfully balmy—it blows in through the open window and doorway. Outside in the balcony the afternoon sunshine is bright, but in the room it is cool and shady.

"Cicely," comes my mother's voice, and she enters looking rather grave, "Mrs. Broughton is very ill; I am going to see her." Mrs. Broughton is the rector's wife and one of our few acquaintances in Wyncote. "Mr. Dean is lying down. Paul will be here soon, I suppose."

She hesitates as she speaks the last words. I look up in astonishment.

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"Cicely," commences mamma again, very slowly this time, "the will may not be in your favor."

"What has that to do with Paul?" I answer, almost indignantly. Does mamma mean to suggest any doubt of him?

"I know he thinks you will inherit your grandfather's property. Perhaps I was indiscreet, but I told him as much before we came away."

"But, mamma, I have done the same—he knows the uncertainty of it as well as I. Tell me, have you seen the will?"

Mamma nods her head—she seems troubled enough.

A sting is rankling in my heart—it is scarcely a doubt.

"I do not care to learn anything about it until evening," I answer, "and I want Paul to be informed at once. I shall not meet him until he has been. Then he will know how to act."

Mamma looks at me anxiously.

"Will you tell Mr. Dean what I ask?" I insist.

"I have already spoken of Paul to him," she rejoins; "he will certainly see him," and, kissing me gently, mamma goes out of the room.

A dull fear—an unexplained anxiety—weighs on me. I do not doubt Paul, and yet he shall be free to do as he pleases. Had he heard of my

English relatives when we met in his home, New York? Lottie Wilmot knew—and she had introduced us.

At this moment, Mr. Dean makes his appearance. He is not so old as family lawyers usually are, but his father before him managed my grandfather's affairs, and he has inherited the post.

While he is remarking on the delightful weather, I glance out of the window. Someone is coming toward the house. My heart gives a sudden bound, for I recognize the approaching figure at once—it is Paul. I stifle a cry, and, turning to Mr. Dean, say:

"My mother has spoken to you of Mr. Darragh—he has just arrived. Will you receive him?"

The lawyer looks at me curiously.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he answers, promptly, and I thank him with great warmth.

Perhaps Mr. Dean thinks me mad, but what do I care for that? My one impulse is flight. I push him into the hall toward the steps and make my escape. Where? It is too late to get upstairs, for I hear Paul's voice distinctly. I glance about. The L-room is near. I try turning the knob; it yields, and I venture in, the door closing with a sudden bang as I do so.

It is a place into which I have only peeped, for it is used as a store-room. There is certainly nothing attractive about it. I go to the window and look out. I can gaze into the library through the jutting window, and Paul and Mr. Dean are sitting there. I can see their faces distinctly,

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but I cannot hear one word they say. The window of the L-room is tightly shut. Would I open it if I could? I do not know. I only know that I long to hear what they are saying. Whatever it is will decide my fate. Paul's face wears a troubled look. Does he care so much for my fortune, then? Oh, if I only could hear what they were saying! Still, it is something even to watch him—it is so long since I have seen my lover, so long to impatient youth!

How shamefully I have rumpled my pretty dress, which he was to admire; but perhaps he will not even see it. I am growing tired of standing. I go to the door and try it—it will not open, though I use all my force.

I could easily raise the window and call to the pair in the library, but I will not. Suddenly Paul rises, hastily shakes the lawyer's hand, and the two leave the room. The next thing I see, Paul is walking down the path, away from the house. He has gone.

The shadows are falling fast. Will no one let me out? I hear Jane's voice in the hall. I pound on the wall vigorously, and at last the woman's frightened exclamations tell me I have made myself audible.

"It is only I, Jane," I fairly shriek, and, not without some hesitation in spite of my reassuring reiterations, she succeeds with some effort in opening the door.

"Laws, miss, you look like a ghost," is her greeting, but, with a hasty "Thank you," I hurry past her to my room.

When mamma comes to me, I ask no questions and she makes no comment. She is gentler than usual, if possible, and I am quiet enough. When Mr. Dean, almost as gently as mamma could have done, tells me the terms of the will, I am not astonished. My grandfather has not abated one jot of the obstinate prejudice which caused him to cast off my father when he married a poor girl and an American. I had always known that the stern old man could not pardon his only son's refusal to wed the cousin whose fortune would have doubled the family wealth, and that his marriage with my mother, a penniless American, whose nationality itself would have been a grievance to the bigoted old Briton, was the crowning stroke to the father's pride. And now he has still displayed his unappeased anger by willing that I, his only grandchild, can inherit the estates on condition that I do not marry an American. The moment I do so, I forfeit all right to my inheritance, which goes to charity.

Now I understand. Paul and his parents, too, were born in New York. Well, if Paul cares for my money more than me, it is better so.

"You told him?" I ask the lawyer.

"Yes," he answers, and I say no more.

How slowly time passes! It is December, and we are at Llanmere. Why not there as well as anywhere? Mamma wishes it, and she is all I have left. I do not mention Paul's name, nor does anyone else. We are very gay. Why should one not be gay at eighteen? Mamma's married life was hard enough—it is well she can have luxuries and wealth and ease and social recognition now. I am very glad, for her sake, that they have come to me. Perhaps it would not have been right to have given them all up for Paul's sake. I cannot tell. At any rate, my duty is clear enough now.

We are quite the lions of the neighborhood. Mamma is more admired than I—she is gayer, poor dear! Perhaps she will marry again. Horrible thought! I never dreamed how much mamma cared for such things. She has been so brave, all her years of poverty—and she was a beauty and a belle when a girl, before she married my father, while I never knew what it was to be rich until just now. I suppose I needn't take so much credit to myself that I don't care about it. I should have hated to see the estates sold and the proceeds given to charity, as much as mamma—indeed, more: for I have the Drayton blood in my veins, even though I do not cherish the memory of some of my ancestors.

Mr. Dean still manages our business. Here he comes to see mamma. I don't like Mr. Dean. I never knew of his doing anything against me, and I don't suppose he was to blame for the way my grandfather left his property; but still I don't like him. Mamma does.

"How do you do, Miss Drayton?" he says, very politely. "May I see Mrs. Drayton?" For, in all business-matters, I do just as mamma says; she decides, and I acquiesce in her decisions.

Later I may summon up sufficient energy to look after things myself, but now—

"I will go call my mother," I reply to Mr. Dean, and start in search of her.

As I am turning away, some letters in the lawyer's hands catch my eye. The writing on one of them flashes for an instant before me—surely it is strangely familiar. I stand waiting for Mr. Dean to speak, and, when he does not, move slowly away. I must have mistaken.

"There were some business-letters to be read—nothing of any consequence," explains mamma, when her visitor has gone; and I sink back into the dull apathy which has enveloped me for so long.

One of the county magnates is to give a great

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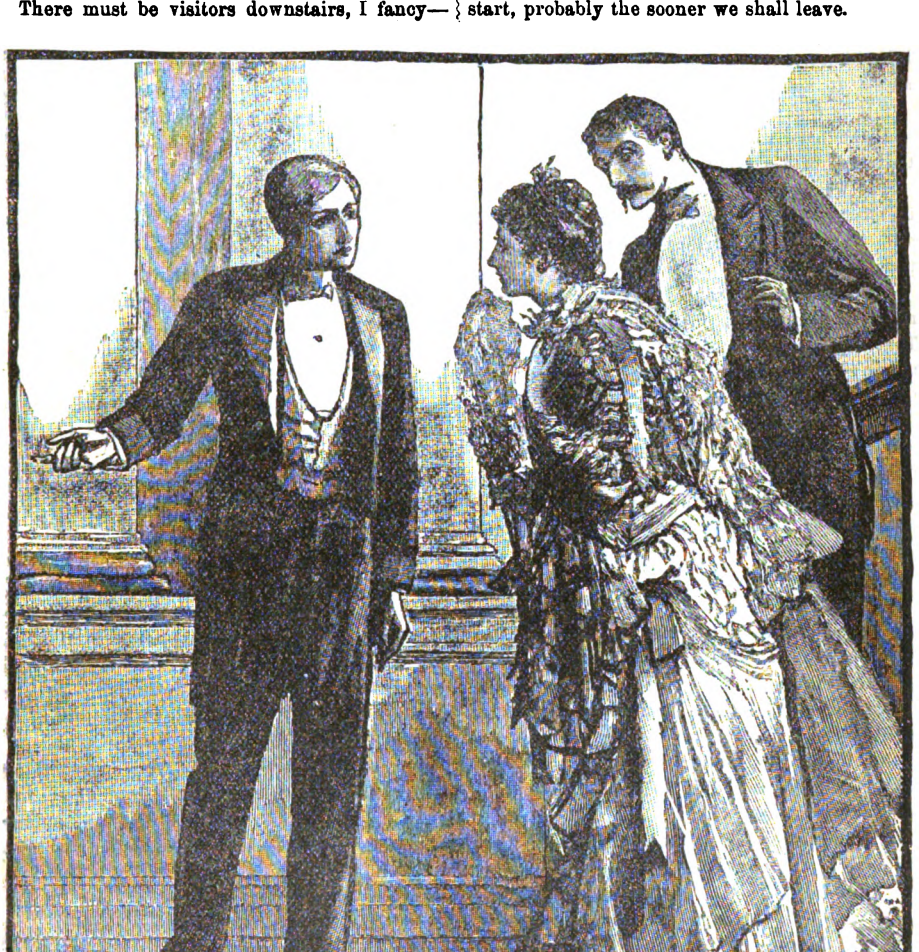
ball to-night, and we, of course, are invited. How tiresome it all is! We array ourselves in some new costumes ordered for the occasion, and I am sure mamma views herself in the long mirror with much more satisfaction than I do my own image.

There must be visitors downstairs, I fancy—I hear voices and confusion. "Who can it be?" I wonder. Everybody of any consequence in the neighborhood is invited to the ball. My maid comes in to tell me the carriage is waiting. I glance at the clock on the mantel. It is late. I had better hurry mamma up. The sooner we start, probably the sooner we shall leave.



"Go tell Mrs. Drayton; perhaps she does not know," I say to the girl.

Evidently I must have mistaken about the visitors, else I would be sent for. I throw my cloak over my shoulders, not waiting for the maid, and, fan in hand, hasten down the broad staircase. In the hall stands the footman. He announces that the carriage is ready, and I conclude I will get in without waiting for mamma—she will be here in a moment. As I am about to step forward, I hear my name spoken.

"Cicely!" says a voice behind me.

I turn, and close to my side stands—Paul. I am not conscious of the servant's presence, nor indeed of anything except that Paul, looking

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just the same as ever, puts his arm about me and whispers: "Dearest!"

Then he leads me gently upstairs into the library. I look about me in a dazed way. No one is there. Down on the couch he draws me beside him, and once more I am clasped to his breast.

"Would you really give up a fortune, a family inheritance, just for me, Cicely?" he queries, and I do not reply in words.

"It is wicked of me to ask it of you, darling —I who have so little to give in return; it is too much of a sacrifice."

"It was wicked of you to leave me so long in misery, Paul," I cry, impatiently, "that is all. There is no sacrifice about it, except for poor mamma."

"It was for her sake I left you so long in misery," he answers. "And now let me explain: That day, when I came so full of eager longing to see you, I could not find you anywhere," he begins; but I interrupt him:

"It was foolish—very foolish; but I wanted you to know about the will before I saw you. I feared—"

"You doubted me," he says, reproachfully. "No matter—I forgive you. I saw Mr. Dean, and he informed me of everything. In return, I told him something, dear, that you never knew. I am an adopted child, and Mr. and Mrs. Darragh begged me not to let the past be known. They were acquainted with my real name, but could tell me nothing of my parents. When I mentioned that name to Mr. Dean, he started. He had known an Englishman to whom it belonged. A sudden wild hope awoke within me. I would search everywhere. Mr. Dean caught the hope too. He was very kind. He said, sensibly enough, neither your mother nor he could bear to think of your giving up everything—of course, he didn't add it, but he meant it—just for me."

My indignant remonstrance is gently stopped, and Paul goes on:

"I promised them both that I would leave you free, for the time at least, while I instituted inquiries as to my parentage. Mr. Dean gave me a clue, and I rushed up to London to follow it—I could not find you, dear, before I went, or I could not have answered for my good resolutions."

"Good?" I interrupt, questioningly.

He smiles and continues:

"Never mind—it was all for the best. I have found out my early history—and I know that I am English, too. But, first, I reached London, and was seized with a sudden illness. For weeks, I lay raving in delirium. As soon as I was able, I began my inquiries, and at last was successful. I wrote to Mr. Dean, but I did not want anyone but myself to tell you. Will you believe me, Cicely, when I say that, for my own sake, I would rather have you penniless, but I could not allow you lightly to throw away your family inheritance?"

And, looking into his honest eyes, you may be sure I believe him.

"It is not an easy thing for a proud man to do, but I am willing to be your steward, Cicely," he says.

"I will not let you," I cry. "It is all yours, all I own."

"I only want you, Cicely," is his answer.

Paul's duty to his adopted parents takes him back to America for a time, so we cannot be married right away. However, I am quite content to wait, now that my happiness is assured. Mr. and Mrs. Darragh are willing to give him up, since I must live at Llanmere; so our wedding takes place the following autumn, in the old house at Wyncote—I prefer it so.

But, as the years roll on, Paul is something more than my steward—he has won name and position for himself. But he still feels longings after America, the land of his adoption—and so do I. Mamma is quite content; she has, in her old-age, what was denied her in her youth, and she has never married again.

I am an elderly woman now and very happy, yet I shall never forget the experience I went through WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN.

FLORAL FAREWELL.

BY LYNN HAMILTON.

MAY I wreathe thee a garland of pansies
For thoughts of the pleasant past,
With ivy-vine clinging, its tendrils
Suggesting that friendship will last?

Let buttercup's emblem surround thee,
As with daisies we bid thee farewell;
And oats, with their music, embrace thee;
The crocus of cheerfulness tell;

While the friends that thou leavest behind thee,
As with sweet-pea thou goest away,
Will wear, for thee, true arbor-vitæ
Entwined with forget-me-not's spray.

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THE MESSAGE THAT CAME.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

HE was clad in a gown of palest lavender silk, cut square, but not too low, over a faultless bust. A bunch of rich crimson roses, mingling with the delicate lace on her bosom, was the only relief to the flowing lavender draperies.

Although not really beautiful, she was a magnificent woman; with a slow soft grace of movement, and a tender dreaming look in her splendid dark eyes, that carried one away to the Orient.

She was leaning back in a great crimson chair, her white hands idly folded in her lap, when the door opened. And so young West Carven saw her for the first time, as he followed her husband into the room.

"Carmen," said Mr. Linholme—and the many lines of care that years of active business life had brought to his brow did not clear away as he looked at the beautiful languid figure—"this is my new secretary—Mr. Carven. As I am very busy in an affair in which he cannot yet assist, will you kindly entertain him until dinner?"

Her husband perceived the utter boredom with which she acceded to the request; but West Carven saw only two dreamy dark eyes smiling up into his, and felt in his clasp a hand so soft and white it was unlike any other he had ever seen.

"How young and shy he is," she thought, wearily, as her husband left them alone. "What shall I say to him?"

Had he been a man of the world, she would have felt at no loss for conversation. But she instantly recognized that in spite of his youth he was not one to talk society nonsense. "He is as handsome as a young Apollo," she thought, with an amused smile; "strong as an athlete, too, and, when he has acquired more ease and self-possession, what a splendid specimen of manhood he will be."

Then she grew weary of thinking of him, and wondered again what she should say.

"I'm sure I don't know how to amuse you," she said, smiling vaguely and speaking as one might to a child. "One feels so languid, these summer days, it is almost impossible to talk. Now, if you liked music—" she added, doubtfully, looking full into his eyes.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, coldly, for he already perceived that she was bored. "Whatever will weary you least. Shall I—" he hesitated, with a glance at the piano.

"Oh, no," she said, almost with emphasis. "That would be worse than talking. No, bring my guitar—or, stay! the banjo! My latest whim!" she added, looking up with laughing beautiful eyes, as he gave her the costly trifle ornamented with long loops of crimson and lavender ribbons.

She leaned forward a little, in an attitude that more fully revealed the graceful outlines of her perfect figure. The room was darkened, but one soft ray of light brightened her warm brown hair, and lay wavering across her white forehead.

She was not beautiful, he thought, and yet she possessed an indefinable charm more potent than the spell of mere beauty.

Glancing slowly toward him, she caught an expression in his eyes, of keen admiration mingled with strong disapproval. Slowly, an amused half-scornful smile dawned on her lips.

He saw it, and, for a moment, hated her.

"Shall I sing?" she asked, without looking up.

"If you feel inclined," he replied, with cold emphasis. "Do not weary yourself too utterly in an attempt to entertain me."

She laughed again softly.

"You mean"—looking at him with amused eyes—"that, even if I were to try, I could not entertain you! Thanks."

Then she began to sing—a soft Eastern song, which soon carried him away to another world. There rose before him a vision of Cleopatra, lying luxuriously back among purple cushions, as her barge drifted slowly, to the rhythm of liquid music, down the rippling Nile.

He had seen, somewhere, such a picture of the Egyptian sorceress, and this woman reminded him irresistibly of it, until a glance at the cold purity of her expression dispelled the illusion.

The entrance of Mr. Linholme roused him from his dream. Mrs. Linholme ceased singing, and, laying aside her banjo, leaned listlessly back in her chair. Her husband approached and handed her a bunch of purple grapes.

"Some extra fine ones, Carmen," he said,

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diffidently. "I thought you might care for them."

"Thanks," she returned, indifferently, and laid the fruit on a table near her.

Mr. Linholme looked vexed, and his young secretary regarded the queenly woman with disapproval.

Presently dinner was announced. The meal passed off agreeably, thanks to Mr. Linholme's efforts, for the hostess talked but little, and her manner never lost its languid indifference.

After the gentlemen had sat awhile over their wine, Mr. Linholme pleaded an engagement.

"Make yourself at home," he said, cordially. "You will find the garden delightful, this warm evening, and the whole house is at your service. I am afraid, though," he added, reluctantly, "that my wife does not feel disposed to make herself agreeable, this lazy weather."

"Agreeable, indeed!" thought West Carven, with a grim smile, as he descended into the fragrant dusky garden. "How I wearied her, to be sure; yes, and how I amused her, too. She saw that I disapproved, and it diverted her immensely. Why? I wonder. Only because I am young and lack the polish of refined society? Or because I am her husband's secretary? Yet she herself cannot be of better family than I. She ought to understand that Mr. Linholme would not have me in his home, were it otherwise."

So he smoked and strolled among the scented parterres—thinking, against his will, of this bewildering woman, and disapproving of her more and more as the moments slipped by.

The next morning, Carmen Linholme said to her husband, in a tone devoid either of irritation or curiosity:

"Whatever possessed you to bring that boy into the house? He is well enough in the office—but in the house!"

"He is the son of an old friend—" began Mr. Linholme, half apologetically.

But she interrupted him with a provoking little laugh.

"How romantic—original—what you will! But, really, pardon me—how unlike you. And so I am expected to entertain him?"

"Is he so disagreeable? Did he bore you greatly?"

"Unbearably! He has a way of looking such unutterable things, and he so visibly disapproves of me," she replied.

A month slipped by. West Carven found little time to think of the peculiarities of his employer's wife. He saw her only at dinner, for she breakfasted in her own room and he lunched down-town; and, at dinner, she was always the same—perfectly dressed, charming, but politely bored or languidly amused; invariably more bored, however, by her husband than by any other man, and more coldly indifferent to him than to anyone else. He was plainly afraid of her, West thought, with secret contempt for him and open animosity toward her. She openly declared her abhorrence of women.

"But one must have them sometimes," she once said to Carven, with a shrug of her perfect shoulders, "or one would be called unnatural. Do you like women?"

"Very much!" he answered, indignantly, his thoughts involuntarily going back to his little country cousin, who had always been his ideal of all that was good and pure in her sex. And yet, somehow, he had not thought so often of her lately as he used.

"And what kind of woman do you like best?" Carmen asked, almost with interest.

"I have a cousin," he said, looking at her with unseeing eyes, "who is, I think, the most perfect woman on earth."

"You have not known many women!"

"No, not many." He did not even hear the scorn in her voice.

"What is she like?"

"Like a violet," he answered, as though speaking to himself. "She has never been away from our valley-home. She loves the blue sky and the green hills and the spring flowers. She superintends the house and takes care of my old mother. She is always happy and content."

"Like me?"

"Like you?" he repeated, with a start, for the question had brought him back to the present. "Oh, no"—there was an unconscious thankfulness in his voice—"not like you; not in the least!"

She looked at him a moment in silence, a faint pink coming slowly into her cheeks.

"How old are you?" she asked, presently, in her very softest tone.

"Twentythree," he replied, with evident surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," she said, sweetly, but with a scornful wave of dismissal, "though you are only a year older than I—though you are but a boy in years—yet you are the very oldest man I ever knew."

Sometimes, on the street, he saw her low open carriage pass, and caught a glimpse of her, always elegantly dressed, but always wearing that look of weary boredom; though, at sight of him, there flashed across her face that transient smile of amusement which he so hated.

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He heard men talk of her, invariably with respect and admiration. Never a word against her fair name. Indeed, one look at her cold face would have given the lie to any gossip. Yet, while he listened, there was a shrinking dread lest some unfavorable criticism should be uttered. Without being conscious of it, he desired to be the only man who disapproved of her.

Why she did not care for so kind and indulgent a husband was always a source of conjecture to him. That she should have sold herself for money was a reflection so repulsive that, though it knocked a dozen times a day, he would not give it admission to his mind. With all his soul, he pitied the man whose wife she was, even while despising him for his passive acceptance of her scorn.

West Carven had been in the Linholme household three months. One November morning, he was standing by a window in the library, looking out across the frost-touched garden. The door opened, and Mrs. Linholme came in and threw herself, with her usual air of weariness, into a chair. The curtains hid him from view, and, before he could think of anything sensible to say, to call her attention to his presence, the door again opened, and a kindly-looking woman entered. Mrs. Linholme sprang up, with a little cry, and, in another instant, seemed to be sobbing out her heart in the old lady's arms.

But it was the cry of uncontrollable sorrow which the latter gave, that most startled West Carven.

"Oh, Carmen!" she cried. "Oh, my baby! my little girl! Is this the way he has kept his promise? He has broken your heart! I know by the look on your face. There was the same look on your mother's face before she died."

Shocked and troubled at what he had unintentionally heard, West flung aside the curtains and stepped into the room. Both women started violently, and, as Mrs. Linholme looked at him, her face flushed crimson and her eyes drowned in tears, he for the first time acknowledged that she was beautiful.

"This is unfortunate, Mr. Carven," she said, in a cold tone, and, he fancied, with sadness. "I am never alone in my own home."

"You are unjust," he returned, with equal coldness. "You had but just entered the room, and I was trying to let you know I was here without startling you; but I was too late."

"Oh, I am unjust, am I?" she said, with her old scornful smile, and withdrew from her companion's arms. "Well, and why should I not be? Have you not been unjust to me from the first? Have you not misjudged me always and thought me worse than I am?"

She made an impatient motion toward the door, and, bowing slightly, he left the room. But all day her face, wet and beautiful yet inexpressibly sad, was before his eyes, and in his ears sounded the old woman's words.

When he descended the stairs, that evening, a few minutes before the dinner-hour, he saw Mrs. Linholme in the hall, standing before a great vase of flowers.

She turned as he approached, and he saw that she was very white and that her hands were trembling violently.

"I must ask a favor—of you," she said, in an agitated voice. "And, knowing so well that you do not like me, I—I am afraid it will be of no use."

He waited in silence for her to finish.

"Do not mention what you saw, this afternoon, to—to anyone."

Her eyes fell beneath his stern gaze and she shivered a little, for she felt that he despised her.

"Do not be alarmed," he replied, at last, in a cold tone. "Your secret is safe."

He was only her husband's secretary; only a boy from the country—shy and young and often ill at ease. He had lived all his life in the quiet valley among the hills where he was born, knowing only the beauty of the skies, the fragrance of the wild-flowers, and the wisdom of the old men and women. Yet she felt that he was immeasurably above her, and her spirit writhed beneath his scorn.

There was a dull-red color in her cheeks, as she passed into the drawing-room, and in her heart a more bitter feeling than usual against him.

That he should dare to despise her so openly! That was what hurt her. Hitherto, he had only amused her; she had laughed at him always and had wearied of him often, but had been angry at him never.

And now she was bitterly angry: she, who was so seldom moved to any intense feeling, to be angry at him!

She almost wished that he might learn the truth; but she had no premonition of the way in which the knowledge was to come to him.

"I wish," said Mr. Linholme to his secretary, the following day, "you would accompany my wife, on horseback, every afternoon. She has a new horse—a very devil for spirit and go—and I cannot prevent her riding him; but I will not allow her to go alone."

"If you will allow me to attend to your

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duties," said West, hesitatingly, "you might accompany her yourself. I am sure she would prefer it."

There was but the slightest emphasis on the personal pronoun, yet he fancied that Mr. Linholme looked at him with something like suspicion.

An odd choking sensation came into West's throat, and his eyes fell guiltily. For the first time, he realized that every fibre in his being was tingling with the desire to be with her—to go anywhere, everywhere, so long as she was with him—that he might cut her to the soul with his relentless scorn and his unbearable contempt.

"I cannot go to-day, at all events," said Mr. Linholme, after a moment's hesitation. "And you will oblige me by being her escort. And another thing," he turned aside, with a rather confused manner: "I desire your promise that you will not allow her to take the river-road to-day—it would be dangerous until she gets used to the horse."

An hour later, Carmen came down, clad in her perfectly-fitting black habit—in which, West thought, she always looked more severe and unapproachable than in any other dress.

"Mr. Carven will accompany you," said Mr. Linholme, as he assisted her to mount. "And I must request you not to ride that horse along the river-road to-day."

She was silent as she settled herself in the saddle and gathered up the reins.

"Thanks for your solicitude," she said, sweetly, but with such unmistakable amusement and scorn in her voice and face that West felt that, had he been in her husband's place, he would have killed her sooner than submit to such insult; "but I should not have dared to take that road with Zephyr. I fancy the one through the meadows is much safer for a wicked horse."

With a sigh of relief, Mr. Linholme turned away. West was deeply touched by his evident anxiety, but she only looked a trifle more amused as they rode off.

For a while, she held her horse in; but he pulled so hard at the bit, rearing and plunging madly when she struck him, that her patience soon became exhausted.

"I'm going to let him out!" she called, over her shoulder, and was off like the wind. West dashed after her, but she was soon out of sight. Rounding a curve, he found that she had turned along the river-road, and he feared that she had been unable to master her horse. White as death, he spurred on; but he saw that he could not overtake her, and a terrible fear that her horse was running away took possession of him.

But suddenly, when they had gone perhaps a mile, she checked her mad speed, until the horse at last fell into an easy canter.

"I wished to come by the river-road," she said, smiling, flushed and radiant, in Carven's agitated face, as he joined her. "I feared you might try to persuade me out of it, and I feel too languid to argue with you to-day. But, now that you see I can manage the horse, you will let me have my own way."

"As if I could prevent it!"

She glanced at him, for there was something in his tone she did not quite understand. But he lost the look, for, at that moment, turning rapidly into their road from a side avenue, came a low luxurious carriage, lined with pale-blue velvet and drawn by two magnificent cream horses. Lying indolently back among the cushions, was a wonderfully beautiful woman, with large eyes as blue and clear as a winter sky, and a great quantity of pale-golden hair.

Seated beside her was Mr. Linholme.

As they dashed past, he saw the equestrians, and his face grew white; his lips parted, as though an oath had escaped them; a triumphant glance flashed from the woman's eyes; and then the carriage sped on down the hard road.

Speechless with rage, and half stunned by the contending emotions that shook his being as the whole truth rushed thus upon him, West Carven could only cast a startled glance on his companion. Had she seen?

Her horse was still cantering lightly under her firm yet gentle hold, and her beautiful form swayed as naturally and gracefully as ever in the saddle; but her face, turned away toward the shining river, was pale, and her lips were set as though they could never again part.

While he still looked at her in a sort of awful admiration of her self-control, she turned her face slowly toward him. In her eyes was the dumb reproach of a dog that has been struck down when he did not deserve it.

"Do not think"—she spoke slowly and with difficulty—"that I care, in the way most women would. What little affection I ever bore him—and God knows it was little enough at any time—perished in the hour that I first found out the truth. Since then, he has had no wife; for he has seemed to me a monster more horrible than he in reality is, because, to the whole world, he appears so good and kind. Women envy me a husband who is still a lover; while in reality every gift and attention he showers on me is an insult to my womanhood. Why I should tell you this—you, who, of all men, have scorned and openly shown your contempt of me—I cannot

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explain, even to my own heart. But I fancy it is because I have been so misjudged by you from the moment we met. I remember"—the ghost of her old amused smile flickered a moment on her pale lips—"how you looked that first day, when I threw aside the grapes he gave me! Did I not know that, however fine they were, still finer ones had gone to her? Look at her horses and her carriage! Have I any as fine as they? Have I such jewels? such dresses? Not that I care for that!"—she broke off scornfully—"I would throw them aside, as I did his grapes. Long ago I would have gone back to poverty and obscurity, but that he begged me, on his knees, to stay with him, and save his name before the world. Picture me"—she cried, with a passionate gesture—"granting pardon to such a man for such a sin!"

He was silent. What could he say that would not wound her more deeply? How could he have misjudged her so cruelly?

His heart ached for her bitter humiliation; yet, even in that hour, he felt that she was above anything like pity.

He had censured her for being cold and indifferent, and now he thanked God in his inmost soul that she was not like other women. He did not pause to analyze his own feelings nor to marvel at the sudden glad thankfulness in his heart; but he was conscious that through and above every other feeling throbbed a deep sweet tenderness for the woman he had wronged.

As he remained silent, she spoke again.

"You judged me more harshly than ever," she said, "when, last night, I asked you to keep that little scene from my husband. That old lady was my aunt, the only person on earth who really loves me. I was living with her, and we were very poor, when, one day, he met me, and, for a time, fancied himself in love. He persuaded auntie that he could make me happy; and, as I had always done as she desired, I married him. He gave her enough to keep her in comfort, but forbade me ever to see her. That day was the first time we disobeyed him. I only tell you because you made me feel, last night, that I had fallen so low—to deceive my husband."

She gathered up her reins, and her horse bounded into a swifter gait; and thus, neither speaking, they rode on and on over the hard sand by the shining river.

When they had gone several miles, she reined-in her horse by a little stile.

"Let us go into the fields," she said, simply. And he sprang down and assisted her to dismount.

He looked at her dumbly, as he walked beside her over the dying grass. Faded leaves lay in the path, and she touched them gently now and then with her whip. The lines about her mouth looked less severe than usual, he thought; but, when she spoke, it was in her old weary scornful tone.

They went back to the stile, and he took her hand to help her over. She had removed her glove, and, at the touch of her bare cool palm, all the passion he had so long repressed by his iron will rushed through him and shook his strong young frame.

She glanced up; neither spoke; but slowly into her eyes crept the tender consciousness that he longed yet feared to see. One moment only they stood thus—looked into each other's soul and read the truth written there; then she slowly withdrew her hand, and, with an effort, spoke.

"It is growing late," she said. "We will have to ride fast."

The words were simple, and they were simply uttered; they froze the fire in the young man's veins and checked the mad words on his lips. In silence, he assisted her to mount, and leaped into his own saddle.

They rode swiftly; but, each time that he looked at her, he saw on her face a wavering color that had never been there before, and in her eyes the sweet consciousness of a new and tender happiness.

It was dusk when they reached home. After she had dismounted, she paused, leaving her hand in his clasp.

"Though I know now," she said, sweetly and solemnly, "that I could be happier than I have ever been before, if I might keep you near me, yet—I send you back to your cousin."

"To my cousin?"

"Yes; to the girl who is 'like a violet' and who 'loves only the green fields and the blue skies.'"

"Oh, forgive me!" he said, with agitation. "I did not then know you. Do not send me away."

"I must," she answered, very softly.

Her voice was unsteady, and her hand trembled as she withdrew it. Without another word, he let her go. And morning found him in the peaceful valley where his mother dwelt.

Bitter indeed was his home-coming. A month ago, he might have been content to wed his cousin and to settle down to till the soil all his days, as his father and grandfather had done before him. But now, when his cousin ran out, bareheaded and red-armed, to feed the chickens

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from her wide apron, there rose unbidden in his mind the vision of a tall fair woman with a majestic form and an arm white and beautiful as snow.

Always, when he thought of her—and what hour was she absent from his mind?—there passed through his whole being the sweet passionate thrill he had known when her hand first touched his.

In the long winter evenings, while his mother dozed over her knitting and his cousin sat stiff and uncomfortable in her high-backed chair, eternally crocheting, he thought of "her" lying back among her crimson cushions, with idle hands and slow cold smile. And sometimes the desire to see her, to be near her, again, sprang up within him so strong and unconquerable that he would rise abruptly and go striding for hours through the snow and wind of the winter night.

One day, he heard that her husband was dead. For a time, he felt some little remorse—which was soon succeeded, however, by a great and joyful thankfulness.

"She sent me from her," he said, always, as he went about his homely duties, "and I will wait until she sends for me."

But winter and spring passed away, and summer followed with its golden harvests, and still he did not go. Not one word came from the silence of the outer world, and without it he would not go. She had laughed at him always and called him a boy; but he would show her that he had a man's pride.

But, when winter returned and the nights grew long and lonely, then for the first time a doubt of her crept into his heart, and lay there, heavy as lead, for many days. His cousin had laughed at him, and even his simple old mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and told him that there was no faith in women.

So time went on, until more than a year had elapsed since the day that brought him the news of her freedom.

Then, one spring morning, when the world was bursting into new life and the little valley lay like a gem in the side of the mountain, a message came. It was very simple—but he understood.

"It has been a year," she said. "Is it that you did not know—or that you do not care to come?"

Then, without waiting, he went.

RETROSPECT.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

I LOOKED across the silent realm of days,
Whose golden beauty, fallen beneath the wood,
Rested sublime in twilight crimson haze
Amid the calm of evening solitude;

Save on the dim gray haunted air a chime
Of convent-bells, like crystal-dropping tears
Through shades remote of vast unending time,
Sends sweetest music down the distant years.

Sunlight and shadow, blended in a trance
Of ebbing clouds far in the beauteous west,
Half veiled their sombre folds in radiance
Until the world beyond had fallen to rest.

Thence, to the starry sphere of mysteries,
My spirit wings, above, its rapid flight
From peak to peak of blue hills' reveries
Through all the brilliant glory of the night.

Till, o'er the harp of life, a sad refrain
Echoes afar, divine in melody,
Mingled with faintest chords of joy and pain,
Through wondrous deeps of tender memory.

Within the twilight hour, I saw a star
Flash bright upon the rugged way beneath,
Through valleys, pale, in darkness float afar,
Then merge beyond the slender stretch of death.

"THE SOUL'S GROWTH."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THE soul that is growing must suffer,
Must bear its load of pain,
As the flower that waits its blooming
Must first bear the heavy rain.

The life that is chastened by sadness
Will be the perfect life,
And the purest hearts bear the hardest
Of earthly toil and strife.

The weariest ones are the gladdest
When the journey is nearly done,
And the grandest work is finished
By those who walk alone.

To eyes that have wept in darkness,
The light will the clearest be,
And those who have least on earth
Will long most for eternity.

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WITHIN A YEAR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Mrs. Deverst found herself, one fine spring morning, in a mood so cheerful, not to say elated, that, after searching vainly for any cause of the change from her ordinarily depressed spirits, she began to feel quite alarmed.

"It's not the new mixture affecting me already, for I forgot to take it last night," she thought, glancing at an unopened bottle on the table; "and, if it's not that, it isn't anything. It's always a sign something is going to happen, when one feels so excited without rhyme or reason! Oh, dear me! I should think I'd had my share of trouble, and might be allowed a little peace."

She shook her head and sighed dolefully, and, in order to try and rid herself of this unaccustomed sensation of cheerfulness, commenced recalling certain other moods of a similar nature—they visited her so rarely, she had no difficulty in remembering the exact dates—and to reflect that each in turn had been a warning of trouble in store. Why, the very last time she had felt like this, hadn't Tom—the chief pride of her widowed heart—dealt her a dreadful blow by coming to tell her abruptly that he had engaged himself to Katie Henderson, a girl of barely seventeen, without a penny to bless herself with. This lack would not have influenced Mrs. Deverst—though she endeavored to think it of consequence—had the pair not been so young. Katie's cross old grandmother was furious on her side, and the elders generally had sat upon the lovers and ordered them to consider their engagement at an end—for the present, anyway.

This had happened three months ago, and Mrs. Deverst tried to believe that she had not since been visited by so much as a gleam of cheerfulness, only she was so devoted to Tom and so fond of pretty winning Katie that sometimes it had required an effort to resist the wiles of the youthful pair and keep as fast a hold of her melancholy as she ought.

And now here this much-to-be-feared elation of spirits greeted her waking this morning—it meant evil, she knew it did—and she tried to cry; but, ready as her tears generally were, she could not summon a salt drop, could not in the slightest repress this feeling of lightness which exasperated her as sorely as an attack of dyspepsia would most people. She could not even bring herself to put on her ordinary sombre black garb; positively against her will, she took out of a wardrobe a pretty new dress which Katie and Tom had persuaded her to buy, and put it on, sighing dolefully the while, though, for the life of her, she could not keep from smiling at her own reflection in the mirror; for the soft gray gown, with its frills of delicate lace, made her look five years younger than usual.

All the same, she turned away from the glass with a shake of the head. She knew she ought not to be pleased to see herself looking so well, but she could not help it any more than she could subdue her cheerfulness.

She went downstairs and entered the breakfast-room; but it was evident that all her efforts to seem properly depressed had not succeeded, for, the moment she appeared, her sister Thomasina glanced up from behind the tea-urn, and, without waiting to offer any matutinal greeting, called in tones of pleased astonishment:

"Why, Marian, how bright you look!"

Mrs. Deverst felt as injured as your invalid aunt does when you cruelly insinuate that there is no doubt her health is improving.

"Bright?" the little woman echoed. "Really, Thomasina, you have the oddest way of expressing yourself. One would suppose I was a teaspoon!"

Thomasina burst into a hearty laugh—she was an energetic, rather strong-minded spinster who did everything heartily—and little Jenny laughed too, and even Mary, the waitress.

"A whole set of brand-new silver teaspoons couldn't look brighter!" cried Thomasina. "I don't know what it is—it may be your dress—"

"Oh, dress!" interrupted Mrs. Deverst, as reproachfully as she could manage. "Thomasina, I wonder at you!"

"Well, I don't know why," returned the old maid, chuckling—for she perfectly understood her sister's state of mind: "unless it is that I look bright also. Jenny, why didn't you tell me I did?"

"You are so funny, auntie!" giggled Jenny.

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"Jenny," said her mother, with a gasp, "when you grow older, you will learn—"

"Tea or coffee, Marian?" broke in Miss Thomasina.

"Tea, of course," Mrs. Deverst replied, in a melancholy voice. "You'll learn, Jenny—"

"Have a muffin, Marian, while they're hot!" cried Thomasina.

"Dry toast for me," said Mrs. Deverst.

"Give your mamma a nice buttered muffin, Jenny," ordered Miss Thomasina.

And Mrs. Deverst, leaving the counsels she had meant to bestow on her daughter as to the duty of regarding life from a gloomy point of view, asked mournfully:

"Isn't Tom down? He'll lose his situation yet, just through that habit—"

Again she was interrupted; this time by the sudden opening of the door and the tumultuous entrance of a tall, well-built, handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty—who, in less than ten seconds, managed to kiss his mother and aunt, pinch his sister, nearly upset the coffee-pot, and then, without a word, began a sort of Pawnee war-dance expressive of delight.

"I declare, Tom, I should think you were crazy!" exclaimed the widow.

"It's your fault," said Tom, hugging her. "Why, what ails you, this morning, little mamsey? You look so—so bright—"

"Bravo! hurrah!" shouted Miss Thomasina. "I said so, and she nearly bit my nose off."

"Well, Tommy," returned the young man, "I've often told you it was just an inch and a half too long."

"Oh, what a noise you all make!" sighed Mrs. Deverst. "And, Tom—why on earth have you put on your new suit to go down to the office? Anyway, you won't have an office to go to long, if you are so indolent. Mr. Seymour isn't a man to endure—"

"Coffee, Tom?" called Thomasina.

"Please," said Tom. "New suit, mamsey? Why, of course! Same reason you've made such a duck of yourself, in your stunning bib and tucker—the picnic, to be sure!"

"I'd forgotten all about it," quavered Mrs. Deverst. "Picnic, indeed!"

"She groans as if it were a funeral and she expected to be called on to play the part of corpse!" cried Thomasina. And then there was another burst of laughter, in which Mrs. Deverst found herself joining, and, in order to hide it, ate the first thing she saw on her plate, which chanced to be the tempting muffin she had meant to mortify the flesh by rejecting.

"Nobody ever got through a picnic without an accident—and the spiders always drop into the chicken-salad!" exclaimed Mrs. Deverst, so confused to discover she had eaten the muffin and enjoyed it that she did not know what she was saying. "Anyway, Tom, I am sure Mr. Seymour won't approve of your wasting your time in this fashion; picnics every day—"

"Why, mamma—we haven't had one since last year!" broke in Jenny.

"And what do you mean, mamsey?" cried Tom. "When it's Seymour giving it, like the trump he is, to celebrate his birthday!"

"Ah, I'd forgotten," moaned Mrs. Deverst. "I've other things to think of than idle amusements. Just remember, Jenny, what Mr. Locke said, last Sunday, in his sermon about life being a pilgrimage through a vale."

"And, to-day, his pilgrimage will lead to the picnic," said Thomasina. "Locke is a sensible fellow, and always takes a little pleasure when he can get it."

Mrs. Deverst gave her sister a reproachful glance; but that hardened creature nodded in return, and laughed so gayly that she set Tom and Jenny off again, and their mother was obliged to join in the merriment. They all talked pleasantly for some time, till suddenly the widow recollected that, so far from carrying out her intention of subduing her cheerful spirits, she was allowing her reckless children and their obstinate aunt to while her into increased exhilaration till she appeared as thoughtless and frivolous as themselves. She drew down the corners of her mouth again—it was an exceedingly pretty mouth, and much better suited to smiles than melancholy, in spite of her years of efforts to smooth out its dimples—and snatched desperately at the first topic fraught with suggestions of possible dolefulness which would be caught.

"It is very strange we don't hear from Minnie," she said, setting down her tea-cup and looking about with an air of apprehension. "No letter since Tuesday—none came this morning. I only hope she is not ill."

"Well, as she never was in her life, she's not likely to choose this lovely weather for making a beginning," said Thomasina.

"As if such weather—it's too warm, very unseasonable—were not exactly the sort to cause fevers!" cried Mrs. Deverst.

"The post isn't in yet, mamsey," added Tom.

"There will be no letter," returned Mrs. Deverst, leaning back in her chair with a kind of despairing resignation; "I am perfectly certain there will be none."

"Then that will give us the pleasure of an

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anticipation for to-morrow," rejoined the provoking Thomasina.

Mrs. Deverst suddenly deserted resignation for nervous anxiety; she sat upright and called:

"Ring the bell, Tom; I decline to sit here and not know what dreadful thing may have happened. Write a telegram at once and send to Minnie—no, to Mrs. Marsh. If my child is ill and she has kept me in ignorance, she's a wicked, wicked woman—and I'll tell her so!"

"You can put it in the telegram—in that way she will learn your opinion all the sooner," said Thomasina. "Tom, didn't you hear your mother order you to ring the bell?"

"Order?" cried Mrs. Deverst. "As if I were in the habit of driving my children about! I declare, Thomasina, sometimes you are positively cruel."

"I'm rather an adamantine old fossil at my best—you see, you usurped all the sensibilities of the family," replied her sister, laughing good-humoredly. "Did you ring, Tom?"

"I did," Tom answered, keeping his back toward the table, lest his mother should be hurt by the sight of his irrepressible laughter.

"Here comes Mary," said Jenny, as the door opened.

"Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Deverst.

"Bring some hot muffins," cut in Thomasina.

"Yes'm," said Mary. "Here's the letters, please."

Thomasina pounced on the package and began looking it over.

"I know there's bad news from Minnie!" moaned Mrs. Deverst.

"Whatever it may be, she has written about it to you," said Thomasina, tossing a letter across the table.

"I am actually afraid to open the envelope!" exclaimed Mrs. Deverst.

The others sat silent; Tom and his aunt exchanging a quick smile of amusement. Suddenly Mrs. Deverst exclaimed in pleased excitement:

"She's coming home to-day!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom, while Jenny clapped her hands in delight.

"Hush, children," said Miss Thomasina; "I want to hear! Then Minnie has only broken her arm—or is it both arms, Marian?"

"Her arm? Both? What on earth do you mean?" cried Mrs. Deverst.

"Why, it can't be her legs, or she wouldn't be able to travel—so it must be her arms—or maybe it's miliary fever," returned Thomasina, leaning back in her chair with so successful a caricature of the resigned attitude her sister often assumed that no mortal could have helped laughing. "Never mind, Marian," she went on; "better luck next time! Anyway, you know, there's always the chance that the train may run off the track or blow up something! Tom, you'd better be at the station with a large clothes-basket; it is very possible we shall get poor dear Minnie home in pieces."

"I'll be on the spot, like an affectionate relative!" cried Tom.

"It really isn't right to joke about such things!" said Mrs. Deverst, as soon as she could speak. She was about, from sheer force of habit, to resume her resigned attitude, but, perceiving that Thomasina still usurped it, she hastily relinquished the idea, but not so speedily as to prevent her sister's sharp eyes noticing.

"But I don't wish to joke," said Thomasina; "you have at last infected me with your apprehensive spirit. Ah, if my mother had been a careful woman, she'd have had me vaccinated for it. Don't laugh, Tom; show respect for your elders; I wish, Marian, you wouldn't encourage him by giggling like a school-girl! Joke, indeed! I tell you I'm sure there will an accident happen to the train—oh, oh! what was that? Bless me, only the cat—drive her off the table, Tom! I thought it was the engine smashing—it's a hundred miles away at present, to be sure—but, when one develops a gift for presentiments and second sight, distance doesn't count."

"Oh, Thomasina, if you'll stop teasing, I will promise not to be doleful for a whole week. If I am, I'll pay a fine!" cried Mrs. Deverst.

"That's a bargain," said Miss Floyd, hugely delighted at the success of this new plan of hers for curing Marian of her one troublesome weakness, and wondering that the idea had never before occurred to her. "And now what does Minnie say? She's not like Dickens's Mr. Squeers—her broken leg does not prevent her holding a pen."

The two young people shouted.

"There you go again!" observed Mrs. Deverst, with unimpaired good-nature. "If you don't keep your part of the contract, I won't mine!"

"All right—I'll not trip again! Tell me about Minnie."

"Mrs. Marsh is coming with her—"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" interrupted Jenny. "I do hope she won't forget the Persian kitten she said I should have."

"You little Egyptian monster, don't be selfish!" cried Tom. "It's not likely she will encumber herself with kittens, but, if she has any conscience at all, she'll not omit to bring that copy

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of Ruskin's works she wrote of having found among her possessions and destined for her admirable god-son."

"You are dogmatic enough without reading Ruskin, you wretch!" said his aunt. "Well, I shall be glad to see Annie Marsh, but what's caused this sudden change of mind? She wrote only last week that she couldn't possibly leave home before September."

"That's the reason she's coming now—she's not a woman for nothing!" cut in Tom, dodging with a dexterity that only long practice could have given, to avoid an assault his aunt made on his nose with the sugar-tongs before he had completed his impertinent remark.

While this skirmishing, in which Jenny joined, assisting first one combatant, then the other, with an impartiality worthy of any modern Power who has promised strict neutrality, was in tumultuous progress, Mrs. Deverst went back to her letter, which she had only half read, too much accustomed to such noisy conflicts between the children and their aunt to be in the slightest degree disturbed thereby. Just as the foes had agreed upon a truce and were exchanging private telegraphic signals which signified a mutual desire to assault the reckless Jenny as a punishment for her treachery, Mrs. Deverst called out in a tone of disappointment:

"Oh, Annie Marsh isn't coming here, after all."

"Not coming?" cried Miss Thomasina. "What does the woman mean by saying, on one page, that she is, and contradicting herself on the next?"

"Oh, she's coming—but not here—now, it's all nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Deverst, incoherently, deep in her epistle again.

"You make it nonsense!" retorted Thomasina. "Give me that letter this instant, Marian Deverst—my opinion is, you can't read. Either she's coming or she isn't—and I mean to know which."

"Oh, she's coming; they'll be here by the one-o'clock train," said Mrs. Deverst. "But she doesn't intend to stop with us—she says, on account of the children. Why, my goodness, there are three! I had no idea—"

"Stop this instant!" broke in Miss Thomasina. "I can bear a great deal—but to learn that Annie Marsh, after being a childless widow for ten years, has suddenly developed a large family is too much for my nerves, to say nothing of my morality."

"You absurd creature—they are his, of course."

"His? Whose? What abandoned stranger are you flinging into the bosom of your young family in this abrupt fashion?"

"Oh, you didn't listen. I read you, in the beginning, that it was on his account. Dear me! dear me!"

"Tom, take that letter—your mother is mad," the spinster commanded.

"Just read it aloud, Tom," said Mrs. Deverst, in a kind of placid confusion. "I hope it is not serious. After so many years, how strange it will seem to meet! How many years is it since we've seen him, Thomasina?"

A change, odd as it was sudden, passed over Miss Floyd's countenance; a look of eager expectation which held at once hope and pain flashed into her great brown eyes—her one real beauty. She began to pour fresh water into the tea-urn with a trembling hand, though the voice which answered her sister was steady enough:

"As I have not the least idea of whom you are speaking, Marian, I am unable to say."

Mrs. Deverst was too busy recalling dates to notice her sister's manner, but Tom cast a furtive glance in his aunt's direction, and, though having no clue whatever to the identity of this mysterious "he," quickly decided that his maiden relative had been guilty of a fib when she declared her ignorance of the person alluded to.

"Who is it you are talking about, mamsey?" Tom asked, wild with curiosity to discover, if possible, the cause of a show of excitement so extraordinary in the usually self-controlled spinster.

"Digby Thorne—Annie Marsh's brother," said Mrs. Deverst. "You must remember him. You used to see him often enough before he went off to Australia—goodness knows why."

"Of course I remember him—and a trump he was!" cried Tom. "He used to take me out riding, that summer I went to Mrs. Marsh's. I recollect seeing him here, too; but I had forgotten he was married."

"Oh, long ago; been a widower for two years," replied Mrs. Deverst. "Poor fellow—it is very sad."

"To be a widower with three children? I should say so!" cried Tom. "Leave out the brats, and the position might not be so bad."

By this time, Miss Thomasina was her ordinary composed self; a little too upright and rigid for her composure to have appeared quite natural, had anybody looked at her; but Tom and his mother were talking, and Tom had taken the letter and was reading disconnected

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sentences aloud and his mother indulging in incoherent remarks. At last, little Jenny, who had been listening with all her ears, cried breathlessly:

"I can't understand a word you mean. Is it Mrs. Marsh that is ill, or the gentleman, or the children? And why are they coming or not coming? Can you make out, aunty?"

"No," Miss Thomasina replied. "Perhaps, when Tom has quite finished muttering and nodding like a Chinese mandarin, he will condescend to tell us what it all means."

"I'll read the letter," said Tom.

"I am glad that your great mind has at length hit on so simple an expedient," retorted Miss Thomasina.

Tom gave her another quick wondering glance; but this time his aunt caught it, and her brown eyes flashed back so strangely that he thought her vexed, and began a recitation of his sister's letter as quickly as was consistent with intelligibility, while Miss Thomasina listened in complete silence to the epistle.

About a week previous, Minnie and Mrs. Marsh had been astonished by Mr. Thorne's appearance at the house; he had come from Australia without giving notice of his intention; had left his offspring to visit their maternal grandmother and hastened to spend a few days with his sister. He had gone now in search of his children—two of them had been ill; the doctors recommended sea-air for the approaching summer, Minnie wrote. Mamma and Aunt Thomasina were to look out for a dwelling in their neighborhood, and she and Mrs. Marsh were coming on at once, and Mrs. Marsh would remain till her brother and his flock arrived and then go and stop for a fortnight with him before returning home. Minnie added that Mr. Thorne was very charming—very handsome, too—and looked wonderfully young: it seemed impossible that he could be almost forty.

"He is, though," observed Mrs. Deverst.

"And I hope Minnie won't get any nonsensical ideas into her head: girls are such geese," cried Tom.

"Bless me, Tom—and he old enough to be her father!" exclaimed Mrs. Deverst, in dismay.

"Oh, girls like 'em so," returned Tom, contemptuously. "And she talks about his looking sad and—"

"Don't be any sillier than you can help, Tom dear," interrupted Miss Thomasina, so gayly that again her nephew looked at her.

And now he wondered if his idea that she had been agitated or vexed was just his fancy; certainly she showed no trace of either emotion at present.

"Marian, Laurel Cottage is to let; it will answer perfectly," continued Miss Thomasina. "You and Tom might walk down now and see the agent—take Jenny too. I've a lot of things to do before we start on this blessed picnic, and shall be glad to get rid of all of you."

There was no dissenting voice; in most things, great or small, the family was in the habit of yielding implicit obedience to Miss Floyd—not that she was in the least despotic, but Mrs. Deverst liked to have everything managed for her and always leaned on her younger sister; and the children, having a faith in their aunt's talents equaled only by their love for her, had never dreamed of opposing the sway which she would have gladly resigned, as its responsibilities sometimes gave her sensitive conscience a good deal of anxiety.

But Thomasina Floyd had never in her life shrunk from responsibility or duty, and, as she was now past four-and-thirty, she was not likely to begin, though, with all her activity and energy, her quick sensibilities, her marked opinions, she was very different from the ordinary type of such persons, and had never in the whole course of her existence been stern or hard except to one solitary individual—Thomasina Floyd, who had many, many times had good reason for complaint against the treatment she received, had she belonged to the complaining order.

"Get your bonnet on, mamsey, and we'll leave Tommy free to work her wicked will in the house," young Deverst said, rising. "As for you, Miss Jenny Wren, if you're not ready in exactly three minutes minus two seconds, you'll have the male head of this house to deal with, and, if you do, you'll not forget it in a hurry."

"Pooh! you're only a boy!" cried Jenny, with a precocious and truly feminine contempt; then she added, with her usual quickness: "Anyhow, your claim is an impertinence to mamsey. A thing with two heads is a monster, and she's the head of the family—"

"And you're the monster!" broke in her brother. "Be off with yourself, or I'll tie your head up in the cozy! But I say, Aunt Tom, how are we to manage? We start for the picnic at eleven—the pilgrims won't arrive till one—somebody must meet them at the station."

"Well, I'll wait," said his aunt.

"No, that won't answer! Mr. Seymour depends on you to be head and front—everything will go wrong if you are not there! As for me—good gracious, with young men of noble presence so scarce, what will the youthful damsels do if I am not early on the spot?"

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"I'll meet them—I shall be glad not to go so early," said Mrs. Deverst; "so long a day would be very fatiguing."

"All right," said Tom, "only mind you don't let Minnie waste all the afternoon be-feathering herself—you must be on the ground by two o'clock."

"Minnie never does—it's you!" cried Jenny, with more energy than perspicuity.

Then Tom assaulted her, then they both flew at their mother, and Miss Thomasina took advantage of the confusion to escape.

She did not, however, go to attend to any of the household matters which she had declared required her supervision; she went straight up to her own room, locked the door behind her, and remained for a long hour lost in deep thought. What roused her was a sudden consciousness that hot tears were trickling down her cheeks; she rose then as quickly as if some unseen person had touched a secret spring, and, approaching the mirror, she looked her reflection full in the face and said fiercely:

"You're a fool! You make other people believe you're a sensible woman, but you can't deceive me! Now, you let me have any more folly—at your age, miss—just look at your crow's-feet!—and I'll cut your hair off and paint your face black and send you to an asylum for sick insects. you—you old cat!"

And then Miss Thomasina went away to her other duties.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Deverst's house stood in the outskirts of a town on the New Jersey coast; a very quiet place indeed, except for a couple of months in the summer. Even during that season, the gayeties it had to offer would have seemed few to hackneyed pleasure-seekers, as it was frequented by a rather sober set of people.

The spot selected for the picnic was some three miles distant from the village, on a farm that Mr. Seymour owned, offering the attractions of a pine-wood, a lovely waterfall, and a steep bluff from whose summit there was a fine and extended view of the ocean and the curving shore.

Miss Thomasina was always the head and front of expeditions of this sort, or, indeed, of any plan which promised diversion to young people, a fact which her youthful friends fully recognized and repaid with an enthusiastic admiration, so that the spinster's influence over them was as great as in her own family circle, and she was the recipient of their important secrets in all cases, as she was the chosen confidante and counseler of most of their pastors and masters.

To-day Mr. Seymour himself came early, according to agreement, to drive Miss Floyd to the grounds, on the pretext that, unless she reached there before the guests arrived, everything would be sure to go wrong; though, in reality, the pleasure of an hour's tête à tête had been the reason for the gentleman's making the request. Mr. Seymour was a charming cultivated man, well on toward fifty, whose wife several years before had died and left him the care of a numerous flock, the members of which were now all grown up, most of the daughters married, and the sons established in the world for themselves. He and Miss Thomasina were close friends, though she had refused him at least six times, and he still regularly once a year persisted in asking if she had not changed her mind; but there never was any change, except in Mr. Seymour's tactics. When he first sought her hand, he had brought forward the plea that he wanted her help in the training of his family; now, he tried to induce her to take pity on his loneliness. But one plea proved as futile as the other, and, as he was too sensible to persecute her, their friendship remained the chief pleasure of his life—a much greater one, Miss Thomasina told herself, than their marriage could have afforded him, supposing she had ever been able to make up her mind thereto. In truth, she had never gone so far as even to contemplate the step, though most people seemed to think it would be a fitting and sensible consummation to the lives of the pair—the only dissenting voices, indeed, being those of Mrs. Deverst and her children, who regarded the widower with so much jealousy that only Thomasina's solemn assertions it was wasted enabled them to feel friendly and cordial toward their neighbor.

It was the middle of June now; people who owned or hired houses in the neighborhood had come to them, so that Mr. Seymour without difficulty counted up twentyfive or thirty persons for his picnic, and by one o'clock the pine-wood was brightened by a goodly array of showy costumes. pleasant faces, and the voices of children, and the need of amusing the small guests gave their elders an excuse for all sorts of undignified conduct.

Everybody noticed a change in Miss Thomasina; she was always lively—the person who, in common parlance, "kept things moving"; but to-day there was a certain restlessness and excitement in her gayety which discerning people pointed out to their neighbors, and gossips wondered if she had at last decided to take pity on Mr. Seymour's loneliness. There was something unusual in her appearance, too: she was always

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a personable woman—tall, well made, with a very sweet voice and smile and wonderful brown eyes; but to-day her brown eyes were positively lambent, and her usually pale cheeks had caught a tinge of vivid color that was exceedingly becoming. Tom noticed the indescribable alteration in his aunt at once, and, as soon as an opportunity offered, he remarked to her:

"Oh, I say—I don't know what you've been doing to yourself, but you're a regular picture; there isn't a girl here can hold a candle to you."

"I'll tell Katie Henderson," his aunt threatened.

"She just said so herself! Maybe it's the hat," pursued Tom, surveying her critically with his head on one side; "it's a regular stunner. But that wouldn't account for your eyes being so bright, and—why, your cheeks are a match for your ribbons!"

"Gosling!" cried Miss Thomasina, inelegantly. "My cheeks, indeed! Yours would be red too, if you'd worked as hard as I have for the last hour. Those stupid servants hadn't got a thing ready—not so much as a spoon unpacked."

"Well, it's all right now," said Tom, glancing toward the table, spread under the trees and looking tempting enough with its array of viands and floral decorations. "Oh, there's nobody can do things like you."

"It's very condescending of you to admit that old maids are of some use—they can spare young folks trouble," returned Thomasina, with a sudden bitterness such as she seldom betrayed, and which caused her intense shame as soon as she had uttered the speech.

But Tom received her words as a jest, and laughed heartily; and several other people, Katie Henderson among them, came up, attracted by his merriment, and they laughed too when he repeated his aunt's sentence, which sounded more cynical than ever to Thomasina when thus quoted. She was complimented enough, by the whole group, to have put most persons in a good humor with themselves. But not so my heroine: when she again got a moment of leisure, she took herself severely to task for being in so absurd a mood.

"I'm sure I don't know what ails you," she remarked, after a comical habit she had of addressing her "Ich" as if an individual separate from her own identity. "If you belonged to anybody else, I should think you were growing nervous; but I don't believe you'd quite venture on developing that fine-lady ailment. Anyway, you are downright cross: that was a most ridiculous speech you made to Tom—and you fairly snubbed poor little Katie Henderson. I believe the real truth is, you grow savage when it comes over you now and then that you're not young any longer; young, indeed—as if you had been, these last ten years! I'd try to behave as a sensible middle-aged person ought, and not turn out a fluttering catty old maid!"

Then she was surrounded by people again, and immediately assumed her rôle of providing for the general amusement with even greater spirit. The waterfall was visited, the bluff climbed, and, when two o'clock came and her sister and the other pair had not arrived, and Mr. Seymour insisted on deferring the collation until they came, Thomasina said at least the children should not starve; so she filled their hands with sandwiches, saw that the "grown-ups" were fortified with sherry and cake, and then set on foot a game of blindman's-buff to amuse the small fry and pass the time.

At Thomasina's malicious suggestion, dignified Mr. Seymour was forced to submit the first to have his eyes bandaged, and the whole party led him a terrible dance over the natural lawn at the entrance of the wood. But he got his revenge; for he caught Miss Floyd, to everybody's intense amusement, redoubled by Katie Henderson's cry of "At last!" She had no ulterior meaning, but the exclamation was so very pertinent that Mr. Seymour himself could not refuse to see the joke, which he bore very well, and turned to Katie, saying:

"Then I deserve to be congratulated."

This speech caused the gossips again to exchange glances to show that they believed "something had actually happened between the pair," and Thomasina felt a swift return of her unaccountable nervousness and irritation, which she hid by tying the handkerchief over her own eyes and darting with great agility toward the receding group.

There was another five minutes of frantic racing and shrieking and numerous absurd misadventures. Suddenly, Thomasina, bewildered and dizzy with circling about in her temporary blind state, clutched at a coat-tail she found within her reach; the owner of it stooped, and then, with both hands, she seized a head of curly hair.

There was a complete silence among the bystanders—not so much as a titter, even from one of the children.

"It's curly enough to be Tom's hair—but it's not coarse enough," pronounced Miss Thomasina.

"Oh, you slanderer!" shouted Tom.

"And it's not Mr. Seymour—"

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"For he has been bald these twenty years," interrupted that gentleman's voice, from a safe distance.

"It's not fair!" cried Thomasina. "There are so many men here whom I scarcely know, that I can't be expected to guess. Tom, if you had any generosity in your nature, you'd sacrifice yourself for the benefit of your venerable aunt."

"But you see I haven't any," admitted Tom, with hardened gracelessness.

"I can't see, but I know you haven't," retorted Thomasina. "It's not fair—I shall never be able to guess!"

"Oh, aunty, think of somebody you didn't—"

So far little Jenny got in a desire to assist her relative, then was checked by a rapid "Hush!" from a voice which sounded so like her sister's that a sudden suspicion turned Thomasina cold from head to foot. She waited an instant, then began to laugh nervously and exclaimed:

"I'll compromise by giving you all your luncheon—you would starve to death if you waited for me to discover the name."

She removed the bandage and gazed about; a little distance off, stood her sister—just in front, a tall handsome man, with his face turned full upon her—oh, very unlike the face she had last looked at ten years ago, but she recognized it at a glance—nay, she knew that the instant her hand touched his shoulder some strange premonition had warned her of his identity.

"Even without her eyes being bandaged, I could hardly expect that Miss Floyd would remember me after a whole decade," the gentleman said, with a wistful eagerness in his eyes which belied his playful tone.

Thomasina held out her hand and said cordially:

"How do you do, Mr. Thorne? I am very glad to welcome you back to America."

Then, with no more haste than her niece's absence for a whole month rendered natural, she turned away to embrace that young lady—at whose prettiness most of the young men were staring with undisguised admiration—and to exchange greetings with Mrs. Marsh, a stout comfortable-looking lady of fifty with an expression of such good-nature in her animated countenance that one would have at once decided that she ought to be god-mother to innumerable young people.

"I didn't hear you drive up," said Thomasina.

"We left the carriage at the farm-house," explained her sister. "When I saw you were blindfolded, I signaled them all to keep still! How funny you should have caught Digby—I mean Mr. Thorne! It seems so natural to call you that," she added, apologetically, turning toward the owner of the name.

"Then I hope you will do it," he answered.

"He came back unexpectedly last night, so we brought him to select a house for himself," Mrs. Marsh observed to Thomasina.

"A very good idea," that lady replied, composedly. "But now I must see about giving the people something to eat—we waited for you."

Mrs. Deverst presented Mrs. Marsh and her brother to the company in general, and in a few minutes they were all seated at table, Mr. Seymour artfully managing to secure Miss Thomasina as his neighbor, under the pretense that he should commit some blunder in playing host, if she were not by his side.

A few seats lower down, Thomasina saw Digby Thorne, and, every time she glanced in that direction, he was looking intently at her; and she—she was gazing at him across a desert—the desert of her wasted youth—across long years of storm and suffering, of self-contempt, of patient endurance, whereof those who knew her best, those who had lived in daily companionship with her, had no suspicion whatever—who, if asked to point out the most contented woman of their acquaintance—the woman, too, whose life had been most tranquil, the freest even from passing troubles, would unhesitatingly have selected Thomasina Floyd.

Ah, I often hear people sigh dolefully over the fact that each human being must die alone; there is something more solemn, more dreary—that is, to live alone, and it is the destiny of almost every strong nature, no matter how surrounded by close ties and loved and respected by a wide circle of friends.

The meal proved a very gay one, and Thomasina was rendered fairly reckless by the strange whirl in her brain and the pain at her heart—as burning as if its wounds had been that hour inflicted instead of being so many years old that they ought to have become too deeply scarred over ever to reopen. She laughed and jested far beyond her ordinary habit, and, just for the sake of keeping herself from thought—preventing her eyes wandering toward Digby Thorne, to read, as she fancied, in his, wonder at the changes in her face, animadversion of high spirits unsuited to her years—laid herself open to the charge of absolute flirtation with Mr. Seymour; fluttered that elderly gentleman somewhat, and caused the gossips to whisper to one another a mutual certainty that "Miss Thomasina had at last made up her mind, and a very suitable thing the match would be!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CARNIVORINE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

WHEN I, Ellis Graham, being a man of middle age, means, and leisure, determined upon starting, last autumn, for Rome, with a view to studying up the localities for my projected history of the Cenci family, I never expected assuredly that a momentous and important task, regarding other people's affairs and not my own, should be imposed upon me. Yet I could not well refuse the mission. I had known the Lambert family for many years, and had always cherished a warm friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Lambert—a friendship which, after the demise of the former, I had continued to his widow. And Julius, the elder son, had been quite a favorite of mine in his boyish days, though I could not altogether sympathize with his craze for scientific pursuits, and especially for botany. It must be confessed, however, that his researches into the formation and functions of the vegetable kingdom had led to some curious discoveries. But these discoveries had only served to arouse in his mind, as he grew to manhood, a wild ambition for further successes in the same line. I never exactly comprehended what course his investigations had taken, but I knew he was deeply interested in the Darwinian theories, and had set himself, in that connection, some inscrutable problem that he was trying to make out. He lived such a secluded life, shut up with his plants and his theories, that I had wholly lost sight of him for some years, though my visits to Mrs. Lambert were still continued.

I was a good deal surprised, however, on the eve of my departure for Europe, to receive from my old friend a few hurried lines, begging that I would call to see her before I left and fixing the very next evening for my visit. I responded to the appeal, and found the usually serene and dignified lady in a state of unwonted emotion.

"I have sent for you, dear Mr. Graham," she said, "to ask if you will undertake for me a very important mission. It is hardly right, I know, for me to make such a request of you, involving, as your consent will surely do, a good deal of trouble and the loss of a considerable portion of your time. But my peace of mind is at stake, and I do not know what else to do if you are not willing to help me."

"Anything that is in my power to execute, dear Mrs. Lambert, I will gladly undertake," I answered. And, indeed, I was so much moved by her distress and by noticing the traces left upon her still fair features by wearing anxiety, that I was ready to promise anything or to undertake anything in her behalf.

"I want you to find Julius for me."

"Julius? Is he absent from home? I did not even know that he had gone away."

"Yes; he sailed for Europe three years ago. You know, his uncle left him a handsome fortune a little before that time, and he went abroad—to pursue, as he stated, his scientific experiments. I know that he believed himself to be on the verge of a great discovery; but, of what nature that discovery was, he never would reveal, even to me. As you may remember, I have never sympathized with him in his studies, so I suppose he did not consider me worthy of his confidence. Perhaps I did wrong. Maybe, if I had interested myself more in his pursuits, he would not have left me as he has done. He told me, before he went away, that his experiments must be perfected in thorough seclusion, and that he never meant to relinquish them till he had arrived at some great result. We heard from him, afterward, at Paris, and, later on, at Milan; but he has not written to his brothers or to me for months."

"Have you no idea as to his whereabouts at present?"

"I have reason to think that he has taken up his abode somewhere in the neighborhood of Rome. He was seen there, two winters ago, by Alan Spencer, the artist—who had quite a talk with him, but who could find out nothing from him respecting his residence or his pursuits."

"Did he seem well?"

"He looked tired and haggard, Mr. Spencer said, but was otherwise well. The reason for my anxiety is—is—well, I may as well confess

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it to you at once: I fear that there is some entanglement in the case—a passion for some woman, who may entrap Julius into matrimony."

"And have you any foundation for this dread?"

"Only this: he let fall something to Mr. Spencer about a personage called Carnivorine."

"What an extraordinary name! Did he give his friend any information concerning her?"

"No. He was singularly reticent on the subject, and seemed really distressed at having let even her name slip out unawares. He requested Mr. Spencer never to mention it; but Alan has always been on very intimate terms with Richard and Maude, and, seeing how uneasy we were at Julius's long silence, he did not hesitate, not having made any promise of secrecy, to tell us the little that he knew. So, when you reach Rome, if you will try to find our lost Julius for us, I shall be more indebted to you than I can well tell you."

I promised to do my best, and Mrs. Lambert, visibly relieved, added some details about her son's banker in Rome and also respecting the few persons that he knew in that city, and who might have learned something concerning him during the last few months. Also, she gave me the name and address of the herbalist before whose door—and, indeed, issuing from it—Alan Spencer had met Julius in such an unexpected fashion.

"You will write to me as soon as you have any news," she said, wistfully, to me, at parting. "And, above all, let me know everything you can find out about Carnivorine. Do not hesitate to tell me the worst—even if Julius has married this creature with the singular name."

I must confess that, when I first arrived in Rome, so many personal interests claimed me that I did not at once begin my search for Julius Lambert, as I had intended to do. There were so many of my old friends and old haunts to revisit, and such numbers of new and interesting statues in the studios of the Roman sculptors, both native and foreign, to go to see, and my negotiations with the artists who were to execute the illustrations for my history of the Cenci family took up so much time, that the weeks insensibly slipped away before I had taken any steps in the matter. I had had the time to receive more than one letter from Mrs. Lambert on the subject before I commenced my investigations. I must acknowledge that I had come to the conclusion that the mystery, on investigation, would prove to be no mystery at all, and that Julius would be discovered in one of the minor hotels in Rome—too busy, or perhaps too much in love, to write. But, when I did finally set out in search of him, I found myself baffled at the very outset by an impenetrable wall of mystery. Nobody had seen him, and nobody knew anything about him. He had drawn all his funds from the banker's on his first arrival in the city. He had been in Rome some two years before, and had bought a collection of the curious insect-eating plants of South America from the old herbalist at whose door Alan Spencer had met him. That was all. If the earth had opened beneath his feet and had swallowed him up, he could not have vanished more utterly from human ken. I sought for him in every direction. I employed the services of a private detective. I offered a reward for any news of him. All was of no use. I succeeded in learning that he had not left Rome—and that was all I could find out.

Some months had elapsed, and I had pretty much abandoned the search in despair, when one day the fancy took me to go on a ride on horseback over the Campagna. I had long cherished the desire to explore the less frequented and scarcely known districts of that vast region, haunted by malaria and tenanted only by a few fever-stricken shepherds, that lies outside the beaten track of tourists and travelers beyond the city walls. As may be imagined, I found my excursion rather dreary. I rode on and on, passing now a flock of sheep watched over by a brigand-looking guardian and a fierce rough dog that looked ready, at a word or a sign from his master, to tear down my horse and throttle its rider, and then some huge arch of a ruined aqueduct that in the days of classic Rome had been musical with laughing water. Sometimes I came upon the shattered fragments of an abandoned hovel, or met with a herd of the gray-coated long-horned oxen of the region, beautiful placid-looking creatures, that gazed at me inquiringly out of their large soft eyes as I rode by, as though saying What is this stranger doing in this home of solitude and ruin? Still, I was interested by the very novelty of the dreary region, and I rode on and on, till the sun began to sink toward the western horizon. I have always considered myself fever-proof, but, all the same, a ride after sunset over the Campagna is not the healthiest experiment in the world, so I wheeled my horse round and started to return to the city. And, as I did so, I became aware of the existence of a house at a very short distance. I might very well have passed it without noticing it, as it was so embowered in a mass

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of vegetation, vines, and bushes, as well as trees, that its shape and architecture were barely discernible. As I rode nearer, I saw that it was a modern villa of imposing dimensions, which had been suffered to fall into almost total ruin. Whether the freak of a speculator or the wild idea of some Campagna proprietor had caused the erection, in this lonely unhealthy place, of a costly country residence, there was no evidence to reveal. The grounds, once spacious and well laid out, were overrun with a thick undergrowth of plants and grasses. Here and there, a statue in white marble, streaked with damp and green with mold, showed under the shadow of the trees, and one, a graceful figure of a nymph, overthrown from its pedestal, lay prostrate amongst the rank grass. The façade of the house itself was adorned with moss-grown sculptures, and one of the pillars supporting the doorway had been broken away and its place was supplied by the trunk of a cypress. One-half of the building showed deserted and ruinous with its broken windows and decaying roof. But there were traces elsewhere of human habitation. The roof of the right wing had been mended, the windows were in good condition, and a gleam of firelight from the lower rooms gave a cheery aspect to that part of the edifice. And, oddly enough, in spite of the universal decay and dilapidation, there were traces not only of comfort, but of luxury, in one portion of the premises, which I noticed as I drew near. This was a large conservatory adjoining the inhabited portion of the house. It was in perfect order. Not a pane was missing in its glazed walls, through which I could discern the red glare of the stove-fires within, as well as the dull green of the foliage of the plants.

Both I and my horse were weary, so I decided that I would halt for an hour or so at this singular habitation, and try for a feed of oats for my horse, as well as for a flask of Chianti and a crust of bread for myself. I drew rein at the dilapidated doorway, and, just as I was about to announce my presence by a resounding knock from the butt-end of my riding-whip, the door was suddenly opened and a man came hurriedly forth. He started when he saw me, and was about to retreat into the house; but, by the red light of the waning sunset, I discerned his features and recognized him instantly. It was the man I had so long sought for and in vain—it was Julius Lambert.

"Julius!" I cried, as he was about to vanish through the doorway. "Julius Lambert! Is it thus that you treat an old friend who has come so far to visit you?"

He turned back at the sound of my voice. "So it is really you, Mr. Graham," he said, hesitatingly. "How in the world did you ever find me or the Villa Anzieri? Nobody has come near it or me either, for over two years past. But come in—my man shall take charge of your horse—and you can tell me something about home matters."

I willingly relinquished the charge of my wearied steed to the black-eyed, bronze-complexioned, picturesque-looking young fellow who came in answer to his master's call, and I followed Julius into the house. I could hardly believe my senses, or that I had found my missing friend at last. It had all happened so simply and yet so strangely. Meanwhile Julius, after he had gotten over the first shock of my intrusion, seemed really glad to see me. He piled fresh wood on the fire, and gave orders that dinner should be served as soon as possible, and plied me with questions respecting his mother and his brother and sisters. As for himself, I found him looking far from well. He was never very stout, but he had grown lean and emaciated, and the yellowish pallor of his face gave evidence of the effects that the malaria of the Campagna had on his system. Dinner was served at last—a very palatable stew flavored with red peppers and tomatoes, with the accompaniment of some fine oranges and grapes by way of dessert, and a flask or two of Chianti wine and one of the delicate Civita Lavinia. Throughout the repast, I noticed with pain that Julius talked in a feverish incoherent way, pressing me to eat or to drink, and hurrying questions and remarks about home matters, half the time without waiting for an answer.

At last, pushing my plate aside, I remarked:

"Now, Julius, I have told you everything that you wished to know. It is my turn now to ask for a little information. What have you been doing all this long time in this solitude?"

He moved uneasily in his chair, and his wandering glance avoided mine.

"Nothing," he muttered—"I have done—I am doing—nothing."

"Nonsense! You cannot persuade me of the truth of that assertion, so ardent an experimentalist as you have always been, and so interested in the cause of science. Confess, now—have you not made, or are you not on the verge of perfecting, some great discovery?"

I had touched the right chord. His eyes flashed, and his whole countenance grew bright with animation.

"Yes!" he cried. "I have succeeded at last in my researches. For years I have tried to

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perfect a demonstration of the link between the vegetable and the animal kingdom. If you have come to scoff at my discoveries, go—go at once! Otherwise, follow me—and be prepared for full conviction as to the truth of what I have said."

He rose as he spoke, and, taking me by the hand, he led me to a door at the extremity of the large room in which we had dined. This door he unlocked with a key which he took from his pocket. Night had closed in, and he completed his preparations by lighting a great torch of pine-branches.

"Wait on the threshold, as you value your life," he said to me, impressively. Then he threw open the door.

It was the entrance to the conservatory. The first thing that struck me was a sort of faint rustling sound like that of a trailing garment or a sweeping bird's-wing. Then, by the light of the torch which Julius held on high, I discerned, in the centre of the room, a vast tub filled with masses of spongy moss, from which rose a strange plant—a hideous shapeless monster: a sort of vegetable hydra—or, rather, octopus—gigantic in size and repulsive in aspect and in coloring. So immense were its proportions, that it filled by itself the whole space of the conservatory. It consisted of a central bladder-shaped trunk or core, from which sprang countless branches—or, rather, arms—thick, leafless, of a livid green, and streaked with blotches of a dull-crimson. Each arm terminated in an oval protuberance which had a resemblance to the human eye. Julius took, from a basket that stood near the door, a great slice of raw meat, and, fastening it to the end of a stick, he advanced it, taking infinite precautions to keep well out of reach within the circle of outstretched branches. Then I saw these great tentacle-like arms fold around their prey, which they transmitted to the central core; and then, closing around it, I saw it no more. It was this slow motion of the branches that had caused the rustling sound which had amazed me on my first entrance.

So repulsive was the aspect of this enormous creature, half plant and half animal, that I was glad to beat a retreat to the dining-room. Julius followed, flushed and elated at the healthful aspect of his monstrous creation.

"The plant you have just seen," he said, "is a Drosera, which, by dint of careful selection and persevering attention, I have developed into this unheard-of size. I have studied the discoveries of Warming and of Darwin concerning those strange plants, the Drosera and the Dionœa—which, though still vegetables, feed on the insects that they kill. It has been my desire for years to perfect the missing link and to develop the animal side of these curious vegetable natures. It has always been my theory that the hydra, the dragon, and other monstrous forms of animal life really did exist, and that, in the evolution of ages and by reason of geological changes on the surface of the earth, these creatures, deprived of their accustomed forms of nourishment, degenerated into trees and plants and took root in the earth. Some of them still preserve their primitive forms, as witness the dragon-tree of Java. It has been my aim and endeavor to resuscitate the animal in the plant. Chance threw in my way a Drosera of great size. I have fed it on animal food for years, and developed it into something that is not yet a dragon or a hydra, but which is surely something more than a plant. Had you ventured within reach of its branches, the grasp of a boa would not have been more swift or more deadly."

"And what further do you propose doing with your dreadful plant?"

"My aim now is to give it locomotion—to see it detach itself from the soil and go forth in search of prey."

"How can you contemplate the possibility of letting loose such a monster on the world?"

"For science, there is no such thing as a monster. Moreover, are there not crocodiles and anacondas and tigers upon earth, to say nothing of the shark and the octopus? Beside these, my creation—my Carnivorine—is a harmless creature."

I started as I heard the name. So this, then, was the object of my poor friend's affections—this ghastly shape, not yet wholly animal, yet scarcely vegetable, with the form of a plant and the appetites of a beast of prey?

Just then, Pietro, the man-servant, came in to announce that my horse was at the door. It was a beautiful moonlight night, promising a pleasant ride to the city. I took my leave of Julius, therefore, with something of the feeling of relief of a man who awakes from sleep after having been oppressed by a terrible nightmare. But I did not depart without leaving my address, and I begged Julius to let me know if his strange discovery took any new developments in the near future.

Weeks passed away, and I had nearly forgotten all about Julius and Carnivorine, when one day I received a letter from him, written in a strain of great exultation and excitement. "Come to me, dear friend," he wrote; "come at once! The hour of the perfecting of my experiment is

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at hand. Already, amid the masses that surround Carnivorine, I discern the stirring and striving of the roots, that are acquiring powers of independent locomotion. In a few days, the problem will be solved. I want you to be present as a witness of the phenomenon. My ambition is satisfied at last—my name shall be inscribed on the list of the great discoverers of the world of science. Come to me, and be at my side in the moment of my triumph."

It was not without difficulty that I once more made my way to the Villa Anzieri. It was late in the afternoon when I drew rein at the dilapidated doorway that I remembered so well. I knocked loudly at the door, but there was no response to my call. Looking around, I saw that the whole place wore an inexplicable air of desertion. No firelight was visible at the windows, and the red glare of the stove-fire no longer shone behind the dim panes of the hot-house. Finally, in vague alarm, finding that my shouts and knocking produced no response, I tied my horse to one of the door-posts, and, singling out a window of the large room in which we had dined on the occasion of my former visit, I swung myself up to it by the help of a thick stem of ivy, and peered into the room. The sight that I beheld within froze my soul with horror.

At the end of the room, near the entrance to the conservatory, rose the hideous form of Carnivorine, no longer planted in a tub, but supported on what seemed, to me, a pair of paddle-like feet or paws like those of some misshapen antediluvian animal. The powerful branches—or, rather, tentacles—were upraised and closely folded around some central object. And at the summit of these livid green, closely-pressed, serpent-like stems appeared a ghastly object: it was a livid human head—the head of a corpse—and the pallid features were those of Julius Lambert!

With one stroke of my arm, I burst open the casement. I sprang into the room and hastened toward the dreadful object. The long arms quivered and began to unfold themselves. But, before the creature could put itself in motion, a shot from the revolver that I always carried during my Campagna wanderings pierced its central core. The tentacles fell apart, and the hideous plant sank prone upon the ground, bearing with it, in its fall, the crushed and lifeless form of Julius Lambert. A stream of reddish sap that looked like blood flowed from the shattered stem and mingled with the branches, stained as they were with a ruddier crimson—the life-blood of my unhappy friend.

I never discovered how or when the catastrophe took place. From the condition of the body, death must have taken place at least twentyfour hours before my arrival. The servants, brought face to face with such a shocking—and, to them, inexplicable—catastrophe, had fled from the house, taking with them whatever money or valuables they could lay their hands upon. I tried to trace them out, but in vain. As to the rest, it was all mere conjecture on my part. The upturn earth and mosses in the tub in which Carnivorine had originally found an abode seemed to prove that a sudden development of the long-sought-for powers of locomotion in the creature had unexpectedly taken place, and that Julius had been seized either in the act of inspecting its condition or at the moment of offering it food. At all events, the vegetable-animal or animal-vegetable had made a solitary trial of its newly-formed powers, and had found a solitary prey when the bullet from my pistol put an end to its existence.

Among the papers left behind by Julius was a series of memoranda respecting the experiments he had tried and the processes he had used to bring his dread creation to full perfection. These I destroyed without hesitation. It would not have been well to have suffered the race of the vegetable octopus to be extended and propagated by curious scientists in the future. Then, lest a new growth should spring from the stem or branches of the accursed tree, I hewed them to pieces with my own hand and burned the fragments to ashes. The annihilation of my friend's discovery may be a loss to science, but humanity will only have cause to rejoice in the total destruction of CARNIVORINE.

ALBUM VERSES.

BY SUSAN E. DICKINSON.

WHAT do I wish thee? A life so true,
That, from morn to morn all thy fair years through,
It may carry a blessing, as angels do
On their heaven-sent errands going

Content, and health, and a heart that sings
By the hearth of home, like a bird whose wings
Flutter round its nest while its song upsprings
Till the sky is overflowing!

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THEN AND NOW.

BY HELEN M. BURTON.

THE whirligig of time has once more brought us around to the fashions of the last century. 1889 sees a revival of the elegance in dress which followed as a natural reaction the plainness and simplicity of 1789.

The Revolutionary period in France was the era of inelegance. When the Directory came into power, and still more when this semblance of Republicanism gave place to the despotic sway of the Empire, there was a rebound in the opposite direction, toward the height of luxury. The last decade of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were marked by the wildest extravagance in dress and manners. And now, after many variations in fashion, we of the latter half of the nineteenth century are reviving to some extent these by-gone styles. The Directory costume prevails by day and the Empire in the evening.

Embroidery was the favorite mode of ornamentation then, as the scant draperies which a return to classic tastes under the great French artist, David, made almost universal did not allow of much other trimming. Every style of garment was elaborately adorned with needlework, from under-linen to ball-dresses. To-day, we see the same thing repeated.

The rage for the classic was, at first, carried to a ridiculous extreme. The transparent robes and clinging draperies were scarcely modest and were certainly not adapted to a climate like that of France with its cold winters. Sandals were generally worn; but some of the more eccentric actually went so far as to discard all covering for the feet when indoors.

The head, however, was thoroughly covered, and by much more than nature's provision: the greatest attention was paid to the matter of wigs and headdress. An enormous number of these was an indispensable part of every fashionable lady's wardrobe. As much false hair and as few garments as possible seemed to be the one rule of dress. Madame Tallien is said to have possessed thirty wigs. Blonde was the favorite color, though every hue was worn, and by the same person. It was not safe for children with golden hair to venture into the streets unprotected—they ran great risk of being stolen, and robbed of their tresses. Many instances of this kind occurred during the days of the Directory.

To illustrate the absurdities of female costume at that time, a sarcastic description of a lady's trousseau in 1796 sets it down as consisting of three hundred and sixtyfive headdresses, as many pairs of sandals, six hundred dresses, and twelve chemises!

Gradually, however, the extravagances of the times somewhat lessened, and a greater modesty both in dress and manners began to prevail, although there was no diminution in the elaborateness and magnificence of dress. Napoleon and Josephine did much to encourage this luxuriousness, as their tastes led them in that direction. A passion for scarfs and shawls came in with the Directory. These graceful draperies supplemented the scanty covering of the waist which the classic style afforded. The arms were usually left bare. Cachemire shawls were the favorites, and several of these were always to be found in the wardrobes of the grand dames. They were quite costly, being usually worth hundreds of dollars. Josephine had any number of these expensive articles, and not only wore them on every occasion, but draped furniture with them.

Flowers and gems were much worn, the former being the favorite adornment of the fashionable beauties of the day. Wreaths and turbans and toques of silk or velvet frequently ornamented the women's heads. One classic lady confined her hair with bands of fur and a wreath of gold vine-leaves. Natural and artificial flowers were both worn, the latter being so finely made as to form perfect imitations of nature.

After Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, turbans became especially fashionable, as was indeed the case with everything Oriental. All sorts of glittering fabrics and stuffs rich with gold and silver embroidery were wound about the head and fastened either with plumes or aigrettes of jewels.

The memoirs of the time, written by those charming chroniclers of the everyday life of the past, which history in its duller pages omits, give us a good idea of the fashions and manners of both the Directory and the Empire. Madame d'Abrentès, Madame de Rémusat, and even Josephine, bring vividly before us the French

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society of nearly a hundred years back. The costumes and eccentricities of the female celebrities of that epoch, themselves among the number, are gayly depicted.

Madame Récamier was too poor to wear jewels, so she contented herself with flowers; and, draping herself in her cachemire shawl, she danced the "shawl-dance, as it was called, at one of the brilliant assemblages for which the gay capital was famous. Political disturbances did not interfere with social gayety.

Josephine led the van in all the luxury and elegance. Even her morning-dresses were marvels of India muslin and lace. Her underwear was of the greatest fineness and variety. She is said to have changed her linen three times a day. Until far advanced in middle life, she wore flowers in her hair, and always literally sparkled with jewels. Diamonds and cameos seem to have been the chosen ornaments. At the Empress's private dancing-parties, we are told, women came in Grecian draperies of white crêpe, caught up at the shoulders with these beautiful stones and half covered with flowers.

The mania for wigs had, in the meanwhile, been replaced by an opposite tendency: a love for naturalness, introduced by the great Rousseau, became an affectation which influenced the fashions, and a disorder of locks was allowed even at fêtes and other gala occasions; but, though wigs and rouge were discarded, other ways of ornamenting the hair were retained.

Among the leaders of the time was Madame Bacciochi, who, though a blue-stocking, still paid great attention to the art of dress. She founded a society of literary ladies, and prescribed a costume of her own invention—consisting of a long sleeveless Greek tunic, over which a red cachemire shawl was gracefully arranged. On the head, a wreath of laurel-leaves was to be worn, surmounted by a muslin turban embroidered in colored silks. Madame Bacciochi lectured before her followers in this dress; but it is not known whether they ever adopted it.

Josephine's friend, the beautiful Madame Tallien, appeared at the famous balls in a Greek peplum with a girdle, sandals on her feet, and a scarlet Indian cachemire shawl draped about her figure. This was only one of a variety of costumes equally extravagant and peculiar.

As the closeness and scantiness of women's skirts became modified in the direction of greater modesty and seemliness, and the transparent robes of the Merveilleuses, who were most extravagant in their dress, disappeared, the fineness and daintiness of under-linen occupied the attention of the fair sex. The exquisite needlework of the seamstresses became as celebrated as the jewelry and artificial flowers, the manufacturing of which was carried to such a wonderful pitch of perfection.

Toward the close of the century, another influence began to be felt in fashionable circles, affecting the mode of dress as well as the manners and customs of society. The atheistical period of the Revolution was succeeded by something of a rebound, as is so frequently the case in human affairs, and the era of devotion set in. The confirmation-robe of a young girl was similar to the bridal dress. It was a lovely modest garb, contrasting favorably with the wedding-dresses worn by brides of a more modern day. The costume was, of course, all white, consisting of India muslin, embroidered up the front and made with a train. It was short-waisted, as were all gowns of the period, high in the neck, and with long sleeves, and did not suggest a ball-dress at all. A frill of lace about the throat, and a little cap of lace wreathed with orange-blossoms, from which hung a long veil entirely enveloping the wearer, completed the costume.

It is to be hoped, in this return to former fashions, we of the nineteenth century will revive only the beauties, not the follies and extravagances, of those luxurious times. Some of the more absurd fancies of those days are, however, coming in, it is to be feared, among the more pronounced of society leaders.

With Directory and Empire styles of dress has also returned a tendency to wear false hair, which, we hope, will not increase. At some of the fashionable watering-places, the ladies appear, at different hours of the day, with different colored hair.

The full-page engraving, in the front of this number, gives an excellent idea of the dress of the First Empire. It is not a particularly beautiful style, but it bids fair—at least, to some extent—once more to rule in the world of fashion.

OUR HOPES.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is, from afar, to view the same.

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SET FREE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

BARTRUM is the name of one of the many little villages scattered among the Pennsylvania hills. It came into existence suddenly, on the discovery of certain mines in its vicinity, and grew with promising rapidity: grew to the extent of a new railway-station, a pretentious hotel, and three or four score of dwellings and shops; then remained languishing at that point, an uninteresting case of arrested development. The world, deducting the coal-dealers, was as unaware of Bartrum as of a stunted mushroom in the woods; nevertheless, it held numerous relations to the universe irrespective of those represented by the mines hard by and the visibly uniting iron tie of the railway passing through its midst.

Early one summer morning, Bartrum began to awaken with the other dwellers under its meridian. The morning descended leisurely among the intricacies of the hills; the sunrise was glowing red along their summits, and disputing with the shadows the possession of their higher slopes, before a single ray had touched the straggling roofs of the village deep down in the valley. It was just as the sun's disk fairly peeped out upon Bartrum, over the sharp edge of a steep wooded ridge, that a party of four friendly travelers joined each other on the hotel-piazza. Two of them were young ladies, wearing sensible hats and the plainest of dresses; two were gentlemen: one, elderly, thin, scholarly-looking—"professor" written all over his personality; the other, not so easily to be defined—a handsome man, on the verge of middle-age, with a peculiar air of being too much at home everywhere to find anything interesting.

The only other person near was a young man, scowling, in a corner of the piazza, behind a newspaper. But for the scowl, he would not have been ill-looking—being a stalwart, black-browed, picturesque young Anak. This disfiguring look grew darker at the approach of our cheerful party of four.

"City swells!" muttered Mark Curtis, disdainfully, and bent his gaze determinedly on the paper.

He was not going to flatter the strangers by any appearance of interest or curiosity. Indeed, his first impulse had been to walk away and leave the piazza to them; but there was a great deal of the self-asserting instinct in Mark's composition, and perhaps he was influenced by some more subtle feeling which it would not have suited his pride to acknowledge: so he sat still, and they continued their conversation with no apparent consciousness of a stranger's presence.

"What a place to study the sunrise!" said the taller and slighter of the two ladies, in a voice that struck Mark's ear pleasantly, though he scorned to turn his head for a second glimpse of the speaker: it was a clear-ringing decided voice, that seemed naturally to accompany her straight profile, well-poised figure, and alert movements.

"So Bartrum pleases you, Nelly?" the elder gentleman asked.

"Pleases me, papa? Why, it is a halting-place after my own heart—quiet, out-of-the-world, beautiful! Look at the hills, with their mysterious lights and shadows: don't they remind you of the high places of old, where people went up to worship? I am glad that we are to pitch our tents here, for the present. I want to stay; I feel so lazy and contented."

"Are 'content' and 'laziness' synonymous, Miss Eleanor?" the second gentleman inquired, in a slightly cynical but tolerant drawl: he was evidently the sort of person from before whose face enthusiastic people are wont to retreat discomfited and self-condemned.

Mark, instinctively averse to this gentleman, chuckled internally when Miss Eleanor retorted smartly:

"You people of leisure are the best judges of that, Mr. Albrey—I'm a working-bee."

"I will not ask again. But have you really taken a fancy to this dull little nook?"

"Why not? We have found human society everywhere else; here, we have the hills. All to ourselves! Think of it! Papa will go digging among rocks instead of Greek roots; Mame will climb energetically in search of views, and her sketch-book will thrive; I shall luxuriate in the bliss of having nothing to do after a year of hard work—the brooks won't remind me of chromatic scales or chatter French; and you—"

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"Well?"

"I fear you are beginning to be bored already. Mame, what do you find in the depths of that sweet-briar bush? If it is a wise reflection, pray let us share it."

"It's only a bird's-nest," said Mame, allowing the branch she had been holding to swing back to its place outside the piazza-railing and shaking the dew daintily from her fingers. "I was thinking of something else. Uncle Harry, who are all these rough men, of whom we see such a number about the streets, with apparently nothing to do?"

"My dear Mame," Mr. Albrey answered, "I have been putting that question to our worthy landlord, and I inform you as he informed me: that these lounging gentlemen in red and blue shirts are the strikers from Mather's Gap."

The young man behind the newspaper gave a start. What if he were to hear his own name mentioned, presently? The landlord might have added— Well, he didn't care; he had a right to make fiery addresses if he chose—and other people had a right to object to them if they chose, he supposed.

"Strikers?" the young lady addressed as "Mame" said, carelessly—much, it seemed to Mark, as she might have said "Mosquitoes?" "What folly, in these hard times, when so many people are glad to get employment on any terms!" Then she added, with feminine inconsistency: "If they are dissatisfied with their pay, why don't they do some other kind of work? I would!"

"Why?" said the uncle, shrugging his shoulders. "How can I tell? It is the only kind they have any aptitude for, I suppose. Or call it their destiny—since there will be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the end of time."

"I don't like to hear men mentioned as if they were machines," Miss Eleanor said, elevating her head with the slightest dogmatic toss.

"That is your professional way of looking at things, little schoolma'am," said Mr. Albrey, good-humoredly. "Most men are machines, or even only parts of machines—consequently, the less they know or think about the matter, the better. If there is a thoroughly mischievous class, it's the half-educated agitators these strikes always bring to the surface."

Mark Curtis rose from his seat deliberately and walked away, a red flush mounting to his brows, the fingers of his right hand spasmodically crushing the newspaper he had been looking at but not reading for the last five minutes, his foot coming down at every step with ringing emphasis. There was a dangerous look on his dark face—the spirit of a whole Parisian Commune stirred in the heart beating under his blue jacket. Did the self-complacent drawling man yonder imagine himself of other flesh and blood than the fellow-beings whom he had just condemned so coolly to perpetual servitude? A blow from a vigorous fist might help to decide that question, and Mark felt half inclined to return and give it.

But he strode on, not even looking back. An inexpressible rage possessed him—a rage at the necessities of society, which set men in classes and forced their feet to keep in beaten paths—a rage at the appointments of heaven, which had the first disposition of human destinies. Why could he not have been born to opportunities, advantages, a better way of thinking and living? What sort of world was it to which these strangers belonged? He hated them for being what they were—hated them for the subtle refinements of speech and manner that suggested impassable barriers between him and them—hated them the more because of the vague sense tormenting him that these things were likewise his birthright, from which a malicious fate held him sundered.

Mark's walk terminated at a low-eaved isolated house sandwiched between a narrow bleaching-green and a disorderly yard; through a crowd of children, poultry, dogs, and pigs—all much at home together—he made his way to the door. A woman, washing beside it, looked out of a cloud of steam to remark that his breakfast had been ready for him this half-hour. Mark entered the house, where the rub-a-dub of Mrs. Rowan's knuckles on the washboard was audible, six days in the week, during a considerable part of the twentyfour hours, and was almost the only music ever heard there. It sounded in Mark's ears, as he sat down alone to his allowance of johnny-cake and potatoes, gradually shaping itself into a regular burden. "Hewers-of-wood, drawers-of-water—hewers-of-wood, drawers-of-water," it seemed to say, over and over, in monotonous repetition. Everything was an irritation—the cat, the dogs, the children, the splashing accompaniment of soapsuds, the little low-ceiled kitchen all steam and confusion. He hurried through his breakfast.

"I'll be rid of this, for one day at least," muttered Mark, snatching up his hat to escape.

"Mark," said a girlish voice, from the next room, a weak little thread of sound pathetic to hear.

Mark did not want to hear it just then; he made a great stride toward the door.

"Mark!" repeated the voice, entreatingly.

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And, this time, yet with an impatient gesture, he obeyed the call.

The room he entered was a shade tidier than the kitchen, but quite as bare, brightened only by the instreaming sunshine and the glimpse to be had, as from all the windows in Bartrum, of the ever-permanent majesty of the hills. In one corner stood a low bed, and on it lay the white face and fragile figure of a sick girl. It was not a pretty face, that had been whitening and wasting among those weary pillows for months—nothing but a look of patient sweetness made it interesting. This face brightened into a smile at Mark's approach, for the large eyes turned toward him were too short-sighted to be struck by his lowering looks.

"Will you get me another ball of yarn out of the basket yonder, Mark?" said the girl, deprecatingly, holding out some coarse knitting-work. "I've used up all I had, and I didn't like to call mother, she's so busy."

Mark brought the yarn.

"Is there anything else I can do for you before I go, Josy? I'm off now for a day in the woods."

At the sound of Mark's voice, Josy's eyes were lifted toward his face rather anxiously. She did not immediately reply.

"No, Mark; unless you wouldn't mind sitting down and talking to me awhile," she said, at last. There was an evident uncertainty about the state of the young man's temper struggling in her mind with the desire to have her solitude brightened by a little society.

Mark did not often refuse a request of Josy's. He had nursed her on his knee, a pale little girl, and made much of her ever since, being without sister or sweetheart. Her few pleasures were generally of his providing; the Rowans were poor and busy and many-burdened, and the woman whom we saw washing at the door was not Josy's own mother. Mark, who had made his home in the family for several years, was the central figure of the sick girl's contracted world, and was fond of her in his way, as the only creature who had an affection for him and in some measure understood him.

He sat down beside her, therefore; to talk was out of his power, at least in a manner to give Josy any pleasure. But she was accustomed to his moods, and this gloomy silence did not discourage her—she knew of an expedient for breaking it that seldom failed.

From beneath her pillow, Josy now drew out a very small battered coverless copy of Whittier. It was Mark's property—his only poetical treasure, indeed—and had been lately resurrected from the depths of an old trunk ostensibly to amuse the invalid. Mark liked to read aloud to her, and she eagerly encouraged the habit, since it gave him the twofold pleasure of indulging his passion for books and of believing that he was interesting Josy.

"Won't you read something out loud, Mark?" she asked. "I've looked at some of the pieces by myself; but it takes so long to make out all the words, and my eyes do get to aching so soon. But don't mind about it, if you're in a hurry to go."

"Give me the book," said Mark, sombrely but not crossly: he was seldom rough with Josy.

Opening the volume at random, he began to read "The Wreck of Rivermouth."

Josy's eyes at first rested on Mark's face, painfully strained to catch the uplifting of the cloud that overshadowed it; then, as the music of the verse and the interest of the story gradually engaged her ear and her attention, the girl's gaze wandered away to the blue space visible through the window: she loved the sky, blurred and indistinct as its beauty was to her dim sight, and her innocent little fancies went fluttering out toward it as she lay listening. Mark read the poem to the end.

"'Mingled in peace, like the night and the day,'" Josy dreamily repeated after him. "That 'minds one, somehow, of dying."

Mark threw down the book, suddenly and violently.

"The devil take poetry!" he burst out, in a fierce way. "What do poor wretches like you and me want of anything beautiful? It wasn't meant for us. I wish I'd never been born! I'd better be a dog than what I am!"

"Mark! Mark!" cried Josy, in a terrified whisper.

One of her thin little withered leaves of hands caught convulsively at Mark's hard fingers; the other strayed toward a rosary of curiously carved black beads, her constant resource in time of trouble. Mark had picked it up somewhere and given it to her; he had no religion himself, but he felt a vague respect for Josy's; besides, it was all well enough for a sick girl to be pious.

"Well, look at it, Josy," said Mark, subduing himself a little: "see how hard I've tried to make something of myself. And what has it amounted to? I've been used to rough ways and rough people all my life, and grown rough among them, and I've hated it—I hate it! I have worked on, hoping and struggling after something better. What's the use of it? I might as well have done like the other fellows, and spent my money on rum and tobacco, instead of buying books

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and newspapers with it. What good has ever come of them? I'd like to be told."

"Why, you know so much, Mark—and you so good to us!" protested Josy.

"Know?" Mark repeated, in angry scorn. "What do I know? Ask a cultivated man, and he'll tell you I'm only a beast of a miner, with a taste for reading and with thinking-faculty enough to make me dangerous. It's not fair! I say it's not fair! If I'd been meant for a clod's life, I ought to have had the instincts of a clod! I tell you, Josy, I'm tired of trying—there's no way out. I know how a man feels when he bargains with the devil for his soul; there's nothing in the universe worth having but power."

"Mark, don't talk so—you'll break my heart. Why can't you be patient? If you were the richest and wisest man alive, there'd still be something you'd want."

"Josy, you don't know—you're only a girl. You ask why I can't be patient, and all that I care for and long for most out of my reach! Not fit for a place in the world worth possessing, and not able to make myself fit! It has come to me sharper than common to-day. I heard a man talking that I'd give half my life to thrash to a jelly; and yet, by—he was right. I can't deny it. If a man must be a machine, the less he thinks or knows about it, the better."

"But every man has a soul," said poor Josy.

"What use is a soul to some men?" he savagely asked.

"Oh, Mark—dear Mark—don't! You'll be sorry, some day!" cried Josy, in ever-increasing dismay. Mark's fits of desperation were as unintelligible to her as the course of a hurricane, and as alarming—they threatened the very foundations of her small world with ruin.

"Don't preach, you little goose! It's natural for you to be patient; I'm sick of trying to be. I was glad enough of the strike, for it gave me a chance to say some of the things I've been learning by heart through years of bitter experience. I'd be glad of a revolution, and to see the whole country in a blaze, and Bartrum going first of all. There, there, Josy—don't cry; that's a little too much."

Josy struggled heroically to repress the tears; her little white face grew whiter with the effort; the beads rattled in her shaking fingers. Mark saw and was touched. He knelt beside her in a fit of remorse, and laid his cheek tenderly against her hand.

"Josy dear, I'm a downright brute. Did I say it was natural for you to be patient? Poor child—lying here helpless, and I tormenting you with my outrageous temper, scolding like a mad old woman! 'Tisn't the first time, either. Don't remember it against me, Josy; I'm better than that by fits and starts, and it's not you I'm scolding."

"Oh, Mark, I do wish you didn't have such feelings! The way will open for you—I know it will—and then you'll wish you hadn't been so impatient waiting. Oh, dear! it just kills me to hear you talk in this dreadful way!"

"You're a good little thing." said Mark, soothingly. "It's a shame to vex you with my tantrums. But we can't see things alike. I'm off now, if there's nothing more I can do for you. Good-bye! I'm sorry—"

Leaving the sentence unfinished, Mark dropped a caressing touch on Josy's hair and went hastily away. The consciousness of having given her pain hurt him; yet he did not tell himself that he ought to have spared her—he only made good resolutions about doing so in future. It hurt him far more to review the angry outburst in which he had just indulged; for Mark's pride was something colossal—he would have died before giving utterance to his passionate sense of failure, his jealous resentment, in the presence of any creature less tender and insignificant than Josy.

He could not see into Josy's heart, nor even into the little chamber where she passed the long day alone, saying her beads again and again for Mark, in trembling dread of dangers known and unknown. He would never know. There are sweet little souls in the world, like violets hid in lonesome places, seldom heeded and often enough crushed by careless feet in their haste to reach something greater.

Mark tramped over the hills for hours, finding solace in their wild companionship. He had no quarrel with nature nor with the free creatures she nourished at her bosom. The course of a glen, however tortuous, could not be construed into a personal reflection; the utmost irritability of mood could not be aggravated by a vista of green trees; there was no mockery in a bobolink's song, nor malice in the gossip of a brook. These solitary excursions had always possessed a peculiar charm for Mark; it was universally known in Bartrum that there was nobody in all that region whose knowledge of its characteristics was as extended and intimate as his. Therefore, when Professor Emory mentioned his intended geological investigations to the fat proprietor of the hotel, and expressed a wish to obtain a suitable assistant, Mr. Sheimer at once ejaculated:

"Mark Curtis!"

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Meeting Mark returning from the woods that very evening, this gentleman hailed him loudly in the cheerful tone of a man who is sure he has something specially agreeable to communicate.

"I say, Curtis, you're wanted. I've got a professor from somewhere or other, at the hotel—old fellow's going to study up our rocks—ha! ha! hope it'll do him good!—and he wants somebody that knows the natur' of the country, to help him. Mark Curtis, says I, is the very chap—knows every bush and stone for miles, and the strike's just put him out of work. So go 'long, my boy, and see the professor; and don't say I never got you a job."

"I don't know that I want one," Mark gruffly answered; but the quick leap of his heart contradicted this fine assumption of independence. What did he want? Was this an opportunity to ascertain more precisely? Was it an opportunity at all?—or only a new device of his evil fate to torment him with a keener perception of his own straitened place in the world? Should he go or should he not? For some minutes, Mark's decision hung doubtful.

But he went. He came away disarmed. Not for nothing had the professor dealt with young men forty years and studied specimens as enigmatic as the one before him. Besides, a mild old spectacled gentleman, intent on examining formations and collecting fossils, and thinking of nothing less than of displaying his own superiority, is not a character calculated to rouse the spirit of self-assertion in anybody. On the contrary, by the time they had discussed the drift of the hills about Bartrum and arrived at an amicable agreement respecting their own future relations, Mark felt for the first time in his life distinctly conscious that here was somebody who could understand him.

Miss Eleanor, too, had been present at the interview, and had spoken to him. Had she seemed aware that he was not her equal? He could not remember afterward anything she had said or done that could convey such an impression. It was, then, not in their minds, but in his, that the impassable barriers existed? "A man's a man, for a' that," Mark had quoted, in his defiant fashion, making a stirring address to the strikers, among whom superior intelligence and a certain fiery fluency had made him conspicuous; but the fine high sense of the words had been hidden from him until the simple courtesy of the old professor and his daughter threw light on it.

At home, he was congratulated upon his good luck in "getting a job," during the strike. But Josy listened thoughtfully, and once, when they two happened to be alone, asked, with a wistful intonation:

"Mark, will these people want to take you away with them, and you'll never come back again?"

"No, goosey: I sha'n't escape from Bartrum so easily," Mark answered. He did not speak unkindly; but in his heart there was an impatient movement of something very like resentment against poor Josy for that pathetic look and tone. He did not like to think that even one tie, however feeble, bound him to Bartrum and would be painful to break. The whole cloud of ill-defined purposes and ambitions that continually beset him could never become clearer until he had followed them away from this prison. Why, he wondered, had he lingered there so long already?

It was a question that he often put to himself, during the weeks that followed. The travelers remained some time. The old professor was out among the hills almost daily, "interrogating nature" in the violent form of assault and battery, accompanied by Mark, armed with hammer, crowbar, and spade—often also by the two girls, whose presence had at first inspired the young man with secret disgust. They'd be falling into brooks, or getting themselves lost, or shrieking at every squall of a crow, he thought—mistakenly: Miss Mame used to carry her sketch-book and idle over it, or sit reading under a tree; Miss Eleanor had a taste for science—collected botanical specimens and grew enthusiastic over revelations of petrified ferns. Neither of them in the least answered to Mark's preconceived idea of their sex and kind. His skeptical scorn rapidly gave place to wondering admiration.

Mr. Albrey was evidently bored by these proceedings; he liked to slip away from his friends, under pretext of fishing or walking or having letters to write. "Better out of the way than in it," Mark muttered to himself on these occasions. His first aversion to Mr. Albrey did not diminish on acquaintanceship; it was not soothing to Mark's irritable temperament to find that his most uncivil behavior made no more impression upon that easy-going gentleman than a dance of cannibals would have done, had he been surveying it with scientific interest through a telescope and at a safe distance.

"It's easy to see why he's following them around," Mark thought, contemptuously. "He doesn't care a straw for his niece or the professor or the carboniferous period. Would Miss Eleanor marry the man? Why, he has no more heart than that," spitefully smiting

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one of the professor's specimens which he happened to be carrying at the time—the impression of a terrifically ugly crustacean. It was Mark's way of expressing his conviction that Mr. Albrey had outlived all his youthful ardor long ago. The young man's mind was intent on the picture of a green nook he had just quitted in the woods: In the foreground, the professor, sitting uneasily on the edge of a half-buried boulder, the perpendicular line that deepened between his eyes testifying to the anxious character of his brown-study, as he wrote hasty notes in a black volume; Miss Mame, a perfect realization of "tranced summer calm," lounging at the foot of a tree, with her sketch-book at her feet; and, in the background, Miss Eleanor and Mr. Albrey, walking up and down, deep in what seemed a most animated conversation. This picture was but one of a series, that, separately considered, possessed no special significance, but, succeeding each other day by day under Mark's eyes, had had outgrowth in the question "Would Miss Eleanor marry this man?" Not that the answer mattered to him, he thought. How should it?

Perhaps, if Mark had known it, there arose now and then some maidenly speculations of the same nature in Miss Eleanor's own well-regulated mind. What but a strong motive could have drawn her friend Mame's uncle away from the morning papers, his bachelor cronies, and good cigars, into the wilds of the Pennsylvania hills, there to be bored by all the tedious talk about strata and epochs and the identification of fossils? He seemed in no haste to divulge it, indeed; perhaps out of the natural reluctance a man who has lived in the enjoyment of bachelor liberty up to the age of forty feels to resign it; perhaps because, with characteristic caution, he did not like to commit himself before making sure of Miss Eleanor's sentiments. But he remained at Bartrum, and continued to join the exploring-party from time to time, quoting cynicisms from Ruskin and skepticisms from Swinburne, weighing things in general in the balance and finding them light, and unconsciously acting the part of a perpetual eye-sore and stumbling-block to Mark Curtis.

But, on the whole, these were not unhappy days for Mark. There were times when the savage in his nature seemed quite subdued—when he forgot that he was a "half-educated beast of a miner," with a breast full of unsatisfied desires and aspirations—when the future held out a beckoning hand and turned on him a smile suggestive to his imagination of all possible good. This hopeful mood often followed a conversation with Miss Eleanor. The young miner, who read Tyndall and Hugh Miller in his leisure hours, impressed her at once as being an undeveloped genius; she had the true Bostonian zeal for culture, and here was a delightful opportunity of exercising it. Miss Eleanor felt herself charged with a special mission toward Mark. He was the readiest of proselytes. He listened to her talk as if it had been a perpetual utterance of oracles. Before he had known her ten days, he secretly undertook a walk of as many miles, in order to visit the haunts of a rare plant and procure the specimen he had heard her covet for her herbarium. Mark had never taken pains to form to himself any ideal of womanhood, looking upon women as beings who generally made more trouble than they were worth, and who, at any rate, interested him little. Therefore, Miss Eleanor was an astonishment, a revelation, to him. He never observed the little dictatorial way of announcing infallible propositions, at which Mr. Albrey smiled indulgently—did not criticize the slight disposition to domineer over him and anybody who came in her way—he, with his inborn antagonism to all authority! What did she not know? What could she not do? Was there another woman in the world like her? he thought.

"You ought to hear her talk once," he said to Josy, one day, in a moment of irrepressible enthusiasm. "It's better than any book. I believe she knows as much geology as the professor himself. She even knows Greek. Then there's something about her that makes you feel it possible to do your best and be your best; when I listen to her, I can't believe I am doomed to vegetate in this wretched corner of creation, among the coal layers, forever—a machine," with a touch of bitterness.

"Is she pretty, too?" Josy asked, pondering with shut eyes over this picture of perfection.

"Pretty? Don't know. Miss Albrey is pretty; Miss Eleanor is something more than that—you might call a wax doll pretty," said Mark, shortly. It was a frivolous question!

Josy's thoughts never moved swiftly; Mark's had traveled leagues before she summed up in her simple words, that had a touch of poetry about them like the tinge on the edge of a pale cloud after sunset, the result of her musings:

"Good and beautiful and wise, and able to help others: I think she must be like one of the angels." After another pause: "And to know that I can do nothing and help nobody!"

The pitiful look and tone went to Mark's heart—not as it would have done, could he

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have realized its full meaning—ah, no! But Josy bore the burden of her pain and helplessness so silently, that others were apt to forget what she herself seemed not to be conscious of. Now, in a dim unpleasant way, it struck Mark that he must often have hurt Josy without being aware of it. But he never intended to be unkind to the poor little thing, was his hasty self-justifying reflection—of course, Josy knew that.

It was a relief to see the smile and the familiar expression of patient sweetness return to her face. But was not the face itself whiter, thinner, somehow sadder, than its wont? Mark felt a sudden misgiving.

"Don't you feel so well as usual?" he asked, solicitously; for, after all, he was fond of Josy.

"It's only the summer weather," she said, cheerfully, and Mark's anxiety was soon quieted. Soon forgotten, indeed. Josy did not complain. She did not hint to Mark that she would have liked a little more of his companionship than he ever found time to bestow on her now; even when he happened to be at home, he was apt to be too much occupied with some book Miss Eleanor had lent him to care about talking, and, if he read aloud, it was only a bewilderment to the poor child and made her head ache sadly, when she tried to comprehend what it was that interested her friend so much. Mark never dreamed that he was neglecting Josy or greatly missed by her; never noticed that the flicker of life in the sick girl's feeble frame was daily burning fainter, nor guessed at the heart-ache wasting it faster than pain and loneliness could do.

His mind was busy enough with other things. The summer days were fading away, and the time which the professor had fixed as the limit of his stay in Bartrum was close at hand. Mark could not refrain from restless speculations about the future. It seemed impossible that this summer could come and go and leave his life what it had hitherto been. He could not believe in the approaching separation, even when Miss Eleanor's own lips alluded to it as something inevitable. They were all so interested in him—all so kind: not that Mark presumed upon that, or could have put his state of mental fermentation into words.

But the day of departure came, and with it an end to Mark's dreaming. Standing on the platform of the little wooden station, waiting for the eastward-bound train that was to bear his new friends away from him, the chief pang of the moment lay in the consciousness that he had been dreaming and now it was all over, and looked pitiful enough by daylight, as dreams will do.

Had they but known what this parting meant to him! he thought. Had Miss Eleanor known! How cruel she seemed at that moment—how cold! He could have flung back at her feet, in his anguish and desolation of heart, the neatly bound copy of Bacon's Essays which she presented as a farewell keepsake to her hopeful disciple, with some perfectly chosen words, such as Miss Eleanor's always were, of good advice and friendly encouragement. Mark was not sorry to have Mr. Albrey cut short the little lecture by announcing that the train was in sight and offering the lady his arm. The last glimpse the young man had of her, she was entering a car, looking back with a smile to her escort, who followed with as tender an air of protection as a man can assume when his arms are encumbered with shawl-straps and satchels. If he ever saw her again, he thought, she would be Mr. Albrey's wife—and what if she were? Clearly, it was no concern of his.

His eyes were still fixed upon the door where she had disappeared; Miss Mame was waving her handkerchief from the car-window, and he did not see it; there was a touch on his arm.

"God bless you, Mark, my boy," said the professor, with a hurried hand-clasp. "Here's something for you; and, by all means, write to me—we must not lose sight of you now, you know. There is the bell—good-bye, good-bye!"

Mark was left alone on the platform; and, with a shriek and a puff and a clang, the train began to move.

He did not wait to watch it out of sight; he turned abruptly and walked away from the place, straight toward the hills. In their friendly shadows, he would be beyond the reach of curious eyes or tattling lips; he could face this darkness of sudden bereavement that had fallen on him, perhaps defy it.

He walked fast and far, plunged in one of his blackest, bitterest moods.

Yet a short time ago, and he was ignorant of even the names of these strangers; and now, in his stormy fashion, he was raging against himself for the pain he could not help—the "sorrowing because he should see their faces no more." What did they care for him? They would forget him in a week. The summer at Bartrum had been only a pleasant episode to them; to him, it had been a life-epoch: little they knew or cared, it seemed, whether he was to be the better or the worse for it!

But the tempest exhausted its force in time, and Mark, coming to himself—wearied, softened, and with some just remorse for his own weakness—remembered at last the thin packet the

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professor had put into his hand, and paused to examine it: an innocent-looking envelope, with something folded inside. Mark drew out the enclosure, and his face changed as he glanced over it—his heart beat faster. It was the official announcement that an appointment the professor, unknown to the young man, had been benevolently scheming to obtain for him, was at his disposal—an appointment to a position involving hard work and little pay, and even hardship. But no matter—it was an opportunity: it was that opening to a new and wider life for which Mark had so keenly thirsted. He covered his face in a rush of mingled feelings by no means all joyful: there was a sore spot in Mark's heart that would not heal in a moment, even though he buried Bacon's Essays deep out of sight in forest-mold, with a savage satisfaction that it was well Miss Eleanor did not know—poor Eleanor, whose intentions had been so good!

A week later, he left Bartrum, taking leave of his old friends, the Rowans, overnight; for he was to set out early in the morning. They were sorry to part with him, after so many years of familiar intercourse; and he too might have felt this rending of old ties sharply, had his head and heart been less preoccupied. As it was, he comforted himself and them: they should see him again; he would write to them soon. In a silent excitement, he sat by Josy's bedside all the evening, and a whirl of talk, by turns regretful and congratulatory, buzzed about his ears and penetrated no further. Neither did Josy speak much; she had been very white and still all week.

"Good-bye, Josy dear," Mark said, after the other farewells had been more or less noisily exchanged; and he stooped to kiss the sick girl. It was the hardest parting of all, and he meant to make it brief. "I'll write first to you; and don't forget Mark, my dear little Josy."

Josy strained her large dim eyes to look into Mark's face for the last time, and held his hand tightly in hers for a moment. He hoped she was not going to cry—he would not like to remember having left Josy in tears.

"Good-bye, Mark," she said, quite calmly, loosening her clasp. "You've been very good to me," turning her head away on the pillow.

Mark went out of the room, glad that the parting he had dreaded was over so quietly. Poor little Josy! Whom should he miss like her? Why could he not have been a rich man's son, able to give her all the care and comfort she needed? Well, if he ever had any success, Josy should be the first one to be benefited by it. He could not help feeling that it was very generous of him to be so fond of her—poor, patient, good little Josy!

The family soon separated; the lights were put out; and the hard-working household lay dreaming. It was dark and silent around Josy's bed. To her helplessness and feeble sight, the splendors of the great starry heavens were contracted to a few blurred points of light glimmering in at her window; she lay still, wistfully watching them. Many a night, she had lain so; they were like long-familiar companions, those faint stars, and she loved them. Did they remind her of a greater beauty, which her dim sight—dim to whatever was beautiful on earth—should one day be strengthened and cleared to behold? She stretched out her arms toward the stars, at last, with a gesture of pain and pleading.

"O Mother of God!" whispered Josy, "I've no mother on earth—I've nothing now! Isn't there room somewhere in heaven for a poor little useless thing like me?"

In the gray dawn, Mark stole as noiselessly as he could down the steep staircase and past Josy's closed door.

"I hope she's asleep and won't be disturbed," he thought, and went out alone into the morning twilight. The stars were just vanishing in the transparent glow of the coming sunrise; the sleeping hamlet and the green hillsides lay fair and as if of good omen before Mark's eyes, as he turned them for the last time on Bartrum and set out to seek his fortune elsewhere.

And Josy? Josy had not been disturbed. She was asleep, as Mark had hoped. The widening dawn did not waken her when it touched her closed eyes and smiling lips: for there was room in heaven, and the sunrise Josy saw was the glory there.

OUR JOYS.

How fading are the joys we dote upon—
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

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WYCHAM'S ORDINARY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

PART I.

ELL, well! and what is it you'd be after to-night, child? That same old tale about what happened at the Ordinary? When will you get tired of hearing that, I wonder? How many times have I told it over again, to be sure? And what's to become of my knitting-work, pray Missy, with me talking all the while and clean forgetting to count the rounds, with hands idle in my lap, likely as not, and senses 'way off yonder?

Not that I mind telling it—oh, dear, no! I could go on from now till never on that subject, like most old folks talking of the days that are past and gone; not that 'twas so very long ago neither, nor me so old as some, only fifteen years make a heap o' difference when you've left fifty behind you, and 'tis a great change, sure enough, to be living on my own savings 'mongst kinfolks in this new, lonesome, mountain country, from that busy, constant, care-taking time I used to see when I was housekeeper at Wycham's Ordinary. Oh, no! I don't mind telling it, if you want to listen; and then, as you say, Nancy has never heard it before. So mend the fire, you two, and shut yonder door where the draught comes in, or we'll all be catching our death o' cold next thing.

Never mind the window-curtain; I like to look out into the dark, now and again, and spy that cedar top a-swinging in the wind, so light and graceful 'gainst the panes. And now, if you're done and ready to heed, we'll e'en have the story once more.

'Twas in the old part of Virginia—the part first settled when this was a howling wilderness—good two hundred miles from here, in sight of James River where it's widest and where the tide comes up. The great big inn, or ordinary, as we always called it thereabouts, was built on a rising ground with trees all round it, at a corner where four roads met. One came down from the hilly lands that sloped behind t'ward the levels next the water; one went straight 'cross to the river landing, two miles off; one ran along with the river, clean to its mouth, folks said; and t'other and last was the way to Battletown, about twenty miles westward—and that was the road most traveled (though, dear knows, it seemed to me there was travel enough on 'em all), for the town, besides being county-seat, was a fine lively place and a vast deal going on there.

We'd a grand wide prospect of a rich country from our windows, for all I'd not much time for viewing it. Truly we were kept pretty busy at the Inn, but Wycham's Ordinary was no common wayside tavern for Tom, Dick, and Harry to come and go, I can tell you. No, indeed! Them that we thought not good enough for our parlors and that thought themselves too good for a seat in the kitchen must needs go on to Moll Piggot's little place, two miles further along the Battletown road—for we'd never room for that sort. 'Twas a house of entertainment, so to speak, and entertainment in good fashion too, for them that could afford the price according. General Washington himself staid two or three nights with us, and several more grand officers on both sides, in time of the great war (the Revolution, as they call it) that was going on when we first began the inn-keeping; and very pleased with their fare were they, as well they might be too, for the trouble I took over it.

The house was big and right old, being built by the Master's great-grandfather, who was one of the first-comers to those parts in far-back Indian times—and all of red English brick from 'cross the water. There were twenty rooms in the main part, besides the wing that Mr. Wycham himself added on when he'd no better way to mend his fortune but turning the place into an Ordinary. Plenty of money he had, after that, to live on—and to play away at cards, too, more's the pity; and 'twas me who helped to make it. I'd been mighty fond of his lady, when I kept house for her just afore she died; I was fond of Miss Amy, his daughter, too; and the Master treated me well enough, for all he paid my wage none too regular. So I staid on after the place was made public, with twenty or thirty servants under me—big and little, white and black—and a heap of care atop o' my shoulders. But 'twas a right happy life, after all; for I'd a deal in my hands to do with, and nobody on the place was treated more respectfully than Mrs. Martha Matchin.

Mr. Julius Wycham, the Master, was a fine-looking gentleman, blood-kin to half the highest

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quality-folks in Virginia, I reckon, and with manners to match his raising. Even when he was in his cups, you could see that, whether 'twas joking humor with him or swearing. Such a high courtly way as he had, to be sure, and not a bad heart inside him—though some of his doings, truth to tell, no good sober woman could approve. His daughter—Miss Amabel, that we always called Amy—took after her mother in goodness, with the best looks of both sides mixed and mingled in her together. The Master was mighty fond and proud of her—and no wonder!—though he left her a heap to herself and her own way; but she wasn't one to be mistrusted or to go astray, anyhow—and then, you see, he knew I'd watch over her. I couldn't have loved her dearer or been carefuller of her if she'd been my own child—and he knew it.

She'd no more to do with the public business of the Inn than any other young lady of the county. Her father had no notion of any such thing, nor she either. The private family rooms were well away from all that; but with me in the pantry, or the still-room, or my own little kitchen, where the dessert cookery and preserving was done—why, there, of course, 'twas a vastly different matter. There, from the time when she was a little toddling creature, was where she loved best to be; and there she learned, I do believe, all the recipes I'd in my head as well as in the house-book. She'd a smart brave spirit of her own, and a lively tongue besides—so, what with that and the fairest face in Queen Mary's County, no wonder there were soon lovers a-wooing in plenty One of 'em was Mr. Martin Hayward—as fine a young gentleman as any in the land, and a good match for her in every way, with his estate in sight of the Ordinary and all the money you'd want—which is a good thing to have in marrying, for all she'd have taken him, all the same, without, I reckon; so, before I had fairly sensed that she was a woman grown, there she was promised to him. However, Mr. Julius Wycham vowed and swore she should marry no man on earth before she was twentyone. Master Martin fretted and fumed at three whole years to wait; but she was contented enough. She'd not go against her father, she said—nor was it any great long time, neither; and so he gave in, and so it was at this pass when the time I'm telling about came around.

But I must make haste, upon my word, and get to the real beginning of the tale, if we want to finish it to-night:

It was in the year 1789, just fifteen years ago last April, when the ball came off at Wycham's Ordinary—that night, that I remember as well as if it was yesterday. We had a big fine ball-room, and, two or three times a year, the young folks far and nigh—leastwise, all that were anybody, as the saying is—came there to dance and merry-make at Wycham's Ordinary. Famous balls they were, too, with company and music and supper all befitting. The last I'd make sure of, though it seemed to me every time 'twould be the end of Martha Matchin. Dear me! such a bother as it was! It makes my old bones even now fairly ache to think on! The gentry came in their coaches or on horseback from as far off as Battletown, or even 'cross the river, and many staid overnight to breakfast—or, mayhap, dinner, too—next day. There was where the paying part came in, for all the rest was free; so, besides the cleaning up and setting to rights, they were to wait on; and, I tell you what, my honeys, when the last carriage had rolled away and all was done, I felt like a gust had swept over me.

That night in the beginning of April was a dark cold one for the season—coming on to rain, with the wind a-blowing damp from the southeast; but the company all came, in spite o' that. Little difference did the wind or weather make, after they 'd once got there, to the young folks at their dancing or the gentlemen at their cards. The damp never quenched the kitchen-fire nor cracked the fiddle-strings past mending, and, of all who kept step with the fiddle-music that evening, there was nobody that could outdo our Amy.

'Twas about ten o' the clock, and the supper-table already setting, with the dancing and fiddling, on one side, enough to drive a poor body half crazy by the noise of it, and trouble enough in the kitchen and dining-room, on t'other side, to finish the business—what with stupid cooks spoiling everything, and waiters clean out of the little senses they had at the best of times! Well, 'twas just about that time, as I was saying, when the stranger-gentleman came. I was walking down a cross passage off the big hall, my keys in one hand and a candle in the other, making for the linen-closet at one end, when there comes a double rap, hard and fast, on the outer side door. "Who in the name o' sense is it now?" says I, and so I jerked it open in a hurry: and there he stood, with the lady in his arms!

Well, well! I'll never forget the first sight of 'em, as he stood then, just like a picture framed in the doorway, with pitch-dark outside

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behind and the candle a-flaring in the draught 'gainst his pale face. It was white as death, sure enough, and a wild curious look in his eyes. I didn't seem to see then how handsome and comely he was, like everybody did afterward — only his dreadful look catched me straightway. The lady lay for all the world like one dead, hanging over his shoulder. He held her up and tight against him with one arm—as, to be sure, was easy enough, for such a slim little creature never did I see, to be a woman's form. They were both dressed as travelers, in long cloaks—the gentleman in a cocked hat all out o' shape with damp, and the lady hooded close, her face well-nigh hidden. So there stood I inside and he out, one moment, a-staring; then he stepped in and said:

"Madam, I perceive that there is some sort of merry-making with you to-night, and maybe the Inn is crowded; but I beg you, for God's sake, if you would serve the dying, to find a lodging for this lady and myself."

Then I was mightily put about, and knew not what to say; for, on these banquet-nights at the Ordinary, there was indeed scarce a room empty —what with dressing of the young folks and napping of the old ones, besides so many from a distance staying till next day. But yet, when I looked at that slip of a creature laying there so still and like dying—as he'd said—why, 'twas only one thing to be spoken.

"The price makes no odds," says he, on the minute whilst I was thinking. "I'll pay you double, and double that again, if you but make haste, for love of heaven! and show us to a room."

"Sir," quoth I, "'twas not money I was set on. Come in, and, if the house was only two rooms big, you should have one."

Then he begged that it might be as far from all the noise as I could make it, though—as he said—for all that, she would, maybe, never hear sound again.

"Make haste! make haste!" he kept on a-saying, in a wild eager way.

So, 'most distracted as I was with a ball-supper and a death-bed on my hands together—as one may say—I called big Betty to stay behind me, in charge, and Sukey Ann to come on quick with a shovel of coals for the fire-lighting, and went up the wing stairway, the gentleman at my heels.

Well, I led 'em to the far corner room of the wing, that, by good luck, was the only one out-and-out free and empty in the house; and there we got the poor thing's cloak off and her on the bed—where she lay like the dead, sure enough. I do believe the gentleman thought her really gone, for so he groaned out that she was when he looked at her; but I felt of her heart, and says I:

"Sir, the breath's still in her nostrils. 'Tis only a swoon," I said. And so I fell a-rubbing her, whilst Sukey blew up the fire, and he likewise, as best a man could, fell to helping me.

She was the most beautiful creature I ever did set eyes on, what there was of her, and her face like a little white flower beat down in a storm; and the pitifullest sight I ever did behold was the way the gentleman went on over her. He chafed her little waxy hands and kissed 'em too, and her lips and her forehead; he called in her ear "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" and then again "Mary! Mary! Mary!" in that tone as made my heart bleed; but she never stirred nor answered. He'd a brandy-flask, too, a-trying to get one drop of spirit betwixt her teeth; but, bless you! the pretty teeth were clinched too tight for him. Then he cried out to me to send for the nighest doctor; but I knew for certain there'd be no use in that, for the doctor was twelve good miles away, with old Squire Doughty laying very low and too rich to leave till breath went out of his body—and so I told the stranger. I asked him how long she'd been this way, and he said 'twas about five miles from the Ordinary when she was taken sudden-like in the carriage that fetched them hither. With that, he falls to groaning and kissing her again, till, truth to tell, he well-nigh set me wild. I'd got off her little shoes and silk stockings by that time, and was trying to warm her feet, and it seemed to my touch she was getting a bit more like natural flesh again. So I gave him a hint to leave us women to ourselves with her, whereupon he stared at me in a queer way like one half 'mazed, but did as he was bid, poor fellow, and shut the door behind him. Then we took off her clothes, which were the best of stuffs and the finest of linens, to be sure, and laid her between hot blankets with hot bricks at her feet. 'Twasn't so long by the clock, I found out afterward, but, heart alive! a long, long while it did seem to me then, before she opened her eyes and looked at us.

She opened 'em quick and wide, and beautiful eyes they were; but it was a queer look they gave, like she didn't see us plain, or maybe saw clean through us 'way off yonder. Then she sighed long and deeply, just once, and her eyelids fell like snow on March violets. Sukey says to me:

"Oh, ma'am, she's gone again," and burst out crying at that; but I put my ear down close and heard her breath a-coming and going evenly. "She's asleep," says I, and so she

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was—as I went right out and told the gentleman.

He was leaning against the wall of the passage, right by the door, with his eyes shut and the dreadfullest suffering look on his countenance—and 'twas then I noticed for the first time that night how comely he was. His face was as delicate-shapen as any woman's and scarce older-looking than hers in yonder on the pillow, save maybe in signs of deep trouble—yet it was not wanting in the manly turn, neither. His hair was all untied behind and neither curled nor powdered, a-hanging over his brow and on his shoulders most carelessly, but showing the natural golden color of it all the more for that. He was a real gentleman, as I saw the minute I first clapt eyes on him at the door, and 'twas a gentleman's rich dress that he wore under his long cloak thrown back off his shoulders. However, as one might see plainly, it was little he thought about looks or clothes that time.

"Thank heaven!" says he, when I told him my good news. Then he straightened up and took a step or two, but fell back next moment staggering 'gainst the wall. My heart went out to the lad at that sight—for truly he was scarce more than a lad—and I opened the door of the next room to that one we'd taken the lady into, and I said: "Sir, 'tis yours for the night," never caring if it was engaged after twelve o'clock, and to some of the highest quality-folks at that. They must go bundle in elsewhere, thinks I to myself; so I fairly pushed him in—and, with that, he sinks into the first chair, like one too sick to stand.

"'Tis my arm. I had forgot it," says he, like to himself, a-closing his eyes one minute. Then he turns to me, and speaks quick and low. "Good woman," says he, "since there's no doctor to be had in these parts—as you say—can you, or is there anybody in this house that can, dress me a wound?"

"Law! sir," says I, took all aback at this; and there I stood a-thinking.

I'd never courage or stomach for such business myself, and that's truth, for all some kind folks have said 'twas only make-believe and fine-lady airs. Common sickness I can 'tend with the best; but, when it comes to the sight o' blood—be it only a finger-cut—why, it's all in a tremble I am, and ready to drop that minute. There's the Master, thinks I to myself, who surely ought to know how; but how deep in his cups he was by this time, there's no telling, only I felt right certain 'twas 'way past clear eyes or steady hand with him and all the other elder gentlemen with him at the cards. As for Master Hayward and the youngsters all, 'twas neither will nor skill a body could count on in that quarter. But one living soul was there, in the house, that I made sure could do it—and that was the young mistress, Amy Wycham. Such a touch of the hand and such a way of it as she had, with brute and human! and that from the time she was five year old—I do declare. 'Twas tender as falling rose-leaves—and strong, too—that way of hers. Be it a chicken torn by the dogs, or one of the blacks with a mashed finger, be it cut or sore, that child was willing and ready. 'Twas a gift in nature, sure enough, as contrarywise with me, a weakness in the flesh; and a prettier sight never did anybody see in this world than her—a fair young creature, with her brown head a-bending low, and her little white hands a-working, busy at some such service. 'Twould be like asking a heap to call her now, in her ball-frock, a-dancing with her sweetheart; but yet she was never the girl to stay back for that—not she! It did seem a bit past reason, however; yet I looked at the poor young gentleman, and it came over me, like he'd been my own mother's son, that a body couldn't do too much for him.

"Sir," says I, "there's one woman in the house can do it for you."

"'Tis but a cut—a flesh-wound," says he; "and I'll pay well for the kindness."

"Good Lord! sir," says I, at that, "it's little pay she'll take, I'm thinking."

"Can she keep a still tongue about it?" says he. "And you too, ma'am, for kindness' sake? 'Tis no matter for public talk with me, though a little thing and partly accident." Then, on a sudden, he cries out like one making his mind that second: "There's been trouble, good woman! and as well trust you first as last. I think I can trust that face of yours," and he looked me in the eye: "I've had trouble. I've got a secret," says he: "will you keep it close?"

"'Fore God! I will, sir," says I, solemnly speaking—and gave him my hand on it, too. And then off I went in a hurry.

Truly and fairly, it did appear that I was one pulled two ways, that night. I heard big Betty screeching "Mrs. Martha! Mrs. Martha!" before I was half-way downstairs. "The Master's calling for another dozen bottles of the Tokay wine," says she. "'Tis wanted in the card-room, ma'am, and they've had too much a'ready to be kept waiting long. Billy Carter"—that was Master's own black man—"is drunk as a loon behind the kitchen-door," says she. "Lord! ma'am, you've been up yonder a good half-hour

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and more, by the clock, and cook half crazy for a word with you. 'Tis the thyme for the roast-goose gravy she's after, and can't find it high ner low—nor I, either. I've done my best with the table, ma'am. And how's the poor fainting lady?"

"Better," says I, "and fast asleep." And I took that chance to ask her if she knew which way the strangers had come and if the carriage was waiting.

'Twas a hired close-chaise from Battletown, she said. The driver had fetched in a traveling-bag, and staid ten minutes or so over a drink of brandy while his horse was feeding, and then he went off at a rattling pace that road he'd come by. He seemed a right civil-spoken man, said she; but 'twas like drawing of eye-teeth or blood from a turnip to get a word out of him about the strange lady and gentleman.

So that was all she knew, and, before that little was fairly out of her mouth, 'twas off in a run with me—first, to the cellar—next, to the kitchen; and often have I wondered since then how I kept my senses straight. Thinks I to myself, if 'twas a matter of life and death up yonder, the poor young gentleman would soon be ready for his burying. It did seem like when, in dreams, you've got to run and just can't hardly creep, I was that backheld by everything. But I hasted all I could, and, presently, made shift to steal off again and squeeze me inside the ball-room door. 'Twas a pretty sight that I saw in there, and the prettiest part of all was our young mistress.

The room was mighty big and long—'twas said, the biggest in the county—and rightly, too, I reckon; and it seemed as if all the young quality-folks in the county must be there dancing together, that night. The candles were all shining double—as one may say—for the floor was like a looking-glass for polish: The fiddles, they were playing away "Devil 'Mong the Tailors"—I mind the tune well. And such a turning and clasping hands! such a reaching up and swinging down! such a show-off of grand party-dresses—India muslin fine as cobweb, and silk, and satin! such a sparkling of bright eyes and blushing of rosy-red cheeks was there, to be sure! There was the beautiful Miss Evelina Battle, that was called the belle of Battletown; and there was Miss Betty Baker, that General Washington himself had toasted at Alexandria one time, last year before, for the grandest beauty there; and there were the Misses Steptoe, pretty enough, and the sort that'll coquet with a shirt on a handspike: but none of 'em could touch our Amy, according to my notions. Why, dancing came always as natural to that child as 'tis for a colt to run, from the time I taught her the first reel-step, my own self, one day, in the pantry, when she was four year old. And there she was now, her eyes outshining the candles, and her cheeks like two blush-roses just come out, a-turning hands across and down the middle, with Mr. Hayward to her partner.

I thought, when I looked at 'em, that there never was a prettier-matched couple, and that's truth. He was a fine tall figure of a lad, as straight as a cedar sapling, and a face as good-natured as 'twas handsome, for all maybe a bit too bent on having all things his own way. His way was t'ward Miss Amy Wycham then, as anybody might see—and I, for one, would ne'er gainsay it. He was fine and brave, that night—not anywise foppish, neither, but like a gentleman à-la-mode, as the French folks say—in a velvet coat and rose-flowered satin waistcoat, with his hair all curled and powdered white and tied with a sky-blue ribbon behind. I'm told, the fashion of powder is going out for young folks, nowadays. There'll never be another so genteel and well becoming, to my notion; and mighty becoming it was to Master Martin, and it made my heart beat young and warm to see them two, hand in hand, a-stepping it together. I hated to spoil her light heart and pleasure—and there I stood, saying never a word; but she spied me a-looking, and, when her part in the figure was done, here she came, stepping up to me so thoughtful and easy, with young Master Martin close after her.

"Do you want me, Mrs. Martha?" says she, all sweetly smiling and breathing quick-like from the dance.

"Aye, my dear," says I, and gave her a sly beck with my finger; but Master Hayward must needs put in his saucy tongue.

"Somebody's always wanting her," cries he, "with a plague on it! And what is it now, pray, Mrs. Martha, ma'am? Is it the sillabub that won't silly, or the custards gone to whey? Have the fox-dogs broke into your cold meats again, or is the big punch-bowl smashed to bits? Hey, Mrs. Martha—have I guessed right?" says he.

"Keep your wit to mind your knowledge, Mr. Pert," says I. "I've not kept house, these thirty years, to be running now with any such troubles to any the age of her. 'Tis neither cold meats nor sillabub, custards nor punch."

"And, if it were," quoth he, a-looking at her mighty proud and fond, "I'll wager twenty pounds she knows as much as the most."

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"She's not wanting in sense to learn," says I, and then I whispered in her ear that 'twas no laughing-matter. So she made him a sign to wait, and she came with me then outside the door—he fairly a-prancing, first on one foot, then on t'other, for very impatience—and there I told her what was wanting. "My dear," says I, "there's suffering in his eye." And, when she heard that, there came the sweetest pitying look on her face.

"I'm ready," says she, with never one look behind her; and, 'fore I was half-way up the stair, she was clean at the top.

We found the gentleman a-ready and waiting—if one may call it waiting, to be walking the floor. He'd taken off his cloak and the coat-sleeve from his left arm, and I remembered that he held the lady with his right when he fetched her in. There was a silk handkerchief tied tight round his arm, over the shirt-sleeve, 'twixt elbow and shoulder; and 'twas all stained with blood, the kerchief and the fair linen stiff and horrid, a sight to see. He started when he saw Amy—and no wonder!—and he made her a bow like to any queen; but he said never a word—he just sat down by the table and stretched out his arm upon it. I'd fetched the warm water and the bandages needful, and there she went to work.

Lord bless the child! I never saw the like of her in such business—for kindness or for skill. And to think how the very look of it made me stomach-sick! while there was she a-bending over, a-touching it with her little daintified fingers, calm as calm. I couldn't help looking, for all 'twas 'gainst the grain, when she untied the kerchief. 'Twas no such a deep cut—nor, maybe, dangerous, at worst—but ugly enough, for all that. The blood was dried and clotted just as it first ran out, and the fine linen of the sleeve—best quality Holland as ever was made, and the ruffles of real lace—that was cut through with the very same gash, and sticking raw-edged in the place—God knoweth for how long!

Well, she cut away the nasty bloody stuff, and she washed the wound, and salved it, and bound it safe up—me fetching what was wanted and keeping nigh at hand, meanwhile. The poor gentleman set his teeth together and breathed hard twice or thrice; but, in the main, he stood it wonderful well, to be a man, with never a moan or groan—though it must have hurt right sorely, being so stiff and long undressed, as appeared. His arm was white as Amy's own, and blue-veined like any lady's. I watched him keen when she touched and pressed it with her soft fingers—and her breath warm against it, too—and I saw that, for any young man's sense of it he had, she might's well have been me or the old doctor. Then I said to myself: "His trouble's bitter and sunk deep." And I fell to wondering what the matter was, and what betwixt him and the little thing asleep in t'other room. 'Twas, most likely, a duel for her sake, it seemed to me then. I hoped nobody was killed; yet, someway, my blood ran cold—like a warning sign of truth—at that thought. If 'twas any such mischance, sure enough, I knew full well there were not wanting more than one or two under this very roof to bear him company, as the same was nothing uncommon with gentlemen of spirit and honor. But I hated to think of him that-a-way, and I hated to think there was anything wrong betwixt him and her. He'd called her "sweetheart" in his taking-on, and I prayed in my heart, if so she was, all might be truly fair and lawful; for, if 'twas anywise t'other way, my duty was plain. It should never be said, forsooth, that Wycham's Ordinary was harbor for shame or scandal in Martha Matchin's time. Still, I couldn't judge harm from them two fair young faces, nor scarce believe 'em to be that sort.

There I stood a-staring at the man whilst thinking all this; and there he sat, with his eyes cast down and that kind o' dazed, suffering, miserable look in 'em, till, presently, all was finished and the last bandage on; then he takes her hand on a sudden and kisses it, mighty gratefully and in that way as only a gentleman born can do. If she'd colored ever so little or been one bit put about, I'd ha' made sure of there never being another chance for any such gallantries as that; but she didn't. She just looked straight up at him, calm and grave, and with that same sweet pity in her eyes. I thought I'd never seen her look so beautiful, standing there in her ball-dress, but clean forgetting the ball and never even seeming to hear the music that was sounding all through the house; but, all the same, I was easy in my mind that I'd done no harm a-calling her.

I told her, after awhile, when we two went downstairs together, how that she must let on to nobody what had passed. "'Tis a secret, my dear," says I, "and I promised we'd hold our tongues."

"What!" says she, half smiling, half in earnest. "Tell nobody, Mrs. Martha? Not even Martin Hayward, if he asks me? Nay—he'll be sure to ask me what kept me gone so long. Maybe I'll tell him, maybe I won't; but I will bind him secret as the grave before I do," says she, so prettily nodding her head.

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So I said very well, if he plagued her with asking—since one would not lightly spoil lovers' good-confidence, as there's no surer way to do, in sooth, than your one-sided secrets betwixt 'em. But, all the same, I did wish that Master Martin might never once think to ask her.

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Well, well! I could go on about it 'most all night—but 'twould make the tale too long. We sent for the doctor, and he came straight away from one death-bed to another. He said 'twas some failing of the heart—mayhap, the same that women-folks call heart-brokeness, though he never spoke that word; 'twas another name he called it by—a great long grand-sounding name that I never could catch. He said 'twas a disease most uncommon in the young and sound—and he wondered vastly if she'd had a bad sudden shock, a-looking meanwhile at the gentleman, who never said one word. He was shocked himself, I reckon, past hearing or answering. "Save her! save her!" was all his cry. "Can nothing be done to save her?" And all we or anybody could do was done—but 'twas no mortal use; it seemed like her heart-strings were broken, sure enough; her life just sunk and faded, slow but sure, like the last coal 'mongst white ashes on the hearth. 'Twas just afore death fairly struck her, when she opened her eyes for the last time in this world—a-looking dim and awesome-like, as if out of the valley o' the shadow o' death—and that look went straight to the gentleman standing agonizing over her.

Then he said: "Mary! Mary! do you know me? Speak to me, Mary!" And his tone I'll ne'er forget, to my dying day.

She sort o' smiled, and her lips moved.

"Leonard!" says she, in a little low whisper, but right plain; just once, "Leonard!" Then he cried out sharply, like he'd been struck, and hid his face in the bed-clothes; and it seemed to me that couldn't be his name, for certain, nor what he'd wanted her to say.

Well, she never said aught more than that, the only word I ever heard her speak; and, a little time after, about sundown, she died—calm and easy, so that one might scarce tell when the breath went out of her. And no words that ever were spoke or wrote in a book could fairly tell the grief of the poor stranger-gentleman. 'Twasn't loud and out-breaking, like some, all took out in talk and crying; but 'twas deep, deep down inside of his heart. He ordered the beautifullest coffin for her that ever was made in Battletown, all shining, half covered with silver, such as 'twould be truly 'most a pleasure to be buried in, and Betty Whipstitch must needs make the finest shroud ever cut out of linen. Mighty becoming it was to the poor little dead lady, and mighty sweet and fair she looked, with her little hands like wax, and that one could 'most see through, crossed on her breast. There wasn't a woman's eye dry that saw that sight; but, when we fetched the gentleman in to look, he never shed one tear. There she lay, and there he stood gazing down, a'most as much like death itself.

"Poor little girl!" says he, and he touched her face easy as he said it. "Poor little girl!"

"Was she your wife, sir?" I said; but I thought then his saying that someway didn't sound like it.

"Nay," says he, never lifting his eyes, "she was my sister."

"But you called her Sweetheart, sir," says I.

"Did I?" says he. "Well, so we often called her."

Then I said: "And is your name Leonard, sir?" And my heart beat like anything as the words came out, though I felt like I must ask or die.

He looked up quickly then, and he laughed in a curious way.

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"Yes," says he; "call me that, good woman. Yes, my name is Leonard—and Strange. I am Mr. Leonard Strange," says he, and he laughed again; and I thought 'twas strange, sure enough, and I only half believed him—but so we called him, after that.

I asked him if there were any kinpeople or friends, where they came from, that he wanted written to or anywise bidden to the burying. And he said: "No. She'd no blood-kindred in the world but me," said he. "And there's not a living soul I want, that day."

There was a graveyard high up on the hill back of the Ordinary, where folks had been buried from the earliest settled times in those parts, even them that were killed a-fighting with the Indians. A dismal place, I always thought it, with its skulls-and-crossbones cut on the sunk tombstones, and great long grass up to a body's knees, and wall half-ready to tumble down. 'Twas a queer fancy, though, that Mr. Strange took to it from the first, when we were talking of grave-room for the little lady; and 'twas there we laid her low, on the third day after she died. 'Twas a fair fine evening, wonderful warm for the season, with the sun a-setting 'mongst yellow clouds in the west and the fields just greening up with spring. He'd begged for a quiet burying and all kept close as might be; but, someway, the neighbors had got wind of it, and a many of 'em came to see. Everybody was mighty grave and pitiful, for all they whispered and wondered 'mongst themselves—some a-guessing one thing, and some t'other. Every eye was set on him that was the single solitary mourner, and I was right glad he was that wrapped in his grief as never to heed their staring. 'Tisn't always balm to the living when folks crowd after the dead; but he never heeded nor looked, not he; and 'twould ha' touched heart of stone to see him a-walking all alone in his dismal mourning-black behind the coffin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNGSTER WHO SURVIVED.

BY BELLA FRENCH SWISHER.

Oft mothers tell and poets sing,
  In tones of mournful pride
Which to our eyes the teardrops bring,
  Of "the little boy that died."
But, while I sing, I'll spend the time
In searching for a fitting rhyme
  For the youngster who survived
  And from his cradle grew and thrived.

Oh, he is smart and worldly wise,
  And mischief is his aim;
He robs the birds and tortures flies
  Without a blush of shame;
No barbèd fence can keep a peach
Or other "goody" from the reach
  Of the youngster who survived
  And from his cradle grew and thrived.

He learns to smoke and chew quite young,
  And early apes a dude;
And he has words at end of tongue
  A sailor would think rude.
He will not work; he hates his school;
Pa is "old man" and ma "a fool,"
  To the youngster who survived
  And from his cradle grew and thrived.

He worries, teases, snubs us all,
  And, like a whirlwind, lays
Our hopes in ruins, great and small,
  And with our heart-strings plays.
Yet hate the imp, all ye who can!
It takes hard knocks to make a man
  Of the youngster who survived
  And from his cradle grew and thrived.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY JULIA MOORE.

Autumn winds within the trees,
Waken sweetest melodies,
Tuneful alike for the happy and sad,
Telling sweet stories to those who are glad,

Whispering comfort to those who mourn;
For the past summer that may not return,
For hopes that were blighted, of time misspent
In pleasures past, they find no content.

Our hopes and our fears lie scattered around
Like the dead fallen leaves that strew the ground,
And the careless may tread them where they lie,
Nor take one thought of the hopes that die.

'Twould comfort us all, if we only could know
That angels from heaven come down here below
An invisible feeling of comfort to bring
Till past disappointments have lost all their sting.

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So I said very well, if he plagued her with asking—since one would not lightly spoil lovers' good-confidence, as there's no surer way to do, in sooth, than your one-sided secrets betwixt 'em. But, all the same, I did wish that Master Martin might never once think to ask her.

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here, Helen. I was thinking of—of Jack—and of Kimberley—"

"You are always thinking of that hot wretched place, Dick," she said, with a pretty pout, "and I wish you needn't. Of course, Jack was your friend; but—I'm almost jealous of his memory."

"I don't dare to think of him often; for I fear I have been or may be false to a—trust."

"Why, Richard Margrave! what are you saying?"

"I haven't told you all, you know, Helen; that is, I have never told you the reason for my coming to America again."

"Why, to dispose of the diamonds you found in the mines, to be sure."

"Not especially; I could have sold them in England," said Mr. Margrave, shifting nervously and looking out over the blue sparkling ocean, as though to fortify himself for the confession which he knew he must now make. "Not especially that. Naughton loved a girl living somewhere in Boston. Of all the stones we found, including one of great value, his share was to have been given to her, and I promised that I would find her and carry out his wishes."

"And why haven't you done so, Dick?" looking at him with deep reproach.

"Because I do not know her name—that is, her surname—and because I have not made the effort."

"What were your reasons, pray?" in wondering reproof.

Margrave resented this leading cross-examination, and continued unheedingly:

"Jack always called her by her first name—Helen—and only spoke of her in a general way until the day he died. Even then, he said, I'd find her full name and address on the envelope of a letter he had ready written in case of his unexpected death in the pits, and which was also his will.

"The letter I could not find," continued Margrave, slowly, "and though I might, with some expenditure of time and money, discover the whereabouts of the lady, I have not done so because—"

"Well?" inquired Helen.

"Because I love you."

"Oh!"

"In fact," resumed Margrave, much relieved and feeling somewhat absolved by his conscience from his sin, "I was on my way to an attorney whom I knew in Nantasket, the day I met you, and it was the calling of your name—the same as hers—on the beach by Major Thomas, that first attracted my attention to you. You know that I did not get any farther, thanks to the Major."

"And so some poor girl is deprived of her rightful possessions through me and the Major's somewhat loud and musical voice," said the lady, thoughtfully.

"Really, Helen," remarked Mr. Margrave, his good-humor partially returning, "your perspicacity is remarkable."

"Then you never showed me all the jewels, Dick?"

"All but one," he returned.

"Am I to see that, dear?"

"I took it from the safe-deposit only yesterday, but—do you want so very much to see it?"

"Now, Dick!"

He drew from an inner pocket the dirty little leather bag, opened it, and took out the "Thistle Diamond."

As it lay in the hollow of his palm, shining slightly from the result of a superficial polish, his companion uttered a little cry of delight and reverently seized it.

After feasting her eyes on its rounded surfaces, she handed it back to him.

"Oh, it is lovely!"

"It is worth," said Mr. Margrave, calmly, "thirty thousand dollars, as it is flawless and of the first water."

"Oh, Dick, how rich you are!"

"I'd rather have you, dear, than a dozen such jewels," said Margrave, with more sentimentality than the occasion warranted.

"I know it, Dick," sweetly. "But of course you will now make amends for your dilatory action?"

Mr. Margrave's face grew serious again and he only replied:

"I am now going to the house; will you come with me? Come!"

In fact, Mr. Margrave was so wrought upon by conflicting emotions that his abruptness that afternoon was as excusable as his deep abstraction during the ensuing few days. Never for a moment had the dishonorable thought of being false to his trust been actually uppermost in his mind; but it lurked there, nevertheless—subtle, insidious, but present and tormenting in persistency of assertion. He knew it would be a comparatively easy matter to find the young lady if he chose. Again, half the value of the jewel was his, and it was enough—he had said so to himself hundreds of times, coming home. But then that was before he had met Miss Morcy.

If Mr. Margrave had been a fatalist, he would have declared the presence of an inscrutable destiny in the manner he had heard his old friend's voice calling to her that day on the beach, and in encountering at the same time

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Helen's big dark-brown eyes fixed upon his tanned face in curious inquiry. He had stopped and shaken hands with the Major with such warmth and unnecessary prolongation of the ceremony that even the dulled perception of the gallant old gentleman comprehended, and the introduction to his niece followed.

And he remembered that for the ensuing month the diamond, Jack, and the fair unknown were swallowed in the happy oblivion of daily association with a very lovable girl and the intense delight of a realization that his companionship was thoroughly enjoyed.

But, when Mr. Margrave learned that the heart he sought was his, and his only, he awakened to the understanding that he was a renegade to his conscience, and in danger of committing a dishonorable act.

Margrave was not a scoundrel. He distinguished with clearness between right and wrong. He knew full well that no one on the face of the earth would know whether he kept the entire proceeds of the jewel to himself, or gave the half to its rightful owner. Yet the former action, he also knew, would stultify his honor, and, to a man of his character, this was his most precious possession.

There was another aspect to the case, however: a highly important one, which presented a terrible temptation. He loved Helen, and he desired to lavish not only his affection, but his wealth, on her, and, to such an end, fifteen thousand dollars contributed materially. And now he had told her all about it. Well, he declared, she should decide. If she said it would be improbable that he could ever find the other Helen, why, he would not look for her. Besides, on sober consideration, free from all the sentimentality of possible rights, since the other Helen had never been either conscious or possessed of her wealth, how in logical sequence could she suffer any actual loss? Mr. Margrave admitted this proposition to be somewhat finely drawn, yet it might be considered a true one, and, with this conclusion, the mental combat which had raged within him for so long, between his conscience and his cupidity, ceased, and he generously placed the burden of a right or wrong decision upon the shoulders of another.

In truth, Mr. Margrave was much elated over his determination, and the cigar he puffed, as he strolled toward Helen's modest cottage, possessed an extraordinary flavor, and his heart was much lighter than it had been for many long days.

He found her in the little sitting-room. But, as he clasped her warm soft little hands in his, Mr. Margrave saw the interior of a dirty canvas tent, and some words which were burned into his memory as with fire also flashed across his mind, and he suddenly became inert and weak and his courage vanished.

"I am so glad you have come, Dick dear. You have kept me waiting all day, you naughty boy. Why have you? Your head is as hot as it can be. What is the matter?"

Mr. Margrave tried to laugh joyously, and failed dismally.

"I have much to trouble me, Helen," he said, dropping her hands as though they burned his own.

"We must be together more, dear," she said, nestling close to his broad shoulder; "for, when we are apart, you are so disposed to worry about foolish things."

"Dick!" after a silence.

"Well?"

"You love me, don't you?"

"Why, of course! What put that idea in your head, pet?"

"And you would do anything for me, Dick—for me?"

"Can you ask?" he answered.

"And even lay down your life—wouldn't you, Dick dear?"

"My darling," he said, pressing her closely to him, "you frighten me. You know I would, over and over again, if such a thing were possible."

"Ah, I know you would, if I asked it; but I wanted to hear you say so—it sounds so sweet and manly. And—I know you would, Dick dear."

"Helen," Mr. Margrave exclaimed, holding her little form at arm's-length and looking into her eyes, "what do you mean?"

"You hurt me," she said, nestling up to him again and stealing her arms about his neck with the softest caress. "But, Dick, I do love you, and—I want you to give me the diamond: give it to me, your love—won't you, Dick?"

She pressed her warm lips to his, laid her soft cheek against his rough bronzed face, and looked up into his eyes.

"She will never know, Dick," she continued, tightly holding him to her. "I, as your sweetheart, have the right to claim it. And you will give it to me—won't you, dear?"

Mr. Margrave did not reply for some moments.

"My child," he answered, evasively, "all that I have is yours, and, of course, the—the diamond."

"And you will not look for the other Helen, Dick?"

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Mr. Margrave shook himself free from her embrace, completely taken by surprise. He realized now the utter baseness of his thoughts. He saw that his love had got the better of his honest judgment, and knew how thoroughly selfish and false to himself he had been. He had been a coward and all but a villain. He realized, too, with a sickening feeling, that the woman whom he loved had deliberately thrown herself into the mire, from which he had, after so terrible a struggle, just succeeded in extricating himself, and it made his heart ache.

He turned on her with fierce earnestness.

"You shall have my half of the diamond, Helen," he said; "but the other—"

She uttered a glad cry, and again flung her arms around his neck in a paroxysm of joyous rapture.

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" she half sobbed. "Oh, that I could have doubted you!"

Mr. Margrave believed that he had a reasonable knowledge of feminine nature, but this display and Helen's ensuing explanation banished his conceit.

"Dick," she continued, smiling at his look of perplexity, "long weeks ago, when you first told me of your Kimberley life and that your partner was John Naughton, I knew that he was the man who once was kind to me and whom we knew slightly in Boston—"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Margrave.

"No, no, but true," she went on, hurriedly. "Listen. We only knew him through his having helped me home one night, and then we saw him before he went away, and he told us that he was bound for the diamond-fields of Kimberley. And, when you showed me the diamond the other day and gave me a bit of its history, I realized that I was the other Helen."

"But you never told me you had lived long in Boston," persisted Mr. Margrave.

"You never asked, dear, where we lived, and I thought you knew or had inquired of the Major."

"No," said Mr. Margrave, somewhat sheepishly. "I was indifferent—I mean, too happy to care."

A kiss rewarded this admission.

"It was pretty rough, Helen, to give me such a nervous shock. I thought you were in deadly earnest."

"And so I was, dear," patting his ruddy cheek affectionately. "I wanted to test you; for, if you had said you wouldn't look for the other Helen, I couldn't have married you."

"Well," responded Mr. Margrave, with a mischievous smile, "was the test satisfactory?"

PARTED.

BY ANNA WILSON.

Apart, we tread the pathway
That spans the tide of years,
With faces calm and smiling,
With hearts all full of tears;
We hide the bitter sorrow
That lives for you and me—
The world, with all its watchers,
Must think us glad and free.

So far apart; yet, dimly,
Sad mem'ry still will bring
The past with all its brightness,
Our life's sweet sunny spring;
'Twas then we stood together
And wove our trusting dreams—
With all the bliss of dreamers,
We watched their golden gleams.

Your hand it was that broke them;
I do not chide you now,
For I have seen the impress
Of care upon your brow;
Yours is the hardest burden—
It was your work, you know,
That took from life its beauty
And left a path of woe.

And now—we miss the music
That should have been our own;
The tender words of welcome
By us can ne'er be known.
Your face is ever silent,
Save when I meet your eyes—
Ah, then I read so plainly
Regret that in them lies.

We walk apart forever—
You cannot come to me,
And I, who fain would greet you,
Must ever silent be;
The gulf that lies between us
We cannot hope to cross,
For that would only bring us
A deeper pain and loss.

No more, through all the journey,
Will joy be ours again,
And yet there is a comfort
Despite the cruel pain:
For, in the final ending—
It may be far or nigh—
Our lives shall be united
When both of us shall die.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

In my last paper, we disposed of the basque of your suit, leaving the rest of the costume for consideration at present. Of course, after cutting out your basque, you may leave it and go on with the skirt. Sometimes this is the better plan, particularly if anyone is helping you or if there is a scarcity of goods. In the latter case, the trimming of your waist will depend on the amount of stuff left after cutting out the skirt.

A new idea, and a rather good one, is to make one of the entire fronts of the basque of different material from the other. It may be either embroidery, braiding, or a contrasting color or goods, and this front may be extended in a panel down the same side of the skirt; if put on the opposite side, it does not make such a graceful line. This style gives a pretty effect with white dresses trimmed with embroidery.

Speaking of embroidery, almost the cheapest costume I ever saw was made entirely of some three-inch colored embroidery, a lot of which—about thirty yards—was offered at one cent a yard. The entire suit was made by sewing rows of the edging on the thinnest cheapest muslin of the same color that could be found. Pieces of two kinds would make a pretty white dress. This idea of having one side of the waist different from the other is economical; you can utilize remnants for that purpose and brighten up an old dress.

The most difficult thing about making a skirt is getting it to hang properly; and, just now, the difficulty is greater than usual, since there is not so much trimming and draping to cover the foundation. Sham skirts are not of much use nowadays; in fact, they are always rather false economy, particularly with thin materials. A skirt of the goods can be used as a basque in case the old one wears out, and will be invaluable in altering over the dress, as is pretty sure to be necessary in these days of changing fashions.

The full gathered or plaited skirts worn this year are generally made over underskirts of the same material. The underskirt should not be gored, and the outside skirt should be from four to five yards wide. If you have any dresses made, last summer, with petticoat drapery, you can alter them over into these full skirts. In making a flannel or serge skirt of this sort, you do not need an underskirt, as the single thickness is heavy enough. Flannel waists may be made up without lining also; but, of course, a basque always fits better, and is less liable to stretch, if lined—though, with the loose bodices, it does not matter so much. With these gathered skirts, full waists are worn, and sashes either of the same material as the dress or of surah. Box-plaited and kilt-plaited skirts look well, but are harder to manage than gathered ones; so, unless you have some experience, content yourself with the latter. Skirts shirred at the top—the more rows of shirring, the better—are exceedingly pretty. Sometimes, only the front or the sides are shirred; sometimes, the shirring goes all the way around. It requires patience to make a dress this way, but the result will repay you for your trouble.

Unless you are making a full skirt which is not gored, you need a good pattern quite as much as for your basque. A pattern of the newest sort of skirt, with accompanying directions for enlarging it, was given in "Peterson" this year. The straw model which I mentioned in my last article will be invaluable to you in making and draping your skirt—though, to be sure, there is no draping worn nowadays. Probably your last season's dresses are all draped, and will need alteration in order to make them look a little less old-fashioned. The easiest plan is to take all the loopings out of the back and let it hang straight. If it is gathered or plaited into a belt, cut the breadth off at the bottom and hem—it is less trouble than taking it out of the band. Box-plaited backs look well, if you have material enough for that; or a sash-back may be made, by piecing your before-draped breadths into a long broad sash as large as you can make it. Tie it into a bow at the back; or, if it is long enough, tie around the waist. The ends should come to the bottom of the dress, if possible.

If you cannot do anything better with an old dress, take all the drapery off, front and back—

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provided, of course, your skirt is not a sham—make a sash, and wear it with the plain skirt. If you are not tall, this will look very well, particularly if the skirt is tucked or if you happen to have narrow ribbon or braid that you can put around the bottom, as many rows as possible. The best thing to do with an old basque, especially one with coat-tails, is to wear it inside, with a belt or sash The old-fashioned stomacher which is again in vogue will improve a basque if you do not want a sash.

Reeds are almost entirely discarded; but very thin persons usually have, in their skirts, two extremely small ones, twelve inches long and very narrow. If you take reeds out of last year's gowns, be sure to run a tuck for each one removed. Similarly, in cutting the skirt, allow nearly an inch for each reed. Casings are run for them, and they are slipped in and fastened together. Some persons dispense altogether with a bustle; but most persons look better with a small one. An excellent idea in making thick dresses is to fasten a small pad right at the waist; you can either buy it or make it out of hair and muslin. You will like it much better than wearing a separate bustle.

Always allow at least an inch at the top of your skirt to turn in before putting it into the band. Before gathering, divide both your belt and your skirt into four parts and then distribute the fullness properly in each portion, allowing most for the back and the least for the front. In making a skirt without reeds, allow from a half-inch to an inch longer for the back breadths than for the front and sides. Usually a half-inch is enough when such small tournures are worn as at present.

Ginghams and chintzes are usually made up with a wide hem, but other goods are generally faced. You do not need a very broad facing—five inches being quite enough. The upper edge is pinked, the other one is sewed on the right side of the skirt, turned over, and slip-stitched on the inside, so that the stitches may not show. French chintz makes the dress stand out well, but will scratch your shoes and make the uppers look shabby. Ordinary chintz will answer for the facing, and for a sham skirt too, if you have one.

A yard is enough for the former purpose, and about four yards for the latter.

Instead of binding the skirt with braid, as was formerly done, the braid is now laid flat upon the wrong side and run on so that the braid will come just enough below the bottom of the skirt to protect the latter from dust. In altering or renovating an old dress, nothing freshens it up so much as renewing the skirt-braid. When the bottom of the skirt is worn as well, if you have a turn-in at the top, you can cut off the shabby edge and face, the extra inch at the top making up for the loss in length. Indeed, this year, on account of the dispensing with reeds and large bustles, many of last season's dresses are too long and can be shortened without taking them out of the bands.

If you choose, you can have your skirt and waist all in one, by sewing your bodice on the band of your skirt. Some dresses are made all in one without a band, but this is more difficult. The waist in this last case must be long enough to fasten right on to the skirt so as to cover the band entirely. This sort of costume, of course, needs neither sash nor belt.

If you want a polonaise, you must have a pattern. The Directoire polonaise was given as a Supplement to "Peterson" during 1889.

The best advice I can give to beginners about making skirts is to use the straw model and work with your skirt on that until you get it right. A good deal of patience and much experimenting may be required.

In my next papers, I shall have something to say about the alteration of garments, and shall talk on a subject which is of great interest to mothers of families—that is, the making and altering of children's clothes, both girls' and boys': a subject of even more importance, and often the cause of more anxiety, than the making of our own garments.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THERE is a vast difference between hypocrisy and saying plainly what one thinks, and it is perfectly easy to take a medium course. Besides, people are usually more or less sensitive regarding themselves and their belongings; and, even though they may invite a criticism, they do not desire an uncompromisingly candid verdict, and would appreciate one that was rather equivocal more than a downright condemnation of the article in question. It is not more difficult to keep in with people, and take them the right way in whatever mood they may be, than to oppose them in arguments or opinions just because these may not thoroughly coincide with one's own ideas. Indeed, as a general rule, in social intercourse it is usually safest to avoid too plain speaking.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

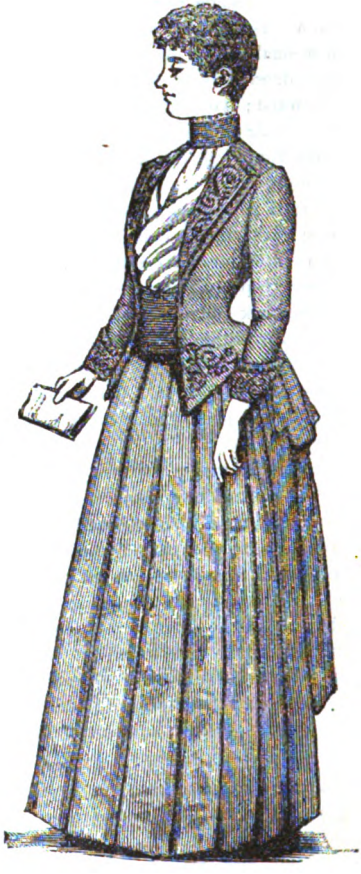
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—Our first illustration this month is of a walking-dress, of self-colored lady's-

No. 1.

cloth or camel's-hair. The front has two large box-plaits meeting in the middle, trimmed with large motifs of passementerie, or the large leaf-design may be cut out of velvet a shade darker than the material, and appliquéd on with a narrow silver, steel, or gold braid for the edges and veining of the leaves. The sides and back of the gown hang in straight folds. The jacket opens from neck to waist over a narrow braided vest, and is trimmed to match the skirt. The skirt of the jacket is cut in squares and bound with braid. The coat-sleeves are plain and fulled at the shoulders. A wide sash of surah ties around the waist and hangs in long loops-and-ends at the back or left side. From six to eight yards of double-fold material will be required to make the dress.

No. 2—Is a plain Directoire gown, of self-



No. 2.

colored cashmere or Henrietta-cloth. The skirt is laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. A wide

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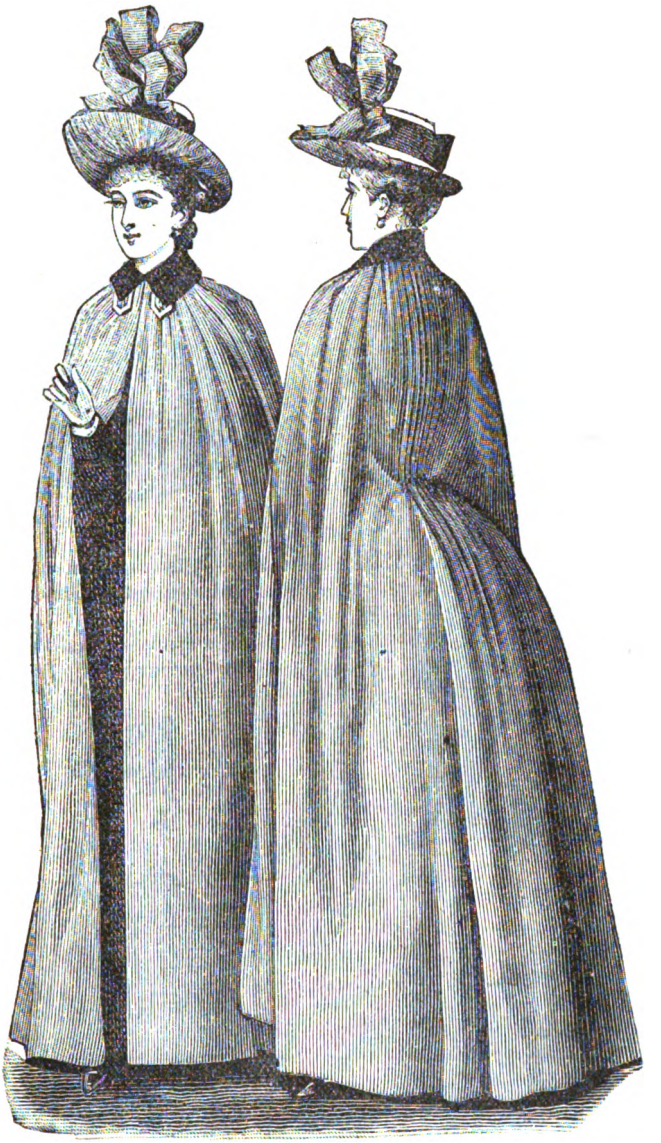
sash of the material finishes the waist, under the jacket in front, and ties in loops-and-ends at the back. The jacket opens in front over a full vest of white China silk or crêpe; the revers, points, and cuffs of the same are braided in silk braid to match. High standing collar and plain coat-sleeves. Ten to twelve yards of material will be required.



No. 3.

No. 3.—We give here the front and back of a walking or traveling cloak for the autumn or winter months. It is made of a plain or pin-striped woolen or Scotch tweed material. The collar is of velvet, and a handsome clasp is added. It is sometimes made of camel's-hair and lined throughout with surah. The hat is of felt, and is trimmed with standing loops of ribbon.

No. 4—Is a very stylish pelisse, for a girl of about ten or twelve years of age. It is made of checked woolens. The front has a double row of buttons; the back is gathered, and the cape is plaited into a circular yoke to avoid

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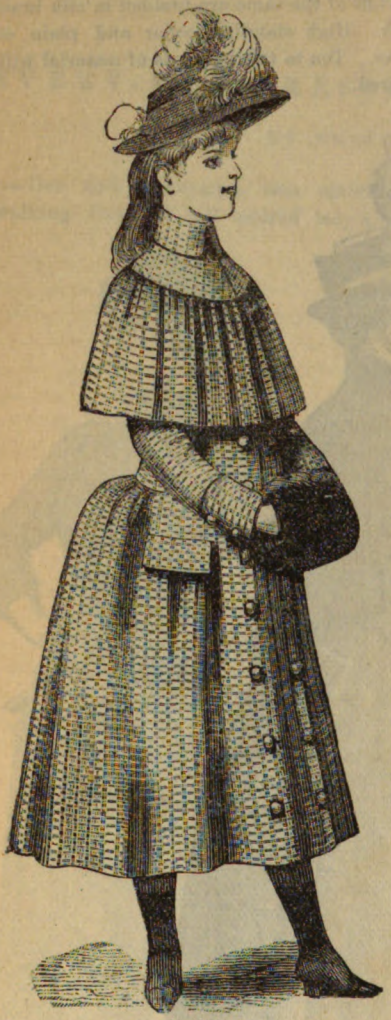

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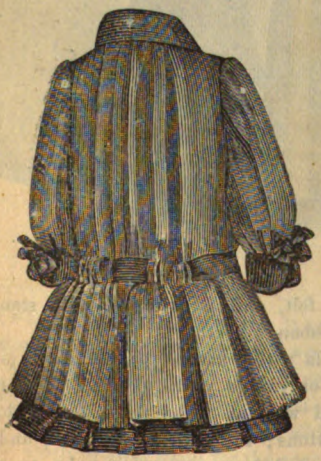

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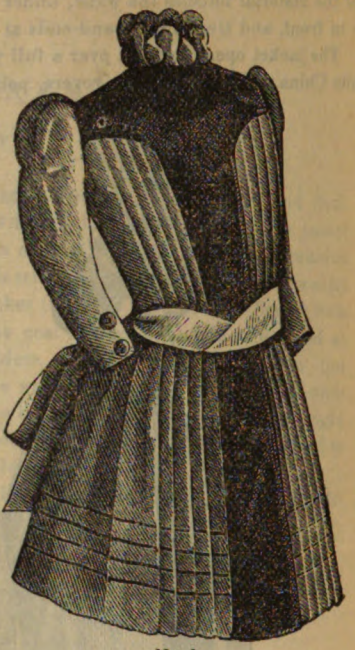
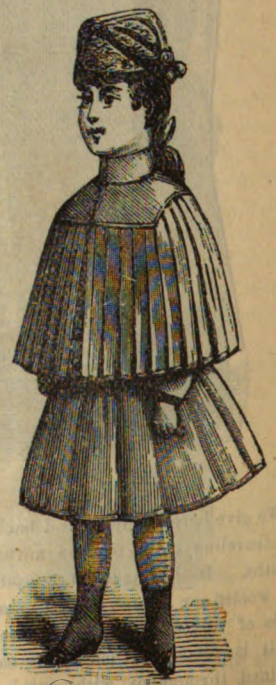


No. 6.

the fullness. High turnover collar. Hat of felt, trimmed with long ostrich-plumes. Small muff, of beaver.

No. 5—Is a flannel or camel's-hair blouse, for a child of two to four years. It is gathered back



No. 7.

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No. 8.

and front at the neck, and the waist has a ribbon run in and out, which ties in front. Collar and cuffs of velvet.

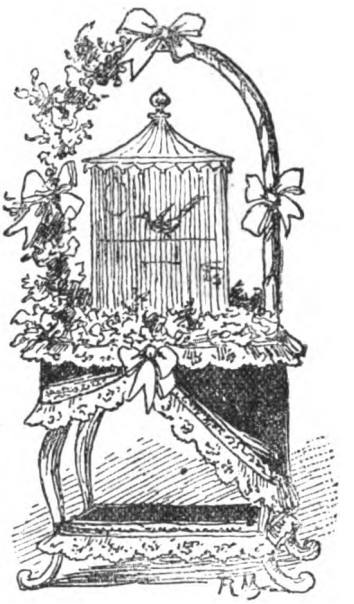
No. 6.—Frock, for a girl of five years, of cashmere and plush or velvet. The yoke and plastron are of the latter material. The skirt is tucked, and the fronts are laid in inch-wide plaits each side of the plastron. A ribbon sash ties at the back, and a ruching of ribbon finishes the neck. The coat-sleeves are puffed at the shoulders.

No. 7—Is a child's pelisse, in blue serge. The plaited houlder-cape is headed by a square yoke, to avoid the fullness around the neck. High standing collar. Coat-sleeves. Fez cap.

No. 8—Is an illustration of a a boy's ulster, to be made of Scotch tweed. It is double-breasted, with two rows of large bone buttons. The cape and collar, cuffs, pocket-flaps are simply stitched on the edge.

BIRD-CAGE STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Any pretty little table, painted in white and gold, and draped with a bit of China silk, edged with lace or cretonne, as seen in the illustration, makes a very pretty ornament for any room. The handle is made of willow and twisted with ribbon. Some artificial smilax is twined about the top of the stand and on one side of the handle.

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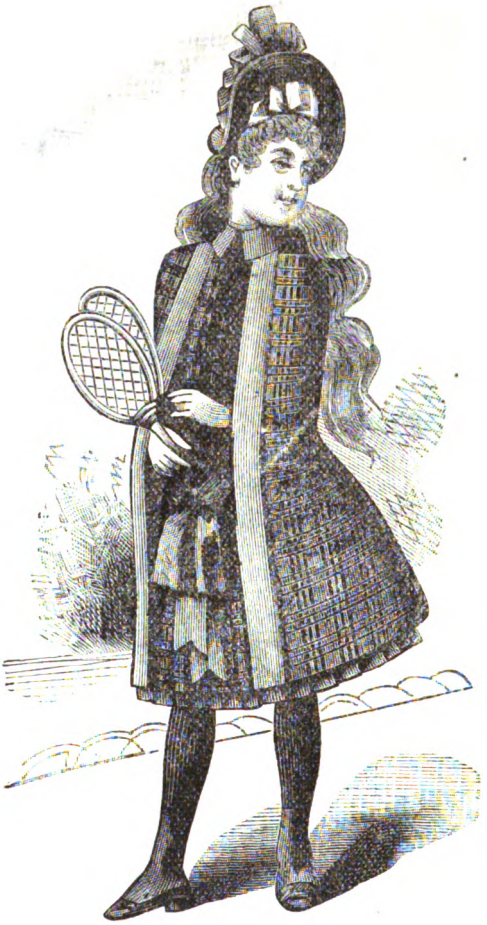
GIRL'S CLOAK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement, this month, in advance of the season, the pattern of a Girl's Cloak. The pattern is intended for a girl of from six to eight years old, and consists of three pieces:

1. Half of Back.
2. Half of Under-Front.
3. One Over-Front.

The back is gathered at the waist so that it fits the figure—indicated by the dotted lines at waist. The ribbon sash is stitched to the fullness, and ties in front. The under-front is plaited to the size required; the over-front is placed in position above it, leaving room for the hand to pass through, and the remainder is then stitched to the full front.

BRAIDING-PATTERN.

On the Supplement, we give a carnation design for braiding. It can be utilized for many purposes, and is very graceful as a panel for a child's frock.

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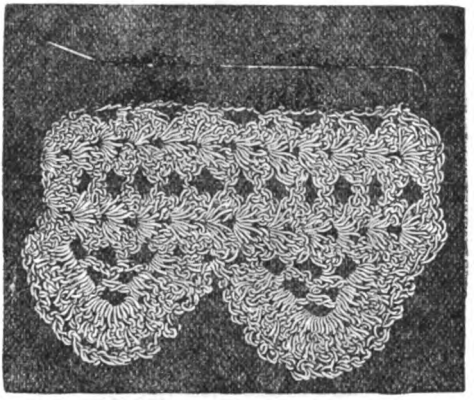
CROCHETED EDGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Explanation of the abbreviations: ch., chain; sc., single crochet; st, stitch; dc., double crochet.

First row: Make ch. of nine, three dc. in fourth st. of ch., ch. one, three dc. in same st.; this makes a shell of six; shell of six in last st. of ch.

Second row: Ch. five, shell of six in middle of last shell, shell of six in middle of next shell, catch with sc. in first dc. of shell on first row, ch. of four.

Third row: Shell of six in middle of last shell, shell of six in middle of next shell, ch. one, one dc. under ch. of five, ch. one, one dc. in third st. of ch. of five, ch. five.

Fourth row: One dc. under ch. of one, ch. one, one dc. under next ch. of one, ch. one, shell of six in middle of preceding shell, shell of six in middle of next shell, catch with sc. under ch. of four, ch. of four.

Fifth row: Shell of six in middle of each shell of six in preceding row, three dc. under first ch. of one, three dc. under next ch. of one, nine dc. under ch. of five, three dc. in each of the next two holes, catch with sc. under first dc. of shell on first row.

Sixth row: Ch. of three, catch with sc. between second and third dc. on preceding row, repeat around point; this will make ten little loops around point; finish row by making shell of six in each shell on preceding row, catch with sc. under ch. of four.

WILD NARCISSI.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a beautiful colored design of wild narcissi and butterflies, for a screen or panel in painting; or it may be worked in Kensington or embroidery stitch, for the back of a chair, and for other purposes.

CORNER FOR A TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give a pretty design of chrysanthemums, on the Supplement. It can be done for the corner of a small table-cover or a small pillow. Silks of the natural colors of the flowers look artistic if well selected, and add very much to the effect.

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HANGING ÉTAGÈRE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A piece of thin board, cut the shape of the design, and covered with plush, bordered with a fancy gold braid. The shelves, too, are also covered and then adjusted by tiny brass hinges. Only suitable for a few light pieces of bric-a-brac.

ALPHABET IN ETCHING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The alphabet in etching which we give, in the front of the book, is one of the most beautiful of our many beautiful designs. The letters are done in indelible ink on linen, and are suitable for d'oyleys, bed-linen, or for an album-quilt. The letters can also be done with very fine black silk in outline, when many of the finer landscape lines can be omitted, and the birds and shading done in outline. The other letters will appear in our November number.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

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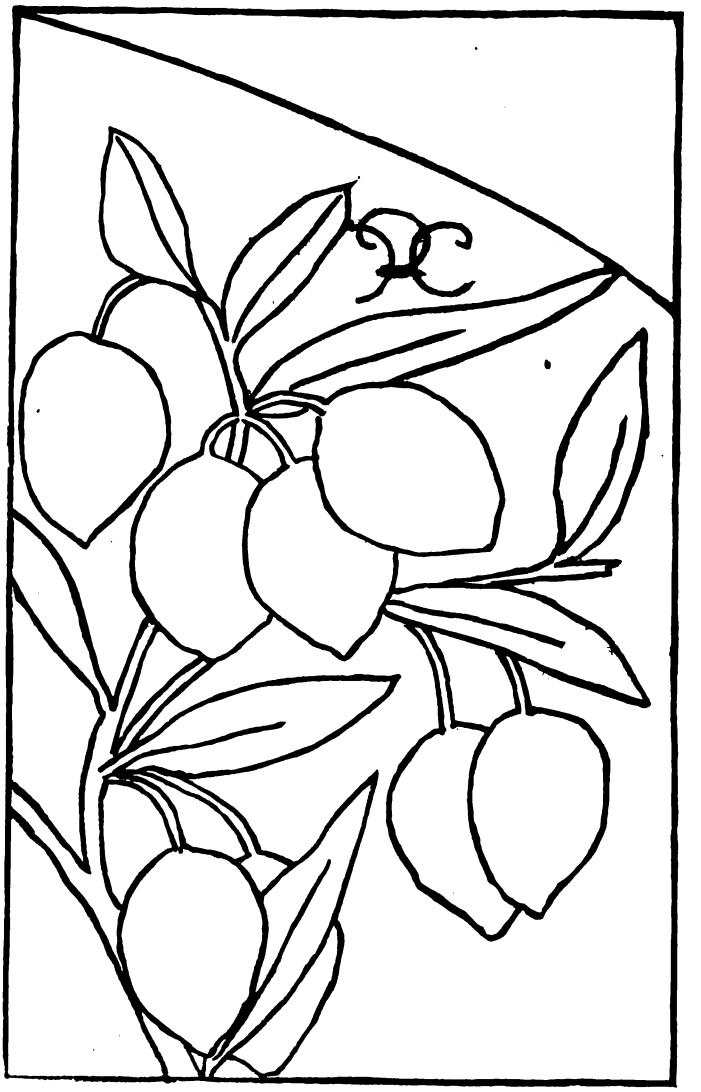
CASE FOR POSTAL-CARDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Two pieces of cardboard of the size given, covered on the outside with garnet, dark-blue, or old-gold satin, and on the inside with a contrasting color to correspond. The outside piece is shaped off at the top, for the opening, as seen in the illustration; and, before it is made up, either paint the design of olives and leaves upon it in water-colors or outline in filoselle of the natural colors. A cord-and-tassels may be added, to hang it by, if desired; or narrow baby-ribbons may be used for this purpose.

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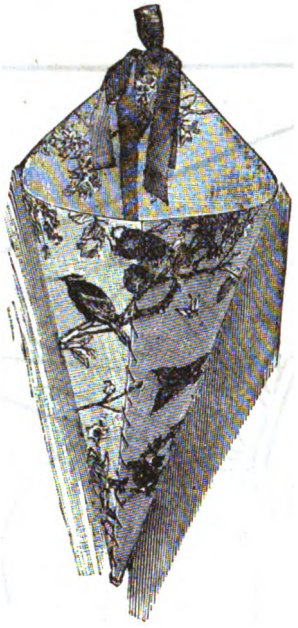
WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This illustration shows a pretty design for a wall-pocket that may be covered with a bit of sateen or China silk; or it may be hand-painted on satin or cardboard in water-colors. The cornucopia is then laced up in front with a cord-and-tassels to match, and a ribbon bow at the top makes a loop by which it is suspended.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON A MARINE COSTUME.

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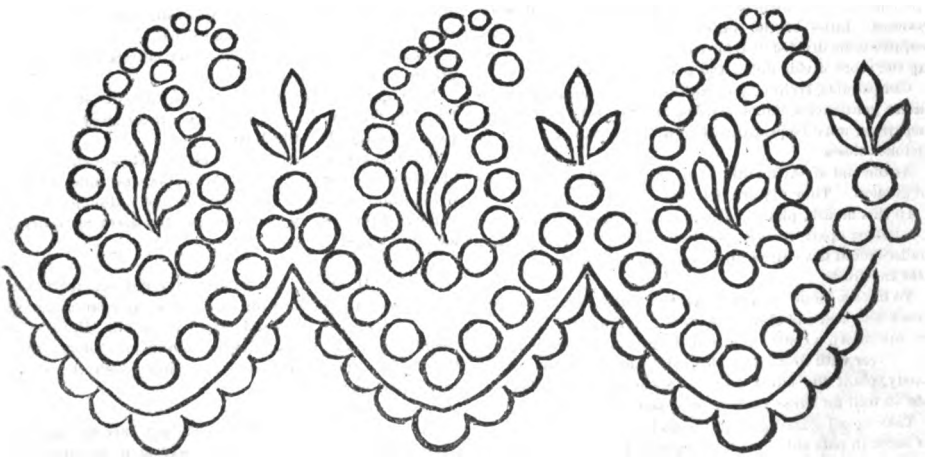
KEY-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

The basket may be selected of rush or wicker-work. The handles and rims should be lacquered with bronze or gold. The bottom is covered with a padded and quilted piece of brown satin. The outside border is worked upon velvet ribbon, in squares alternately in old-blue, olive, and copper-colored silks, edged with gold braid, which is to be sewed down with gold thread. The handle is ornamented with brown satin bows.

SATIN-STITCH EDGE FOR FLANNEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very neat design in embroidery, to be worked in linen floss or embroidery-silk, on flannel, for petticoat or edge of dressing-sacque. The edge is buttonholed.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Our Improvements.—Every lady knows that the selection of a new costume is a very important matter, demanding much care and thought, and that to the making-up must be brought unerring taste and cultivated skill. We are certain our readers will admit that the new cover which the magazine has this month donned displays a happy combination of these requisites. Various drawings were exhibited in advance to competent critics, and a unanimous verdict was given in favor of the one which we have adopted. The design of Edwin D. Ross, a young and promising artist of this city. We flatter ourselves the result is a complete success, and that "Peterson's" outer raiment is now dainty and artistic enough to meet the approval of the most esthetic fancy.

This exterior change is only the beginning of a series of improvements for the coming year, prominent among which will be new and larger type, and paper of a quality materially to increase the effect of our engravings.

New literary features of interest will be found, and fresh contributors joined to our popular corps, either authors of established reputation or novices giving proof of talent which cannot fail speedily to win them favor and fame.

It is not the habit of "Peterson" to waste time in self-praise—it is too busy catering to the varied tastes of its hosts of readers in every section of the land. It makes, each autumn, a plain statement of the increased attractions which it means to offer with the coming volume, and its old friends know that every promise is more than fulfilled. Keeping its word and being always progressive have upheld "Peterson's" success in the past, and will remain its foundation and bulwark in the future.

A Place in the Household.—A lady writes of "Peterson": "I know of no magazine which fills a better place in the household."

October.—This is a busy month for transplanting and removing the off-shoots of all perennial and biennial plants. Golden-rod, Michaelmas daisies, perennial sun-flowers, peonies. Lilies of the valley, irises, phlox, and others, require to be divided or removed once in four years. Take up the roots, divide them, and plant them out.

Campanulas, lychnis, polyanthus, violets, aconites, cyclamens, gentianella, double-daisies, and the very pretty pink hepaticas, must be propagated by dividing the roots before October closes.

At the end of the month, plant the early flowering bulbs of gladioli. They require rich earth.

In this month, plant hyacinth bulbs, six inches deep and six inches apart, in beds, for early spring flowering. The bulbs should have an awning over them to protect them from wet and frost.

To have a circle of hyacinths, the earth should be very much loosened and cleared of roots. Arrange the bulbs (all of one color), a centre one, and the others in a circle round it. Cover with four inches deep of loam, or, if the soil is sandy, plant the bulbs deeper. Some hyacinth bulbs will bloom well for three years in succession.

Take up all scarlet geraniums, and plant them with a ball of earth in pots only just large enough to hold them; keep them in a cool dry place in the winter, and in the spring they will bloom earlier than cuttings.

Choice plants that frost will injure to be taken up and kept in the house.

Hollyhocks to be cut down, and the roots protected from wet; tar should be daubed on the cut stems, to prevent them becoming mildewed, and thus destroying the roots.

All flower-beds to be set in order, but not be dug over, as, if the frost enters, the flower-roots will be destroyed. Digging should have been done in September.

All the mass of dead or green foliage to be collected in a spare corner, burned, and the ashes used as manure.

Plant single tulips for early flowering. We find the following novel method described in Roozen & Sons' bulb catalogue, for room-decorating with bulbs: "Procure one of the large sponges used by coachmen, make several incisions in it, and place the bulbs in the sponge. The whole is then placed in a vase of water, and a thimbleful of rape-seed scattered over the surface, which soon covers it entirely with a fine moss-like mantle, adding greatly to its beauty and attractiveness. By using warm water to replenish, the bulbs flower quickly." To this we would add, place some pieces of rough charcoal in the bottom of the vase to keep the water wholesome and sweet.

The Treatment of Hyacinths for Glass-Culture.—Single hyacinths are the best for this purpose. The water should be rain or river water mixed with three grains of salt in each glass, changing it when needed, taking care that the water is no colder than the atmosphere of the room in which the bulbs are growing. Place the glasses containing the bulbs in a dark room for six weeks, to enable rootlets of considerable length to form before the tops of the bulbs sprout; then the glasses must be brought into full light, and in the sunniest of places, there to grow and bloom. Never take the glasses into a dark closet, near a fire, or in a dry situation, but in a cool place where frost cannot reach them. The water, as it sinks, must be renewed to the shoulders of the glass. Violet or blue glasses are the best; amber and white the worst, as blue glass transmits the active rays of the sun, while yellow excludes it, and white scorches.

In the garden. Lay up materials for compost. Prune climbers, move evergreens, but it is rather late to plant with the view of having a gay spring garden.

Plant cuttings of honeysuckles and laurels. Trim evergreens. Plant edgings.

Take up the roots of dahlias, that is, after the stems have been cut for a week, and then place them away in a comparatively dry place till May.

Daffodils and narcissi to be planted. These can be purchased very cheaply. The old white sweet-scented garden lily, Lilium candidum, to be planted now; also lily of the valley. Also "Glory of the Snow," the Giant Snow-drop, and most bulbs.

A Good Habit to Cultivate.—Do not set apart one day on which to clean your silver or scour your tinware; there is danger of its not being done at all. Have your cleaning-material ready, and, when you are "doing up" the dishes after each meal, clean and polish the silver or tin you have been using.

"Always Fulfills Its Promises."—A lady who gets up clubs writes: "One reason why I wished to continue my interest in the magazine is that you have always done as you said you would."

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1890.—Our readers will see by the announcement on the second page of the cover that we have departed from our custom of offering, as premium, a book of poems, prepared expressly for that purpose. The books heretofore issued by us have proved exceedingly popular and been warmly welcomed by all who received them, yet we recognize the advisability of variety. Accordingly, we have arranged with prominent book-publishers to offer, as one of our principal premiums, a choice from a large list of popular books by some of the best-known authors of the day. These volumes comprise works of fiction, miscellany, and poetry, and cannot fail to satisfy the tastes of all readers. The series is handsomely bound in cloth, and is the best collection ever offered for premiums. The list will be found on page 380.

Another premium is a large and beautiful engraving, entitled "The Two Readers," representing a fond mother who has paused in her reading to watch her little one, seated on the floor, intently perusing a picture-book. The scene is so home-like, it will appeal to every maternal heart. We have never offered a finer engraving.

Still another premium is a ready binder—the Common-Sense Binder—in which our readers can preserve their magazines temporarily, and so keep them from being soiled or torn.

A year's subscription to the magazine will, of course, be the most popular of all our premiums, because it is the best we can possibly offer.

These premiums afford such a variety from which to select, that many should embrace the opportunity of securing one or more of them by getting up clubs, the terms for which are given on the second page of cover. Begin at once to talk about and work for a club for 1890, and you will be able to form a much larger one than if you put it off until many of your friends and neighbors have been persuaded by a more wide-awake agent to take some other publication.

We want to make the year 1890 the most successful in our history, both in the matter of rendering the magazine more attractive than ever and in the large addition to our subscription-list. If each of our subscribers will make it a point to induce one or more friends to join her, next year, the latter will be accomplished, and, with such encouragement, we can easily attain to the other.

A FLOATING LIGHT.—A very pretty effect may be produced by causing a candle to burn while almost immersed in water in a tumbler. The experiment is very simple. Insert a nail—not too heavy—in the lower end of a short candle, in order to make that end heavier, and place the whole in a glass containing enough water to reach the upper edge of the candle without wetting the wick. At first thought, nothing seems stranger than to expect a candle to be entirely consumed in such a situation; but it is simple enough—as the candle burns, it grows lighter and lighter, and rises gradually as it diminishes in length, so that the lighted end always remains above the surface of the water. Moreover, the outside of the candle, being cooled, will melt much more slowly than usual, and the flame will make a little hollow in the centre. This hollow place also helps in making the candle float, and preserves the wick from contact with the water. Thus, the candle will continue to burn in its strange candlestick until the wick is entirely consumed.

"THE BEST FOR THE PRICE."—The Waterbury (N. Y.) Union says of "Peterson": "It would be difficult to find, among the various periodicals of the day, one better adapted to the wants of a household. Its sketches and tales by some of our best writers are highly interesting, which, added to its other attractions, render it the best publication for the price to be found in the country."

ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.—The late Sir Benjamin Brodie, speaking of the temporary relief obtained by alcoholic stimulants, says: "Stimulants do not create nervous power; they merely enable you to use up that which is left, and then they leave you more in need than you were before."

HOW TO GET SAFELY THROUGH LIFE.—It is the interest of all of us to be at peace with our fellow-creatures, far less for their sakes than our own, and the only qualities to carry us safely through life are moderation and gentleness, not a little indulgence to others, and a great distrust of ourselves.

WOMEN AS THEY SHOULD BE.—Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—Adversity has often developed strength, energy, fortitude, and persistence that prosperity could not have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect has been gained when an external prop has been removed.

REALLY ALIVE.—We are only really alive when we enjoy the good-will of others.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Adrian Lyle. By Rita. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The author of "Daphne," "Fragoletta," and various other charming novels has secured to herself, in this country, a wide circle of admirers, who will heartily welcome this new production from her pen. It is a story of great power, fine in conception, excellent in description, and admirable in dialogue. In the matter of characterization, the author has never equaled her efforts in this novel. The different actors in the drama stand out clear and distinct, and think and act with an intensity of purpose which inspires an absorbing interest in the reader and enchains his attention to the very end.

Three Days: A Midsummer Love-Story. By Samuel Williams Cooper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—The title of the book tells the whole tale. It is a pretty idyl condensed into the briefest possible space of time, and has only one salient fault—the unsatisfactory end. There seems, nowadays, a positive mania among novel-writers to leave their work without any consummation. This may be realism—may, in many instances, be true to life—but books written on that plan are very tantalizing; and the more interesting they are, the more the reader resents their "lame and impotent conclusion."

Two Daughters of One Race. By W. Heimburg. Worthington Company: 747 Broadway, New York City.—This novel is by the author of "Gertrude's Marriage," a work which gained an enviable reputation for its writer. In many respects, the present story is superior to its predecessor. The story is charmingly told, dramatic in treatment, and written with the same grace and finish of style which are noticeable in Mr. Heimburg's former book. The translation, by Mrs. D. M. Lowery, of Philadelphia, is admirably done, and the volume is handsomely illustrated.

Advertising in America. J. Walter Thompson: New York.—This neat volume was prepared by Mr. Thompson expressly for distribution at the Paris Exposition. It gives, in French and English, a descriptive list of the American magazines, with fac-similes of their covers; also prominent newspapers in every section of the country. It cannot fail to be of interest to all advertisers, as it presents to their consideration many of the best mediums through which they can reach the public.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS WORTH RECORDING.—The Philadelphia (Pa.) Leisure Hour says: "'Peterson' for this month is a great number A most useful publication." The Clinton (Wis.) Herald says: "A first-class magazine in every respect." The Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise says: "No home-circle is complete without this magazine." The Lafayette (Ind.) Sunday Leader says: "'Peterson's' specialties embrace the very cream of the short stories placed on the American market. Not the least popular feature is the fancy-work department." The Morning (New York City) Journal says: "'Peterson' is undoubtedly the best and cheapest of the lady's-magazines." The New Orleans Picayune says: "From a literary point of view, 'Peterson' ranks with periodicals of double its price, and, where fashions are concerned, no magazine can equal it." The Albany (N. Y.) Evening Post says: "'Peterson' is one of the oldest and best-conducted magazines published." The Jefferson (Texas) Jimplecute says: "As a literary and fashion publication, 'Peterson' ranks at the head." The Frankfort (Mich.) Times says: "This monthly is decidedly the best and cheapest of all." The San Francisco (Cal.) Pacific States says: "'Peterson' is an entertaining and instructive visitor to the home-circle." The Toledo (Ohio) Blade says: "'Peterson' gives the prettiest costumes and needlework patterns that ever delighted a woman's eye." The Hartford (Conn.) Times says: "'Peterson's' contents are of the first order of merit. The Des Moines (Iowa) Mail and Times says: "'Peterson's' steel-plates are always perfect gems." The New York City Independent says: "'Peterson' is an excellent magazine. It publishes good stories by favorite authors, and has a fashion and household department highly prized by everyone."

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Indian Pudding.—Take one quart of sweet milk, half-pint of Indian meal, two or three eggs, half-teaspoonful of salt, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil one pint of the milk, stir in the meal while boiling, cook five minutes, and add the remainder of the milk. Beat the sugar and eggs together, and, when cold, stir the whole thoroughly, and bake one hour in a deep dish. To be eaten either hot or cold.

Arrow-root Pudding.—Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of arrow-root in cold milk, beat three eggs very light and add to the milk. Then pour the mixture into a pint of boiling milk and bake it. To be eaten with sugar, butter, and wine, beaten together. This pudding is to be made as dinner is put upon the table.

CAKES.

White Mountain Cake.—Four eggs, two and a half cupfuls of white sugar, one heaping cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and one of lemon-juice, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of candied orange-peel and sliced citron mixed, one-half cupful of chopped blanched almonds, five cupfuls of flour. Beat the eggs light; cream the butter and sugar; mix them together, and stir in the flour and the milk; when beaten light, add the other ingredients, and, just before baking, stir in one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little sweet milk. This will make two good-sized cakes.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, four nutmegs, two pieces of citron, two and one-half pounds of currants, two and one-half pounds of raisins, one pound of almonds, pounded in a mortar, with rose-water, to keep them from oiling, one-half pint of wine and brandy mixed, to be added last, sugar and butter well creamed, eggs beaten very light and then added, then the flour, and then the fruit, cut fine and rolled in flour. It will take two hours to bake.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

Plain Omelet.—Beat up three or four eggs with one dessert-spoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying-pan; as soon as it is melted, pour in the omelet mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set, cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then, with the spoon, double up the omelet, and keep shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden color. Turn it out on a hot dish, and serve.

THREE TIMES ITS COST.—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE PLAIDED SILK-AND-WOOLEN, over a petticoat of plain blue to match. The polonaise is fastened a little to the left side, which side of the bodice is plain, the other side slightly fulled, as seen in the illustration. High standing collar of velvet; cuffs to match. Loose coat-sleeves, slightly fulled at the shoulders. Jabot of black lace. Toque of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with the lighter shade of the dress.

FIG. II.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF HELIOTROPE LADY'S-CLOTH OR HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The skirt has two scalloped edges of the material mounted upon the foundation-skirt; over that, the plain straight skirt, also with scalloped edge, is arranged in a large box-plait in front, with side-plaits and back gathered, falling straight. The bodice is simply pointed back and front, with edge in scallops to match the skirt. The green velvet jacket is fitted at the back with three hollow box-plaits, forming the basque. The neck is finished with three capes; cuffs to match. Large hat of straw or felt, trimmed with a wreath of ostrich-tips, loops of green velvet ribbon, and two red wings.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-COSTUME, OF DEAD-LEAF GREEN VELVET. The front of the skirt is bordered with a deep pattern in pale gold-colored braid; the same forms the upper part of vest and cuffs, for the sleeves. The back hangs straight, in demi-train. The short Figaro jacket is cut in points in front, straight round at the back, and lined with red surah. A wide black sash passes around the waist, and ends at back in long loops-and-ends. Poke bonnet of velvet, trimmed with a wide plaid ribbon. Carriage-wrap of fawn-colored cloth, lined with red surah and trimmed with black fox.

FIG. IV.—VISITING OR DINNER TOILETTE, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE GROS-GRAIN. The underskirt is bordered with five rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The overdress is cut as a polonaise, opening over a vest of cream-colored cloth; the revers are of velvet, and a velvet-and-silk passementerie borders the front and forms the cuffs to the loose though

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small leg-of-mutton sleeves. Small toque of blue velvet, trimmed with a white bird.

FIG. V.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF POPPY-RED GROS-GRAIN AND HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The petticoat is of the silk, the polonaise of the Henrietta-cloth, elaborately braided. The bodice is full, and opens over a chemisette of white silk muslin or China crêpe. Leg-of-mutton sleeve.

FIG. VI.—HAT, OF GRAY FELT, with low crown and broad brim. Black lace veil, caught up over the brim in the centre, with rosettes in very narrow ribbon, above which is placed a large bow in velvet. The ends of the veil are carried from the back to the front, where they are secured with a jeweled pin. On the left side, near the rosette, is placed a tuft of Neapolitan violets.

FIG. VII.—FICHU, OF JET AND BLACK LACE. The large collar is of jet, from which fall, in front, two long ends of black lace, which tie at the waist.

FIG. VIII.—NEW STYLE OF SLEEVE, which is made like a coat-sleeve, but is finished-off with puffings, which droop over a cuff embroidered or braided like the epaulette, which is also made in the plain material and puffed on the shoulders with three rows of gaugings.

FIG. IX.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with crushed-strawberry colored feathers.

FIG. X.—HAT, OF BROWN FELT, trimmed with a band of brown-and-gold embroidery about the brim, and with brown satin lined with gold-colored satin.

FIG. XI.—FIGARO WRAP, MADE OF SEALSKIN, rounding in front, with sleeves which reach to the elbow, the whole trimmed with seal ball-fringe. Muff of sealskin, trimmed with brown satin ribbon. Tam-O'Shanter cap.

FIG. XII.—MORNING-BODICE, OF CREAM-COLORED CASHMERE. A flounce trims it at the sides and back. The embroidery is done in different colors, and the ribbons correspond in color with the embroidery.

FIG. XIII.—MARIE-ANTOINETTE SHOE, with a ribbon bow, which must correspond with the dress, on the instep.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR MOURNING. The underskirt is of Henrietta-cloth, laid in straight plaits. The overdress is of a woolen crêpe which very strongly resembles English crêpe, and is quite plain, opening in the back to show the plaited underdress. Square pockets on the hips. The bodice is double-breasted, and fastens with two rows of buttons; the sleeves are comfortably loose and rather wide at the top. Bonnet of dull-black silk, trimmed with a ruching of black crêpe on the front.

FIG. XV.—CHILD'S COAT, OF BRIGHT WOOLEN PLAID. The large cape does not cover the back, but is put in back of the arms.

FIG. XVI.—FICHU, IN WHITE MOUSSELINE DE CHIFFON, which is gauged on the shoulder and has a full white mousseline de chiffon front. The full black lace trimming extends around the back and down the front in long ends. Bows of moiré ribbon at the back of the neck and in front.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, of dark-blue straw, trimmed with rosettes of narrow dull-red ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—DOUBLE CAPE, IN OTTOMAN SILK, trimmed with black Astrakhan fur; a third cape is simulated by a trimming of the fur around the upper part and shoulders.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING OR TRAVELING COAT, OF FINE WOOLEN PLAID, IN DARK-GRAY AND BLUE. The skirt is made plain, and sewed to the comfortably loose-fitting bodice, which is pointed in front. It is trimmed with a double collar of dark-blue silk, and a plaited frill, cuffs, and square pockets of the same. The cord which forms the waistband is of the two colors. Hat of dark-gray felt.

FIG. XX.—BODICE, OF BLACK SILK, cut low on the neck. The black lace sleeves, full neck-trimming, and collar are made over red silk. Bows of red silk on sleeves and neck.

FIG. XXI.—DIRECTOIRE VISITING-DRESS, OF STEEL-COLORED CLOTH. It opens over a front of steel-colored brocade. The cloth skirt hangs quite plain, in long plaits at the back. The pointed pockets are trimmed with a metal braid. The bodice has large revers edged with braid and large steel buttons, and opens over a steel-colored vest trimmed with the braid. Large hat of gray French felt, with a veil which reaches to below the chin.

FIG. XXII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WOOLEN, IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN. Skirt long and plain, with straight plaits at the back. Bodice plain, deep cape with a shoulder-collar and a small straight collar, all trimmed with braid. Brown velvet cuffs and plastron down the front of the bodice. Brown felt hat, trimmed with a bird and ostrich-tips.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Plain skirts with no drapery continue to be popular. They are becoming to most figures, except very tall thin ones; for them, slight looping is much better; but the general effect of plainness must be observed. A slight raising of the drapery on one side will counteract the very plain effect. Fashion is such a fickle goddess, that the Directoire skirt cannot retain its place long, we fear—the pendulum will swing to the other side, and the Watteau and Marie-Antoinette paniers and hoops will have sway for a little while But, at present, we may rejoice in the absence of all but the smallest crinoline and allow our skirts to fall in the most esthetic folds.

The plainness of the autumn dresses is relieved by the woven borders which come on many of the new goods. Most of the woolens are of solid colors; but they have borders, some wide, some narrow, which are of colors to suit the solid material. These borders are used in various ways—for the bottom of skirts, for panels, vests, etc.—just as the fancy may dictate.

Some figured woolens are also seen, usually with large figures in rich but subdued colors. Plain goods, however, have by no means gone out of fashion; they are as popular as ever, and many are trimmed with braided patterns or with braid put on in many straight lines, some plain, some woven, in metallic colors.

Plain as well as brocaded silks are largely imported for winter wear; but, if the dress is of the brocade, it will be generally made up in combination with plain silk.

New shades of all the old popular colors are seen, dark-red will be much used for house-dress, and moss-greens, various rich shades of blues, écrus, browns, violets, etc., are all worn.

Both red and green look very well when trimmed, braided, or embroidered in black.

Sleeves and bodices are quite elaborate, while the skirts continue so plain.

But few really short-waisted bodices are seen, though the appearance of the Empire waist is given by broad belts, by bands of ribbon being sewed on the side-seam under the arms, and meeting in front by sashes and by other devices.

A sash may be worn by any woman who keeps her figure; but, if a sash is out of the question, then a belt can be worn; and it is also more becoming to stout figures, for it apparently lengthens and lessens the size of the waist.

Tailor-made dresses are too serviceable to be quite discarded; but they are less draped than formerly, the bodice is less plain, and the sleeves much looser and more comfortable.

Bodices are nearly always made with vests, revers, full or plain plastrons, as may be preferred; round waists or pointed, but always trimmed in some way—the styles are innumerable; but one thing must be followed, to be in the fashion—the shoulder-seam must be short.

High collars are again in the ascendant, as the cold weather approaches; but the low broad collar is worn in the house by those who have pretty throats.

Sleeves are endless in variety; the quite plain sleeve is the only one that is not worn, for the plainest have some fullness at the top of the arm. The small leg-of-mutton sleeve, which is plain below the elbow but moderately large above, is usually the most becoming; but puffs of all

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sorts, slashings, draperies, double sleeves, sleeves trimmed with braids, are all fashionable.

Wraps for the autumn are either of the useful jacket style, which can be worn with advantage by old or young, or are of the mantelet order, with ends in front.

Capes and visites are worn, many trimmed with wide fringes; but capes look better on either young or slender people: they are convenient and also warm, if made long enough to cover the entire back of the arms. The triple or coachman's cape is the most stylish.

Bonnets are small and hats large, so far—but what the winter styles will be, it is too early yet to predict, though we think there will be but slight alteration in them.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fall and winter styles are taking shape and form, subject, of course, to the modifications to be brought about by the caprices of the leaders of fashion later in the season. So far, there is but little variation in the shape of hats and bonnets. Broad brims and low crowns continue to reign in the former, and the smallest and most compact of capotes are all the rage for the latter. The greatest novelty is in the materials. White velvet is a good deal employed for full-dress bonnets. It is laid in flat folds, and is bordered with a wide gold braid, or else is trimmed with orange velvet ribbon put on in loops in the front of the brim. A very novel style of capote is in black velvet, entirely covered with a full ruffle of white imitation point de Venise in a small design. This ruffle falls from the centre of the crown, and is held in place by clasps of cut jet. A very elegant capote has the crown and brim in flat folds of emerald-green velvet, the bonnet being encircled with plaited folds of white gauze, studded with large emerald-green metallic spangles. A rich but more sober-looking bonnet was in black velvet, the sides embroidered with black silk in a coral-branch pattern. The trimming was in orange velvet ribbon, small gray birds and gray heron's-feathers being set amongst loops of the ribbon in front of the brim. As for the hats, they are mostly eccentric in shape and materials, with immensely wide brims in front, sloping toward the back, and there turned up over the wearer's back hair. The handsomest of these new hats have the brims covered with small flat feathers, amongst which are introduced tiny butterflies or dragon-flies, also formed of the feathers, and put on flat so as to imitate embroidery. One of these hats, with the brim covered with brilliant lophophore plumage, had small butterflies composed of black feathers thus depicted, so to speak, upon the surface of the brim. Another in gray feathers had the ornamentation composed of dragon-flies in humming-bird feathers.

The first-described hat had the brim lined with green velvet, and the crown made very full in green velvet adorned at one side with an aigrette of lophophore feathers. The second reproduced the same style of trimming, only in gray velvet and gray feathers.

Felt will be a good deal employed for these large hats, One of them now shown is in black felt, the crown covered with black corded silk fulled in to the centre and confined there by a button. The trimming was in black velvet and black ostrich-plumes. Another in brick-red felt had the brim bordered, both inside and out, about an inch from the edge, with a black cord which served, instead of a wire or lining, to preserve the shape. The low crown was surrounded with bands and loops of black satin ribbon and was set off with black wings.

The winter toques are very rich in materials, being chiefly in velvet laid in folds and trimmed with stars or aigrettes in cut jet. One of the most elegant was in bands and wings of lophophore feathers, with the brim in folds of scarlet velvet. A crescent-shaped band in cut jet was set in front of the brim, and behind it rose a graceful aigrette of lophophore feathers.

Long cloaks will alternate with short jackets as winter and autumnal wraps. The materials of the former will be light cloth and vigogne in dull subdued shades, lined with silk. A new shape, which promises to be extremely popular, is called the Hamlet. It is in dark slate-gray vigogne. The skirt, which reaches to the ground, is made very full and is gathered in to the waist. The corsage part of the cloak is laid in wide flat folds from the shoulders, both back and front, meeting at the back a finger-depth of close shirring, the plaits in front continuing to the waist. A girdle of black silk passementerie outlines the top of the shirring and slopes down in front, meeting and closing at the waist. The sleeves in large flat folds have a band of black passementerie passing up the outside of the arm. These folds are caught down at the elbow and thence fall open fan-wise to a great width at the wrist. They are bordered with black fur, a band of the same fur being set around the throat and continuing down the front of the corsage at each side to the waist. There is no interlining nor wadding used, the plaiting of the silk-lined vigogne from waist to throat making the garment sufficiently warm even for the depths of an American winter. This is the most original and stylish long cloak shown as yet this season.

The short jackets are made in many instances closed at the waist, with three or four buttons, over a very slender vest in embroidered velvet of a color contrasting with the cloth of which the jacket is composed. A very stylish wrap of this kind was in silver-gray plush-finished cloth, with the vest in marine-blue velvet embroidered by hand in birds and flowers in dull shades of pink and gray. The jacket was closed with flat buttons in bright silver. Another in Havana-brown cloth, with cuffs and revers in velvet of the same hue, had the vest in beige velvet worked with shaded brown silks slightly intermixed with gold thread.

The newest color of the season is a rich deep shade of chaudron-red, which has been christened Eiffel-color, after the famous tower of the Exhibition. It is supposed to be of the same hue as the red-painted iron-work of that stupendous edifice, since its tint has been mellowed and modified by the weather. Green, except in the dark-emerald shade, has gone entirely out of vogue. Yellow, in the warm golden tones, will be a good deal used for trimmings.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CASHMERE, trimmed with a woven bordering on the square tunic, cuffs, and on each side of the full plastron. The sleeves have double puffs at the top. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with red surah.

FIG. II.—BOY'S RUSSIAN COSTUME, OF BROWN PLAID. The knickerbockers are full at the knee. The long coat is plaited back and front, and is confined at the waist by a belt and oxydized buckle. The low turndown collar shows a white collar and red necktie. Cap of brown cloth.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH. The skirt is full and trimmed with rows of military braid. The bodice is cut with a point back and front, and has a pointed waistband of black velvet. The rather loose sleeves have black velvet cuffs. The large collar is of the gray cloth, but would look more dressy if made of black velvet; and the small collar around the neck is of velvet. The jockey-cap is of black velvet.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S CAP, MADE OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, with a woven band around the crown. Floss-silk rosette on the crown, and long blue ribbons at the back.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S TOQUE, of dark-blue velvet, made over a wire frame.

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Painted by Jane M Bewkett. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

A TIFF.

SEE THE STORY, "WYCHAM'S ORDINARY"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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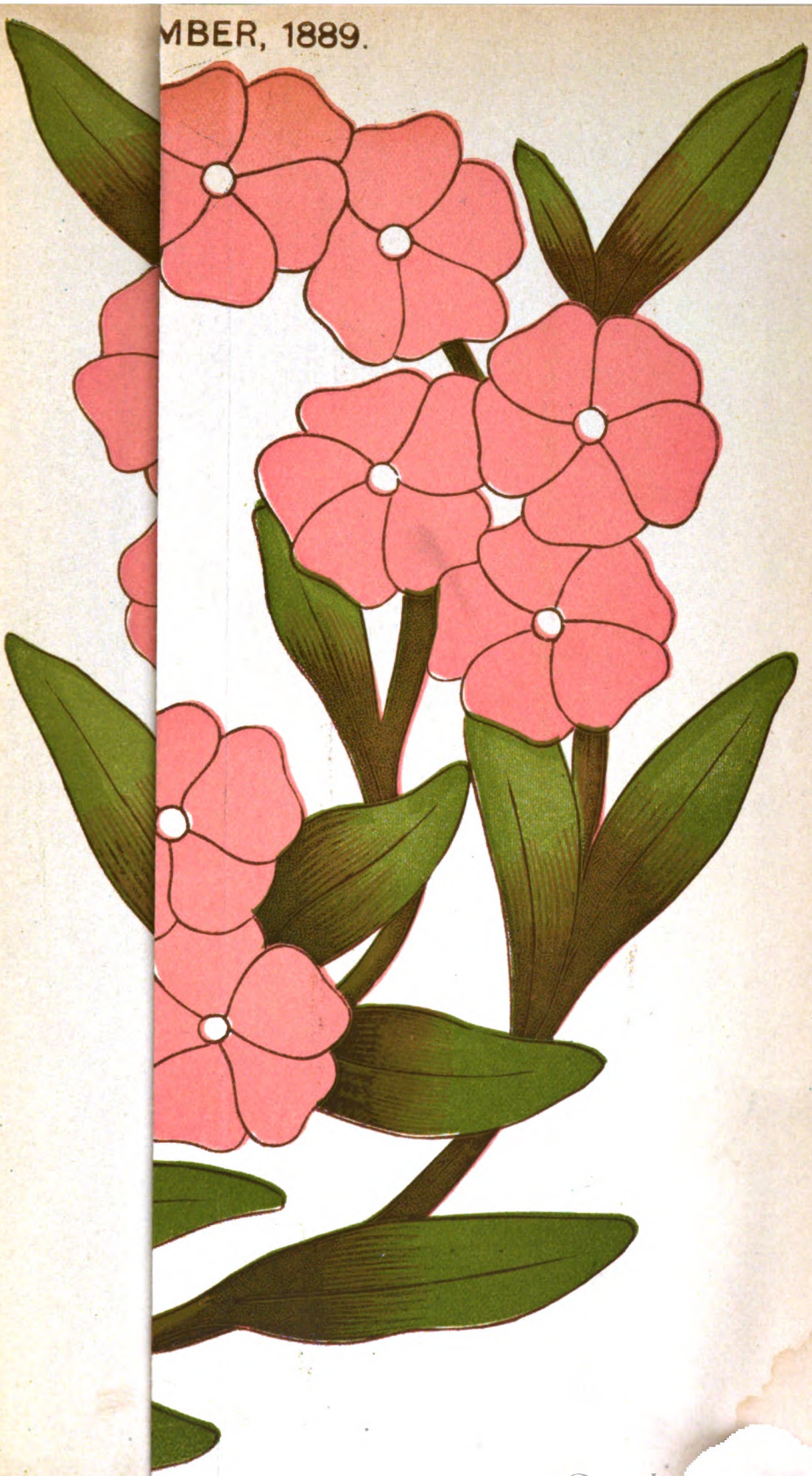

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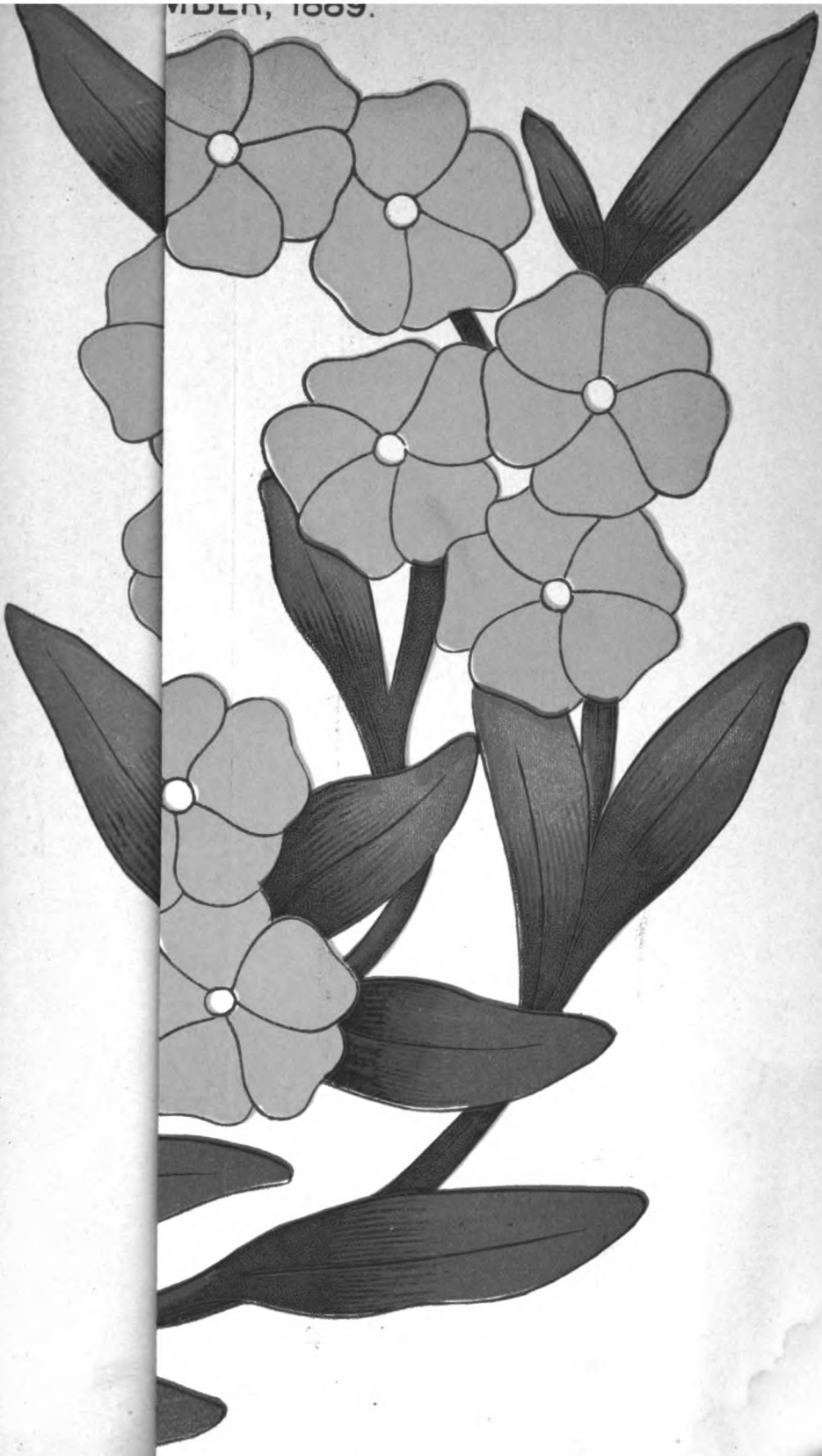

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OUT OF THE NIGHT. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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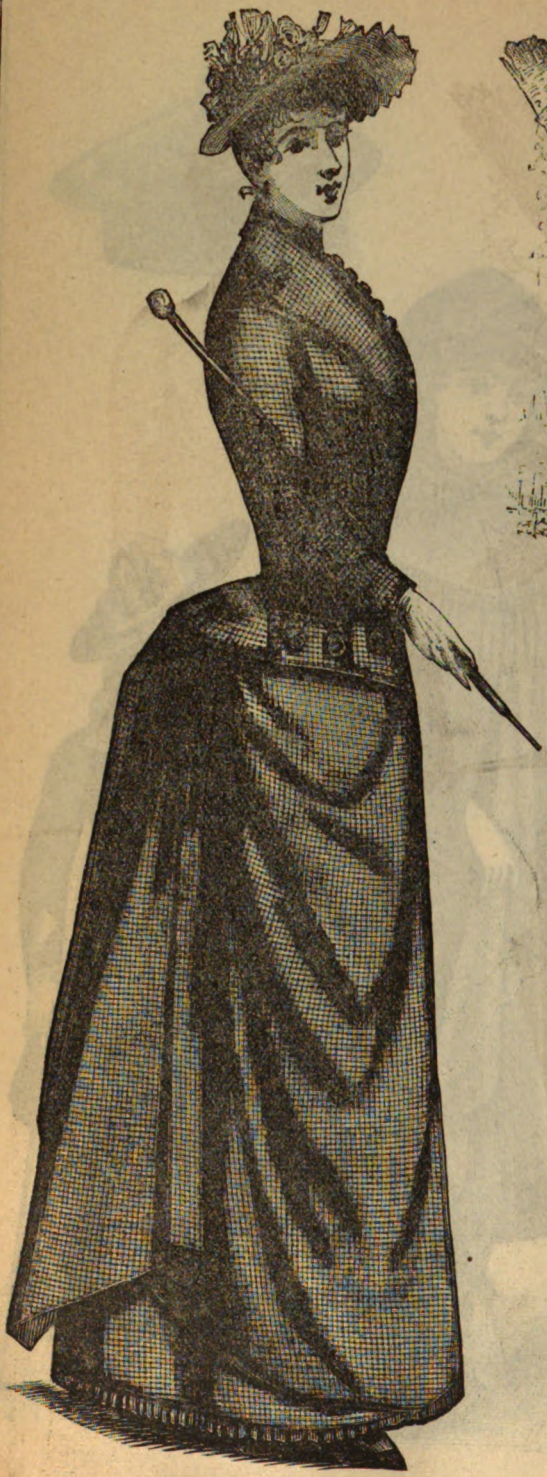

HOUSE-DRESS. LETTER IN ETCHING OR OUTLINE HAT.

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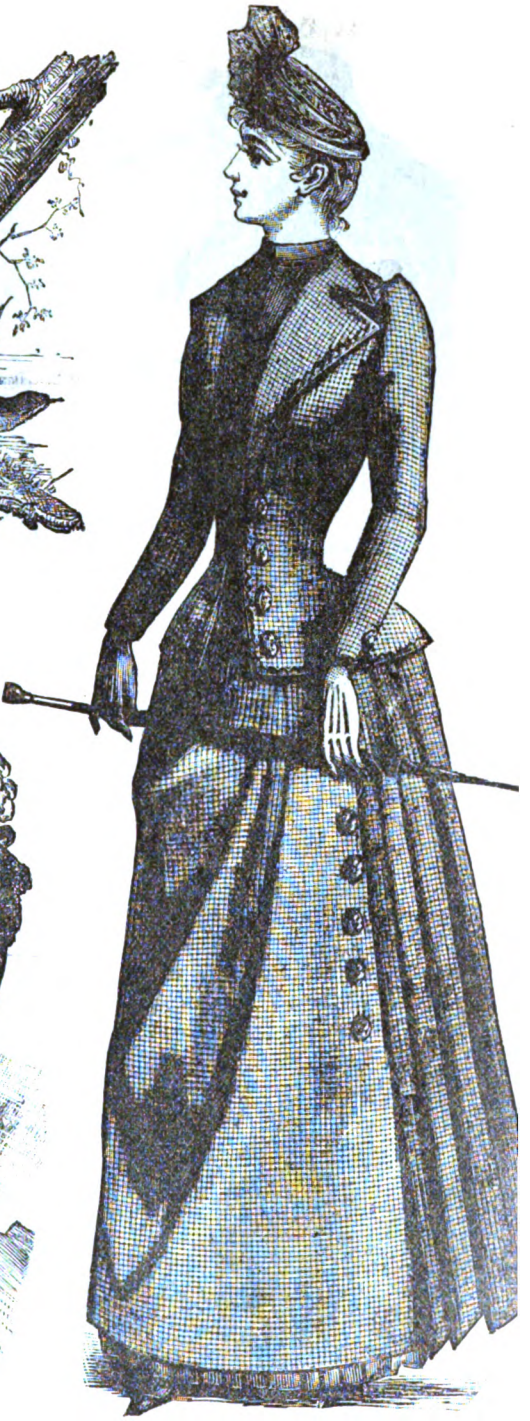

LETTER IN ETCHING OR OUTLINE. BONNET. WALKING-DRESS.

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FEATHER COLLAR. JACKET. BOY'S-CAP. HAT.

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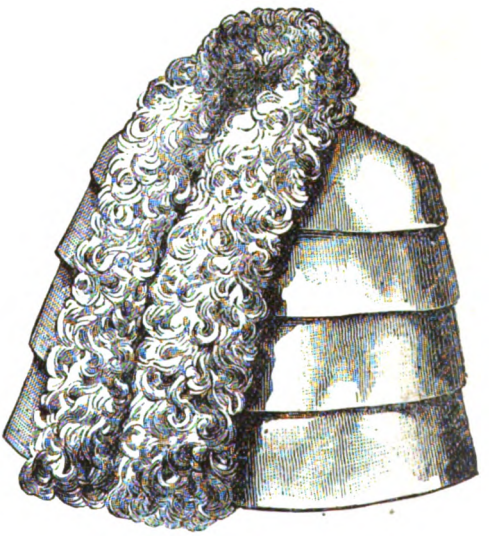

TOQUE. MUFF. HAT. CHILD'S-HAT. CAPE.

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ALPHABET IN ETCHING OR OUTLINE.

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L'INGENUE.

Morceau a la Gavotte.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

LUIGI ARDITI.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Piano.

pp

sempre p *cres.* *poco a*

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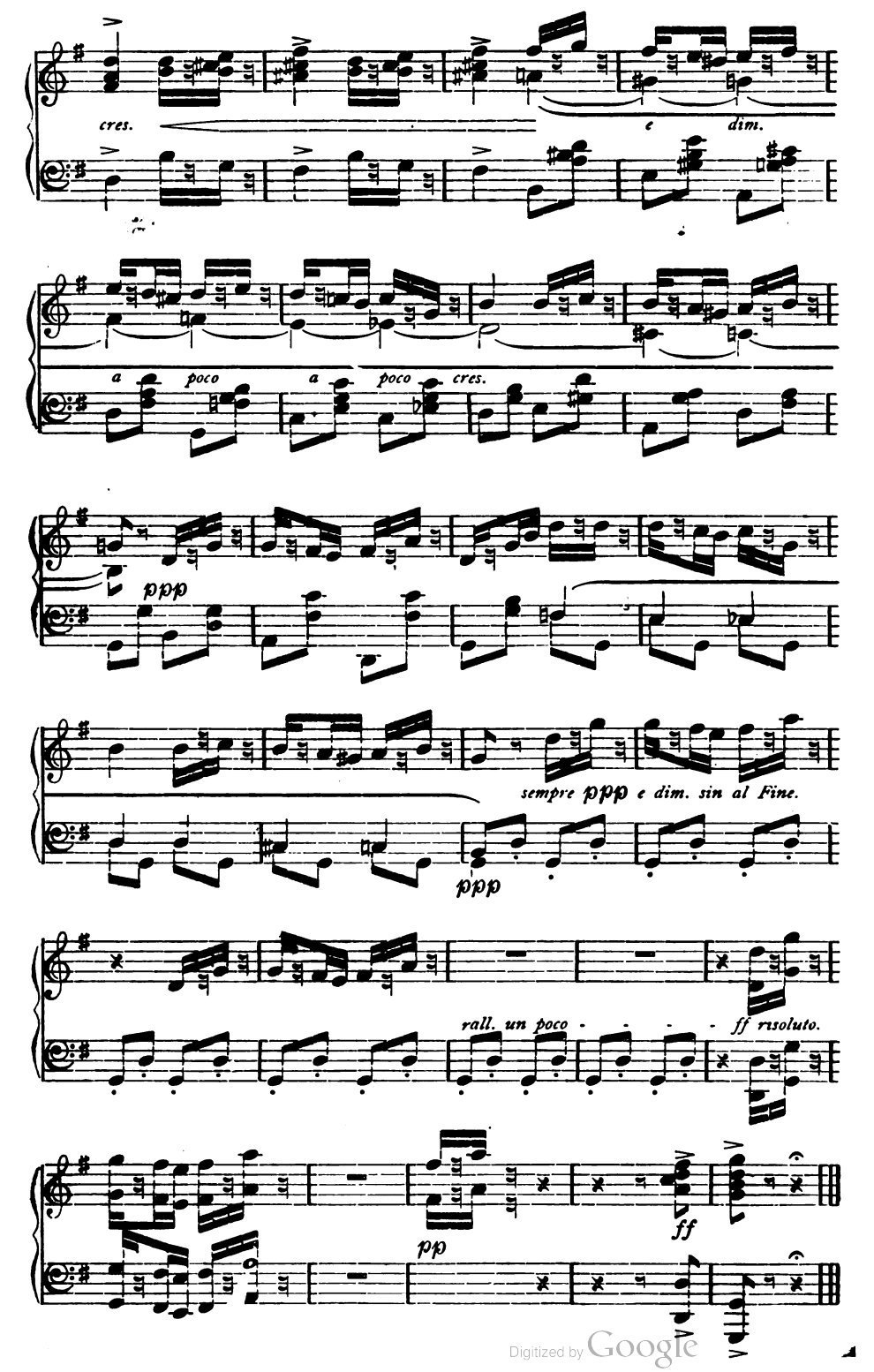

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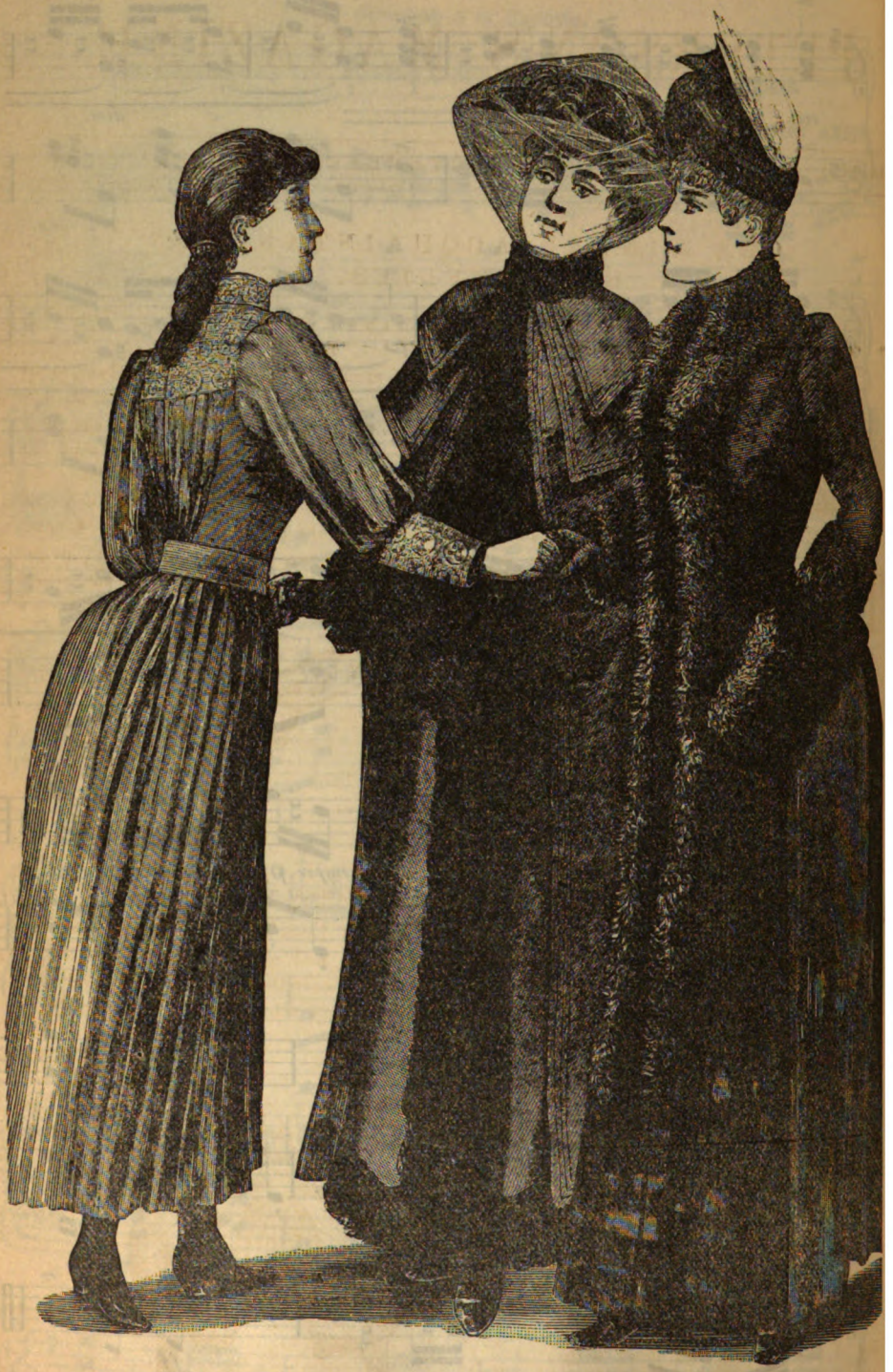

HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-COSTUMES.

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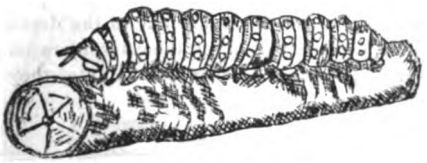
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1889. No. 5.

OUR WINGED ACQUAINTANCES: BUTTERFLIES.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.



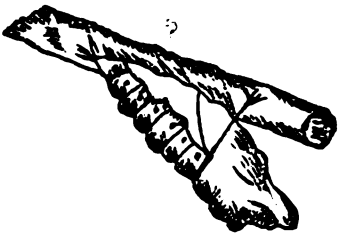
CATERPILLAR OF THE "PAPILIO ASTERIAS."

THERE is no pastime more interesting and improving to the mind than that of collecting caterpillars, feeding them, observing their manner of eating, and studying them through all their different changes until they become beautiful moths and butterflies.

A butterfly's life consists of three distinct division or periods. The first is the caterpillar state, technically called larva; the second is the chrysalis state, which is in most instances the longest period of its existence; and the third and last transformation is the fully-developed moth or butterfly. There is always something marked and interesting to be found in each of these phases or periods which cannot fail to please and instruct anyone who will spend a little spare time in studying them.

The largest and most beautiful moths fly only at night, and are so swift on the wing that it is almost impossible to catch them without spoiling their beauty. Many of them, therefore, can never be satisfactorily examined unless raised from the caterpillar, or at least from the chrysalid.

A few years ago, being in ill-health, I devoted much of my time to the pleasant and fascinating occupation of raising butterflies. After preparing number of paper boxes, with a covering of fine net fastened down with pins, I would ramble among the trees and bushes many times during the day and secure all the large caterpillars to be found. It was always necessary to note particularly what each one fed upon, as they would eat nothing in confinement except the leaves to which they were accustomed. For instance, a caterpillar found on an elm-tree would feed only upon the foliage of that tree. A beautiful and very rare specimen was sent to me which died of slow starvation, and it was pitiful to see it hunting in its box for something it could



CHRYSALID OF THE "PAPILIO ASTERIAS."

eat. It had been found in the middle of a country road, and, although leaves from all the trees and bushes in the neighborhood were offered, it refused them all. I gave my little captives

PAPILIO ASTERIAS BUTTERFLY.

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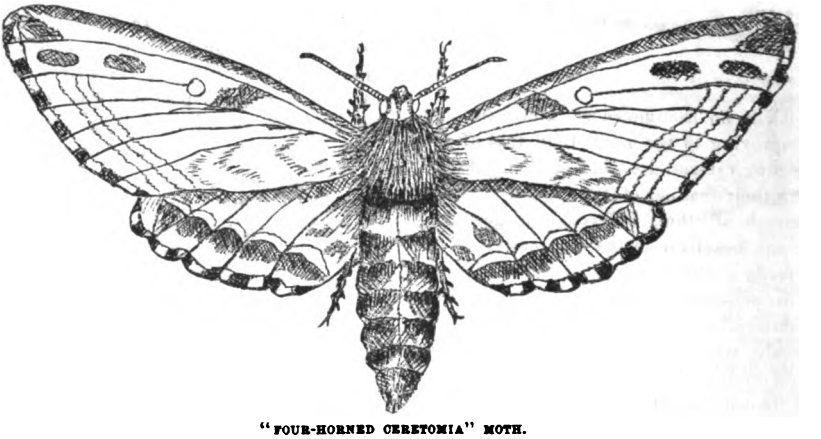
fresh leaves four or five times a day, always dipping them in cool water, for their breakfast. It was really amusing to see them sucking up the drops of water as they would the dew or rain on the trees. They like the young and tender

CATERPILLAR OF THE "FOUR-HORNED CERETOMIA."

leaves, which should always be freed from dust before they are put in the boxes.

Some of the larvæ are very curious and pretty, while others are repulsively ugly; but I became so accustomed to handling them, that they soon ceased to repel me as they did at first. They would change or cast their skins three or four times before they were ready for the chrysalis state, and each time would show a brighter or a somewhat different color. They are said to have six eyes on each side, but are generally considered destitute of sight. After various experiments in regard to their eyes, they have given me no indications of being able to see. When the caterpillars are fully grown, they cease feeding for a few hours, become very restless, and, after wandering around in a discontented manner, select their place for the change to the chrysalis. They had many ways of preparing for this important transformation. Some would roll themselves in leaves which they glued together, some would spin themselves up in cocoons, others would hang themselves to some firm support, while still others would hide under the bark of trees or burrow in the earth. As the subject was a new one to me, my mind was greatly perplexed in trying to discover which were the spinners and which the burrowers, but a little closer observation soon convinced me that, when the proper time arrived, they would make me clearly understand their necessities. Two very fine caterpillars from the linden-tree, which were in a box together after weeks of apparent contentment, ceased feeding, became very restless, and seemed really uncomfortable. Instead of crawling up the sides of their box and over the leaves and netting as they usually did, they hid themselves under and were constantly in motion. Upon examination, it was found that the poor creatures, in their efforts to burrow, had almost scratched holes in the bottom of the box. I procured a large wooden box, filled it to the depth of ten inches with earth, laid the caterpillars on the surface, and in less than two minutes they had both buried themselves completely from sight, to remain hidden until the next May or June.



"FOUR-HORNED CERETOMIA" MOTH.

The spinners would generally settle themselves in a corner, to begin weaving their silky covering. They can easily be seen drawing the shining

CHRYSALID OF THE "FOUR-HORNED CERETOMIA."

threads backward and forward across the corner in order to make a foundation for the work. Then other lines are drawn within these in every direction, making the covering thicker and closer, until the busy creatures are entirely hidden from view,

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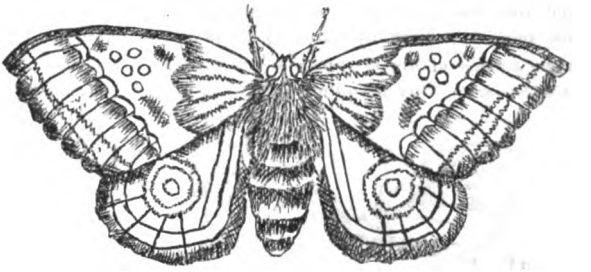
CHRYSALID OF THE "SATURNIA IO."



BUTTERFLY OF THE "SATURNIA IO."

The larva of the "Polyphemus Telea," a very large moth, is truly a thing of beauty. It is of a pale light-green color, almost as transparant as glass, with a little brown head set in a yellow hood. The segments are deeply ridged, pointed on top, and have each three rows of small brown projections tipped with gold and surmounted with three bristles. It has a strange way of standing, with the front-half of its body raised free from the leaf it is on and showing its six little brown

POTATO-WORM CHRYSALID.

pointed forefeet. The moth is very large, often measuring six inches across the wings. It is of a light-brown color clouded with black and white, with blue and gray dashes and rings. This moth is remarkable for having a large transparent glassy spot in each wing. When this moth is ready to leave the cocoon, which is too strong to be torn open, it moistens the end in which the head is situated with a fluid provided for the purpose, which makes the texture as tender as paper. It is interesting to see the little creature working and scratching inside, until first one foot breaks through, then another; next the head shows, and soon the whole body is drawn laboriously through the small opening.

I had a number of small wire screens—such as are sometimes used in the country to cover the butter-dish—to place over the moth when first released from the cocoon, for in a very short time it would be able to fly away and escape me. These large moths have remarkably small wings when first freed, which develop so rapidly to full size that it is easy to see them growing. At first, they would climb to the highest point under the screen hang by the forefeet, and move their their apology for wings slowly backward and forward. As the wings lengthened and spread, the large unwieldy body contracted or diminished, and in two hours or less the insect would be full-grown, perfectly developed, and well able to take care of itself in the open air.

In June, an exceedingly pretty caterpillar, the "Papilio Asterias," can frequently be found on the parsnip, parsley, and celery plants in almost any large garden, and will certainly prove interesting to anyone who will take the trouble to examine him and notice his preparations for passing into the chrysalis state. He is of a bright yellow-green color, is nearly two inches long, and has a black velvety band, ornamented with six or seven yellow spots on every segment The small green head has a perfectly formed yellow letter V inverted on it. In repose, he looks very mild and gentle, but, when disturbed, he throws out two bright-orange horns from a ridge back of his head, which he jerks about in an angry and threatening manner; but he is perfectly harmless, except that these horns give out a strangely disagreeable odor. In a few minutes, his anger subsides, the horns disappear, and no one would suspect him of possessing such weapons. This repulsive odor seems intended to defend the larva from its small enemies. When fully grown, he settles himself on a fence or some stout support, and gets ready for the transformation. He first attaches a little tuft of silk on the surface chosen,

YELLOW BUTTERFLY, SHOWING POSITION OF WINGS WHEN AT REST.

firmly hooks his hindfeet in the threads, and begins to make a loop to support the rest of the body. Erecting his head, he holds out his two

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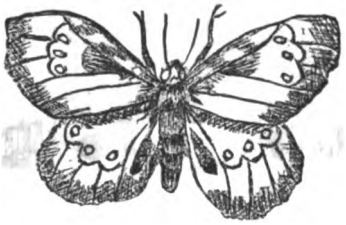
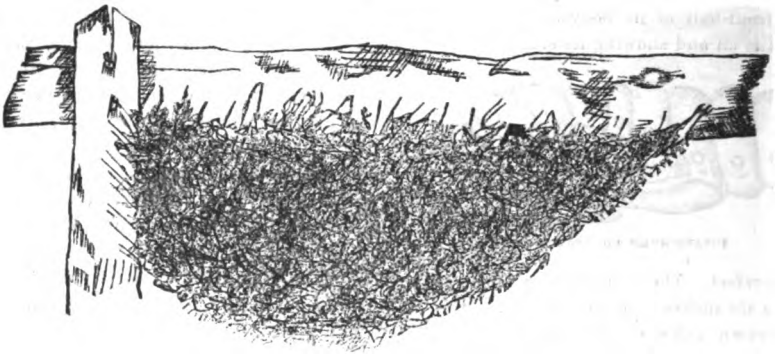
front feet like little arms, and commences this most important work by fastening a line of silk on the surface of his resting-place, just back of his shoulders. This he draws in front across his



BROWN AND YELLOW BUTTERFLY OF THE APPLE-WORM.

little feet, and attaches it the same way to the surface on the other side. There, moving his head from side to side, every time drawing a thread over his forefeet, he soon has a stout cord



COCOON OF THE "ATTACUS CECROPIA."

of twenty or thirty fibres. He then drops his arms and draws back from his work, leaving a strong white loop standing before him. After giving his work what seems to be a glance of approval, he lowers his head, puts it under the noose, and slips its over his shoulders. He twists and turns in a very comical way until the silky rope is well adjusted for the support of his body. In a few hours, he casts the caterpillar skin and become a pretty chrysalid. The butterfly which emerges from this in a few weeks is delicate and graceful in form and rich in coloring. It is black, with rows of yellow, blue, and orange spots around the margin of the rings, the under ones having a long projection, which is enlarged and rounded at the point.

The "Four-horned Ceretomia" is a remarkably strange and interesting insect. The caterpillar is a light blue-green, with seven diagonal stripes on each side, two short horns on its head, and two longer ones on its shoulders. It has a singular habit of sitting with its shoulders raised high in the air and the head drawn under in such a manner as to almost hide the small horns and make the large ones stand up like ears, giving the larva the appearance of a comical little horse. There is a fifth and larger horn at the extremity of the body. This horn characterizes the "Sphinx moths." It burrows in the ground, where it remains all winter, and emerges in May or June, a very pretty moth. It is brown-and-gray, with black and white lines and dashes.

The "Vanessa Antiopa" butterfly has brown-and-purple wings, with yellow and black spots and lines. It is very singular, both in appearance and habits. It is often found in the crevices of old stone walls, wood-piles, and sometimes hidden away in unused barns and out-houses in the depth of winter, torpid and almost lifeless, but, when held in the hand or taken to a warm room, will soon revive and fly about quite lively. During the first warm days in spring it will come feebly forth from its hiding-place with rumpled and faded wings, all its beauty gone, seek the sunshine and enjoy it wherever it can be found.

The larva of the "Saturnia Io," which is sometimes found on the willow, maple, and elm

CHRYSALID OF THE "ATTACUS CECROPIA."

trees, is of a light pea-green color, with a white-and-purple stripe down each side the whole length of the body. The segments are covered with clusters of stiff bristles or prickles tipped with black, twenty or thirty springing from a common centre.

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When the caterpillars are ready for the chrysalis state, they crawl or drop from the trees to the ground, draw some dead leaves or rubbish around them, which they secure with a gummy silk, and lie there during the winter. The butterfly, or rather moth, is extremely bright and pretty, having orange-and-purple wings, with a broad black border around the margin, with blue and purple spots on the wings.

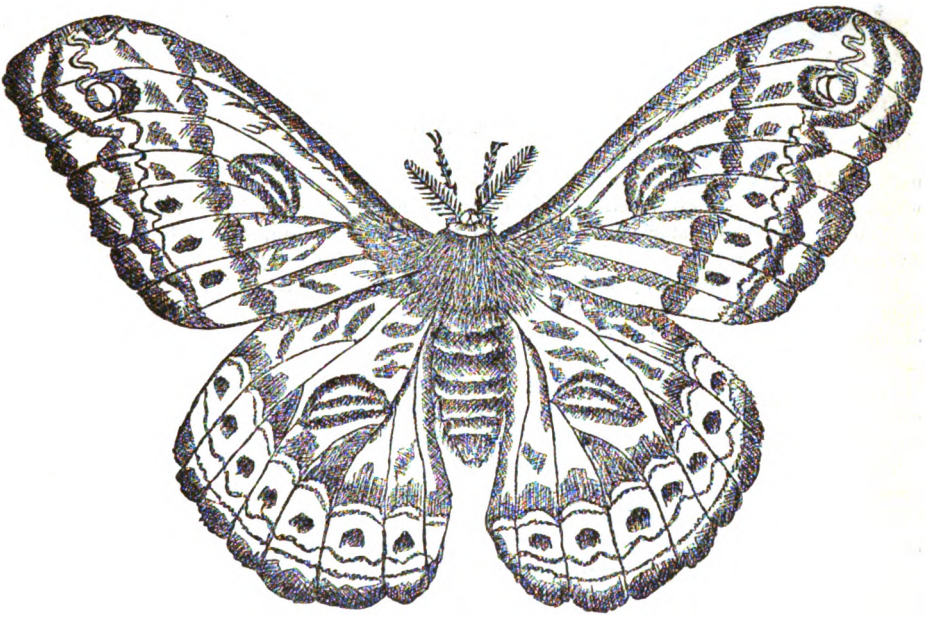
When some moths are at rest, the upper wings are closely folded over the lower ones, giving them the appearance of having but one pair and making the insect look long and narrow. The butterfly, on the contrary, raises the wings until they stand straight up, back to back, thus displaying the under side.

The chrysalis of the "Potato-worm" is perhaps the largest, or rather the longest, we have. It is not only remarkable for its size, but for the long proboscis or sheath which encloses and protects the tongue or tube by which the honey is drawn from the flowers. After the final transformation, this tongue, which is two or three inches in length, is rolled up like a steel spring and hidden under the throat when not in use.

The largest moth known to me is called "Attacus Cecropia," and frequently measures seven inches across the wings. This great moth is of a reddish-brown color, with white, blue, and black kidney-shaped figures in each of the wings which were edged with many white scallops and curved lines, with here and there dashes and spots of red, gray, and lilac. The antennæ are flat and thickly feathered, resembling lovely little brown plumes. The caterpillar of this moth is very large, light blue-green, and has little shining black-and-scarlet knobs on every segment which remind one of cactus-buds.

When raising butterflies, great care must be exercised in order to protect the larvæ from the attacks of the ichneumon fly; for even if the eggs are almost immediately dislodged the victim will die. When not actually feeding, the caterpillars are sometimes very restless—are continually climbing up the sides of the box and hanging to the netting, which affords their sly enemy all the chance she wants. The only means of protection which I adopted, and which proved effective, was a double netting. Large boxes, ten or twelve inches deep, were covered with a fine piece of net after the small boxes already covered were placed inside. This gave perfect security, as the larvæ could not crawl to the upper netting, and the busy ichneumon fly could not reach them. With this covering, they need more air, must be kept in a cool shady spot, and given water and fresh food more frequently.

A few strolls in the open air, a few minutes' care each day, are all tnat this pursuit demands, and it need not, therefore, interfere with any more serious occupation.



"ATTACUS CECROPIA" MOTH.

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OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

MIRIAM JERROLD was called a peculiar girl, and, in fact, there was enough of the unconventional and unusual about her to justify the adjective. By many, her foreign birth and rearing were offered as reason for her unlikeliness to American girls, while others urged that these traits had not characterized her when, at the age of sixteen, she had, upon the death of her father, come to make her home in his native land, having been consigned by the will which had made her a great heiress to the care of his only sister, Mrs. Maturin Bullock, of Fifth Avenue and Newport.

Even then her individuality had, of course, been sufficiently pronounced, but the latter class of commentators held that this was due to her marked accent and the somewhat Bohemian laxity of thought and conduct which had been acquired in the free artistic circles where her father had chosen to set up his Lares.

Those who best remembered the exquisitely lovely child whose wavy masses of golden hair had fallen in unconfined wealth over her shoulders, shading with a curling fringe the low sweet brow and seeming to frame the rarely beautiful face in a burst of sunshine, were earnest in their asseverations that in those days no touch or promise of gravity clouded the perfect features, no hint of sadness underlaid the smiling innocence of the frank blue eyes, and that every indication of the child's nature gave evidence of a temperament attuned to laughter and merriment.

Among those who argued thus was her aunt, who, having grown in her six years' guardianship of the girl to love and admire though never to comprehend her, found the unfulfilled predictions of those early days a sorely perplexing puzzle which she was extremely fond of discussing with her husband.

"Maturin," she would say, "what do you suppose makes Miriam so odd? I can't get her to join the Patriarchs; she turns the cold shoulder upon afternoon teas—says that a man sipping tea and talking gossip is the ignoblest work of God—and spends all her time and money on dirty creatures with horrible diseases; though, I daresay, many of them are as well as you or I, and only pretend sickness to wheedle money out of her."

"Well, they certainly succeed in that," replied her husband, on one of these occasions, about the time of the beginning of this story, "for she has as little left of her income at the year's end as if she were a society girl of the most extravagant tastes and habits."

"Think of that! And yet she dresses like a nun, and her only self-indulgence is in the matter of music. That taste, I suppose, she inherits from her mother."

The late Mrs. Jerrold would have been a famous prima-donna, had not love, in the shape of a rich American, stepped in and broken her contract with destiny.

"I suppose so; and it's a sufficiently ruinous one, if she keeps on as she has begun. Fancy paying the prices those conscienceless foreigners ask, for the purpose of educating the souls of a dirty lot of beggars, who would all find more melody in the Fisher's Hornpipe than in the finest aria that ever was composed! What she needs is a good sensible husband to bring her to reason."

Mrs. Bullock sighed heavily.

"Yes, my dear; but I fear she is incorrigible there also. There is Frank, poor fellow—he worships the very ground she walks on; and yet, much as I desire the match, I cannot persuade myself that it will ever be accomplished."

"I thought you said, a little while ago, there was some sort of understanding between them," Mr. Bullock remarked, blowing a cloud of pearly smoke from the fragrant Havana between his lips—for it was in the library, during the hour consecrated to the enjoyment of his post-prandial cigar, that Mrs. Bullock had sought sympathy from her husband regarding Miriam's erratic conduct.

"Well, yes, and so there is; but I fear it promises little satisfaction to Frank. It is to the effect that, if nothing occurs before the first of November to make her change her mind, she will marry him."

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"Well, I call that very satisfactory. Here it is the middle of October, and she is still at least tolerating his attentions. But why should she have set that particular day? It seems as though she must be anticipating some unusual occurrence about this time."

"Oh, no! I have put it rather peculiarly, that is all. Somewhere about the first of August he asked her—for the fourth time, I think—to marry him, and, instead of refusing again, as she had formerly done, she told him that, if he would give her three months, she would consent, unless she had good occasion to change her mind."

"Why, that's excellent!" Mr. Bullock exclaimed, cheerily; for this same Frank was his own and well-beloved nephew, his junior partner, and a charming fellow of irreproachable character and position. "In the name of all that's reasonable, Naomi, what more could you want?"

"Better assurance that Frank's desire may be fulfilled than Miriam's conduct affords. I feel sure that she cares no more—not, indeed, as much—for the dear boy than she does for you, and I cannot believe she is a woman to marry without love. But hush! here she comes."

The warning was uttered none too soon, for scarcely had the last word fallen from Mrs. Bullock's lips than the girl stood before them. Whatever exceptions frivolous-minded folk might have taken to Miriam Jerrold's strange indifference to their amusements and distractions, surely not even the most captious critic among them could deny her claim to a most exquisite and uncommon style of beauty.

She was a trifle above the medium height, but so justly and symmetrically proportioned that she seemed less tall than was really the case. Her wealth of lustrous hair was as rich and radiant as in those days when it had rioted in unconstrained luxury about the joyous childish face; but alas! how the features that its decorously-confined glory enshrouded had lost their charm of gayety and careless mirth. A strange expression of sadness had fallen like a shadowy mask over them, and into the great golden-lashed eyes had crept a look of wistful yearning that made their gaze at times hard for those who loved her to meet. This expression was especially dominant to-night, and, observing it, Mr. Bullock held out his hand to the girl, and, clasping hers, drew her to his side.

"Well, puss," he said, affectionately, as she sank upon her knees by his chair and dropped her head upon his broad shoulder with a gesture of abandon so rare in her as to be doubly precious when she gave way to it, "been working yourself to death among the hospitals to-day?"

Miriam drew a long sigh.

"No; that work never tires me."

"You imply that some other work does; if so, give it up, little one. We cannot have our child overworked, can we, mother?"

Before Mrs. Bullock could respond, a servant appeared in the doorway announcing visitors, and the lady hurried away to fulfil her social duties, leaving Miriam and her uncle to prolong their conversation en tête-à-tête.

"Little one," he said, "we were talking about you, mother and I, when you came in. What do you think she was telling me?"

"Uncle dear, you know I never could guess a riddle."

"Well, then, it was that perhaps you were going to make the old folks very happy—you and Frank."

A sudden shiver passed over the girl's kneeling figure; but the habit of self-control was a strong one, and she hid her emotion at once, while scarcely a quiver disturbed the music of the sweet, earnest voice that replied:

"And it would really please you to have me marry Frank?"

"If you love him, little one. But, Miriam—no, do not turn your eyes away: I want to see what they, as well as your lips, say—you must not marry the boy unless you want to do so. No consideration for us, no pity for him, must weigh with you in this matter. I won't have my little girl worried into marrying any man she doesn't love—and I thought that might be what was ailing her this evening."

The girl shook her head and murmured a few reassuring words, evidently afraid to say more, for fear of losing her self-control; for to-night her heart was very heavy, and the tender loving words of her uncle touched and well-nigh overcame her. Seeing that she could bear no further allusion to the matter at present, and desiring to give an entirely new turn to the conversation, Mr. Bullock took up one of the slender white hands that lay clasped upon the arm of his chair, and, touching a curiously-wrought ring of silver and platinum that bound the third finger—the only ornament, if so it might be called, that her hand wore—said playfully:

"Come, puss, tell me where this ring came from. It's a cumbrous affair for such a slight finger. Come, let me take it off, and— Hey! What's this! Why, bless my soul—Miriam—child—what is the matter?"

For some word, or look, or memory—some

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cause utterly unknown to Maturin Bullock—had overset the fine balance of self-repression, and Miriam had drawn herself down into a crouching, sobbing heap upon the floor at his feet.

It is two weeks later, and in a very different scene, that we next see our heroine. The occasion is a somewhat novel one to her, being that of the celebration of Hallowe'en, which is being held in a large private ball-room belonging to one of New York's most potent magnates.

The girl seems scarcely herself to-night. Her usually pale face is flushed; her eyes burn brilliantly with a fire that gives unwonted animation to her face; her laughter rings out clear and frequent, but seems pitched in a different key—a higher and less musical one—than that of its ordinary soft minor cadence. People look at her in amazement, and, failing to detect the unwholesome nature of her excitement, wonder if it is possible that this is the same sad-eyed, reserved and ungenial girl whom they have always seen shrinking and retiring from like scenes of festivity.

To-night she is the centre of attraction, entering into the evening's amusements with such apparent enjoyment that Frank Haviland's spirits rise buoyantly, as it is their nature to do—the more so as they have long suffered repression.

"Surely," he tells himself, "if she meant to refuse me to-morrow, she could not be so heartlessly gay to-night." Then a bold thought occurs to him, and he immediately seeks to put it in practice; but so hemmed-in is the girl he loves by admirers, that not until supper is announced does he find it possible to speak with her alone.

With this one purpose in view, he enters the brilliant banquet-hall, where tables, gleaming with gold and silver plate and groaning beneath wondrous marvels of the confectioner's art, bar, for a few moments, his way to the figure which stands out from all other women in the world for him, and which, he rejoices to see, is withdrawn a little into a recess—alone, temporarily, during the absence of her cavalier in search of refreshments.

Quiet as Miriam Jerrold's dress usually is, to-night it is sufficiently conspicuous even in that magnificently-apparelled throng. It is all of the richest, rarest, filmiest white lace, over shimmering satin, while diamonds thickly besprinkle the décolleté corsage and gleam from arms, ears, and hair.

As Frank approached her now, he noticed that the mask had fallen from her features, and that a terrible weariness and wistfulness had settled on them. For a moment he felt horribly disconcerted. Surely, not to this sad-eyed suffering woman could he broach the request he had come to make; but, in another moment, Miriam's face had changed and resumed its former brilliancy.

"Well, well!" she cried, accosting him in a light somewhat artificial tone, which, while it aided his purpose, yet was hateful to him, as being foreign to her. "A pretty way, this, to treat me during the whole evening! Not once have you come near me, sir, but left me wholly to the mercy of any compassionate cavalier."

"Your vanity has been sufficiently fed to-night, Miriam," he said, "and I shall refrain from ministering further to its egregious appetite." Then, dropping his tone of badinage, he added, gravely, in a voice that showed that the young fellow was terribly in earnest in his request: "Miriam, darling, you have promised to give me my answer to-morrow; it will be to-morrow in half an hour. Say that, after you have had some supper, I may come for you and take you a little away from all this mummery, and that you will have mercy upon me before we leave this place, and tell me at twelve o'clock whether, hereafter, Hallowe'en shall indeed be regarded by me as a hallowed evening, or whether I must forever associate it with the destruction of all my dearest hopes."

Miriam looked at the handsome lad—for he seemed only that to her—and the kindest light that had ever shone in her eyes for him warmed his heart, as, laying her hand gently, almost tenderly, on his arm, she said, in the tone he loved so well:

"Yes, come for me in twenty minutes, and I will go with you where you will."

The words seemed almost to prophesy the fulfillment of his desires, and on this evening, when every simplest word and action is supposed to teem with omen and significance, it was not strange that Haviland laid these words to his heart as symbolical of the unity of his and Miriam's future.

The spot which Frank Haviland designated as being "away from all this mummery" was an alcove of a small withdrawing-room leading off the noisy ball-room; and here, at a little before twelve, he brought Miriam.

The little room was comparatively deserted. Here and there a couple—who, like themselves, had sought retirement—stood and chatted together in lowered tones, but these were so occupied with themselves—so intent upon their own affairs—that they accorded scant heed to the entrance of another pair of lovers.

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The feverish glow of excitement had faded from Miriam's eyes and cheeks, and as she sank upon the bench beside a long French window to which Haviland led her, she looked so pale and exhausted that the man's heart smote him with direful forebodings. He drew out his watch and glanced at it.

"Miriam," he said, gently, "it lacks ten minutes of the hour. Shall I use them in telling you again how passionately I love you, how tenderly I will guard you, how wholly I am yours to command through time and eternity? Or will my words make no difference? Is your heart already decided as to its answer, and shall I leave you these few minutes for rest and silence?"

She looked at him gratefully, and, leaning impulsively forward, laid her small gloved hand on his large one.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "how good you are to me; how considerate after all my hardheartedness! Yes, grant me one more favor: Give me these few minutes to rest in, but keep your watch out, and, when the hands reach twelve, speak to me, for I will not tax your forbearance a single moment."

It was certainly a strange situation for these two, sitting there in utter silence, side by side, with hearts agitated by the strongest emotions which come to mankind, while, from the near ballroom, came the melodious rise and fall of viol and violin, the echo of merry maidens' voices mingled with deeper masculine tones. As the watch ticked softly on, a change came over the man and woman, a change which formed a strong contrast between them. As the momentous hour drew near which was to fix their destinies forever, to unite them into one or separate them as widely as two parallel but never-meeting currents, Haviland's manner lost its nervous restlessness, a marble pallor stole over his face, and his features settled into a tense fixity of expression, while his eyes never for an instant quitted their guard upon the small watch-dial. Miriam, on the contrary, began to show signs of intense excitement. The working of her lips, the fluttering motions of her hands, her great dilated pupils and quivering nostrils—all gave evidence of the mighty struggle and conflict going on within her breast. Her customary self-control had as utterly vanished as if she had never acquired it. Her heart seemed to contract and beat in dull heavy thumps against her white satin corsage.

The music suddenly ceased in the adjoining room. The spell of midnight—of the witching hour of Hallowe'en—had taken possession of the gay assemblage. Mystic time-honored spells were about to be indulged in, to prove to the men and maids gathered there the constancy and faith—the fidelity or fickleness—of their sweethearts.

"Ah, what a bitter reality was this love they made a jest of! Dear God! that they should make a sport and game of life's most tragic element! God grant that they, these merry revelers, may never know the suffering and anguish, the weight of misery and hopeless despair which love might mean! Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey!"

Miriam started with a sharp cry as Haviland's touch fell upon her, and wondered if she had been talking aloud. The young fellow's face was almost rigid in its intensity, and it was easy to see that he had staked his all on this throw. Refused now meant rejected forever. He had touched her gently to attract her attention, and, as her eyes followed the direction of his, she saw that his hand was held out toward her, that an object lay within it, an object as relentless and inexorable as fate—a gleaming golden thing, with a white glaring face staring mockingly at her and pointing with its gloomy hands to three Roman numerals.

A mighty shudder convulsed the girl; she shrank back a moment; then, pushing the baleful thing harshly away, she sprang to her feet, passed Haviland, and threw wide the huge French windows as if panting, suffocating for fresh air. Standing thus, with the full glare of the gas-jets flaming brilliantly upon her, her gems scintillating gleams and flashes of rainbow tints about her, her wonderful beauty framed in the open casement, she made a marvelously effective tableau for any chance passer-by. Regardless of notice from without or within, with a sort of exaltation beaming from her face, she stretched out her arm and pointed to a church-spire which rose needle-like against the midnight sky.

"Hark!" she cried; "your watch is fast. The church-clock has not yet struck. Even yet something may separate us."

"But if—if, Miriam, before the clock strikes, nothing intervenes, you mean that you will marry me? Remember, I swear to cherish you."

His words seemed to recall the girl to herself; the strange excitement slowly died from her.

"Yes," she said, grasping the swinging sashes firmly, as if for moral support; "yes, if nothing intervenes—" She paused and looked once more far into the night, yearningly, beseechingly, imploringly, as if from out its cold

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shadows a deliverer might appear; then, turning to Haviland, "No," she said, "I will wait no longer. If you will have me as I am, I who love you merely as a brother, I promise—"

A dull heavy boom interrupted her, then another and another. She stopped, and again looked out into the midnight—the Hallowe'en midnight, when witches and fays and elves disport themselves abroad, and play mad pranks with the affairs of men—and, as she stood thus, waiting for the bell to cease, a small tiny object, projected from without, came flying in at the open casement, struck her sharply upon the breast, and fell at her feet.

With a smothered cry, she stooped and snatched it from its lowly resting-place; then, as her dazed senses recognized what the tiny messenger was, she cried: "At last, at last, it has come! Oh, my God, I thank Thee for Thy Goodness!" And, in her abandonment of relief and selfish joy, she raised it to her lips, pressed them upon it again and again with the tenderness that a mother bestows upon a relic of her long-lost child, and then, coming to a sudden consciousness of her surroundings, she turned to Haviland, and a shade of sadness stole over her radiant features—sadness for the pain she must inflict.

"Frank," she said, gently, extending her hand, in which lay a small object, "there is the obstacle which must separate us forever."

Haviland bent forward and looked at the tiny foe which had vanquished him. So small it was, and yet so potent! Nothing but a thin-worn hoop of gold—a wedding-ring.

The next morning, Frank Haviland was toying with a scarce-tasted breakfast, when a letter was handed him. He had parted from the woman he loved, the night before, without any explanation of the mysterious obstacle which had intervened to thwart his passionate hopes. All night had he pondered on the meaning of that ring, only to reject as impossible the only solution which presented itself. Never would he believe that the girl whose pure true nature had won first his respect and then his love had stooped to the duplicity of a clandestine marriage! And yet, what other meaning could that small golden circlet enclose? He eagerly seized the envelope, on which he recognized Miriam's characteristic handwriting, and, impatiently tearing aside the cover, plunged at once into the contents, which ran as follows:

"FIFTH AVENUE, Nov. 1, 1887.

"DEAR FRANK:

"I have just left you with the promise of an explanation of the mystery attached to the little ring which came, a strange Hallowe'en messenger, from out the darkness to me last night. A little ring? And yet no mighty hoop of forged and ponderous metal could have so bound and fettered my happiness as this tiny trifle of gold. I told you a few minutes ago it must separate us forever; but, if it stands between you and your love, it is not the first time it has served such a purpose—as, for four weary terrible years, it has been an insurmountable barrier between me and the only man I have ever loved.

"People call me odd, queer, eccentric; and yet, Frank, you know that when I first came from abroad I was none of these. No, my heart was naturally a light one, loving brightness, gayety, and pleasure, until the heavy cloud of sadness and suffering shadowed it.

"For two years after I came to Uncle Maturin's I was a careless happy child; then, one summer, at Newport, sorrow overtook me. Heavens! how I remember it all! I was, as you know, passionately fond of bathing and a good swimmer, but loved best to bathe alone, and, hating the publicity of the more frequented places, generally chose a spot just back of our cottage. Here I was permitted to go alone, with only a maid to stand by and see that no harm befell me; and here it was that, bathing one day, I was seized with cramp, and, being some distance from shore, could do nothing but turn myself upon my back and call Jenny to run for help. Ah! shall I ever forget the sensation of those few moments? It seemed to me that the tide was carrying me further from shore, and the cramp, which affected all my limbs, rendered me utterly helpless. A terrible fear came over me. I thought that Jenny would never come back. I lost my presence of mind, and felt myself sinking beneath the surface. The very agony of death swept over me, and I raised my voice and screamed aloud. Again I called 'Help! Help!' and again I sank beneath the cold pitiless waves; then, as once more I rose to the surface, I felt that further struggling was useless. 'Good-bye,' I called, softly; 'good-bye, dear aunt and uncle; good-bye—' Before I could sigh forth another word, I heard a shout—a cheery inspiring promise of help in a voice that I have hungered, thirsted, yearned to hear again through every day and night of my life since.

"Frank, they talk of love at first sight, but it was even before I saw him that I loved Godfrey Bogart. I loved him as his clear strong voice smote my ear, as his firm protecting clasp touched my spent and exhausted body; then

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and there, a passionate abandonment of myself to him swept over me, and never for a single moment has any other man caused me to waver in my allegiance. He is the man whom God has created for me, and if, in the mysterious working of His Will, He has sought to bar our union, yet I knew, even before that little messenger of hope came to me last night, that, some time, here or in heaven, we should be united.

"We kept my accident a secret, for I feared that I should be forbidden my favorite recreation were it to reach Uncle Maturin's ears, and Jenny was easily bribed to say nothing of it. She had met Godfrey as she was speeding homeward for help, and brought him to my rescue. Many, many times we met in that sweet summer. Godfrey was a universal favorite and was asked everywhere, and, in the giddy whirl of Newport life, it escaped notice that he singled me out whenever opportunity offered. Perhaps, as he was of limited wealth and no parti, the object of his attentions was not a person of much consequence to the world. Ah, that summer! Whatever happens, I shall always have had that.

"The days flew by and the season drew to a close. Newport was becoming deserted, and at last the night came when Godfrey told me that he, too, was leaving the next day. I was a mere child, unused to hiding my feelings, and I gave a little gasp and laid my hand on my heart as he said it. He bent down and looked full into my eyes.

"'Miriam, child,' he said, 'it is hard to leave you.'

"'But it will not be for long,' I faltered. 'You will come to see me in New York?'

"He kept his eyes fixed intently on my face for a full minute without replying, then raised my hand very gently to his lips and dropped his clasp of it.

"'No,' he said, drawing himself erect. 'No; I swear I will not. Miriam, do you know I am a married man?'

"Ah, Frank, if he had, instead, plunged a knife into my heart, what suffering I had been spared! I don't think I said a word; I simply could not grasp the truth, but sat staring blankly at him with a wide uncomprehending gaze which he could not bear to meet, for in another moment he had turned away, buried his face in his hands, and I heard the most awful sound that ever strikes upon a woman's ear—the deep bitter sobs of the man she loves. I cannot write more of that scene, which is a sacred one to me.

"The woman whom Godfrey had married was notoriously unworthy of him. They had separated, and he offered to get a divorce which would be easily procurable in I would then marry him. He did not urge it, for his ideas of my girlish purity and innocence were so exalted that he could not bear to smirch them with the stain of a union with a divorced man.

"'No,' I said, 'I never will marry you while she lives. She is your wife still, and the Bible forbids your taking another. Should she die, come to me or send me her wedding-ring, and I will marry you.' He did not seek to alter my decision, but drew a ring, the singular one you have often remarked on my hand, from his finger and placed it on mine, bidding me wear it for his sake. Then we parted.

"Now you know my story, Frank, and can guess the joy that the little ill-treated and disgraced ring brought to my heart. He is free; where, I know not; but I shall soon see him, I feel. Forgive me for the pain I have brought you, and pardon me that sudden relief from my long probation caused me, last night, to be unmindful of your grief.

"Always affectionately and sincerely yours,

"MIRIAM JERROLD."

A week later, Miriam Jerrold was seated in the convalescent-ward of one of the New York hostals—reading, as was her wont, to a number of the patients who were able to listen to her. She wore the simple soft-hued gown which her uncle called her hospital-uniform, as it was kept for such occasions; and on her breast lay a great bunch of violets, which breathed their sweet fragrance through the room. Her pale face wore already a more hopeful, brighter expression than had been its wont, and her voice had a more buoyant, elastic ring than hitherto. Yet a week had passed and no further tidings had reached her of Godfrey Bogart.

The entrance of a nurse brought her reading to a sudden period.

"Miss Jerrold," the young woman said, approaching her, "have you a plain gold ring on?" Miriam looked surprised, and the nurse added explanitorily: "We have a patient who has been here nearly a week and has been growing steadily worse, dying of typhoid fever. Of course, he has been delirious most of the time, and his one idea seems to be in some way connected with a gold ring. He is very violent now, and we can hardly keep him in bed. He keeps trying to get up, flings his arms about as if he were trying to throw something into the air, and mutters constantly about a wedding-ring. Sometimes, if we humor them, they grow more quiet; and, I thought, if I could

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borrow a ring from you— Why, Miss Jerrold—what is it?" For the girl had risen with white startled face and terror-stricken eyes and had grasped the nurse by the arm.

"Where is he? Take me to him at once! Dying, you say? Godfrey Bogart dying? Where? Quick, I say—quick!"

Utterly perplexed and bewildered, yet feeling that Miss Jerrold, whom she dearly loved, had some good reason for the privilege she demanded—that of being taken to the private room where the sufferer lay—the nurse led the way, and stood back a little as Miriam entered and approached the bed.

A man of about thirty lay there, with a beautiful fever-flushed face, from which the great gray eyes gazed gloomily forth with a haggard hungry expression, which altered not as they fell upon Miriam.

"Godfrey! Godfrey!" she cried, "do you not know me? It is I—Miriam. Oh, God! after all these years, to meet you like this!"

The nurses, compassionate but filled with a sense of duty to their patient, came forward, and the sound of their steps roused Miriam to forestall their protest.

"Yes, yes," she said, hurriedly drying her eyes. "I know I must control myself, and I will do so—only, I beseech of you, do not send me away: let me try my power over him. You say sleep may save him: let me try to induce it. I have had much experience with sick persons."

They were touched by her pleading, besides appreciating the efficacy in some cases of certain influences, and offered her a chair; but, preferring to retain her position on the floor, she took the two restless hands in hers, smoothed them between her palms with a gentle regular movement, murmuring the while soft tender love-words, as a mother croons to her sleeping child.

Gradually, the spell took effect—the strained weary eyelids drooped over the burning balls, the twitching, muttering lips fell into peaceful silence, and the spasmodic movements of the muscles yielded to the caressing touch upon them: the sufferer slept.

It was not till many days later that Miriam learned how Godfrey Bogart had but recently returned from a long, long absence abroad, to receive a message from his wife to the effect that she was dying, and begged him to come to her. He went, and devoted himself to her comfort until she died; then, weary and worn, with fever already beginning to burn in his veins, he determined to seek Miriam. On All-Hallowe'en, he went to her home, only to find her absent. He inquired and learned where she was, and hurried with eager excited footsteps thither, prowling restlessly, hungrily about the brilliant house with a strange purposelessness which craved only to be near her.

Suddenly he saw what seemed, to his feverish fancy, a vision: A beautiful figure—that of the woman he loved, only tenfold more lovely than he had ever seen her—came and flung wide a window, and stood, like an exquisite apparition, gloriously illuminated by the glare of myriads of gas-jets, in the aperture. His heart throbbed and his brain seemed on fire. There she was—the woman whom he had loved, whom he had longed for so yearningly for four weary years. She stood in a flood of brilliant light, and he was without, in the shadow. How could he make his presence known?

Like a flash of lightning, a thought swept across his brain—the ring. He took it from its safe hiding-place in his pocket, measured the distance carefully with his eye, and then, with a sudden swift motion of his arm, threw the little object to its rightful destination. What followed was a blank.

It is a year later, and Hallowe'en again. The Bullock mansion on Fifth Avenue is ablaze with lights. A high festival is in progress here, for which that of last year was but a preparation. The chief celebrators stand beneath a huge wedding-bell, and a rich odor of orange-blossoms proclaim the fact that Hymen has been receiving sacrifices to-night; and the voluntary offerings are a goodly pair to look at—a man, charming of face and proud of bearing, and a woman, whose birthright of beauty has of late been increased by a rich dowry of happiness.

THE HIGHER WISDOM.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's work with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

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WYCHAM'S ORDINARY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 357.

WHEN the burying was over and done—"earth to earth and dust to dust," as Parson read out of the book, and clay laid a-top of that—the poor gentleman stood there by the grave, with his bare head hanging down, a-taking no note of anything or anybody. The people all went away, and Parson with 'em, and even the very grave-diggers, till nobody was left but just us from the Ordinary, and Master Hayward, standing by young mistress. We looked at one another, and nobody knew what to say. 'Twas too cruel, it seemed like, to leave him there with never a word; but, for my part, my tongue felt like 'twas tied. So we looked at each other, as I said afore, and then Amy, she steps up to him and just took his hand in both hers.

"Come back to the Inn," says she, low and kind, and I thought her voice was the sweetest of any human that ever I heard speak. Then he looked at her hand, and the tears came into his eyes—that had been all the sadder because they were dry—and he went down the hill-path to the Inn, never saying one word, but holding her hand tight all the way. But Master Martin Hayward looked mighty black at this, and, from that very time, I guessed right away how 'twould be with him.

He'd a warm heart and a hot head, had Master Martin; more's the pity that they should too oft go together. He was set, heart and mind, on Amy, and bound to have his way. I never knew before that the lad was so crazy jealous. Maybe he'd never had any cause before for showing it; but, beginning from that very day of the burying, he fairly seemed to hate Mr. Leonard Strange.

When I began to see this trouble coming, I wished in my heart that the poor gentleman might go away from the Inn; but bless you! no—he never seemed to think of it. He just staid on and on, day after day and week after week, and I'd no excuse in reason, even if so minded, for turning off a lodger that paid like he did for the little bit of trouble he was. Yes, he seemed to have plenty of money by him, though 'twas little pleasure the spending of it seemed likely to give him any more, that broken-spirited and miserable he looked. He never set foot in the public rooms of the house, dining-room, nor parlor, nor on the high-road neither; so the neighbor-people, never seeing him, stopped asking questions like they did at first, when he was a nine-days' wonder. They seemed to forget all about him, and I'm certain sure he never once thought of them. I used to wonder what he did think to himself all that while; whatever 'twas, he never let on. He staid in his own room a heap—which was the same corner back room where the lady died—and in the passage just outside his door, where there was a window looking over the garden. Then, sometimes when the weather was warm and sun a-shining, he would walk out through the garden 'cross those lonesome hills out yonder where the graveyard was. And he always came back again looking wretcheder than ever.

Not one drink of spirit did I ever see him drink—not even wine. I used to think that maybe a sup of brandy would warm him up; for truly 'twas neither fire nor sun that seemed ever to do it, and he was always in a shiver at every breath of air. But, even when I fetched the bottle and offered myself to mix it, he never touched nor tasted; and, as for victuals, 'twas a mystery, and no telling, what he lived on. The wound in his arm soon healed up under Amy's dressing and doctoring; but I thought to myself that there was mayhap another wound inside, and harder to get at, that would take longer to cure. I could well believe what he'd told me about having no kin and no friends. Not a letter did he write and not a letter did he get, to my knowledge, the whole time he was at Wycham's Ordinary. Alone in the world he was then, sure enough, and, just like a child in a great dark room, he seemed to want Amy by him.

She was mighty kind and sweet to him, and

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I hadn't the heart to say a word against it. Sometimes she'd take her work—knitting or stitching—into that window-seat where he used to stay and sit there hours at a time, he hardly saying one word, but just looking up now and again to make sure she was nigh, or maybe touching her frock with his fingers. Then sometimes she'd read to him aloud out of some book or other, and he made believe to be listening, though I used to think he sensed it no more than I did. 'Twas a queer company-keeping, and no more like in common 'twixt young man and maid than if he'd been a ghost. However, that was neither here nor there to Master Hayward—he couldn't see nor understand. He was jealous of Mr. Strange's shadow, let alone flesh and blood, and Amy—she wasn't one to be ruled; she'd a spirit of her own, for all so sweet-tempered as she was most times. So there 'twas, and pull Dick, pull devil (as one may say) betwixt 'em. He'd always come about the house, had Master Martin, day in and day out, and all day, too, right often, just like one of the home people, ever since they two were children together. So he knew all that went on, and it didn't please his humor, neither, I can tell you. It had used to be all laughing and loving talk between 'em, and whispering sweetheart-fashion in corners with heads together and hand-in-hand; but now there was scarce a day when I didn't hear high words and catch black looks a-passing. Sometimes they'd make up, love-like, again, and I'd thank my stars 'twas all straight once more; then next thing would come another quarrel—and that's the way it went a month and more 'fore the end of it. And this was the way they came 'round:

I went into the garden one evening, late in May, to gather me some thyme for seasoning. 'Twas just the beautifullest warm weather, with sunshine like gold on the new-shapen green leaves, and early roses blooming everywhere—white roses, and red, and yellow, and blushing-bride—for 'twas a famous garden-spot for roses, and we'd the finest gardener in all those parts to 'tend it. There was honeysuckle, too, and Johnny-jump-ups and stocks and wall-flowers and May-pinks, a-sending sweetness all mixed in the air together, with bees making music everywhere. So 'twas mighty calm and pleasant, and I went slow down the long walk till I got to the thyme-bed. I was stooping down to pick what I'd come for, when I spied 'em first by her white dress showing so plain through the rose-bushes in front of me—Amy and Master Martin—and, the minute I laid eyes on 'em, I knew there was something amiss.

There was a bench there, set under some lilac-trees, and she was a-sitting on it, looking right pale and grave. She'd some red roses in her hands; her face was turned my way full; but I couldn't well see my young gentleman, for he was propped up on the back o' the seat with his own broad back toward her and me. He was looking half-way 'round over his shoulder, but she never once glanced back at him. There was a stubborn set to his face that I'd seen on it before, though never so hard-fixed as now; and, as for Amy, there was sorrow in her eyes, but she looked stubborn too. Her lips sort o' trembled, yet her gaze was clear and firm. 'Tis a tiff, sure enough, says I to myself; and, to save my life, I couldn't help looking at 'em, a-wondering what next.

All at once. he whirled round and stood straight up beside her, his face flushed fiery red and an ugly scowl upon it.

"Will you do as I say?" cries he, and his voice, it was none so loud, but fairly shaking with passion. "Will you do as I say, and promise me never to see him or speak to him again?"

Then she clasped her two hands together light, a-crushing the rose-stems betwixt them; but her eyes never turned to him once. "I'll make no such mean and cruel promise," says she, low and steady; "not for your pleasure or anybody's."

"Very well!" cries he, in a choking way, yet furious all the same; "very well! All's over between us. I'm no meek chuckle-head, to stand by mum and see my sweetheart choose another man's company in place of mine, and that before my face. If you prefer this sneaking stranger to me that have loved you first and best all our two lives long—if he's your choice, well and good! Much you care if my heart is broke! Let him stay and I'll go; but I give fair warning that I'll make him repent it to the end of his days."

"Do your worst," says she, a-knitting her black eyebrows together and drawing herself up like a queen on her throne; and then, the very next moment, afore I'd time to catch my breath, he came flying like a tempest round the corner and bumped right against me.

"Mrs. Martha," cries he, a-staring, "is it you? Did you hear what I said just now? Yet all the world may hear, for aught I care. All's clean over between Amy and me. 'Tis Mr. Leonard Strange she cares for, not me; confound him forever! I'm off and gone from Wycham's Ordinary. Good-bye!"

Then he was for making away in a whirl; and I knew for certain that I must speak quick

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that time and there, or else as well keep my tongue forever. So I ran after him and gripped his arm tight.

"Fie, fie! Master Martin, sir," says I, "what's this? Are you going to part true love forever, and break her heart, maybe, all because of kindness to the troubled and sorrowful? Shame on you, lad," says I, "'tis pretty behaving, sooth!"

"Hang it!" says he, all in a fume. "I like no such kindness. Pretty kindness, indeed! Does any natural man in this world like having his promised wife stuck up forever by another's side, to look at and touch? Is he not a man—and a young man, too, at that? Curse the day he ever came here, I say. 'Tis like she was under a spell. Does she not run at his beck and call, even away from me when I want her most? Why, I do believe she even thinks of him all the time, for there's a queer 'way-off look in her eyes, and 'tisn't half I say she seems to hear. That's truth."

"Law, Master Martin," says I, "and what of that if she does? Who can help thinking of the poor piteous man that's buried his nearest and dearest so lately, and now is just pining away with his grief right here 'fore our eyes? I think of him myself every day and all day long," says I, "and I'm fiftyfive years old come Christmas Eve."

"Then the less sense you, Mrs. Martha Matchin," said he, and then he burst out next in a rage. "'Tis all the same with women, be they nineteen or ninetynine years old. It's always farthest come that's first served with them. Let one man grow up among 'em his life long—honest and open and above board—and another come in a secret dark way, the devil knows where from, or why, or what after, with a downlook and a pale hang-dog face—let such as he come along, and see which one they'll choose. Have I a whey-face, even more cast down? Do I go sneaking 'round in the night-time, where nobody knows me from Adam, and stay hid for weeks and months? Oh, no! such fine charming mystery and grand romantic going-on is not for a plain fellow like me, who's nothing and nobody in comparison. By the Lord Harry! it makes me mad. Why, the man hath neither spirit nor stomach and eats no more than a sick old woman, with naught to drink but water and tea-slops day in and day out."

"Nay, Master Hayward," quoth I, "is that a sin in law or Gospel? You'll not be hard on the poor gentleman, surely, for all nobody can say the like of you."

I thought maybe 'twas best to take him in a laughing way, but he only looked blacker than ever at that. "I'm in no humor for fooling,' says he. "I eat no more than I can pay fair for, though that's neither here nor there. I'm going away this very evening; and let this Mr. Leonard Strange, as he calls himself, look out for my coming back—that's all. He's kept mighty dark, so far; but let him take care that after awhile there's not more light than he can face. If I don't find out all his business before I come back to these parts, I'm a Dutchman and my name's not Martin Hayward. Oh, aye! you may shake your head, Mrs. Martha—there are plenty of ways of finding out things when there's money in your pocket and a grudge in your mind. I know all about the sword-scratch that Amy dressed—a plague on it!—for she told me herself. She'd not tell me now, I reckon; but she did that night, and I've kept it, as I gave my word; but there's no word given 'gainst finding out what scuffle 'twas got in, or who was killed, maybe. Who else but thieves and murderers must needs go hiding this way? How do we know beyond his say-so that she was his sister who died? How do we know but what 'twas some other man's wife he'd run off with, after her lawful husband was killed or wounded past preventing it? Sister, indeed! I wonder. And now he's making up to my sweetheart with his false pitiful looks and ways. But I'll soon make all plain."

Then it was like that fear I'd felt at first inside of my heart had woke up like a torpid snake uncurling, ready to strike. "I'll not believe harm till it's proved," said I, "and long you'll be a-proving it."

With that, he laughed in a hard hateful way, for truly the lad was clean beside himself with jealousy and passion. "The way's plain enough to begin with," quoth he. "They came from Battletown. 'Tis only twenty miles away and easy enough to get there, and, as you said yourself, Mrs. Martha, 'twas not a pair to be lightly looked at nor soon forgot. Never you fear, Mrs. Martha; or maybe 'twere better said, never you hope. If Mr. Leonard Strange stays here at Wycham's Ordinary till Martin Hayward comes back, he'll hear news of himself, I'm thinking."

"Go back to Amy, lad," says I, right earnestly, then; for it seemed, when I heard him, like evil was coming and my heart heavy as lead. "Can't you see that she loves you all the while, as you do her? You poor fool-children both! 'Tis only that she's sorry for the poor man. Can't you see? Go make it up kind with a kiss, like any true lovers should, and let Mr.

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Leonard Strange alone. If he's sinned, he's suffered for it, heaven knows," says I. "Just let him alone, and go you back to Amy."

So I said, and he did sort of look 'round like half minded to go back; but she was gone from the bench and nowhere to be seen. The dear knows which way she'd run or where she'd hid herself. She came in at dark that night, with her eyes 'most cried out of her head and dark rims around 'em, but 'twas too late then. He just laughed again when he saw she wasn't there, and turned on his heel.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Martha," says he, and I said: "Good-bye, Master Hayward, or Master Wayward, as 'twould better suit to call you. I'll ne'er wish you Godspeed on any such journey," says I, "and 'tis sorry you'll be for this, some day."

But he never heeded nor turned. He mounted his horse, and away he went home in a tearing gallop, like the foul fiend was after him; and, next morning by sun-up, I saw him a-riding by the Inn along the road towards Battletown. So that was the last I saw of him for many a day.

PART II.

Days and weeks passed by—day after day, week after week a-slipping along—and everything went on pretty much as in common this time o' year with us at the Ordinary, except that Master Martin Hayward was away, and we neither saw sign nor heard tell of him. The roses all went out of bloom and clove-pinks and hollyhocks were flowering instead, and ox-eye daisies like a sprinkling of snow on the high grass fields back of the house. Cherries got ripe, and blackberries too. The hot dry weather set in, and dust was ankle-deep in the four highways; 'twas middle-summer, sure enough, and July sun a-shining, and still he'd never come back again.

Amy went about, after young master went away, with her pretty color a'most gone, only sometimes when she was vexed 'twould flush up quick and high, like is the way with folks when they're unhappy. Her eyes, with dark rings 'round 'em, looked all the more sorrowful to me because they tried to hide it. They'd be red with crying, sure enough, but never a tear did she shed when anybody was by; and such a proud flash as they'd give, to be sure, when the very name of Hayward was mentioned. I saw her a-moping by herself and knew she was taking it hard, for all she'd too much spirit to let on, and I tried to comfort her a bit. "My dear," says I, "never you fret your heart, my dear! He'll be back to you after awhile, as meek and loving as any lamb. 'Tisn't like he'd left you for another woman. Nay, nay; 'tis no such bitter trouble as that. Your men-folks are always jealous in love," says I, and truly too, "and 'twas you that would not give in any more than he."

"Give in, Mrs. Martha," says she, a-lifting her pretty head high and the fire sparking up in her eyes, "when I was right and he was wrong? No, never! Am I a slave?" And she stamped her little foot. "Am I a slave to a master who won't even trust me out of his sight? Am I to turn like a weathercock 'gainst them that prize my kindness, because his lordship's fancy blows this way or that? I'm not his wife yet, Mrs. Martha, nor bound by the prayer-book and in law to obey him; and, if this is the high-handed way he'd carry it, I thank heaven for that slip. Let him come, or let him stay," says she; "'twill be little odds now, I am thinking, whether or no we two marry together."

So she spoke, a-looking mighty proud; and, truly, it seemed to make no difference in her behaving to Mr. Leonard Strange. She was just as kind and kinder to the one, for all she grieved about the other being gone, for this very reason, the Lord knew whither. But she didn't grieve for worst cause of grieving, as I told her; for there's a vast deal to choose betwixt true love's hot-blooded quarreling and false love's turning cold. Then I noted that she never spoke word of it to her father or hinted once of her match being broken; and the Master, thank goodness, seemed too much taken up, just that time, with one thing or t'other, to trouble his head about what had gone with Master Hayward.

"'Twill all come right in time, when the lad comes back again. 'Twill be kiss and make up again, thinks I to myself; but yet I was none too easy for the poor gentleman. Surely, surely, 'twas the saddest sight that ever I saw—the way he gave up and fell away from life, like a fair plant smit with frost in blooming-time. His flesh wasted to nothing. He looked naught but skin and bone, I do declare—who was, when I first saw him that night, a fine-shapen figure of a young gentleman; and no wonder, neither, for he seemed to loathe the very sight of victuals. He'd a hacking cough day in and out. You could 'most see through his white cold hands; his clothes, so bravely made at first, hung on him loose, and I don't believe he had his hair dressed with powder once while he staid at the Inn. His eyes were sunken, with a dreadful look in 'em, 'way back yonder, a kind of hunted haunted look that gave one the creeps. Then

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he scarce slept at night, for I used to hear him pacing to and fro whenever I woke up, which was pretty often. He'd a way of starting up from one of his long black-studies, as I used to call 'em, and looking quick over his shoulder and all 'round, as if he was half afraid to see some horrid thing—God alone knoweth what or why—and he seemed to hold on by Amy's presence and company for all the world like a drowning man to his last straw, or mayhap like she was an angel to keep off, by just being there hard by, the dark spirits pressing him close. 'Twas a strange sight to see them sitting and walking together, so silent, and, as you might tell by their eyes, each one a-thinking separate thoughts 'way off yonder somewhere; and a queer friendship betwixt young man and woman, with no more of earth earthy in it than if they'd been two ghosts out of the graveyard, as I said afore, and as every one might see save one cross-eyed with jealousy.

I used to try to rouse him up, to hearten him a bit, sometimes.

"Be a man, sir," says I to him, one day, trying to speak rough and put him on his mettle. "Be a man, sir, and never give way to grief this a-way. The little lady that's gone, she's safe in heaven," says I. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, as the good book has it. Bethink you, sir, if everybody that's lost one near and dear took it hard as you are doing, what a dismal place this world would be, sure enough. Why, there'd be scarce one reached to man's estate ever to fetch a smile. We must live down, to live. Dear heart alive," says I, "cheer up and be a man once more."

If he'd got mad, 'twould 'a' been a good sign; but he seemed neither vexed nor comforted. He stooped to stir the fire—for all 'twas mid-July—a-shivering, with head bent down.

"Aye, aye!" says he, in a sort o' fretful way, "but few have had trouble bad as mine. You don't know, dame; you can't know," says he; and then he muttered low, as speaking to himself—"Lower than the grave. Lower than the grave"—in a strange fearsome way. And I thought within me 'twas something worse than grief for the dead that was eating his heart out day and night, and something worse than the death o' the flesh he was afraid of for himself.

When we found out that Mr. Hayward was really and truly gone, and staying away long enough, too, to find out what he'd gone for, we talked it over a heap, Amy and I, and we thought it only right to give fair warning. "I think it's no harm nor cheating of justice, if there's aught coming out, to give him his lawful chance." said I. So I went to him one day, when he was alone by himself, and told him the long and the short of it.

He looked at me, all the time I was a-telling, like he was scarce taking it in; but 'twasn't fear in his eyes—only woeful misery. Then he bent down his face on his hand with a sort o' groan. "I never had aught to do with any woman in this world," said he, "that she didn't have reason to curse me afterward."

"'Tis an ill word for a man to have to say about himself, Mr. Strange," said I. "God forgive and pity you if it's true."

"As God is my witness," said he, in a solemn way, "'twas never by my way. I dare not say 'twas no fault of mine—but never by my will, so help me heaven! An evil fate has followed me, life-long, to work the wretchedness of anybody, high or low, who once shows kindness to me."

"If you'd make peace betwixt them two, sir," says I, a-trying my best to look firm and speak steady, "and to make sure of your own safety besides—if there's aught in law against you—there's only one thing to be done, and that's to go away."

"When he comes, I will go," says he, and he laughed a little, like he'd done once before—a right curious laugh. "Maybe he will believe now," said he, "that I've nothing to fear in rivalry. Aye, aye! when he comes back again, I'll see him once and go."

"Then I'm glad, sir, that there's nothing in law you're afraid of. I'm glad there's nothing hid to come out for your hurt," said I, and I looked him in the face straight. There came a kind of gladness, or somewhat like, all over it.

"Nay," said he, then, "I'm not afraid, Mrs. Martha. Let the law do its worst. There's nothing to come out that will hurt half so much as what's been hidden here these long days and weeks;" and he struck his breast hard over the heart. "There's punishment worse than hanging there," said he; "and, having suffered the greater torment, why should I fear the less?"

"Was it anybody killed, sir?" says I, all of a shiver, as I put that question.

"Aye," groans he; "a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt. That guilt is on my soul."

Then I stood trembling a minute at that. I'd somehow guessed it all along, but 'twas awful to hear outspoken by himself.

"Was it in hot blood or cold, sir?" I made out to ask him, presently.

"'Twas in mad passion," groans he. "I think

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I was mad that time. 'Twas in bitter passion and under bitter provocation. He had done me an ill turn—an ill turn indeed. If that makes any odds in the sight of heaven, God knows I can claim the plea. But it's little difference to me now," he muttered, half whispering to himself again, "when I think on his dead white face."

It made a heap of difference to me, though, it's being in hot blood, as the saying goes, and as is but natural with everybody. I might ha' told him—but yet I never did, for it seemed like encouragement to bloodshed and murder—how he wasn't the only one I knew of then in those parts that happed to a like mischance. Aye, there was Colonel Cappet, who bragged outright of the seven duels he'd fought without ever missing his man. There was Mr. Carter Transome, who thrust a man through the body once at a Battletown race-ball long ago—folks said, for just looking too hard at his lady—and good customers at the Inn were they, with stout hearts and strong stomachs as the best; not to speak of others—more than two or three. Much they thought of dead faces or Judgment to come! But this poor Mr. Leonard Strange was made of different stuff, I reckon. He wasn't the sort to eat hearty and sleep sound, to laugh and play cards and go a-hunting with sin upon his soul. He wasn't the sort that can kill anybody else without killing himself as well. However, an honest confession is good for the soul, 'tis said. He didn't tell me any more then, but it seemed like he was something easier in his mind from that day, and less sunk in misery. There was a waiting look he had about him, like for somewhat or other soon to come; and Amy and I, a-waiting too, wondered all the while when Master Hayward would be back again, and what that day of his coming might bring forth.

But at last somebody came, sure enough, that we'd never looked for nor heard tell of. 'Twas one hot sunshiny evening, and everything mighty quiet at the Ordinary, with the Master and 'most everybody else in the county away at the Battletown races, when a strange gentleman on horseback came along that same road that so many had gone that day, and stopped at our door. He called for brandy and water as soon as he'd got inside the house, and likewise for a minute's talk in private with the Inkeeper's ownself. So, Mr. Wycham being away, as I said before, I straightened my cap and apron and went into the parlor, where he was, to see what was wanted.

From the first of my clapping eyes on his face, I didn't like the looks of him. Not that he was ill-favored—nay, he was both handsome and grand-looking; a fine figure of a gentleman, for all a little haggard and outworn—so tall, and straight as a dart, with a sort o' soldier-manner about him, though he wore no soldier's clothes save a dress-sword by his side, such as was common enough then with all gentlemen. But the glance of his eye was overbold and reckless, and he'd a scornful impatient turn with him that never suited my notion or liking.

"Madam," says he, in a short sharp way, a-slamming the door behind me fast the minute I'd got inside, "madam, I've a question to ask you, and this it is: Did a strange gentleman come to this house in April, three months and a half ago to-night, bringing a lady with him in a carriage from Battletown?"

Then I was so taken aback that I gave a sort of start, for I knew right away somehow who he meant; but I wasn't going to let on all at once till I found what he was after. "Dear me, sir," says I, a-looking down, like I was studying to myself. "Dear me! how can I tell for certain? There's many a lady and gentleman in carriages that come traveling this way and stop at the Ordinary—morn, noon, and night. Year in and year out it goes on, sir," says I, "and 'tis more than I can remember to tell t'other from which. As for anybody looking for me to bear in mind and answer on a sudden about folks coming here three months agone, or even a se'n-night for the matter o' that—"

But here he stopped me short, speaking for all the world like he was ready to give me a shake. "Pshaw!" cries he, "it's no use to shilly-shally or try to deceive me, woman. The man and the woman I speak of were not like the common run of travelers, to be seen one day and forgot the next. I've a trick of reading faces sometimes, and I make out as plain from yours as if you'd spoken it that you do very well remember them. This Mr. Gerald Arnshaw came to Wycham's Ordinary at the time I have spoken of. I will make it worth your while to tell me truly if you know where Mr. Gerald Arnshaw is now."

"Good gracious, sir!" cries I, all taken back afresh at this. "Upon my sacred word, I never saw such a person or heard the name before! Arnshaw! Mr. Gerald Arnshaw! Truly, sir, you must e'en look elsewhere, for no Mr. Gerald Arnshaw ever came here."

"Ha!" says he, at that; and then he stood silent a minute or so, with his bold keen black eyes set on my face. "I might have known that," says he, presently, half to himself. "Yes, yes; likely enough you never heard the name

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before, madam—likely enough. And did you ever hear the strange gentleman who came—mind you, I know he came, so 'tis no use denying it—did you ever hear hear him call the name of Leonard Wroth?"

"Law! sir," says I, at that, clean off my guard on a sudden. "Leonard! did you say? I never heard the name of Wroth, to be sure, but Leonard is the name of the gentleman himself—Leonard Strange," cries I, and then, next moment, was fain to bite my tongue off for letting out what I'd done. The gentleman stared hard at me in a right curious way, and then burst out scornfully a-laughing.

"On my life," says he. "On my life! Strange, indeed, and most suitable. Has he so called himself?"

"Aye, sir," says I, looking him in the face straight. "So he calls himself, and so spoke the little lady, the last word before she died."

Then he went white as the wall, and cried out: "What! what! Died? Before she died? What do you mean by that?"

He catched me by the arm so tight that I thought the blood would fairly spurt out, and, truly, he left his finger-marks behind him black for many a day.

"She's dead, sir," quoth I, all of a shake, "the little lady that he called Mary. Before God, she died the day after she came here, and she's laid in her grave these three months and more."

"'Tis a lie!" he cried, like in a kind of unbelieving rage. "'Tis a lie!"

"'Tis God's truth, sir," said I, right sternly; "no less for your speaking so, though you are less a gentleman to insult an honest woman. She's dead, and, maybe, better off for being past your power to trouble her."

He let me go and staggered back, like he'd been struck on the head. He looked all 'round in a dazed way. Then he went to the brandy-decanter and poured out 'most a tumblerful raw, and drank it down. 'Twould ha' made some men too drunken to stand, but it seemed to steady him—that was all. He just sat down by the table and put both hands to his forehead.

"Dead," I heard him say, low to himself. "Dead? My little girl—my little girl dead?"

He'd treated me none too civilly, in sooth; but I'd ha' been less than human then if I hadn't pitied him in my heart.

"'Twas a sad case, sir," says I, scarce knowing what to do or speak, "and a right sad end for one so young and fair. I'm sorry for your coming too late, sir, if she was dear to you—though God knoweth the rights and the wrongs of it!"

"She was my promised wife," says he, never looking up. "I loved her—I swear I loved her; but another came between us—curse him!—and dragged her off to her death."

Then, all on a sudden, he jumped straigh up, with his eyes like coals of fire and his fac looking as if the blood would gush out next.

"Where is this man," cried he, most fiercely, "this Leonard Strange, as he lyingly calls himself? Gerald Arnshaw is his true name, and I am Leonard Wroth. We've a long score to settle betwixt us; and, by the Lord in heaven, I'll see it straight if I follow him to hell! Aye, he left me for dead, with a sword-thrust through my side, when he came sneaking away hither, dragging her with him to die of a broken heart whilst he hid from the gallows. But I'm living still—he shall learn to his cost. Which way did he go when he left here? Or is he yet under this roof? Is he here? Speak out, woman! I'll give you ten English pounds—fifty—a hundred—in good gold, if you'll tell me plain honest truth."

So I thought to myself, this must be the man that the poor gentleman believed he'd murdered, and glad I was to know him free from that black stain. But I was frightened, too, half out of my senses; for it seemed to me that murder might be done yet on t'other side, and that past mistaking, if these two came together now. I'd seen Mr. Leonard Strange—or mayhap, rather, say Mr. Gerald Arnshaw, for that was his true name—I'd seen him set out, nigh a half-hour back, for one of his long lonesome walks over the fields to the old graveyard up yonder. So he wasn't under the roof that minute, but he might be back the next; and sore put about was I, wondering what to do or say. There was Amy not far off, to be sure, a-reading in the garden; but how to get a word with her away from this furious man was more than I could tell

"Nay, nay, sir," says I, making time as best I might; "for mercy's sake, be not you so mad and outraging against him. Whether he's here or there, what does it matter now? 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord. Be sure that, however much he's injured you, he's suffered enough to pay for it. Isn't he own brother to her you loved?" said I, and I catched him by the sleeve. "And, if ever man grieved for aught in this world, he's grieved for the little lady."

"Oh, aye!" said he. a-tremble with rage; "Grieving, is he? Grieving? He was ever a low-spirited womanish thing. What! shall I spare him that murdered her I loved and hid her away because, forsooth, he is her brother?

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Is it not a double guilt? Meddlesome fool! what is he to you? If he is in this house, I swear, I'll have my reckoning with him now!"

He seemed clean beside himself then, and I do verily believe he'd not have let me out of the room except to guide him to the man he was after. But I'd no mind nor will for that, truly; and there I stood, not knowing which way to turn—and, so a-standing, what should I hear but steps outside and a hand on the latch

"Is it the Master come back?" thinks I, quick as a flash, "or Amy? or else—good Lord deliver us!—is it Mr. Gerald Arnshaw himself?" 'Twas most unlikely to be that last in this part of the house; but fear and fancy fly together, as the saying is, and I went cold all over me at the mere notion of such a happening as anywise possible. However, there was only a second for aught of doubt; the door opened, and in walked Master Martin Hayward.

'Twas a sort o' shock to see him, for all we'd been looking and waiting for nobody else so long. But there was now another one with him that we hadn't looked for nor dreamed on, nor even heard tell of before. There was a lady by his side, a-holding to his arm, tall and beautiful and noble-looking; and, from that first moment of setting eyes on her face to this one, I've never forgot it, and I never will.

'Twas a fair face, to be sure, and a proud, with eyes sun-warm for love, I reckon, and bitter black for hate; and a mouth sweet-shapen according to the first-named, yet firm-set, as not wanting sharp words and fierce, to her pleasure 'Twas easy to see that the eyes had not slept for many a night, nor the lips touched food that day. Her face was death-pale. The look on it was an eager and anxious look. Her head was high. She wasn't the sort to bend, as one might see, but she looked just ready to break, and I marked her white hand, all a-tremble on Master Martin's sleeve. As for my young gentleman, he did seem mighty steady and grave, and somehow vastly older than when he went away. He'd found out something, sure enough, I thought, whatever it might be. 'Twas as if he'd gone away lad and come back man for his pains.

Well, well! it needs a many words to tell now that wanted only a second to take in. There we stood staring, Master Hayward and I, at the other two, and they—eye to eye, face to face—at one another. The raging redness seemed to fly from Mr. Leonard Wroth's face into the lady's. He went pale, as for very amazement; but on her white cheeks came two burning spots, and a bright gleaming into her eyes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

Borne on the breeze from east to west,
Faint trembling accents come—
The white-haired grandsire's quavering voice
Calling the children home;
The brisk gude-dame comes bustling forth,
Each welcome guest to greet,
The ancient roof-tree thrills again
To childhood's pattering feet.

From noisy marts, from princely homes,
From study, office, mills,
Grave bearded men retrace their steps
To childhood's breezy hills.
What worth are laurels, honors, wealth—
Dame Fortune's glittering toys?
The farm-house roof for one glad day
Re-shelters "mother's boys."

In the staid matron's paling cheek,
The fire of youth re-glows.
What though fair daughters cluster near,
Like buds round parent rose?
To fond old eyes, the faded locks
Float out in sunny curls;
To fond old hearts, the stateliest dames
Are once again "the girls."

The feast—ah, who for "table-d'hôte"
Can e'er such praises sound?
The lordly fowl, the farm-yard's boast,
Well trussed and deftly browned;
The pudding, from whose spicy depths
Such fragrant vapors rise;
And, last and best, the flavor rare
Of "mother's pumpkin pies"!

The dinner o'er, the younger fry
Again with eager zest
Beseech once more and loud applaud
Each time-worn tale and jest;
The grandame toasts the last new babe's
Wee feet beside the fire,
And fondly traces in its face
The image of its sire.

Heaven bless our simple country homes,
Where industry and worth
Make wide free spaces where we breathe
The purer air of earth!
Heaven hold in its protecting care
The dear "old folks," we pray!
And oh! heaven bless and keep for aye
Our own Thanksgiving Day!

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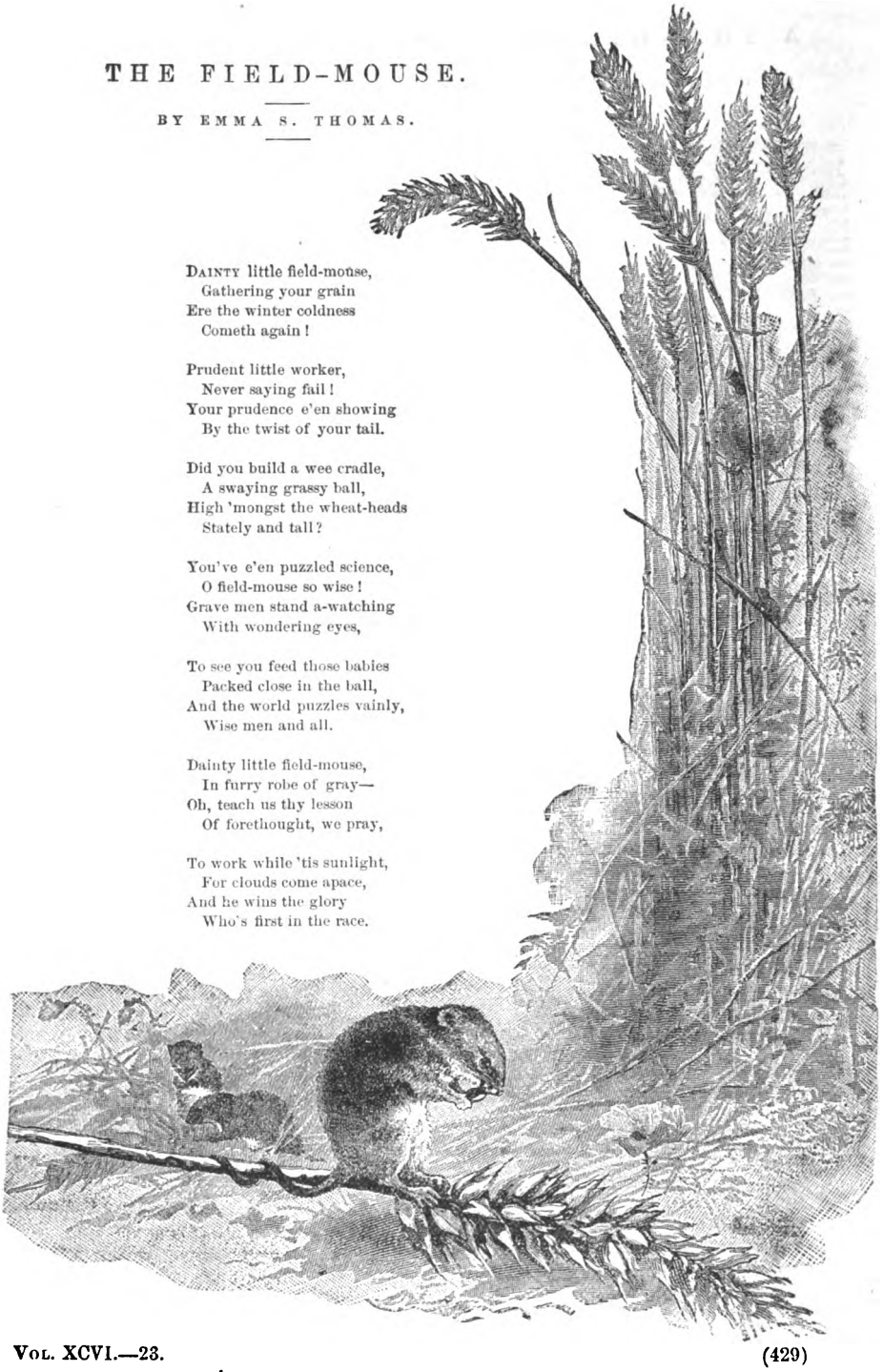
THE FIELD-MOUSE.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.



DAINTY little field-mouse,
  Gathering your grain
Ere the winter coldness
  Cometh again!

Prudent little worker,
  Never saying fail!
Your prudence e'en showing
  By the twist of your tail.

Did you build a wee cradle,
  A swaying grassy ball,
High 'mongst the wheat-heads
  Stately and tall?

You've e'en puzzled science,
  O field-mouse so wise!
Grave men stand a-watching
  With wondering eyes,

To see you feed those babies
  Packed close in the ball,
And the world puzzles vainly,
  Wise men and all.

Dainty little field-mouse,
  In furry robe of gray—
Oh, teach us thy lesson
  Of forethought, we pray,

To work while 'tis sunlight,
  For clouds come apace,
And he wins the glory
  Who's first in the race.

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A THANKSGIVING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," ETC., ETC.

IT was almost morning. A few stars, serene and pulseless, shed their clear light above the trail-road that stretched between the town of Joaquin and Bradford Post. A Thanksgiving Eve, long anticipated by the youth and beauty of both settlements, had been dissipated in dancing and revelry, and Captain Boudinot, setting his horse's head against the train of a comet that hung remote and fiery above the distant garrison, was reluctantly riding home.

I regret that the gentleman's state of mind, on the present occasion, was not altogether an enviable one. Matters had not progressed favorably at the ball, nor had a certain beauty conducted herself in a manner to enable him to pass a pleasant evening. The captain was a famous beau of the countryside, and this behavior had weighed upon his feelings. He was in a condition, when he was inclined, to find fault with the road, the lateness of the hour, and his faithful steed. By the time he had accomplished half the distance to the Post, it occurred to that intelligent animal, that, although he had accompanied his master to many a frontier merry-making, he had never before known him to be so entirely unreasonable—a reflection which so perceptibly lowered his respect for the captain that he no longer kept the road.

This was unfortunate; for the incidents of the evening occupied his rider's attention to an extent that he gave absolutely no heed to his surroundings until he found himself several miles out of his way and trotting leisurely through a scanty clump of live-oaks under the pale light of the stars. Day was breaking. The face of nature lay hushed in that impressive calm which heralds the rising of the sun. The scent of a few wild flowers rose pleasantly to Boudinot's nostrils. Somewhat doubtful as to what he should do, he checked his speed.

It is not necessary to add that the captain was undeniably angry. In addition to having quarreled with Miss Jessie Ward—the beauty above alluded to—he had lost his way, and would certainly be late for morning drill at the garrison. As these facts impressed themselves upon his mind, he perceived eight or ten small animals of a dusky color sniffing about the roots of the live-oaks through which he was passing. The captain was in the mood for mischief, and it occurred to him that it would be a very entertaining thing to shoot one or two of these creatures, by way of venting his displeasure. Accordingly, he drew his revolver, and, taking aim at the nearest one of them in the dim light, discharged it. The bright flash of the weapon tore a lurid rent in the darkness, and the shattering report rang through the glade. It caused an instant change in the tactics of the animals. For the captain's aim was good, and the wounded creature shrieked unmercifully, and, in a fraction of the time that it takes one to tell it, Boudinot was surrounded by a pack of angry peccaries, that attacked the legs of his horse, and, climbing upon one another's bodies with shrill grunts, made frantic efforts to reach him as he sat in the saddle.

The extreme peril in which his rash act had placed him speedily brought the captain to his senses. He knew at once that his assailants were peccaries, and that, in the slang of the border, he was "in for it." Keeping up a running fire with his revolver, he put spurs to his horse, and tried to break through the throng of his foes; but the animal, becoming unmanageable, refused to yield to the bit, and bore him beneath the branches of a large live-oak. To prevent being swept off, he was obliged to grasp a neighboring limb and swing himself up into the tree, but lost his revolver in the experiment. His horse, thus abandoned, and attacked on every hand, attempted, at first, to protect himself by his heels and a series of frantic leaps, failing in which, he took refuge in flight, and dashed away, followed by a number of his shrieking adversaries. The wounded ones and a few stragglers remained behind to mount guard upon Boudinot.

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The captain was now in very sorry case. Although in no immediate danger, he knew the patience of his enemies, and was aware that they would starve him into open hostilities. The revolver—his only means of defense—lay on the ground beneath the tree—a tantalizing spectacle in the growing light. To add to his discomfiture, the ranks of the besiegers were from time to time recruited by those which had followed his horse. Finding the pursuit idle, they straggled back in twos and threes. At each arrival, they were welcomed by the rest with squeals and grunts of satisfaction.

The sun came proudly up and illuminated the scene, lording it over the levels, and adding the torture of thirst to Boudinot's general distress. Perched in the live-oak, the unhappy man scanned the dazzling horizon. His horse had entirely disappeared. While reflecting that he would probably never see him again, he suddenly beheld a horseman emerge from the belt of timber at his right, leading a riderless animal. He immediately ascended to the top of the tree and shouted and hallooed. He emphasized this call for assistance by waving his military sash in the air. Apparently, his signal was perceived; for the horseman halted, and, after some delay, turned in his direction.

As he drew near, the captain scrutinized eagerly the appearance of his deliverer. He was a large man, with a fierce black beard, which he wore untrimmed, and a pair of restless black eyes that were moving about continually. The thought flashed over Boudinot that, were it still dark, he would deem his society as dangerous as the peccaries. He wore knee-boots of heavy leather and a slouch hat of monstrous pattern, which increased the ill-favor of his visage. The horse he rode was a gallant one, and showed unmistakable signs of blood. He was coal-black, and his mane and tail seemed as unshorn as the beard of his rider. Any doubt the captain may have entertained in regard to the ownership of the second animal was speedily dissipated. He now perceived that the latter, while bay in color, was caparisoned with a lady's saddle.

Seeing that the stranger was about to ride in the midst of the lurking enemy without observing them, Boudinot hailed him.

"Hello, there! Peccaries ahead of you!" he shouted.

The man reined up with an exclamation. Observing the animals, he at once fired into them, and with singular success. At the first shot, the hostile band broke ranks in a sudden panic and skedaddled through the chaparral. Their departure was as sudden as their hostility had been protracted. With a shout of satisfaction, Boudinot dropped to the ground.

Seated in the saddle, the stranger awaited his approach. His manner of address was abrupt but hearty:

"Howdy! Were you at the Assembly Ball last night?"

Boudinot, in some surprise at this query, answered that he was.

"Well, 'pears like everybody at that towrow had oncommon hard luck," the man rejoined. "About sun-up, I seen a hoss comin' across prairie pretty lively, and just below here he r'ared on a suddent and threw his rider. I rode up and found an oncommon good-lookin' gal, lyin' on the ground a leetle the worse for wear. She seemed sorter caved in, and I jest toted her over to my ranch—ye kin see the smoke from thet thar chimbley yonder. She's been lyin' thar fur suthin' over an hour, and don't show no signs of comin' to yet. I cotched the hoss, and sorter allowed, ef you would take keer of her for a spell, I might ride over to Joaquin and see ef I could find her folks."

After this lengthy explanation, the stranger paused and glanced keenly, from under his enormous hat, at Boudinot. The latter was interested at once.

"How far do you call it to your ranch?"

"About a quarter."

"How long before you will be back?"

"I reckon I might make it by noon," replied the stranger, glancing up at the sky.

"Well," said Boudinot, "I'm due at the garrison at Bradford Post, but I suppose the young lady can't be neglected. How old a girl is this?" he inquired, feeling some curiosity in regard to the invalid.

"Oh, she's a young critter," rejoined the man, carelessly, "with blue eyes and yaller hair meanderin' down her back like a deerskin whip-lash. I wouldn't wonder ef she slung consider'ble style when she's herself. It might pay you to make the trip, pardner," he said, slyly, with sudden familiarity.

Boudinot laughed at the stranger's answer. "That's a rather peart six-shooter of yours!" remarked the man, suddenly, noticing the revolver which Boudinot had picked up when he dropped from the tree and still held in his hand.

It was a "self-cocker," and one of Colt's latest models. The captain said that it was a very good weapon, and handed it to the other, who expressed a wish to examine it.

"I reckon you can handle this pretty smart?" the stranger hazarded, with that curiosity in the

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use of fire-arms which seems to possess the average Southerner.

Boudinot acquiesced. The other raised the weapon suddenly. There was a small mesquite, distant about ten paces from them both, and probably two inches in diameter. The stranger fired three times in rapid succession, and at each report a splinter flew from the side of the tree.

"Is that your general average with a revolver?" Boudinot inquired.

"I reckon," the man replied, carelessly; "but thet air a pretty one to shoot, and no mistake! Let's see what you kin do with it."

The captain expressed a natural reluctance to any trial of skill, and put the weapon in his hip-pocket.

"Well," said the stranger, smiling, "I reckon I better pull my freight, seeing I can't beat you out of thet thar six-shooter."

He turned as he spoke. "You needn't go thet way!" he shouted, as he observed Boudinot about to take the nearest road to the distant ranch. "Go round by the mesquite-thicket and the fallen dead tree yonder."

Boudinot turned in the direction indicated, wondering at the objection to his choosing the nearest route. He was half-suspicious of him, and stopped to look after him as he trotted away. Such proficiency with the pistol was remarkable, at any rate.

All at once the stranger checked his horse abruptly and hailed him again. Boudinot hastened to the spot. The man was seated in the saddle, regarding the body of one of the dead peccaries as it lay upon the plain.

"Do you know what day it is, pard?" he inquired, with a singular look, as Boudinot came up.

"Certainly," Boudinot responded, pantingly, in some chagrin at the query; "Thanksgiving Day."

"Well," said his questioner, springing suddenly from his horse, "you're not goin' off and leavin' such a feast as this behind you, are you? Thet thar wild pig beats turkey plumb over yonder."

He whipped out his hunting-knife as he spoke, and, cutting out the offensive gland upon the back of the animal, lifted the peccary by one leg and handed it to Boudinot.

"Thar!" he said, "I reckon now the meat won't taint. You pack it over to the ranch, and I'll give you a lesson in cooking thet'll make your mouth water. We'll have a little Thanksgiving dinner on our own account as soon as I get back."

He smiled, as he said this, in rather a peculiar way, and, without a word, Captain Boudinot faced about, carrying the heavy pig. He did not relish the change affairs had taken. It was Thanksgiving Day, indeed. The officers at the fort had anticipated no little festivity on this occasion, and had taken the precaution to organize several hunting-parties to fill the larder. Some wild turkeys had been shot, and one soldier had returned to the garrison, carrying in triumph a wild goose—the first that had been killed that season. As the captain thought of these dainties in their frontier bill-of-fare, and the jolly time the boys would have together, the idea of a tête-à-tête dinner with this wild-eyed companion, on roast peccary, did not seem very alluring. It was a pleasant pastime for him, surely—a captain in the United States service—carrying his dinner, and that a questionable one, over a stretch of barren prairie.

But his mind reverted to the young woman whose mishap was really the cause of his predicament. It was certainly an odd thing, her being alone at that hour of the morning. Who could she be? He ran over the names of the various ladies who had been present at the ball, but could fix upon no one.

The captain shifted his grotesque burden from one hand to the other, and availed himself of the opportunity to halt and mop his hot forehead. After all, how foolish had been his behavior the night before! He had insisted on quarreling with Jack Fortescue, and merely because he thought he danced too often with Miss Ward. He must have been absurdly jealous. He was perfectly aware that Miss Jessie was not attached to Jack. Everybody knew him for a grave dignified fellow, who had come down into the Southwest because of some love-affair that had overshadowed his early manhood and taken the color out of his life. But he had quarreled with Jack; bitter words had passed; and Boudinot feared that the sequel might be unpleasant. He had certainly acted like an idiot, and he told himself so in unmistakable terms.

He reached the ranch, quite worn out with his burden and irritated by the nature of his reflections. With a sigh of relief, he dropped the dead peccary upon the ground. The cabin was a miserable affair—a wretched lean-to, that burrowed in the hillside, and through the leaky roof of which the sunlight fell and sprinkled itself in odd patterns along the floor. It seemed more like the abode of some wretched animal than the dwelling of man.

Pushing wide the rickety door, which already stood partially ajar, the captain entered in a

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stooping posture. Except for the light which fell through the chinky roof, the single room would have been dark indeed, and, as it was, it required several minutes for his eyes to distinguish various objects. On a low pallet of straw, and covered with an old buffalo-robe, the girl was lying. Boudinot knelt down and lifted the covering softly from her face. A straggling sunbeam filtered through the roof above, and, falling upon the humble couch, ran riot among the tossed tresses of the sufferer. The captain gave a sudden exclamation of astonishment and started involuntarily to his feet. The face before him was that of Miss Jessie Ward.

It was so fair a one, that, had it been that of a stranger, it could not have failed to excite more than a passing interest. Miss Jessie was well known throughout the county, and an acknowledged toast of the countryside. Fabulous stories were told of her prowess as a heartbreaker, and her lovers held in hearty admiration her many graces and accomplishments. She had a breezy unconventionality that was very fascinating, and her sprightly wit, roguish naïveté, and abundant flow of spirits made her the reigning attraction of every frontier festival. As he knelt down again beside her, Boudinot found it hard work to believe that the pale face before him was the same that had looked at him so laughingly the night before.

He lifted one of the small comely hands that rested upon the buffalo-robe and felt for the pulse. It was beating faintly but firmly. He stooped and felt the regular breathing of the fair girl flutter against his bearded cheek. From her tossed tresses came a faint perfume that Miss Jessie Ward much affected, and by which alone he might have identified her. There was no trace or evidence of any external injury. Her little hands nestled together, her red lips parted slightly, she seemed to sleep "an azure-lidded sleep," and might have been the heroine of some romantic tale—some frontier Cinderella. Surely this prolonged unconsciousness was more extraordinary.

The captain was no surgeon, and he found himself quite resourceless in the present emergency. When he had chafed the hands of the unconscious girl a few idle moments, and, acting by a sudden inspiration, had bathed her face and wrists without avail, he had exhausted his hygienic treatment for syncope. He was perplexed and annoyed. His hand happening to strike against a pocket-flask he habitually carried, he drew it forth, and was rewarded by finding that it still contained a few drops of spirits. He endeavored to force these between the lips of the sufferer. He could not be certain that the contents of the flask were swallowed, but the girl stirred, tossed one arm about restlessly, and then lapsed again into unconsciousness. Boudinot was at his wit's-end.

He rose to his feet, and, going to the door of the lean-to, gazed out upon the plain. No one was in sight. His eye ran rapidly over the undulating prairie, but met with nothing but thin files of mesquite and scattered live-oaks, stretching on every hand in tiresome monotony. Across this expanse the circling shadow of a buzzard's wing drifted lazily. A few prairie-dogs were barking shrilly from their pigmy citadels. Some hundred yards away, he saw a small flock of "summer duck" settle in a neighboring pool, and "marked them down" with the customary accuracy of the sportsman.

It was Thanksgiving Day, indeed. The captain was hungry. He cast his eyes up at the sky. It must be nearly noon, and time for the stranger to return. He had eaten nothing since the night before. Already he had inspected the ranch-larder, and found it contained nothing. Hungry as he was, the captain did not hanker for the proposed novel dish of roast peccary the stranger had promised him. True, he had nothing but his revolver, yet it was just possible, if he crept near enough, he might be able to shoot one of the small ducks he had "marked down." It would not take long to make the attempt, and he might be able to make a nice broth—something more appetizing than roast peccary—for the invalid. He did not wait to consider the matter; but, with a glance at the girl, who was still unconscious, he stepped from the ranch.

He walked rapidly, but in a crouching attitude. The ducks were feeding in a pool a few yards away. He was so intent upon getting near them without being seen, that he dropped on his hands and knees. In this posture, he did not distinguish an object that looked like a huddled mass of clothing, lying directly in his path, until he had struck against it. Something in the feeling of this object made him recoil with an indescribable thrill. The captain rose to his feet in dismay. Before him, right in the path that led to the watercourse, lay the body of Jack Fortescue.

It needed not the round wound in the temple, from which the blood had trickled slowly, to make it evident to the captain that the man with whom he had quarreled was dead. The body had that indescribably inert look which is inseparable from a corpse. In the first shock of his surprise, Boudinot could not disabuse his

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mind of the idea of accident, and it seemed to haunt him that Fortescue had been killed by a fall from his horse. The discovery of the wound in the temple made this unlikely, and he stooped again to examine the body, and, if possible, to form some theory as to the cause of death.

Fortescue was lying on his back, his stark and rigid features turned upward to the sky. He was unarmed, and his pockets had been rifled of their contents. An examination of the wound in the temple proved it to be undeniably a pistol-bullet. There were no marks of a struggle; the victim had been evidently shot dead in his tracks. All things considered, Boudinot was bound to pronounce the case one of murder and robbery, and, with this conviction, he rose from the ground.

As he did so, his eyes roved involuntarily over the prairie in quest of the stranger of the morning. He was nowhere in sight. The suspicion flashed over Boudinot that he would not return. He recalled his objection to his approaching the ranch by a certain route. The body was lying directly in the trail he had requested him not to traverse. What more likely than that this wild-eyed and ill-favored marksman was himself responsible for Fortescue's death?

With the feeling growing upon him that he had been tricked and cajoled, Boudinot turned his footsteps again toward the ranch. His position was indeed an unenviable one. He had chanced to discover a horrible crime. He was without food, save the body of the dead peccary, at which his appetite revolted, and which it would take him some time to prepare. He had lost his horse, and the rascality of his chance acquaintance had deprived him of the one belonging to Miss Ward; for he now saw in its appropriation a perfected plan, and no intention of identifying the owner of the property at Joaquin. He was amazed at his own stupidity in allowing the stranger to depart without attempting to obtain the use of the animal. To add to his troubles, he had an invalid girl upon his hands, and one whose condition he felt it beyond his power to relieve. Cut off thus from help and civilization, he shuddered as he reflected what might be the result of lack of medical attention and care. With a mind full of misgivings, he again entered the hut.

He had no sooner crossed the threshold than he perceived a change in the condition of his patient. She had evidently partially regained consciousness, and had arisen to a sitting posture upon the low pallet, as if striving to familiarize herself with her strange surroundings.

Despite the disorder of her dress and the pallor due to her illness, she was indeed a very pretty young woman, and Boudinot sprang toward her with an alacrity and an exclamation of pleasure that argued more than ordinary regard.

The girl seemed only in a measure to comprehend her position.

"How did I get here, Jack?" she murmured. "Please take me away; I don't like it here!"

Not wishing to acquaint her, in her weak condition, with the dreadful tragedy which had taken place, Boudinot strove to reassure her.

"It's all right, Jessie," he whispered. "Jack is just outside; don't worry."

The unexpected sound of his voice made the girl turn her eyes to him. Struggling with herself, she seemed at last to regain consciousness.

"No, no," she said, with a visible shudder; "don't say that. He is dead—dead!"

The awful fact seemed to convulse her with terror, and she buried her face in her hands.

At this moment, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs, the ringing of spurs, and the sudden halting and dismounting of an armed troop without. Several men strode into the small room, preceded by a man with a huge mustache, whose movements were direct and professional. The remainder of his followers lingered about the narrow door. Captain Boudinot recognized the newcomers as Sheriff Mosely and his posse; but, as he had no acquaintance with the former, only the formality of a nod was exchanged. The sheriff at once broke silence with that official promptness for which he was famous.

"Miss Ward is safe, after all, I see," he said, quickly, with a glance around the room. "Well, I'm glad to know it; for her people are half wild about her, and have had me and my men out on the search ever since sun-up. But what's the meanin' of this? I find Jack Fortescue lyin' dead out here on the prairie, evidently shot by somebody. I stumbled right onto him ez I was ridin' across. Natchally, I want to know sumthin' about it."

"I am sure, sheriff," replied Boudinot, "I am as ignorant about the matter as yourself. I found Miss Ward lying unconscious in this cabin; she had fallen from her horse, I understand. I have been busy tending her all the morning, and it is only a moment ago that I myself became aware of Fortescue's death. There is evidently some mystery about the sad affair."

The sheriff eyed the captain keenly during this recital.

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"It's a bad business," he muttered, "and unfortunate for all hands. Ez I happen to know that you and Jack had a little onpleasantness, last night, at the ball, I reckon, captain, it'll be my disagreeable duty to arrest you on suspicion. I trust you will readily be able to clear yourself from any presumption of guilt."

Boudinot recoiled with horror at this preposterous charge.

"This is all a fearful mistake," he said, quickly, but with a consciousness of his utter helplessness. "I admit that Fortescue and I had a little difficulty, last evening, but nothing came of it. We have not met since the occurrence. You will not, surely, without proof, submit an officer in the service to the indignity of arrest."

"I'm afraid I must, captain," the sheriff rejoined, calmly. "It may all be as you say, and I trust it is; but look at it! A murder has been committed for no explainable cause. You are known to have had difficulty with the deceased, and are found within a few paces of the scene of the murder. Under the circumstances, the line of my duty is most clear."

He produced a pair of handcuffs as he spoke, and made a motion as if to fasten them upon his prisoner. A gesture from the terrified girl staid his hand. She had arisen tremblingly to her feet during the recent accusation, and now tottered forth into the middle of the room, her hands raised imploringly to the sheriff.

"No, no!" she cried; "not he—the man is innocent! I saw the villain who shot him—Jack and I were riding home together; my horse reared at the shot. He was a tall man, with a black beard, and he sprang out upon us from the side of the road. It was some 'road-agent' and a stranger—not Captain Boudinot."

The sheriff let his hands fall to his side.

"A tall man with a black beard, you say?" he said, bending a keen look upon the beseeching girl.

"Yes," she replied, "a tall man with a black beard, and wearing a large hat with a flapping brim."

"That alters the case!" Sheriff Mosely replied, turning at once to his followers. "We passed that man, with another horse in leash, a little this side of 'Devil's Den.' I didn't think much of his looks at the time, but didn't know then I hed business with him. I rather reckon, boys, he has distanced us about a couple of hours."

RESURGAM.

BY LILLA PRICE.

O summer, rose-crowned maiden, thou art flown;
And still thy fragrance lingers on the air,
And shattered rose-leaves flutter ev'rywhere
That from thy wealth of blossoms sweet have blown.
O maid so dear,
Best loved of all the daughters of the year—
Thou queen of love and beauty, brief thy reign—
Thou'rt gone; but, mayhap, thou wilt come again.

Thy sister autumn comes with stately pace,
In beauty rare and radiant, proud and cold,
Her robes of amber-crimson flecked with gold;
She reigns, but not with thy sweet winsome grace.
O world so bright,
Thy fading glories glow in changeful light;
O earth, thy fairest daughter lieth dead,
And leaf-crowned autumn reigneth in her stead.

Art gone forever, summer? Or, mayhap,
Thou art "not dead, but sleeping" on thy couch
Like one of old—who, at the Master's touch,
Broke loose the bonds and sprang from death's chill lap.
O fairest dead,
Another year thou'lt raise thy rose-crowned head;
For, when the Master bids thee "Maid, arise!"
Then thou wilt ope thy lovely death-sealed eyes.

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IN THE THAW.

BY DOCTOR KING.

NO, there isn't anyone. Yes, I have relatives, but nobody that I want written to, or anything of the sort. I didn't care for them when I was living, and they wouldn't be very apt to care for me—dead. Doctors hear a good many strange experiences, I guess. But I don't know as there's many that's stranger than mine. Now that you've told me just how long I've got to live, I feel the greatest contentment and satisfaction. It seems to me the pleasantest thing there could be on earth, to lie here and hear the soft drip outside—that's the thaw, the breaking up of the winter—the last winter I'll ever have to pinch through.

It's twenty years since Willie was born. No, I can't blame him. I can't blame my Willie when I remember the circumstances. I've thought it out many a night when I lay awake praying for him. Praying? I wonder if you're looking surprised. I'm a little too languid to turn and see if you are looking surprised. Besides, I'm so comfortable, and the light on the window-curtain is so pleasant. Yes, I've had knocks enough to make me hard; but somehow I've had prayers wrung out of me, too.

He was born in my hour of agony; his father had run away from me. Short and sharp, without a moment's warning. I thought he was good as gold. All of a sudden, he was gone—forever. Willie was born in that time of agony. I don't blame him, because he inherited from his father and from me what he did. From me— Well, I was barely seventeen; I loved his father with a tremendous, a terrible kind of love. I just made an idol of him. When the idol came down with a smash, I was out of my head—praying to God I might die. But I didn't, and Willie was born. From his father? Well, I won't say. I suppose, weakness mostly; he was easily swayed, easily influenced for the bad—his father, I mean. I never would talk against his father. It was enough for me that we'd laid our heads side by side on the same pillow for nearly two years. I couldn't turn and talk ill of him.

I didn't want Willie to live at first. I hadn't any way to support myself and him. I didn't want to be reminded of his father, either. I didn't want any such tie. I couldn't ever have taken him back; I wasn't that kind of a woman—that low groveling kind that would take a man back after he'd been untrue. I didn't want anyone's leavings.

But, after awhile, Willie kind of grew into my affections. And he didn't always remind me of his father—or, if he did, it was of his best qualities. I got well and strong at last, and managed to support my boy and myself, after a fashion. We didn't have to go hungry.

Twenty years isn't such a long time as it seemed to me back there in the days when Will deserted me and Willie was born. I am not an old woman yet. There are women almost my age who are called "famous beauties." I was pretty myself once.

Willie grew up bright and handsome, like his father — blonde, tall, graceful, quick-witted. I sent him to school, and he learned. I began to feel proud of him as he got along into his teens. I was so proud and contented myself at being able to make a gentleman out of him, in spite of all, that I didn't notice. And one day it came on me like a thunderclap—his discontented state. He was fifteen, and he wanted to go to sea or to do something rash and reckless—he hardly knew what. He had grown tired of being a poor dressmaker's son.

No, that's nothing. I'm not crying. It was the light in the window, a little strong in my eyes. It's April already, isn't it? I'll just put the quilt corner so, to shade me a little.

He'd grown tired; just as his father'd grown tired of a poor girl. I was tired, too, sometimes; used to have the pain in my side oftener and oftener. Then my heart began to trouble me. Still, I'd done my best, and there isn't any human being that can do any more.

I was just as trusting and unsuspicious about Willie as I'd been with his father—otherwise. I'd have known sooner about his getting into bad company. When I did find it out, I did all I could. But then it was too late.

The wilfulness, the headstrong way of his father's, came out. It gave me an awful shock. It seemed to me as if seventeen years were wiped out, and I was back with Will. Then I felt, too, like as if a grave were dug up. Will was dead then; he'd been dead three or four years. The woman he'd preferred to me had

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cast him off. "Such actions bring their own punishment"—that was what a friend said to me, when I lay helpless in my agony before Willie was born. So they do, sure enough.

Willie would not be guided—he would choose his own companions.

"My boy," I said, "I love you better than anyone else will ever love you. And I've tried to do my best for you. I only want you to do right and be a good man. But I won't plague you. No matter what you do, I'm your mother, and I'll not forsake you." That was the strongest I ever spoke. They were all older than he was—bad, wicked, miserable fellows—and he was easily led.

Well, there was a robbery committed. I'm sure Willie had no hand in it. It was a diamond robbery. Willie went out that evening.

"Only to the corner," he said, "to get a glass of seltzer. I don't feel quite well." But he didn't come back. I sat sewing away, though I was terribly tired. But I couldn't have gone to bed while he was out. By and bye, it got so late I was frightened. Past midnight—long past midnight! I got thinking about how I'd waited so for his father—nearly twenty years ago. I couldn't sew any more. I walked up and down the room, and began to say a prayer, just in the same way that I used to pray for his father, years and years ago! It was past two o'clock when he came in. He looked flushed; said he had gone out to one of the suburbs with a friend of his, to look at some specimens of ore from New Mexico. They had got to talking and he hadn't realized the time. And then the cars had stopped running.

That's nothing. I am all right again. My head was down a little too low.

When the horrible truth got through my head, he said to me that I must swear he had been at home all that evening. The friend he had been with had gone back to New Mexico. It was not many days after the robbery.

"But," I said, "that is perjury—a crime. You—you want me to perjure myself, Willie? It is a serious crime. And—is it necessary?" And he said it was. And so I went and swore that he had been at home that evening. And all the time I was praying, under my breath, "God forgive me! I can't see my boy punished for something he never dreamed of doing—my innocent boy!" And so I did, for love of him, what I would not have done for myself—what no millions would have tempted me to do for anyone else: I swore to a lie.

Yes, I would like a little water. It is hard to go on. I must go on more slowly.

He would continue to go with bad company. He wouldn't heed my wishes. And I couldn't plague his life out. There's more young people plagued to the bad by suspicious-minded parents than would go to it of themselves, I've often thought. And, finally, one day— Maybe I've left something out. It seems to me I've forgotten to tell something. I've been a long time talking, too; the sun isn't as bright on the curtain as it was when I begun. The drip outside is slower and quieter. It will freeze up again, to-night, I suppose. Seems to me the springs come later than they used to, twenty years ago. When I was a little girl there were lilacs blossoming in April. They're a month at least later now.

Yes; I'm trying to get back to what happened. I remember I felt the horrible sudden agony that I had felt nearly twenty years before, but would always remember—the agony at finding myself deserted by Willie's father. It was the merest chance I stumbled on the secret.

My God! I thought, could it be true? My own child—the boy I'd worked so hard to bring up honorably, to make a gentleman of—the boy I'd drudged out twenty years of my life for—the companion of thieves and murderers!

I didn't make any scene with him; I just tried to speak kindly and sensibly with him. I told him I knew what was plotted by the wicked crowd of fellows who had drawn him into their toils. He didn't realize, I told him. He was thoughtless, inexperienced; he didn't stop to reflect; otherwise, he wouldn't have been led into something that would certainly be found out and would blast his whole life. Besides, the wickedness of it, as well!

He was very angry; but I didn't stop to give him a chance to show it. I went right on, telling him how fortunate it was that I knew in time and could give him good counsel.

He said finally that he would have nothing to do with it; he would pretend sickness and remain at home.

I told him that was not all that should be done: it was his duty to prevent the crime.

He turned on me scornfully. It seemed as if his father stood there facing me: Will's very look and attitude—his violet eyes, with their long dark lashes, his suddenly-flushed cheeks—Will's very image! Turn informer? I thought he would do that, did I? Well, I didn't know him.

I hesitated. There was something in his look that made me hesitate. Then I said: "You need not turn informer; I will prevent the robbery. I am under no obligations."

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"Interfere if you dare!" he cried, hoarsely. "It'll be the worse for you if you do!"

I looked at him in amazement that turned slowly into horror. Yes, I had heard right.

"Willie," I said, slowly—something was choking me, just as I felt something choking me twenty years before, when I knew for sure that Will had gone and left me, "Willie, why do you speak that way to me?"

"Don't interfere in my business, then," he answered, roughly.

"Your business! but I only want to keep you from harm."

"I can take care of myself," he said.

"You were in great danger," I said. I couldn't speak very well for the choking feeling.

"Well, let up on annoying me," he answered, coarsely.

I had never heard him speak so vulgarly before. I had tried so hard to make him a—gentleman I didn't say any more, but I went to putting on my bonnet. He asked me where I was going.

"I am going to prevent the plan of the wretched criminals who have tried to draw my son into their net," I said.

He sprang up with an oath

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he said.

"Why not?" I asked, calmly.

He broke into a perfect fury. He shook his fist at me. Yes—Willie, my own son, shook his fist at me!

"It'll be the worse for you! Do you want"—those were his very words—"do you want it known that you committed perjury—out-and-out wilful perjury?"

I looked at him for a minute.

"Willie," I said, "you'd never mistreat your mother, who's always been good to you?"

"Let my affairs alone, then," he cried, fiercely.

But I was very determined for once; very determined, and he saw it. I'd my bonnet on, and turned to open the door. He sprang at me. I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt me, but only to hold me back. I'd got the door open, and we had a hard kind of struggle outside. I'm sure he didn't mean to strike me; but all at once something seemed to force the breath out of me, and something inside of me seemed to give way, and I fell forward on the head of the stairs, and lost my senses and rolled down to the bottom.

I am very sure he never dreamed of hitting me. He was excited—that hasty, nervous temperament of his father's—and he wanted to hold me back.

It was all an accident—the blow on my side. Willie couldn't have struck me. And he would have come to see me, if he had stayed in town; but he felt so bad over the accident that he got dazed, and took the first train out of the city.

He'll come back sometime. I won't be here to see him; but he'll come back. And maybe he'll be rich—and I hope he'll be happy.

And now—I think I'll try to sleep a little, for the sun seems to have gone down. I can't hear the dripping any more. And so—I think I'll try to—sleep.

THE CRICKET IN THE NIGHT.

BY MINNA IRVING.

LYING here within my chamber,
Where the crimson roses clamber,
Just to cool their heated faces on the sill;
When the clock has stopped its clatter
And the mice have ceased to patter
In the walls or in the ceiling, and are still;
From the darkness brooding over
Dewy fields of corn and clover,
And the garden, where the lilies glimmer white—
Like an elfin minstrel straying,
On a golden zither playing,
I can hear the lonely cricket in the night.

II.

Wintry winds are wildly wailing,
And the snow on post and paling
Lies, in all its spotless beauty, once again;
And the frost in silver traces
Ferns, and flowers, and fairy faces,
And the foliage of the forest, on the pane;
Wide-awake with restless yearning,
And upon my pillow turning,
While within its crystal prison dies the light,
Piping plaintively and shrilly
O'er the grave of rose and lily,
Still I hear the lonely cricket in the night.

III.

Should I brave the cold and silence
And the norther in its violence—
Should I seek the ghostly garden there below,
In the blighted bushes hiding,
Through the frozen grasses sliding—
Would I find the little creature in the snow?
Nay; November skies were clouded
When his tiny form was shrouded
In a withered leaf, forever out of sight.
But, as here I lie and listen,
Though the snows about me glisten,
Yet I hear the lonely cricket in the night!

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AT CROSS-CUT FARM.

BY ROBERT B. GRAHAM.

"YES, that is the self-same pond on whose frozen surface I used to skate when I was a boy. There is no ice on it now, but the rushes still grow high on the banks, and the trees are not much taller. They look like the same ducks that paddled in its waters seven years ago, but I suppose they are not. Those old fellows have all been roasted and served with apple-sauce before this. I hope poor old granddam has enjoyed them. I fear her hair is whiter now than it was then—the face of nature changes less than that of a human being," and I sighed as I called up the image of my stately erect grandmother as I had last seen her, when a boy of fifteen. She had looked so stern and determined, that December morning. Had the years enfeebled her strength and determination? I wondered. For she was still alive. I knew that much. I had stopped in the desolate little churchyard on the hill, where the dead and gone Brewsters had lain for so many generations, and there were no new stones among the crumbling gray slabs, no new names cut alongside of the half-obliterated inscriptions of a hundred and more years back. Well, I could not help being glad of that.

How foolish of me to have used the hill-path and avoided the village. No one would have recognized me there, and what matter if anyone had? I could have been told all the changes that had taken place at Cross-Cut Farm in these intervening years. Should I have the courage to walk up to the door and knock? I could not tell.

"I will go around by the back way," I thought at last; "that will be easier, and I may see old Hester." Then I remembered that she might be gone. Her hair had been snow-white seven years before.

Almost suddenly I found myself close to the barnyard. In a separate corner, the fowls were gathered, clucking and clattering over the meal they were just finishing. Among them all, watching them with an amused smile on her lips, stood a young girl, an empty basket in her hand. What a charming picture of rustic simplicity she makes! was my thought, and I hesitated to disturb her. A fence was between us, and she leaned against it. The amused smile had quite faded from her eyes; she had forgotten the hens. An expression almost pensive flitted over her face. She made a very pretty tableau.

But, with the boldness of youth and the usual rashness of my sex, I determined to speak to her; so I stepped softly up, my feet making no sound in the thick grass, and, laying my arms on the top rail so that I could look into her face, I said softly:

"Pardon—"

It was only one word, but that was enough. The young girl started back, a little flash of indignation in what were certainly very beautiful eyes, then stood her ground and looked toward me inquiringly.

By this time, I had my hat off and was rather regretting my boldness. She was evidently waiting for me to speak, this lovely Chloe.

I am afraid there was admiration in my eyes, but I'm sure I spoke very respectfully.

"Pardon me," I began again, "for startling you, but is not this Cross-Cut Farm?"

"It is."

"And does it not still belong to Mrs. Perseverance Brewster?" I continued.

"It does," was the uncompromising reply.

I did not seem likely to obtain much informa-

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tion from this pretty maid. I hesitated what to do. At last I said:

"And Mrs. Hester Bean—is she still alive?"

There was some curiosity now in the eyes opposite mine, as the answer came:

"Mrs. Bean is still living, but almost helpless with rheumatism."

"Poor old dear," I could not forbear exclaiming, "how sorry I am!" Then, with an effort, I put the question I had been longing to ask: "And my—Mrs. Brewster: is she well?"

"She is somewhat feeble and goes out very little," was the reply—coming, I fancied, almost reluctantly.

"Possibly these inquiries may seem impertinent to you," I said, hesitatingly, "but I have a great interest in this farm." I stopped. Should I say anything more? "You are a comparative stranger here, I suppose—"

"I have lived with Mrs. Brewster nearly six years."

"Why, you must have come here soon after I went away!" was my almost involuntary exclamation.

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There was certainly curiosity in my companion's eyes, but she made no sign.

"Have you ever heard Mrs. Brewster speak of her—grandson?" I went on, hesitatingly.

"Are you he?" There was an eager look in the bright eyes now.

"Can I trust you, my good girl?" I began.

The "good girl" colored deeply. Was it from anger or pleasure? I could not tell, but she answered in a tone so quiet it was almost demure.

"I have heard Hester speak of you."

"And does she speak well of me?"

"She loves you dearly."

thizingly toward me, did I chuck her under the chin. Some instinct restrained me, and my knowledge of New England customs warned me that she probably considered herself, to use the popular phrase, "as good as" her mistress. A strange impulse urged me to confide in her.

"Not now," she said; "I have something to do. Meet me in the orchard this afternoon. You may trust me"—and like a flash she was gone, leaving me alone and bewildered.

"This afternoon" was rather indefinite; but, as soon as I had gone to the village tavern, left my bag, and eaten the midday dinner, I hast-

"Bless her old heart," I murmured. "And my grandmother?"

"She never mentions your name."

"Not to anyone?" I insisted. It was natural my proud old relative should not speak of her troubles to an inferior, but to the minister or doctor—

"Hester says she never breathes your name to anyone."

"Well, I suppose it is just," I sighed.

"I should like to hear your story," said my companion, suddenly. "Will you tell it to me? Perhaps I can help you."

"Bless your pretty heart," I felt like saying: nor, though the sweet face was turned sympa-

ened to the place appointed. Along by the pond, I saw through the trees a woman's figure. I hurried nearer, and recognized Esther Rand. The same sweet sad face, hardly older than when she was my teacher in the village school. She had taken me far on in my studies; I owed her much. I hesitated whether to speak to her, when I saw a girlish figure in the distance. I would find another opportunity for making myself known to Esther.

"The years have hardly touched her," I thought, as I turned away. "This calm uneventful existence has left no traces. How different it might have been."

By this time, I was on the soft grass under the

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old apple-trees whose boughs I had so often despoiled, and my morning's acquaintance was smiling up at me, her demeanor changed from unusual shyness to what, if displayed to anyone else, I might have termed boldness. I ventured to ask her name.

"Hope," she answered. "Now, as the children say, begin."

Then I told my tale.

"My mother was Mrs. Brewster's only daughter—only child, one might almost say; for her one son did pretty much what I did—he ran away when he was nineteen. You see, my grandmother was a fearfully determined woman—I called her tyrannical once. Poor grandmother!"

My listener nodded in agreement with my remark. Her face wore an odd indescribable expression.

"Both my parents died when I was a little child, and my grandmother brought me up on this very farm. She ruled me with a rod of iron."

A queer little smile on the young girl's face told me my stately relative had not altered much with time.

"Well," I continued, seeing she did not speak, "when I was fifteen, instead of sending me to college, for which I was nearly ready, she took it into her head to have me work the farm. She did not believe in too much learning. Living up here in these Maine backwoods is not calculated to expand one's ideas."

My hearer sighed a little. Perhaps she knew that by experience.

"I swore I would run away if she would not give her permission, and she told me I was an ungrateful wretch, like my uncle before me. 'There is a bad strain in the blood somewhere,' she said, bitterly. But I was as determined as she; so I would not give in, and she told me, that last night, never to cross her threshold. I never have done so for seven long years; but now I long to ask her forgiveness, poor thing, before she dies."

"I think I can help you to do that," came softly from the beautiful lips of my listener. No wonder I nearly lost my head as I murmured my thanks.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years," were her next words.

"I made my way to Boston," I replied, "went into an office, and, by studying at night, prepared myself for college. By dint of school-teaching and other shifts, I managed to work my way through college. I graduated a year ago, and am now working on a Boston paper. I am poor, but I did not come back for my grandmother's money—I have got along without it thus far—but I'm afraid she will think so."

"Perhaps old Hester and I can change that," the girl said, thoughtfully, rising as she spoke.

"I shall see you again," I could not help saying tenderly.

"Of course, you'll have to," came the answer, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Stay in the village for the present; come here occasionally. Good-bye," and in an instant she had vanished.

"Hired girl or not, she is an adorable creature," I murmured to myself as I turned away. "She must be one of the neighboring farmers' daughters."

I would have gratified my curiosity in the village, but I did not wish to make myself known; so I staid as quiet as possible, pretending I had business up the river, where there were great mills. Every day, I haunted the vicinity of the farm, and was usually rewarded by a few moments' conversation with Hope. She seemed the embodiment of her name. In one of these interviews, she told me she had broken the news of my arrival to old Hester, who was rejoiced thereat.

It was late in October, but unusually mild. The day was drawing to a close when I reached the farm, and through the still unclosed windows the light gleamed brightly, and into the sudden glow a man stepped, moving toward the house. He looked like a traveler, and carried in his hand a rather old-fashioned bag. It was an unexpected sight in that vicinity, and I gazed at it in astonishment. At this moment, the door opened and Hope appeared. A new sensation awoke in my heart, and I suddenly realized that I loved this girl, of whom I knew little, save that she was beautiful and had been kind to me. I felt a sudden jealousy of the stranger, though he was no longer young, and looked, in the flickering lamp-light, weary and travel-worn. I fancied Hope glanced cautiously about her, so, not wishing to be recognized, I shrank into the shadow of the trees, where I could not see the meeting of the two. My heart was throbbing wildly. I dared not trust myself to remain, yet I hated to go away. I lingered for a time, but at last turned my steps toward the village.

The next day, I came to the orchard, as usual. Words of reproach, of anger, of folly were on my lips, but did not pass them. When Hope appeared, there was an imperiousness about the girl which a queen might have envied; it effectually checked me.

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"You had better return to business for a month," she said, quietly. "My task is harder than I thought; but I can accomplish it. Come back just before Thanksgiving."

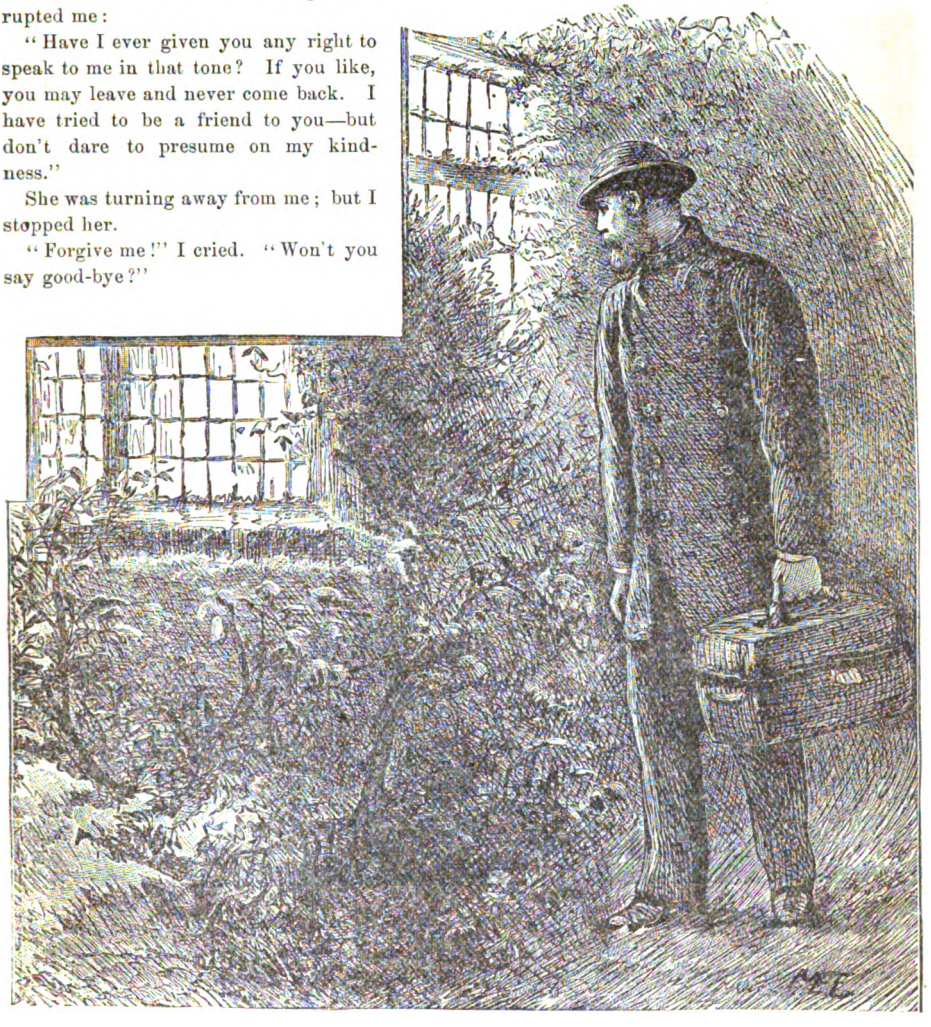
My jealousy awoke stronger than ever.

"Who was that stranger who was here, last night, to see you?" I asked, almost roughly. I would have said more, but Hope interrupted me:

"Have I ever given you any right to speak to me in that tone? If you like, you may leave and never come back. I have tried to be a friend to you—but don't dare to presume on my kindness."

She was turning away from me; but I stopped her.

"Forgive me!" I cried. "Won't you say good-bye?"



My humility conquered her at once, and her haughtiness vanished. She faced me with a little smile.

"That was my father," she said, the smile on her lips deepening. "And now, good-bye."

She was gone almost before I could press her hand, and reluctantly I set my face toward the village, to get ready for a return to Boston. In a month, I was back in Crompton—two days before Thanksgiving. I do not know whether the good people of the place wondered, but I paid no attention to them.

I was soon on my way to the farm. Patiently I waited, but there was no sign of Hope. At last, I grew tired of waiting, and boldly approached the house. In the rear stood the dairy, and there, through the open window I saw Hope making pies. Her hair twisted up tight, her sleeves to her elbows, and a big apron tied over her neat calico, she was busily rolling out crust, the paraphernalia of her occupation all about her. It was a charming picture of domesticity, and I paused to contemplate it; but she perceived me, and opened the window.

"How do you do?" she said, smilingly, giving me a floury hand which I longed to kiss, but dared not. "This looks like Thanksgiving—

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doesn't it?" she asked, gayly. "I shall be awfully busy, now until Thursday."

"Aren't you afraid of the air?" I inquired, glancing wistfully toward the closed door and hoping that she would admit me; but she shook her head with a smile.

"Not a bit. Just sit there." And she pointed to the broad window-ledge, where I established myself comfortably.

We had a long delightful talk, and Hope was unusually pleasant. I tried to find out something about herself, but on that subject she was always uncommunicative. Perhaps there was something wrong about her father. At any rate, she passed all questions by. It was finally arranged that I should come to the house itself, Thanksgiving Day; and, with this assurance, I was obliged at last to depart.

The great New-England holiday dawned clear and cold, and at the appointed time I presented myself, not without some inward anxiety, at my grandmother's door. I found the stranger, of whom I was no longer jealous, standing there too. He greeted me with a benevolent smile, which I returned in kind, and Hester Bean, still bent with rheumatism, opened the door for us. I expected her to embrace me heartily; but, when she did the same thing to Hope's

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father, I rather stared at my old friend. Silently she led us in and pushed us toward the "best room," in the doorway of which stood Hope, radiantly beautiful in a bright merino—she seemed metamorphosed. Gently she took each of us by the hand and drew us within.

The stiff sombre room, unchanged in its main appointments, had been brightened by the touch of a feminine hand—holly and evergreen decked walls and mantel. In a great armchair sat my grandmother, an eager look on her face; and, on the sofa, someone was sitting quite unexpectant and unconscious—it was Esther Rand.

"Grandma," said Hope, leading us toward the old lady, and there was a break in her voice, "your two boys have come back to you."

It was a long while before I understood everything clearly; but when grandmother, tired out, had to go and lie down, and Hope's father was sitting on the sofa close beside his first love who had been faithful to him twenty years, my newly-found cousin explained everything. We had taken seats in the wide embrasure of the great hall-window—where I, at least, was perfectly content. Here Hope told me how her father, after leaving home, in anger, had drifted to India, where he had married a young governess. His wife—her mother—had died when Hope was a child, and she had been sent home to her maternal grandmother. The death of this relative led her friends to hunt up her father's mother, and the latter had taken care of Hope from that time on. In some way, she had lost sight of her father, until, about a month previous, he had been drawn to his old home and found her there. Hope wished to break the news to her grandmother gently, fearing a sudden shock.

"And now poor Esther and he can be happy together," she ended.

"I wish we could be happy in the same way," I suggested, tenderly; but she declined to notice my speech.

"Why did you deceive me, by pretending to be the hired girl?" I asked.

"Oh, for fun," she laughed. Then she informed me, with great glee, that her father had come back rich. "You can have the farm now," she added.

"Thank you," I answered, coldly; "I shall not interfere with you. I will go away soon; grandmother doesn't need me now."

"Then I'll go with you," whispered this inconsequent young woman; and, in spite of the riches, I put my arm about her.

I do not believe five happier people ever ate better Thanksgiving pies—I mean, six: for I must not forget faithful old Hester—at least, not AT CROSS-CUT FARM.

JUSTICE.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I HAVE learned, as my life grew weary
And trouble pressed me hard,
That every sin is punished,
Each virtue gains reward.
The day may be long in coming
Or the sin may be hidden away,
But surely for all wrong-doing
There comes a Judgment Day.

We may suffer from cruel injustice,
But there always comes a time
When every wrong will be righted,
For the Infinite plan is sublime;
And every word of kindness,
All help to the helpless one,
Will somewhere find its payment
Before life's day is done.

We need not wait for death's angel,
To set all wrong things right—
The scales are evenly balanced,
And day will follow night.
We may bear for years in silence
The wrong by others done,
But the penalty for their sinning
Will be borne by them alone.

We may wait so long for the blessing
That follows a kindly deed,
That we think it will somehow miss us;
But, just in some hour of need,
When we sigh for a ray of sunshine
To lighten our lonely way,
It will come, and be all the sweeter
For waiting the wearisome day.

No sin can go unpunished,
For justice is part of the plan
That works through life, and always
For the good of every man;
And one cannot sin in darkness
While another bears the cross,
Nor one have eternal sunshine
And another eternal loss.

A Power above our vision
Will hold the scales aright
And evenly will balance
The darkness and the light:
We shall find, when our eyes are opened
Beyond our life's brief span,
That there can be no injustice
In the grand immortal plan.

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WITHIN A YEAR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 334.

CHAPTER III.

THE arrangement had been made that Mr. Seymour and two or three intimate friends should return with the Deverst party, and, as it would be too late for dinner, Miss Thomasina had warned them that they must be content with a nondescript meal, which the ladies might call high tea and the men supper. It proved fortunate that she had been careful to make this statement, for, when the guests were all collected, Miss Floyd discovered that, what with Tom's impromptu invitations, Minnie's bringing home several of her favorite companions, and Mrs. Deverst's off-hand and very general permissions of "Oh, you had better come with us too," spoken right and left, rather more than half the picnic-party appeared, as eager to be fed and amused as if they had not been undergoing both operations for the greater part of the day. Miss Thomasina's resources, however, were always equal to any emergency.

It was late before the guests departed, and everybody voted the evening charming—everybody, unless it might be the ruling spirit thereof, for in truth Miss Thomasina was doubtful whether she had enjoyed it; at least, it ranked among those pleasures that are so closely allied to pain they resemble certain draughts in which bitter and sweet are so artfully mingled that the palate is at a loss to decide which flavor predominates.

A sensation of breathless haste had oppressed her from the beginning to the end. Whatever she was doing, she felt as if she must at once leave it and do something else. Half the remarks people made to her escaped her ear. Past and present mixed themselves up in so odd a fashion that once, when walking through a quadrille with Digby Thorne for her partner, she could almost have believed it was a continuation of the last dance they had had, thirteen years before: the night when he had begun to speak words which—oh, what they were to have been she did not know, for they were interrupted, and after that evening he had never appeared the same! Indeed, within a fortnight he had gone away, with no farewell to Miss Thomasina save the briefest and most abrupt, uttered in the presence of others. And that was thirteen years ago. Oh, what an idiot she was, to bewilder her brain by letting those memories force themselves upon her till, as he took her hand, she was puzzled for an instant to know whether she was the Thomasina, rich in youth and dreams, of more than a decade back, or the practical prosaic old maid of to-day. Yes, old maid! and she said it over and over, with a cruel satisfaction in punishing her own absurdity.

Then, later in the evening, when she was passing quickly through the rooms in order to attend to—she did not just know what, but felt in a great hurry to do it all the same—she stepped aside to give place to Tom and Katie Henderson, floating down to the swift measure of the "Storm Galop," and was brought close to Mrs. Marsh and her brother, standing with their backs toward her, and heard Annie say:

"Do you find Thomasina much changed?"

Then her breath quite stopped for a second and she caught the response:

"Oh, very, very much!"

Thomasina fairly gave Tom a push as he was doing some insane "back steps," and got by him. She had not quite regained her breath, but she had recovered her full recollection, was able clearly to separate the past from the present, and was not likely a second time to fall into the bewildered state which had dizzied her while Digby Thorne held her hand in the quadrille—the hand he had so often talked pretty nonsense about in the old days. Thomasina remembered this too as she hurried on, and, when she reached the corridor, she struck her white palm fiercely on a table she had run against, and, as she did so, caught sight of her excited face in the mirror above and shook her fist, aching from the force of the blow, at her image, uttering one single exclamation with as much passion as ever a

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youthful heroine put into a long dramatic speech, though, after all, the ejaculation was only:

"Donkey!"

Perhaps it was a pity that Miss Floyd had not politely waited for her nephew to finish his "back steps," for then she would have discovered that Digby Thorne had not completed his sentence, which ended thus: "She was a very striking-looking girl, but nothing compared to what she is as a woman. She is positively magnificent."

The evening was over at last, and Miss Thomasina bade good-night to her relatives and the two visitors, alleging extreme fatigue as an excuse for her instant departure.

"No wonder you are tired," observed Mr. Thorne; "you have been busy enough for ten people. I see you have not lost your faculty of making everything you undertake a success."

"Which proves that old maids have their use," replied Thomasina, laughing, as she left the room; the moment the words had escaped her lips, as sorry for having uttered them as she had been when she flung their cynical bitterness at her nephew a few hours before. As she passed upstairs, Miss Floyd once more, with great energy, pronounced her shibboleth—"Donkey!" and then shut her door.

She thought she had locked the entrance to her citadel and secured solitude for that night, but nearly an hour afterward she discovered her mistake. She was roused from thought by a light tap at the door, followed by its sudden opening and the appearance of Minnie.

"I saw the light through the key-hole," cried she, "so I ventured in. It seems you are no more sleepy than I—what are you doing?"

"Doing?" repeated her aunt, in confusion, then making a clutch at her self-possession to add: "Getting ready for bed, of course—where you ought to have been half an hour ago, you monkey."

"Why, you've not even touched your hair!" said Minnie. "Let me do it; I always like to. Nobody ever had such pretty hair as you, Aunt Tom!"

"Don't waste your time injuring your venerable relative's mind by flattery," retorted Thomasina. "Make haste and go to bed, else you'll be tired to death to-morrow."

"Not a bit of it. Amusing myself never tires me; it's only doing what I don't like," replied Minnie, with laughing candor. "What a delightful day we have had. I am so glad we got here for the picnic."

"So am I—very," returned Miss Thomasina, heartily. "It's exceedingly nice to have you back, mouse; I miss you dreadfully when you are away."

"And I you. There's nobody I miss so much."

"Except your mother, of course."

"Oh, of course; but then, you—you— How shall I express it? You supplement the darling mamsey. As Tom says, you are 'the pillar of the house.' Oh, good gracious! aunty, how lucky for us that no Samson ever came along, strong enough to carry off our prop."

"Bless the girl, she's more addle-pated than ever!" cried Thomasina. "You mix your sentences up so that one can't make head or tail of your meaning—always supposing that you have any!"

"Oh, I know very well what I mean!" exclaimed Minnie. "I hate gossips. They ought—they ought to be tied up to bed-posts," she added, searching for a proper means of punishment, and inspired with the comparison by chancing to glance toward her aunt's couch.

"Don't tie them to mine, if you please," said Miss Thomasina. "But, as I'm not a gossip, nor you either, whence this tragic outburst?"

"I'd like to have snapped Mrs. Tracy's nose off!" cried Minnie. "I never did like that woman, and to-day I quite hated her."

"She's a sort of human mosquito, only she's got no sting! She's never worth minding—doesn't mean any harm by her silly gabble," observed Miss Thomasina, consolingly.

"Well, I always say the singing of mosquitoes is more aggravating than their bite," responded Minnie. "And to go and try to make me uncomfortable before I'd been back an hour—why, it was downright waspish!"

"What has poor little Mrs. Tracy done, mouse?"

"She said—don't be vexed; at least, not with me. You may rig her as much as you please, and I'm sure I wish you'd give it to her well—"

"The elegance of these modern young ladies!" parenthesized Thomasina.

"Oh, it's Tom's fault. He talks so much slang that he corrupts me."

"Of course; but just now it's not Tom's crimes, but Ellen Tracy's, that are in question. What did she say?"

"That—that—oh, that they all believed you and—and Mr. Seymour had settled matters at last," stammered Minnie.

"I was not aware that we had any to settle," replied her aunt, calmly. "My dear, poor Ellen was an impertinent idiot to make such a speech, and you are an equal idiot, minus the impertinence, to have paid any attention."

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"I didn't," said Minnie. "I only told her that mamma disliked me to hear gossip, especially about my own relations! I heard her afterward tell Mr. Thompson that I was dreadfully spoiled and conceited; so I knew I'd vexed her, and glad enough I was! But there isn't a word of truth in it; I know there isn't Such an old thing as he! Not but what he's very nice; but you wouldn't think of it! Just say you wouldn't."

"As for his being old, so am I; as for saying I wouldn't, perhaps it would be more decorous to wait till he asks me," said Thomasina, laughing.

"Oh, ask you! I'm not a bat, whatever else I am. He and half a dozen others would jump to get you!"

"It seems I possess property I was not aware of—a preserve of admirers," returned Thomasina, gayly.

"There shan't any of them have you. I know it's awfully selfish; but there shan't!" cried Minnie, laughing, yet quite in earnest all the while.

Thomasina laid her hand on the girl's head and said, in a voice which had lost all playfulness, and was not only grave, but a little sad:

"My dear, don't ever speak or think of such a thing again! My destiny was settled long ago; I mean, I was preordained to be what I am—an old maid—and I am quite content."

"You ordained it," cried Minnie, "for mamma says you had more offers than any girl in the county, though I'm very glad you refused them all, and I'll never talk like this again; it is actually impertinent."

"No, dear; but I don't like it, especially about a person so intimate here. I shall give Ellen Tracy a bit of my mind. I cannot, and I will not, risk having my pleasant relations with an old friend disturbed, or you or any of the rest of the family tormented by her absurd fancies," said Thomasina, and now her voice had lost its sadness, though Minnie did not dream that catching its mournful ring had exasperated Thomasina into her severe speech against Mrs. Tracy—it was herself that Miss Floyd was vexed with, not her gossiping acquaintance.

"I hope you'll give her a big bit!" cried Minnie. "But, after all, aunt, it is selfish of us to feel as we do! Tom often says you have sacrificed your life for us."

"Goose!" broke in Thomasina, laughing again. "Do I look like a victim?"

"Oh, you are perfect!" cried Minnie. "Still, I often think it a pity, now that I am older and have more sense—"

"Just tell me one thing," interrupted Thomasina, eager to get the talk away from herself: "what did you mean about always needing me to keep you straight? Have you, in spite of that vast age and that newly-developed wisdom on which you pride yourself, been getting into some little bother?"

"Oh, no, no; not quite that, only men will be so silly! I—you know I don't tell things—so many girls are shabby about it; but telling you is only just thinking out loud."

"You shall confess, if it will make your mind easier. You know, my dear, I have warned you of one fault: you won't believe it, but you are a little bit of a flirt."

"Oh, I hope not; I don't mean to be," rejoined Minnie. "Indeed, I don't think I'm to blame this time. You remember Charley Marston? He was here last summer."

"Well, as I've seen him every summer since he was ten years old, even my failing memory keeps a place for him. So, he has been foolish? I thought he would have waited." Here Thomasina paused, but added mentally: "If he had, you would have found out, very likely, that you had always been fond of him."

"When he'd been almost like a brother—the deceitfulness of men!" cried Minnie, perhaps half unconsciously trying to forget certain pangs of conscience in a diatribe against the male sex in general. "I told him so; and it was downright insolent, too—"

"Come, come, mouse—that's absurd."

"I don't mean that! Of course, if he chose to be silly enough to l—to like me, that was his affair. But suddenly to be jealous, and of a person I had only known a week! Though, as I told that ridiculous Charley, he was quite charming enough to offer me an excuse, if I had—"

"Which he? what he? in mercy's name! If it was Charley, why should he have been dissatisfied?"

"Of course it wasn't! Mr. Thorne! Yes, actually, he dared to say I was beginning to flirt with Mr. Thorne!"

"Mr. Thorne? A man old enough to be your father—nearly forty!"

"Oh, he's only thirtyseven! Mrs. Marsh told me so!"

Thomasina had no need to be set right in regard to the gentleman's age, but she did not say so—she only observed:

"Well, almost a stranger to you."

"Yes; but, of course, he didn't seem like one. And oh, Aunt Tom, he is perfectly charming! I wonder you never talked more about him!"

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"I am sure you had heard of him often enough; for that matter, I see no reason why you should not remember him—you were nearly five when he went away," Thomasina answered.

"I believe I did recollect him. I didn't mean a stranger in that way. Only, it was so many years—"

"That he had grown rather an elderly gentleman, in your opinion," interrupted her aunt, impelled to speak against her will.

"Elderly? Nobody would dream of calling him that! And he so handsome! Very young men look like—like—oh, immature fruit."

"Oh!" observed Thomasina, and stopped.

"What I meant was," pursued Minnie, "that I had grown up since he went away—that was what made the difference."

"Ah, that made the difference," murmured Thomasina.

"Of course. I knew you would understand at once!" cried Minnie, triumphantly. And Miss Thomasina sank back in her chair, overwhelmed by the consciousness that she did not in the least understand, enraged by a sudden fear that she did not wish to, and, above all other sensations, feeling the necessity for appearing perfectly calm if she had the faintest desire ever to be on decent terms with Thomasina Floyd so long as life might last. But Minnie was too full of her subject to notice her aunt's looks or manner, even if they had held—what neither did—any betrayal of her confusion and inexplicable agitation, and hurried on: "But that absurd Charley could not! Naturally, finding me a grown woman"—one must be exactly seventeen and three-quarters to pronounce the words with the effective dignity that Minnie did—"Mr. Thorne treated me as such; and yet, all the while, his having known me, when I was a child, gave a sort of—of intimacy at once. You understand!"

"Perfectly," Thomasina murmured, more at sea than ever, yet conscious that stable land was close within view whenever she could make up her mind to open her eyes and survey it. "Of course."

"Of course," echoed Minnie. "So would anybody in his senses; but Charley Marston must needs go out of his. And he talked—oh, my goodness, he talked such rubbish! We'll skip the poetry—telling me he had always—always—"

"Loved you!" broke in Thomasina, with a frankness she felt to be positively brutal.

"Well—yes," assented Minnie. "But that wasn't what made me angry. Of course, I should have said 'no'—three times over. All the same—"

"Oh, you would have said 'no' in any case."

"Why, Aunt Tom—a boy! Whom do you take me for?" cried Minnie.

"Oh!" said Thomasina, again, now feeling that her brain was a mere pulp, and aware that her exclamation had neither significance nor sense. "I mean—poor Charley." Then she stopped, knowing that only made matters worse, and doubtful whether it was what she meant after all.

"Poor me, I should say," said Minnie, naturally roused to a keener appreciation of her own wrongs by her aunt's ill-judged sympathy for the offender. "How dared he to say I flirted, to say I had encouraged him—him—Charley, I mean? Don't say I'm not clear! And all because Mr. Thorne was nice and attentive! Oh, if you mean to defend him!"

"Mr. Thorne?" asked Thomasina, desperately.

"If you mean to tease me, I'll go to bed!" cried Minnie.

"No, no—Charley, of course," amended Thomasina. Then vexation at her own folly gave her strength to assert herself a little, and she added: "But you do tell things in a very confused way. Come now—let us get at the bottom: Why should Charley be jealous of Mr. Thorne?"

"Do I know? Does he? I don't suppose I'm so ugly, a man can't bear to look at me; and, as for Charley Marston's thinking nobody has the right except himself—and, I fancy, I taught him he had none—none whatever—why, I might as well be a Hindoo idol shut up in a box at once and done with it, and so I told him."

Between a desire to laugh, which she repressed for fear of hurting Minnie, and a desire to burst out crying, which would bring disgrace on herself, Thomasina took refuge, woman-like, in an excuse to end the interview:

"The truth is, I'm stupider than a dormouse," said she. "I have been on my feet since six o'clock this morning, and I'm so tired I haven't an idea left. Don't think me unsympathizing, my deary, and to-morrow you shall tell me all about it."

"Oh, there's no more! I settled Master Charley. We quarreled for good and all," returned Minnie, belligerently. "No, I wouldn't quarrel; but I just told him that hereafter we would be acquaintances so slight that he would not venture on impertinence again."

"And now you are sorry you were so hard—so determined, I mean," said Thomasina, driven nearly frantic by finding that some uncontrollable yet unexplained impulse impelled her to

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ask the question and kept her breathless with a hope that the response would be an affirmative one.

"Sorry? How could I be?" Minnie asked, with a composure dashed by a decorous sadness. "I was sorry, of course, to lose a friend—one always is; but, as I told Charley, when he comes to his senses and can view things in their right light, he will find me ready to forgive. I hope I am not unreasonable—no, nor unreasoning! But he is both; boys always are. So I daresay he'll pout for awhile—till he loses his head or his heart over some other girl. He'll be sure to do it, though, in a few months. Boys always have to experience at least half a dozen what they call heart-breaks before they grow into men and are really capable of falling in love—even of understanding what the word means."

Thomasina was so crushed by the hail-stones of Minnie's precocious wisdom that she was incapable of speech. Indeed, she even forgot any need of reply, so engrossed was she by one thought—how suddenly this wisdom had developed, how much the girl had changed, and it was sageness only to be learned by feeling on her own part!

She was roused from her sort of trance of vague misery by Minnie's saying: "I'm a brute, to keep you up; I won't a second longer! Go to bed, you darling, and sleep like the enchanted princess! Don't you fret over me. I only told you this just to show you I'm quite able to manage my own affairs and set tiresome creatures like Charley Marston in their place. Yes, indeed! And I could help you, only you never need any; but it's so nice to think that now we can talk freely, equal to equal. Oh, I do like being grown up!"

And Minnie kissed her aunt, took her candle, and ran out of the room, pausing on the threshold to bid Thomasina go to bed at once and not be foolish enough to sit up, in a tone that would have been patronizing in a grandmother, leaving Miss Floyd so utterly paralyzed by her closing burst of eloquence that she sat motionless for at least half an hour, with her mind a hopeless chaos. The clock roused her by sharply striking one, as if reproaching her idiocy, and Thomasina started, with a sensation of guilt, and began to prepare for bed.

Just as she was ready to extinguish her light, she walked to the mirror and addressed her image in these words:

"Nothing more natural. She is just at the age when girls admire men double their age—he just old enough, man-like, to be a fool and fall in love with a baby—and, anyway, it's none of your business, Thomasina Floyd! Your mission in life is to take care of your nieces and nephews, and, after them, your grand-nieces and nephews! You are old, my dear, old and stupid, and you don't catch new ideas readily. But this matter really is none of your affair. One can understand that poor boy Charley Marston thinking it his—but you! Go to bed, Thomasina, go to bed!"

And Thomasina went.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, at breakfast, the subject of house-hunting was broached by Mr. Thorne, whereupon Mrs. Deverst reproached him for being in haste to get away from them; but he explained that he was anxious to give his children the benefit of the sea-air as soon as possible, and, with many protestations of gratitude, steadfastly refused to listen to his hostess's proposition that the small people should be sent for at once, and remain at Cliff House until lodgings were found.

"There are apparently no limits to your hospitality, my dear Mrs. Deverst," he said, "but there are to my conscience, although I am a man! To bring a troop of children and servants in upon you is more than I am prepared to do."

"Besides," observed his sister, "Thomasina is sure that Laurel Cottage will suit perfectly; so, in that case, there need be no delay."

"We could not see the agent yesterday," added Mrs. Deverst; "but his wife said he would be back this morning. After breakfast, we will all go down and look at the place."

"All except this poor slave!" cried Tom. "No second holiday for me; I must be off to the office. Duty calls, and I obey."

"When you happen to be in the humor," amended his aunt, who was as placid and cheerful as if she had lately risen from pleasant slumbers, instead of having sought vainly for sleep till near daylight.

"You will give us the benefit of your advice, I hope, Miss Floyd," said Mr. Thorne, with more earnestness than seemed necessary.

"She must, of course; in fact, she's got to settle the whole thing!" said Mrs. Marsh—a sentiment which was echoed by Mrs. Deverst and Minnie, while little Jenny piped: "Nobody ever can or does settle things except Aunt 'Ina; they'd be sure to go all wrong."

The party was rising from the table as Jenny uttered her dictum, and Mr. Thorne smiled approvingly at the child. He had a very sweet smile, which lighted up his grave sad face in

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a wonderful manner; but the gravity came speedily back when Thomasina said:

"You are all very complimentary. I blush and am truly grateful; but, unfortunately, I have an engagement this morning."

"Oh, you can put it off," returned her sister, who always thought that anything which interfered with little pleasures could be deferred.

"I am afraid not," Thomasina answered. "Mr. Seymour is to call for me at ten. We have appointed to meet some people at Creswick."

Creswick was a village a few miles off, in which both Thomasina and Mr. Seymour owned property, and they were very busy just then with a scheme for certain sanitary reforms in a quarter where the families of numerous fishermen were huddled together in lodgings that threatened to become a hot-bed for epidemics if strenuous measures were not taken at once.

Thomasina's announcement was received with exclamations of disappointment by the ladies, but Mr. Thorne looked very dignified, and only remarked:

"Of course, I could not think for an instant of asking Miss Floyd to give up an engagement. No doubt, sister, you and Mrs. Deverst will be quite able to decide whether the house will answer. You will come—won't you, Miss Minnie? I want my first glimpse of the place to be as sunshiny as possible."

"That's a new name for Min! We often call her Noise, but we never thought of calling her Sunshine!" Tom exclaimed, with a fiendish desire to turn his sister into ridicule which was truly fraternal, forgetting that carrying out the impulse involved a slight disrespect toward their guest.

Mr. Thorne joined in the laughter, though he looked a trifle crestfallen, as a man always does when he has perpetrated a rather flowery speech and hears it burlesqued. As for Minnie, though her appreciation of fun forced her to laugh heartily, she felt it brutal of Tom to have spoken; for, however wise one may have grown at seventeen and three-quarters, a compliment is worth rewarding with a blush. Thomasina noticed the blush, though nobody else did—she noticed, too, Mr. Thorne's faint betrayal of discomfiture. She paused by Minnie's chair, to put a rose in the girl's waving tresses, then went out of the room; and, when she had closed the door behind her, she ejaculated one word: "Men!" But the tone was so exactly that in which she had on the previous night exclaimed "Donkey!" that, if Mr. Thorne had heard, he might possibly have appeared still more crestfallen.

The party did not return until somewhat beyond the luncheon-hour, and, as they reached the verandah, Thomasina and Mr. Seymour drove up, the former looking very brilliant and animated, matters over at Creswick having been managed to her complete satisfaction. She was so full of the subject, that, beyond a few expressions of polite interest, she could pay no attention to the information that, after visiting a number of houses, Laurel Cottage had been unanimously given the palm—Mr. Thorne had already taken it for twelve months, and telegraphed to his mother-in-law that he should go for his children the next day.

"I had no idea he would rush away from us in this fashion," Mrs. Deverst said, dolefully; "I thought he and Annie would stop a week at least. But I might as well have pleaded with a stone wall."

"We shall only be twenty minutes' walk distant," he answered. "I assure you, I fully appreciate your kindness, still I am very anxious to get my little flock settled at once."

"Naturally," said Thomasina, with cheerful acquiescence. And that ended the subject.

She and Mr. Seymour went off to the library, to write some letters in regard to their joint business, and stopped there so long that Mr. Thorne rather fretfully observed that either they must be composing epistles enough to form several volumes, else Miss Floyd was teaching Mr. Seymour to write. This feeble jest amused his three listeners exceedingly; and, when the elderly gentleman had gone and Thomasina again appeared, they repeated it for her benefit; but she only smiled condescendingly and said:

"I'm afraid the teaching is all on the other side; Mr. Seymour is one of those rare people from whom one can always learn something."

Her sister and Mrs. Marsh exchanged rapid glances; they had already confided to each other their mutual suspicion that there was a certain change in Thomasina toward her old friend and admirer, and Minnie, still ready to be annoyed by the recollection of Ellen Tracy's gossip, in spite of the assurances she had received, said quickly:

"I thought he would never go! Aunt Ina, Mr. Thorne and I have been waiting a whole hour for you; we want a stroll on the shore."

"I am very, very sorry you did wait," said Thomasina, "for I shall have to beg you to excuse me; I am so tired that I must rest—yesterday's festivities have given me a headache."

But there was no great amount of regret expressed in her voice, and Mr. Thorne mentally

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decided that the plea of headache was a polite fiction—so he set off with Miss Minnie in a somewhat subdued mood; but, luckily, to seventeen and three-quarters, a little melancholy seems very poetical and attractive in a man—as interesting as a well-written novel or one of Tennyson's best idyls.

Mr. Thorne postponed his journey for two days, owing to a discovery that some repairs were requisite in the kitchen-chimney of his new house; then he went in search of his children, and, before the week ended, he and his family were comfortably established in the pretty cottage, which he beautified with numerous quaint ornaments and treasures from Australia and Japan. His offspring proved nice little people, though precocious Jenny rather looked down upon them as childish, and their father speedily grew one of the most popular men in the neighborhood.

"The fact of becoming so doesn't necessarily involve any special merit on the man's part, in a place where there are as many old maids and not-over-youthful widows as we have here," observed Miss Thomasina.

This cruel speech was uttered to Ellen Tracy, who had been indulging in enthusiastic remarks that would have sounded more appropriate in the mouth of seventeen than seven-and-thirty, and poor Mrs. Tracy had to endure it submissively, for Miss Thomasina had fulfilled her threat of giving the lady "a bit of her mind." Indeed, of late, the spinster often caught herself uttering sharp speeches like that above quoted, and it was so foreign to her habit that she wondered at herself and said over and over to her image in the mirror: "You're turning into a regular old cat at last! I wouldn't have believed it of you!"

But popular Mr. Thorne certainly was, and deservedly so. His sister remained three weeks as his guest, and garden-parties and sailing-parties and dances and pleasantnesses of all sorts were constantly on foot, and Thomasina Floyd found them all a weariness—though why, she could not tell, for she had always been fond of such little gayeties; nor could she tell why she wore her most sombre gowns and arranged her hair more plainly than usual—she who loved bright colors and dress; but she did so, and the expostulations of her relatives were unavailing.

"I am old," she said, "and I'm not going to make myself ridiculous by acting and dressing as if I were twenty." And she resolutely took off a knot of brilliant ribbons which Minnie had just pinned at her throat, preparatory to their setting forth to a luncheon at Mr. Thorne's house, and substituted some soft folds of white tulle instead—becoming enough, but in which she did not look so young and fresh as the ribbons had made her.

She thought herself cross and irritable, but nobody else perceived it. She was the head and front of the amusements, the mainstay of her home, the confidante of all her acquaintances, high and low, and, between care for other people's pleasures and necessities, gave herself no rest; and, when Mr. Thorne's youngest daughter was ill for a week, she nursed her night and day, and rather snubbed the father when he tried to thank her.

Indeed, there had been from the first a certain constraint in the relations between the pair, which was odd, considering that they had known each other all their lives; and, as time went on, matters, so far from improving, grew worse. Though both were amiable toward everybody else, they could never hit upon a subject on which they agreed, and Thomasina was intolerant of his opinions, and he sarcastic in regard to hers. It became an understood thing among their friends that Miss Floyd and Mr. Thorne did not like each other—it seemed strange, but so it was.

Minnie and the gentleman had speedily grown very intimate; indeed, in secret conclave, the gossips did not scruple to call their intercourse a flirtation, and they thought—being widows and elderly virgins—that Mr. Thorne showed poor taste, and that Minnie was absolutely bold. They wondered at her mother's and her aunt's blindness, though they were very cautious to talk only among the circle of the affiliated; for Ellen Tracy had confided the "horrible wigging" she had received from Miss Thomasina, and none of the band of news-mongers desired to fall under the ban of that lady's displeasure.

Time went on, the summer passed, and the autumn followed. Mr. Thorne had been more than six months an inhabitant of Fentwick, and, to the eye of the ordinary observer, matters in the Cliff House family progressed as usual, with the addition of an exceedingly agreeable person joined to its circle.

But there was one keen pair of eyes that looked below this quiet exterior. Thomasina, at first, felt rather than saw that an odd change was creeping over the household; and now, after the lapse of these many weeks, she was suddenly brought face to face in a rather alarming manner with the fact that these changes were important.

She had from the first made up her mind

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that the pair had not entered into a flirtation, as Ellen Tracy said, but drifted abruptly into a romance, or idyl, or whatever poetical name one chose to give it, against the furtherance and growth of which only two objections could be urged—the difference in age between the pair, and the fact that marrying Mr. Thorne might possibly render Minnie a grandmother before thirty. As for the responsibility about the children, that did not weigh with Thomasina—the relatives of Mr. Thorne's deceased wife could take the oldest boy, and she would take the twins herself.

"And a good thing for the children," thought Thomasina. "And, as for him and Minnie, it may turn out well and it may not—and that is all you can say in regard to any marriage."

For weeks, Thomasina had rested content—no, that is not precisely the right word: confident—that her suspicion was correct, and had dismissed from her mind the affairs of her niece and Digby Thorne "as none of her business, after all"; but now, at the expiration of these months, she could no longer do so. Digby Thorne had been making mischief—whether intentionally or not, she was unprepared to say, but mischief he had been making and in divers quarters.

First and foremost—because, as she had sat down to think the whole business clearly out, it was better to begin with the neighborhood—of late, he and Mr. Seymour had grown very intimate, and, since that time, her old tried friend, John Seymour, had quite altered toward herself. It was not that she complained of his tacitly acquiescing in her desire to keep their intercourse on simply friendly grounds—she felt glad of that; but he was reserved—almost avoided her. More than once, when she had entered the drawing-room, ignorant that he was there, and found him with her sister, he seemed absolutely confused. What it all meant, she did not know. A fault somewhere, there was; not hers; not, she was sure, John Seymour's; of course, not sweet little Marian's; so there remained only Digby Thorne to make a scapegoat of—and she did it.

And worse—much worse—Minnie's spirits altered, varied from unnatural gayety to more unnatural gloom, and, at length, she began fairly to grow pale and thin; and, suddenly, Thomasina discovered that Minnie was no longer the sharer of Digby Thorne's walks—it was Minnie's mother! And, while her bewilderment was at its height, Ellen Tracy said to her, one day:

"You told me, next time I got so curious that I should die if I didn't gossip, to come and ask you outright—so I want to know: Is it Minnie or her mother Mr. Thorne is after? I've not opened my lips to a human being—I'd take my oath of that; but people are saying he has left off paying attention to the daughter and is making up to the mamma. I thought it only kind to tell you. There may be nothing in it—though poor dear Minnie does look very poky lately. Now, of course, if you choose, you can carry out your threat and have me exorcised—I mean, ostracized; but I shall have the consciousness of having done my duty by my friends, for I'm very fond of you all—and fonder of you, Thomasina, than any of the others, in spite of the dreadful way you've treated me."

And Miss Thomasina was so aghast that, for once in her life, she was silenced, and Mrs. Tracy had her revenge. To be sure, Thomasina "pulled herself together," after a little, and said coldly:

"Ellen, you were born a fool, bred a fool, and, of course, you'll live and die a fool—there's nothing else the matter."

But, all the same, Thomasina had been momentarily crushed, and Mrs. Tracy knew it and was content—for she was a virtuous and religious woman, and would not cherish animosity and crave vengeance on those who had despitefully used her; but, when Providence elected to punish them, she could not pretend to feel regret—for that would be flying in the face of Providence; and, if she chanced to be chosen as the minister of chastisement, she must not feebly shrink from her duty because it happened to be painful.

An hour later, Thomasina, roused from her misery by a feeling that her brain would soften if she did not arrive at grounds for a decision of some sort, went abruptly into Minnie's room—with what intent, she did not well know—and found the girl seated by a window, weeping as if her heart would break.

Nobody could resist Thomasina Floyd when she offered sympathy and begged for confidence—indeed, poor Minnie had sobbed herself into such an hysterical state that she would hav been incapable of any effort at self-restraint had it occurred to her to attempt it; and, before long, Thomasina could put together her broken sentences sufficiently to form an entity which filled her with wrath, and—as might be expected—Digby Thorne was the person in fault Minnie's confession, broken and incoherent, ran about in this wise:

"I—I trusted him; I thought he was so

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different from that foolish Charley Marston—whom I never, never will forgive; but men are all alike! Why, he made me believe that, if he cared for anybody, it was— But I needn't be dishonorable because he is, and I promised not to tell! And now for him to turn about and pay such attention to mamma that all the town is talking—daring to ask me how I fancy the idea of a stepfather! And it wasn't Mrs. Tracy, either! And mamma wouldn't—I'm sure she wouldn't—especially if she knew what he said to me weeks ago, and I keeping the secret! But I won't, if this go on! And oh, Aunt Ina, do speak to mamma—kindly, you know, because she'd be hurt. I know she wouldn't— Still—"

And, just here in the monologue—which I have set down together, though its recitation took a good deal of time, owing to sobs, interruptions, questions from Thomasina which only confused matters—there came a knock at the door.

"Don't let anybody in!" moaned Minnie.

Her aunt stepped into the corridor, and was met by the English maid, who said hurriedly:

"Oh, if you please, mum, Mrs. Deverst wants you at once. I'm afraid she's ill."

"Ill?" cried Thomasina, and Minnie echoed the exclamation.

"No, no; she says she isn't. But you mustn't come, Miss Minnie. She said partic'lar only Miss Thomasina. And I don't think she's ill—it's her nerves."

So, down the corridor sped Thomasina, and entered her sister's private sitting-room, to find that lady in a state closely resembling that in which the spinster had discovered her niece.

"Now, is this Digby Thorne's doing too?" thought Thomasina, and was astounded to discover she had thought aloud; for Mrs. Deverst gave an hysterical scream and cried:

"You knew? You don't mean he had had the impudence to tell you?"

"I only guessed it," said Thomasina. "For heaven's sake, Marian! what has he done?"

"What hasn't he done?" cried Mrs. Deverst. "There was I—thinking him like a brother—letting him go about with Minnie! You seemed to approve, and I thought: Who could tell what might happen? She was a child, to be sure; but so was I when I married, for that matter; and so I treated him as—oh, as I would Tom. And this is my reward! It all comes of my letting myself be laughed out of having presentiments, and keeping in good spirits! I'll never be so again, and I'll listen to all the presentiments I have—if they swarm like locusts."

Here Mrs. Deverst broke down and hid her face.

"Do, do tell me what it all means!" moaned Thomasina.

"Oh, I stopped him so quickly that he had nothing to tell!" cried little Mrs. Deverst, rushing into a rage and stamping her feet. "I didn't understand at first—the—the crocodile! It wasn't till he said—he'd been talking such blank-verse that I thought he was beginning to propose for Minnie—then he burst out with 'You and the children shall never regret it—I promise that.' Then I saw what he was at; for a minute, I couldn't speak."

"Well? Well?" demanded Thomasina.

"Oh, he began again and said: 'Promise to think, to look favorably—' He couldn't get further. I burst out then and said: 'I'll never look at you again, unless you promise this shall be the last time you talk in such an absurd fashion.' He stared, quite aghast, but had the impudence to add: 'I can't promise; after so many years that my heart—'"

"Oh!" ejaculated Thomasina, in a tone of disgust.

"That was all I could bear," pursued Mrs. Deverst. "Up I got—I declare, I'm afraid I bounced! 'Good-morning,' said I, and out I dashed. Oh, Thomasina, to think he could be such a fool—could imagine me such an idiot! Marry a man four years younger than I! As Mr. Seymour said, only the other day: 'A woman's husband ought always to be much the older.'"

And here this interview was interrupted by a knock; Thomasina opened the door—the English maid again.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Thomasina, Mr. Thorne is downstairs, and says he must speak to you a minute—most important."

"I'll come," said Thomasina, and added to herself: "Wants to speak to me, does he? I don't know about that; but he shall hear me speak!"

She set her teeth like a vise and her face like a flint and passed downstairs as swift as a meteor, entered the library, walked up to Mr. Thorne, who was waiting there pale and troubled, and, before he could open his lips, addressed him in these words:

"Three months ago, you were received in this house as an old and valued friend; I have now reason—more than that, proof—that you are a bad, heartless, wicked, insolent man, and I have come to tell you so!"

When she began to speak, he started as if she had struck him; then he stood motionless,

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growing so white that his face was ghastly. As Thomasina ended her passionate tirade, he flashed a glance hot as sheet-lightning into her angry eyes, bowed his head, and remained mute. This silence and the mockery of respect his gesture held deprived Thomasina of the last vestige of sanity which had clung to her when she entered, and she cried out fiercely:

"Bad, heartless, wicked, insolent—yes, dishonorable! I came to say that, and, having said it—" She stopped to catch her breath, and remembered, too, that she had not come with the slightest intention of saying this—but no matter. She got her breath back and continued: "Having said it, I have said all. It is not necessary for me to request you never to enter these doors again—your mortified vanity would hinder you. Better so. Digby Thorne, farewell."

Away swept Miss Thomasina, silent and swift as she had appeared, and never paused till she found herself in her room.

Digby Thorne slowly gathered himself up, like a man recovering the power of motion after a blow which had knocked him senseless. Then he went out of the house with the air of a person walking in sleep: it seemed to him as if he were walking in a nightmare so awful that its horror must go with him when he woke and haunt all life to come with its dreadful suffering.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FAR AWAY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How far away
My childhood fancies seem to-day!
I thought the sky a veil of blue,
With stars and angels peeping through:
And, when a bright cloud seemed afloat,
I fancied it an angel's boat,
And wished myself amid the crew
Bound for a land beyond my view.
The earth seemed limitless and grand,
With gems for every empty hand;
And golden ways we need not miss,
That led to every earthly bliss;
Some of these fancies still I know,
But, ah, the years have dulled them so!

How far away
The friends of childhood seem to-day!
The dear home-circle is no more,
They wait me on the other shore.
The grave is cold, and wide, and deep,
And never bridged except in sleep.
In dreams I meet them, grave or glad,
Though one dear face is always sad.
My school-friends now and then I see;
They live and love, but not for me;
Each buoyed by hopes that glint and shine
In their fond eyes, but not in mine;
Their paths and mine but seldom meet—
Each learns her lesson, sad or sweet.

How far away
The years of childhood seem to-day!
Not for the fancies that have flown,
Not for the years that we have known;
It is the thoughts that intervene,
The wants and woes that drift between.
The faith that lies all white and dead,
Or, cloudlike, soars so far o'erhead;
The fears that could our raptures chill,
And mock at love and human will;
The gales that left our gardens bare,
The joys and griefs that none could share;
These make the years of childhood seem,
To-day, a half-forgotten dream.

LOVE'S FOES.

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

My love is sailing away!
And the tossing seas are rolling between,
Where on the troubled waves of doubt careen
The frailest bark for love's voyage, I ween,
That ever put out from bay!

My love is hidden away!
And the frozen ramparts of stubborn pride,
That are draped with a by-gone bliss, divide
Two hearts that remorseful grief will betide
Till its rocky walls decay!

Ah! love will perish away—
For the baneful fire of jealousy came,
And the tiny spark was the fiercest flame
That ever had burned love's hopes to a name
While they turned to ashes gray!

My love is buried to-day!
Though the toll of its bell was as sweet and rare
As the vesper hymn in the evening air,
'Twould a requiem be of my heart's despair—
For the love I bury to-day!

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MR. LIVINGSTON'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY IRENE C. FOSTER.

The handsome dining-room in the Livingston mansion was all aglitter with floods of gaslight and the bright glow of the fire—for Mr. James Livingston was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have "nasty ashy fires" all over the elegant mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks," Mrs. Livingston called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of her head, and a smile of contempt, directed at the hale honest-faced old gentleman, who had married her for her pretty face, when he was an immensely rich bachelor.

They were sitting around the handsome well-filled table, discussing their seven-o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler in silent obsequious attention—these three Livingstons, father, son, and the haughty mother, a well-dressed lady, who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servant was in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on him, leaving the little party alone, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Livingston, it is too bad. I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named."

Mr. Livingston sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. And by that I meant. and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for rejoicing. As to making a grand parade, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an everyday occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests whose names are on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them has a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common' vulgar person among them."

Mr. Livingston's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Dwight Livingston's handsome eyes reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Livingston flushed, but said nothing. She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, turnips, boiled onions, and celery, and all on the table at once. For dessert, pumpkin and mince pie, cheese, and nothing more. Shall I give the order to Norton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Livingston twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him. I have no wish to appear as a laughing-stock before my servants, Mr. Livingston. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of, to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hunts, and the Masons, and that Theo Brown and her lame brother, and that little old Williams and his grandaughter, and—"

Mr. Livingston interrupted her very gently:

"Old Mr. Williams was a friend of mine long before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's infant daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable, although plain, for Hattie earns enough as governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Dwight, my boy, I shall call upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about, to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Livingston dismissed the subject by rising and leaving the room.

* * * * * * *

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?"

The little wizened old man looked fondly at her over his glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Livingston's invitation to dinner, eh, Hattie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among all the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Jim was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Hattie—and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have any recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented honest labor is the grandest thing in the world and the best discipline; but some-

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how, I can't tell why, I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we will go."

And thus it happened that, among the ten guests that sat down at James Livingston's hospitable overflowing board, that cold blue-skied Thanksgiving Day, Hattie Williams and the little old man were two—and two to whom Dwight Livingston paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked or expected.

Of course it was a grand success, all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Livingston's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Livingston's and Dwight's courteous gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," said Mrs. Livingston, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire. "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Dwight paid to that young woman — very unnecessary attention indeed."

Mr. Livingston rubbed his hands together very briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only a little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hunt's eyes glisten when Dwight gave him the second piece of mince-pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a whole week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—"

Mrs. Livingston was icily severe, but her husband cut her short:

"So you were—pretty little girl as ever I saw. A ladylike graceful little girl, with eyes beautiful enough to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy? You seem to have forgotten our son is twentyone—old enough to fall in love with and marry even a poor unknown girl you were Quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twentyone? So he is. And, if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good girl—why not, Marguerite?"

A gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Livingston was capable.

* * * * * * *

"Grandpa!"

Hattie's voice was so low that Mr. Williams only just heard it, and, when he looked up, he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her sweet drooping face.

"Yes, Hattie. You want to tell me something, dear?"

She went up behind him and leaned her cheek caressingly against his, her sweet voice whispering her answer:

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something: I—Mr. Liv—we—Dwight has asked—he wants me to— Oh, grandpa—can't you tell me what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his. He reached up his wrinkled hand and caressed her.

"Yes, I can, dear: Dwight has shown his uncommon good-sense by wanting you for his wife. So this is what came of that Thanksgiving dinner, eh?"

"And may I tell him you are willing—perfectly willing—grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you're sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

"No, indeed; I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that. There, there—I hear the young man himself coming. Shall I go, Hattie?"

It was the young man himself, Dwight Livingston, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his handsome face, as he came straight up to Hattie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago, I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir; for I should have asked you to give me Hattie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her, to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Williams, this morning, the house of Livingston & Guy failed, and both families are beggars."

Dwight's face was very pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and bravery nothing could daunt.

Hattie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Dwight, on my account—I can wait too."

Old Mr. Williams's eyes were almost shut behind the heavy frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened very attentively.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here, and tell Hattie I am just as willing she shall be your wife, when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Hattie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father—he and I

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were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss, from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in remarkable time, and presented his wrinkled weather-beaten old face in Livingston & Guy's private office, where Mr. Livingston sat alone, with white rigid countenance and keen troubled eyes that, nevertheless, lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm very glad to see you, Williams. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Williams did not sit down: he crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Livingston sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Livingston, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Hattie to marry him?"

Mr. Livingston's face lighted for a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had at this time yesterday, I would say: 'God speed you in your wooing of Hattie Williams.' As it is—for the girl's sake, I disapprove."

"So you haven't a dollar over and above—eh, Livingston?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself—but Dwight. It is a terrible thing to happen to him, at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Williams smiled gleefully.

"Good! Neither do I care for myself, but for Hattie—my little Hattie. I tell you what, Livingston: perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a hundred thousand on Hattie, the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more, if it will be of any use; and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Livingston looked at the speaker in speechless bewilderment.

Mr. Williams went on:

"I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound, in hard cash, and in good hands—a clean million. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money, before she had the handling of her large fortune. She has no idea she is an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book—eh, Livingston? Well, will you shake hands on it and call it a bargain?"

James Livingston took the little dried-up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Williams, God will reward you for this! May He a thousandfold!"

Mr. Williams winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see, it all came of that Thanksgiving dinner, old fellow. You acted like a good charitable man, and, between us, we'll make the boy and Hattie as happy as they deserve. Eh?"

* * * * * * *

And even Mrs. Livingston admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, and, when she expects to see Mrs. Dwight Livingston an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the brown-eyed charming girl who wears her honors with such sweet grace.

And, each year, James Livingston gives to his old friends an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

FROM LOVE'S GARDEN.

BY JESSIE K. B. TAYLOR.

Just here, at this sweet hour of life, my own,
I pause and let the work forgotten lie,
To send to you, in quiet "written speech,"
My heart's best gift—a love-filled memory.

You will be glad, and, through the distance, dear,
You will smile back in loving sympathy;
With love's sweet understanding, I shall know;
And so we'll not be parted—you and I.

No, never parted—while your truest thoughts
Are all of me, and mine turn first to you—
While every breeze seems but a messenger
Of love from one great heart steadfast and true!

This love of ours is making life more full
And earth-songs sweeter for us, through the days;
'Tis bringing summer skies and bird-songs near,
While flower-kissed grasses bend along our ways.

No shadows creeping low at either side
Can dim this beauty of our earth-land fair—
The summers fade not for one rainfall, dear,
But bring us flowers more beautiful and rare.

Among the leaves, sometimes, a song is hushed,
And loving earth receives her songster dead,
Yet the sweet song goes on from other boughs,
And by the chorus we are comforted.

So, dear, the song and summer of our love
Can still go on, and sweeter, brighter grow,
Until the resting-time: full peace shall come
To us together in life's sunset-glow.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

BURNS.

There is no more painful and distressing accident than a bad burn. Yet, where they are so extensive as to be fatal, there is not as much suffering as is popularly supposed. The vitality of the parts is destroyed, and the shock to the system is so great that there is comparatively little power to feel pain. Almost everyone has heard or read that the best way to put out fire is to smother it, and yet, when the clothing takes fire, the first impulse of the victim is to fly about, seeking for help, instead of rolling on the floor to crush out the flame; while the spectators rush for water, instead of catching up the first woolen thing at hand and wrapping it around the sufferer.

Keep in mind that fire cannot burn without air, and, if the supply can be cut off, it will go out. This will suggest what is best to be done when the emergency happens.

A nurse in the uniform cotton dress and white apron went too near a lighted gas-stove standing on a shelf below the level of an open window on a sunny morning. The apron caught fire, and, looking down, she saw a tongue of flame running up it. She gathered up the apron in her hands and crushed it out. A moment's hesitation would have meant death. Being summer, skirts and underclothing were of cotton, and there was nothing to check the progress of the flames if they had not been so promptly extinguished.

Several boys were reading by a student's-lamp, when one of them pulled up the reservoir of oil, to increase the light; in an instant, the whole thing was a mass of fire. With admirable presence of mind, a bystander snatched up a blanket from a bed near by and wrapped it around the blazing lamp, putting out the fire in a moment.

The point aimed at in all dressings of burns is to exclude the air. If this can be done effectually, the smarting will cease. For a slight burn, put a tablespoonful of baking-soda into a tumbler and pour in as much water as will dissolve it; dip a piece of cotton, doubled, into the solution, and lay it over the burn; as it dries, pour a little of the liquid on it with a teaspoon, and keep it wet until the pain stops.

Cloths wrung out of vinegar can be used in the same way.

Carron oil is recommended: a mixture of equal parts of sweet-oil and lime-water, shaken until it forms an emulsion.

Melted lard applied warm is soothing, and salad oil, or olive oil, can be used. Nothing relieves the smarting as quickly as the soda or vinegar. Cold water is better than nothing.

In a bad accident, when the clothing has been burned, saturate the burnt part with water before attempting to remove it. Cut the clothing around the burned surface, that there may not be the slightest pulling in taking off the part that is whole. If patches of cloth adhere to the burn, leave them alone. The effort to detach them would bring the skin too.

Cover the bed with some water-proof article, as a piece of table oil-cloth, rubber sheeting, or a gossamer cloak; over this, place a folded blanket, and on it lay the sufferer. Cover as warmly as possible, for the patient will probably be in a state of collapse, with cold feet and hands, a pinched face, and feeble pulse.

In this case, apply rubber hot-water bags or hot bottles to the feet and legs, and give hot brandy and water, or strong hot coffee, until the pulse improves.

If the weight of the bed-clothes cannot be borne, a frame or cradle must be constructed to support the weight. Take two pieces of wood about two feet long and lay them two feet apart. Cut a piece out of a barrel-hoop, and nail one end of the hoop to one strip of wood, and the other to the other strip. Three or four hoops are enough. This makes an arched frame-work which can be placed over the body.

If hoops are not to be had, slats will answer. Nail them to the parallel strips of wood and connect the tops with cross-pieces. The whole should be about eighteen inches high.

A doctor should be sent for at once. Skilful treatment will do much to overcome the deformity from contraction that often follows a bad burn. Some physicians put up the burn with an antiseptic dressing, and do not touch it until it is healed.

The food should be easily digested and nourishing: milk, eggs, and, unless there is much fever, well-cooked meat. There is an exhausting

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drain on the system, and materials are needed for the repairs that nature has to make.

Scalds are treated in the same way as burns.

Sometimes a child inhales steam from the spout of a boiling tea-kettle, or takes a drink from a hot tea-pot. Give plenty of cold water, followed by milk, with the white of an egg stirred into it. Cold corn-starch gruel, flax-seed tea, or any drink of a similar nature that can be readily swallowed, should be given to soothe the inflamed mucous membrane of the mouth and throat.

The danger from burns is in proportion to the extent of skin destroyed. One that extends over a large surface but does not penetrate far into the tissues is more likely to be fatal than a much deeper one where less surface is involved.

Teach children to dread and avoid fire, and keep matches out of their reach. An ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure in this case.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

BULBS.

To many persons, flowers become brighter and sweeter as they decline in numbers, and a mere handful is often more valued in winter than a great amount of them in summer. This is particularly the case when flowers are pure in color or bright in hue and agreeably fragrant, and there is no class of flowers in the whole universe better adapted to supply the whole of these conditions than the different kinds of bulbs which grow and flower best during that season of the year when the days are shortest and most sunless. Perhaps the best known are hyacinths and tulips. The former are noted for their massive spikes, and the latter for their vivid colors. The little white-flowering Roman hyacinth is the earliest, most pure and desirable, of all for flowering first. They are the only hyacinths that can easily be forced into flower by Christmas. To have them in flower then, they ought to be potted at once, and their culture represents the treatment necessary to grow all other hyacinths. Good soil for potting them may consist of a little well-decayed manure, a good quantity of loam, and a liberal dash of sand. These should all be well mixed together. The pots may be of various sizes: one bulb may be put into a three-inch pot, or a group of six or eight bulbs may be put into a six-inch or seven-inch pot; or, where they are only required for cutting, a large number may be planted in a shallow box. Some rough material should be put at the bottom for drainage, and the bulbs should be planted so that merely the crown of them is visible. Make the soil very firm round them, and, when all have been planted, place them close together in a frame or somewhere under protection, and cover them over to the depth of eight inches or more with ashes; under this, they will soon begin to make roots, and then the tops will push forth, and, by looking in at them now and again and finding out what progress they are making, it can easily be seen when to remove them from the ashes. This should be done when the growths are from one inch to two inches high, and, when newly removed, keep them in a cool place for a week or more, but away from frost; and, as soon as the growths become green, they may be put into a little heat, to induce them to grow more to flower. A temperature of sixty-five degrees will cause them to grow well, and, until they have formed a good many roots, water should not be given freely; but, when in active growth, they require plenty.

This system of growing hyacinths may be successfully practiced in the cases of tulips and all other bulbs. The scarlet Duc van Thol tulips are the earliest of all; they are intensely bright, and may be grown to come in as companions to the white Roman hyacinths. The best place to grow these is in a glass house; but they may also be cultivated with success in a frame, and they will do well in windows. Sometimes very cheap bulbs are offered; but these are not profitable in the end, as many of them fail to flower. The culture of hyacinths in glasses is another way of managing them that is attended with a vast amount of pleasure and good results. Glasses specially suited for growing hyacinths may be procured. The glasses are filled up to the top with pure water; the bulbs are then placed on the top, with the base resting in the water; and they are then put into a cupboard or some other dark place. Here they are kept supplied with water, and the roots soon spread until the glass is nearly filled with them. By this time, the top will have pushed forth; and, when it is some two inches or so in length, they may be brought from the darkness into the light. Keep the glasses filled up with water constantly, and, in the atmosphere of an ordinary sitting-room, the heads will develop and blossom in a manner to delight everybody.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a costume of black cashmere and English crèpe, for mourning. The straight

No 1.

round skirt has the front of the crèpe slightly draped; the sides and back are cut with the bodice, and the fullness disposed in deep plaits; the edge of the skirt being bordered with a ten-inch band of the crèpe. The bodice forms a pointed vest. Three crèpe folds trim the front, the right side lapping over the left, as seen in the illustration. Coat-sleeves, high on the shoulders, made entirely of the crèpe. Small bonnet of crèpe. Eight yards of cashmere and five yards of English crèpe will be required. This model may be copied in cashmere or Henrietta-cloth in self-colors, with

No. 2.

moiré to match in place of the crèpe, for a stylish walking-suit.

No. 2—Is a Directoire gown, of velvet and

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brocaded silk. The front of the skirt is of the velvet, laid in deep kilt-plaits, mounted upon a foundation-skirt of cheap silk or alpaca. The Directoire coat, which is entirely separate from the underskirt, has the vest, revers, collar, and cuffs of the velvet. The sleeves are coat-shape, cut loose, and high at the shoulders. Ten yards of brocaded silk and six yards of velvet will be required to make this gown.

In velveteen and cashmere or lady's-cloth, a much less expensive costume can be made,

No. 3.

and equally stylish — using plain cashmere or cloth in place of the brocaded silk.

No. 3—Is the latest novelty for an ulster. It is made of olive cloth, having two capes, which are of nearly the same length and pointed back and front. The skirt has full plaits at back and side seams, and the ulster is lined with olive surah throughout.

No. 4—Is a street-costume, for a little girl of six to eight years. It is made of drab-colored foulé serge. The yoke and cuffs are of

No. 4.

copper-colored velvet, to match the folded

No. 5.

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No. 6.

scarf in the same material. The skirt and cape are kilted in the same-size plaits. Felt hat in copper-color to match, is trimmed with drab ostrich-plumes.

No. 7.

No. 5—Is a paletot à-la-Russe, for a little girl, made in camel's-hair or light-weight cloth in any self-color. The skirt is kilted on to a petticoat waist; the blouse fulled on the shoulders in front, the right side of which has a braided band or piece of passementerie as a border. Cuffs and collar to match.

No. 6—Is a paletot, for a boy of four to five years, made of printed cloth or plain cloth, as preferred, and trimmed with fur or plush

No. 8.

for collar, belt, and cuffs. Gray and seal-brown are most fashionable for such a garment.

No. 7—Is a very pretty French costume, for a little girl. The yoke, belt, and cuffs are all braided upon the cloth. Felt hat with ostrich-tips.

No. 8—Is something quite new for a house-jacket, to be of the material of the skirt or something different. Our model calls for an

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No. 9.

entire gown of dark-blue or olive serge. This jacket has a pointed yoke in front, which is cut on to the fronts of the jacket. To the yoke, a full vest is put in, of surah to match. The jacket is then trimmed with rows of narrow black worsted braid, put on à-la-militaire. A tiny button or frog ends each loop. The braid is continued at the back in a point, same as the yoke in front. Loose coat-sleeves, high at shoulders, with cuffs formed of rows of the braid put on diagonally. This jacket may be worn with a black silk skirt. Two and a half yards of fortysix-inch serge, three-quarters of a yard of surah for vest, twelve yards of braid, six to eight dozen tiny buttons, will be required.

No. 9—Is a Russian bodice, of dark-red surah. The silk is gathered to a yoke of black velvet, and is worn under a wide band composed of four strips of velvet—it would make the band too thick to make it of plaited velvet—fastened under an ornamental button. The bottom of the bodice is turned under, to form a puff that is not very full. The top puffed sleeves are of the surah; the lower part of the sleeves, the cuffs, and the collar are of velvet—the cuffs and collar being formed of straps of velvet and ornamented with buttons.

A BUTTON-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty bag is intended to hold miscellaneous buttons. It is made of two pieces of chamois-leather that are slashed at close intervals for several inches, at the bottom, to form a fringe. The sections are joined together along the top of the bag, turned once on the outside, and then sewed again to the bag far enough from the top to form a casing for the ribbon draw-strings, which are pulled through openings finished for them at the seams. When the strings are drawn up, the silk forms a handsome flounce. The silk and ribbon may be of any color desired. The outside may be ornamented by sewing on buttons of various kinds and sizes in an irregular manner, or it may be embroidered in various-colored silks in imitation of buttons.

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WALKING-JACKET WITH VEST: SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, this month, the pattern of an Outdoor Jacket with Vest. It consists of

No. 1. HALF OF VEST.

No. 1. OVER-FRONT, indicated by the straight line, all other parts being exactly the same as the vest—excepting the dart, which the over-front has not.

No. 2. SIDE-FRONT.
No. 3. HALF OF BACK.
No. 4. SIDE-BACK.
No. 5. COLLAR.
No. 6. SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. A standing collar is added. The jacket is trimmed with passementerie and band of fur.

DESIGN FOR CHAIR-BOLSTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement will be found a beautiful design for one of those delightful chair-bolsters or cushions for resting the back of the head. The bolster should be made nearly as long as the top of the chair is wide, stuffed with down, and covered with silk, velvet, or with any material that will be pretty and comfortable. This bolster is attached to the top of the chair by ribbons. On it, the peacock's-feathers can be done, either in black or in blues and greens of the natural colors of the feathers. A pretty thing to prepare for a Christmas-gift.

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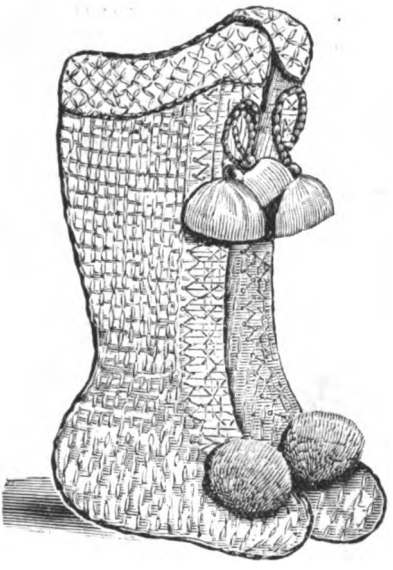
CROCHETED OVER-BOOTS FOR BABY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The boots are intended to be worn over little socks and shoes out-of-doors, and will be a very pretty as well as useful Christmas-gift for baby. They are worked in tricot-crochet, and single zephyr is used, either white or brown. About four skeins of white crewel-silk are needed for working down the fronts and round the edges of the top of boots. Cords-and-tassels ornament the fronts by the knees; these may be dispensed with, if preferred. There are silky fluff rosettes on the toes. The boot is sewed up at the back of the leg and in the middle of the sole. Make fiftytwo chain, take up all the loops and draw back. This row goes round the sole. Second row: Take up thirtytwo loops from the raised stitches at the back of the edge, draw through two loops eleven times; take up fifteen loops in the usual way—the last four loops from the edge—draw through two loops nineteen times. The boot is now decreased twice every row on the front, to shape the foot, always leaving four loops between the decreased loops. Run a colored thread through the four middle loops of the row, and, to decrease, in every row take the two loops together, which are before and after these four loops. Take up on the hook four more loops every time, and draw back through four more loops, till all the loops on the edge are worked up, decreasing on the front. Continue to the sixth row from the sole at the heel end, then take two together at the back of the leg at each side, three loops from the edge. Leave off decreasing when there are twentyeight loops across the ankle, and work two rows plain, then increase at the back of the leg at each side every other row till there are thirtysix loops across. Work five rows plain. At the end of the twentyfourth row, raise the boot at the back, draw through seven times; take up six loops, draw back to the middle loop of the row; take up eight loops, draw through seven times; go back and take up six loops, draw through seventeen times; go back and take up eight loops, and work like the other side. This makes the edge curved, raised at the back and on each side of the centre of the boot. With the silk, work a pattern of double cross-stitch down the front on the four middle loops; then, with a fine hook and silk, crochet a little zigzag pattern on each side where the decreasings were made, and up on the next outside loop to the top of the boot, from the toe. Sew up the back of the leg. Work one row of single all round, then three chain, miss two, a single, three chain, miss two. In the next two rounds, make three chain, a single under the last three chain. Work all round the same with silk, and crochet round the edge of the boot, below the last pattern, with silk, one double-crochet, one chain. The sole: Work double-crochet all round the inside edge of the sole, taking two loops together at the heel and toe; then double-crochet again all round. Sew up the two edges—and draw up the toe, if necessary. All round the edge of the sole, work a single in every stitch, with the leg of the boot held toward you. Sew on, lastly, the cord-and-tassels and rosettes.

ALPHABET IN ETCHING.

We give the remaining letters of the alphabet in etching, of which the first were given in October, in which number see description. The letters are very suitable for an album-quilt.

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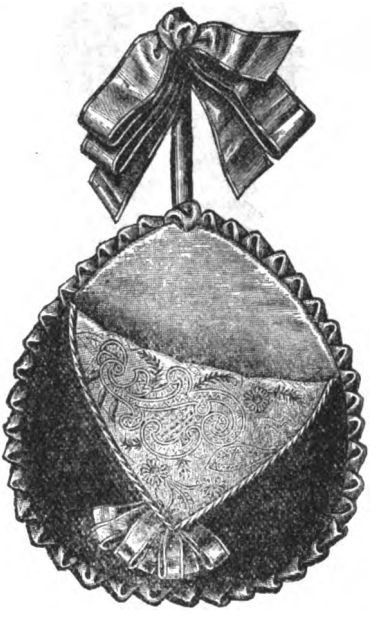
FAN WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For a simple Christmas-gift, our fan wall-pocket possesses some novel points in decoration. Its usefulness is well established, taking the place of a waste-basket and being a pretty wall-decoration for a bed-room or living-room. A large palm-leaf fan, eight by six and a half inches, will be required. The fan is covered on both sides with pink satin, over a thin layer of wadding placed between the satin and the fan, and a narrow satin ruche is placed around the edge. The front of the pocket has a piece of cardboard for a foundation, curved slightly for the upper edge; this is covered with plush on the front, and lined with satin for the inside. A satin revers is turned down from the upper edge, which is embroidered in a Japanese design with colored silks and gold thread. The edge is finished with a gold cord, and a cluster of pink ribbon loops is placed under the point. A bow of wider ribbon is on the handle, with a cord loop to hang it by. The handle may be gilded or left natural, as desired.



DESIGN FOR A CUSHION, IN SILK OR CREWEL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

COLORED PATTERN.

For our colored pattern, we give a beautiful design of the Alpine oleander in full size. For a foundation, use linen, satin, or pongee, in pale-gray or the natural pongee-color. The work is done in solid Kensington-stitch; the flowers may be either all in one shade, as given in the design, or they may be shaded—the petals outlined in brown, as seen in illustration; leaves and stems shaded from red-browns to green, following the colors given as near as possible. Either silks, wash-linen floss, or wash-crewels may be used, as preferred.

A DESIGN FOR A GAME-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design for a game-bag which we give on the Supplement is done in outline, in coarse black silk. It should be worked on the heaviest gray linen or brown holland, lined with some strong material. It makes a pretty holiday-gift for a sportsman.

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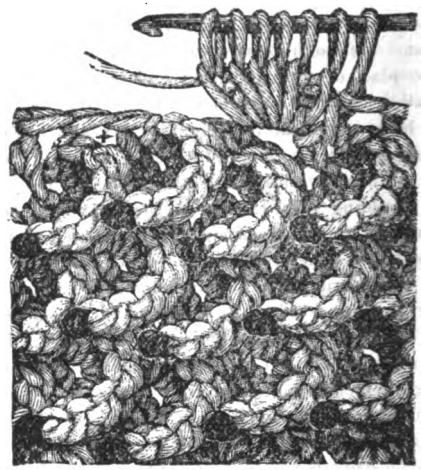
CHILD'S BOA.

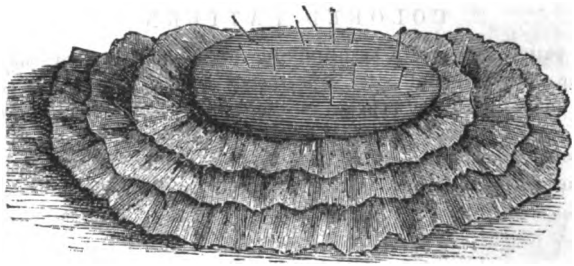
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give the boa made up and the detail of working-stitch—which, to anyone familiar with crochet, can be more easily copied than any description can supply. It is made of shaded gray zephyr or mixed black-and-white or gray-and-white, either giving the effect of fur when worked. Work a long piece about four or five inches wide, and sew it up when done the required length. Finish with tassels at the ends.

TOILET PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This simple and useful cushion is made in oblong or circular form, and covered with pink or blue silk or satin, or even sateen. The outside cover is adjustable, and made to be taken off and laundried. It consists of a bib of fine French nainsook with three narrow ruffles, with buttonholed edge done either in white or colored wash-silks to match the under cover of the pincushion. A nice and neatly-made toilet-cushion will be a pretty Christmas-gift to grandma, mamma, etc., etc., from one of the younger members of the family.

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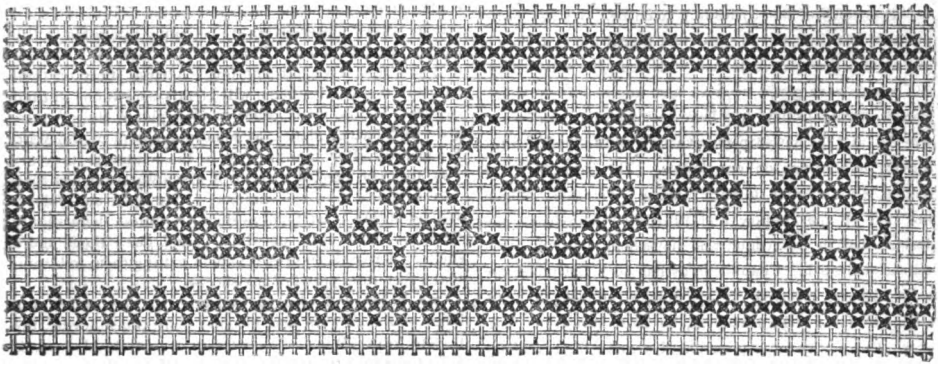
BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH, ON LINEN OR CLOTH CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border is adapted for tray-cloths, serviettes, ends of towels, etc , etc., and is worked in scarlet or blue French cotton or wash-linen filoselle. For coarser work, suitable for rugs, use double wool, and work over four double threads. The same design may be done in crochet, in linen or crochet-cotton, as an insertion or for a border, if a shell edge be added.

WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This is made with stiff cardboard, cut to the shape, covered with linen or silesia of two shades of the same tint. The two folded gores at each side, to form the pockets, are made of stiff paper, covered with the linen or silesia. The embroidery is done with silk of various colors, worked on the silesia; bright tints will be the most effective. For hanging against a wall, three brass-headed nails are needed, to support the pocket.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THE FRIEND OF THE HOUSEHOLD" is the name given to "Peterson" of late by leading journals. We are justly proud of the title, and the year that is drawing to a close is one on which we can look back with complete satisfaction. Old friends have given us fresh assurances of their appreciation, numerous new ones have been added to our extensive list, and the newspapers have each month bestowed the highest encomiums on our efforts. The press in every section of the country unite in ranking "Peterson" among the best of the literary and illustrated periodicals, and declare that in its fashion and household departments it stands unrivaled. Unanimous as has been the praise we have hitherto received, we are able to promise that our claims to favor will, next year, be more numerous than ever. Our new cover is pronounced a great improvement, and in January the magazine will appear with larger type and paper which will display our illustrations to still better advantage. The list of novelets for 1890, which we give this month, presents an array of attractions that no magazine can surpass. Among our contributors, we shall also rank Miss M. G. McClelland, Miss Minna Irving, Miss Thomas, Edgar Fawcett, Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, Clarence M. Boutelle, and many others of the most popular writers of the day. Miss Elisabeth Scovil, the superintendent of the Newport Hospital, will continue her "Talks by a Trained Nurse." We have on hand a series of brilliant biographical, historical, and miscellaneous articles which will prove of general interest. Our fashion department will remain under the superintendence of Mrs. Jane Weaver and Miss Emily H. May. Margaret V. Payne will contribute another series of her valuable papers on Home Dressmaking and Millinery, and Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper's letter will give the newest Parisian gossip about dress. The medical and cooking departments will be found as complete as ever. Other new features will be added from time to time. Altogether we are certain of offering, each month, a combination of merit that will advance still further our universally acknowledged claim to being the best and cheapest of the ladies' magazines.

CACTI.—I wonder how many of the readers of "Peterson" would admire a bay-window filled with this odd genus of plants? I felt like standing before it a whole day, until I had thoroughly examined every one of them; but I should have needed a dictionary on the cactus, to learn the names of the various sorts.

Two immense baskets of Epyphillum Truncatum hung from the ceiling. The plants were of different varieties, as could easily be seen by the shape of the claws, and I was told that one blossomed considerably earlier in the season than the other. A very large plant of night-blooming cereus trailed its snake-like body up a high trellis; several opuntias, and a great flat-leaved phyllocactus, called "queen of the night," and described to me as having creamy-white flowers, very fragrant, and opening only at night. But I could not tell you of all these interesting plants in a short article. Many flower-lovers are becoming interested in this curious kind of plants. I have grown them for a number of years, and have lost but few. A close study of their habits in their native home will greatly benefit one in their culture. Unlike many other window-plants, they require a severe "letting alone" at some one season of the year. I generally allow mine to rest in the winter, as they are very apt to be affected with rot if given water oftener than once a month. In the summer, I put them out-of-doors and let nature treat them as she will—unless there should come too much rain, in which case I place them under shelter. I have been so fortunate in getting them to bloom, that I feel quite proud of my success.

One, a broad flat-leaved variety, with few spines and large scarlet flowers, has bloomed four times during the present year. When a cactus does consent to blossom, it fully repays for the waiting of years. In rooting a cutting of cactus, fill a pot with soil which is well mixed with sand and at least two or three inches of broken brick for drainage. Insert the cutting, and do not deluge it with water; remember, it is a fleshy plant, and has plenty of moisture stored away. Set the pot in the sunniest window, and the cutting will rarely fail to root.

In growing cacti, follow much the same plan—a good soil, well drained, plenty of sand and pounded brick. I use tin cans, nicely painted; the rust from the tin seems to be an excellent tonic for the plants. Many varieties bloom during the summer, and the lobster cactus—Epyphyllum Truncatum—never fails me at Christmas. I am very careful not to break off any of the fumy projections on my cacti—you never know just where a blossom is going to peep out. I often wonder if this is not the reason so many complain of not being able to make a cactus bloom—although keeping them, as one lady wrote me she had done, for fifteen whole years! What a world of patience she must have had! But, after all, she was repaid in the curious and grotesque growth of some specimens. They have their admirers even though they never blossom. If they are not wanted in the window, in winter, they are very accommodating plants, and you may tuck them into a warm closet and bring them out again when spring comes. I have wintered some varieties in a warm cellar. They are well worthy a place in any plant collection.

MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needlework and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors—most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

"MORE INDISPENSABLE EACH YEAR."—An old subscriber says of "Peterson": "The constant and steady improvement in your always admirable magazine makes it more indispensable in our family each year."

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OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1890.—Our readers will see by the advertisement on the second page of the cover that we have departed from our custom of offering, as premium, a book of poems, prepared expressly for that purpose. The books heretofore issued by us have proved exceedingly popular and been warmly welcomed by all who received them, yet we recognize the advisability of variety. Accordingly, we have arranged with prominent book-publishers to offer, as one of our principal premiums, a choice from a large list of popular works of fiction, miscellany, and poetry, by some of the best-known authors of the day.

Our full premium-announcement will be found on page 480.

We have aimed to offer such variety as will meet the tastes of all, and enable everybody to select something that will give entire satisfaction. These premiums are not the cheap affairs that are offered by so many publications. The books are handsomely bound, and are a desirable acquisition to any library. The other premiums are substantial, handsome, and useful.

Now is the time to get up clubs for next year. We are offering unusual inducements in the way of premiums, which, together with the merits and cheapness of the magazine, should bring us a large increase both in the numbers and size of clubs. Be early in the field, and your success will be assured.

THE MOTHER AT HOME.—The mother is the heart of the home. She it is who determines its characteristics and diffuses through it that subtle atmosphere which every sensitive person can feel when introduced into the home-circle, and from which can quickly be inferred the ruling spirit of the home. There can be no doubt that the most effective training for children is the training of example, and this truth the mother needs constantly to bear in mind. How can the impatient, querulous, fault-finding mother teach patience and kindness and good temper? How can the vain mother teach humility? How can the mother greatly absorbed in keeping up with the pomps and vanities of life, eager for place and show, teach her children the true principles of a happy life? How can the selfish mother teach generosity or kindness, or the discontented mother teach contentment?

"AN INVALUABLE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION."—The Philadelphia (Pa.) "Leisure Hour" says of "Peterson": "Between its artistic claims, its literary excellence, and its thorough reliability as a guide to dress and fashion, 'Peterson' covers a wide range. Truly it can be said that it is an invaluable household companion."

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOVEL NOTIONS FOR BAZAARS.—Busy workers for bazaars and fancy fairs, both in town and country, are ever on the look-out for something new and attractive. For their benefit, therefore, we will describe a few novelties we have recently met with, most of which are inexpensive to make and have proved most successful.

Large butterflies, in two shades of soft silk, are quickly and easily manufactured in the following manner: Take two small silk squares of contrasting shades—say, crimson and yellow—cut them through the centre, and neatly join a yellow half to a crimson one, so as to re-form the square which makes the wings. The body is merely a common wooden clothes-peg—those with a little round head must be chosen—painted or enameled dark-brown, and, when quite dry, further ornamented with effective rings and dashes of yellow. Long slender feelers of fine wire add much to the appearance, and are easily secured to the head by a tiny brass tack. The wings must be gathered tightly up the centre, and are simply passed through the slit in the peg as far as possible. They will remain in place quite securely; but, in order to prevent them from hanging limp, fine bonnet-wire should be inserted along the edge of the upper wings. A hook or pin can be fastened to the back of the body. These butterflies are used for looping up curtains and draperies on flower-pots, and, in fact, anywhere about a room where a touch of bright color is needed. These brilliant insects, hung here and there about a table, look effective and find a ready sale. Olive-green and salmon-pink, primrose and old-gold, terra-cotta and turquoise, and brown and orange are good combinations of color.

FINE CHOCOLATES.—The largest manufacturer in America is Walter M. Lowney, who occupies the two five-story buildings, 97 to 103 Pearl Street, Boston, besides a large retail store and another factory at No. 45 West Street. The fine materials and extreme care used in preparing his confections have given them the highest reputation, and lovers of choice candies find his chocolates and bonbons unequaled for delicious purity. The mail-order department is kept continually busy putting up and sending off those dainty metal boxes which carry toothsome delights to fair recipients all over these United States, and even across the border.

THE fascinating game of "Halma" is becoming quite the rage, and it deserves its popularity. Two or four can play it, and it is arranged for progressive playing, so that progressive "Halma" parties will become very popular, and, as they afford considerable amusement, a great amount of skill can be developed by practice. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby says: "'Halma' is a favorite game in my family; it creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough of skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving." E. I. Horsman's advertisement in our advertising pages will give you further information.

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Julian Karslake's Secret. By Mrs. John Hodder Nedell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—A very original novel, both in plot and treatment, and the tender-hearted courageous heroine cannot fail to win the warm sympathy of every reader. The motive of the book is told in the motto on the title-page: "It is open to us as a possibility, but closed against us as a right, to follow the lower when the higher calls." Besides its interest as a story, the moral lesson inculcated makes the work a noteworthy production.

Adrian Lyle. By the author of "Rita." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is perhaps the best book this clever author has yet given to the public, and it is certainly one of the most interesting novels which has appeared this season. It is strong in plot, thoroughly healthful in tone, and the care bestowed on its composition might well be emulated by scores of our prolific story-writers.

Francatelli's Modern Cook for 1890. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a practical guide to the culinary art in all its branches. It is adapted for the use of families, clubs, hotels, and confectioners. It contains fourteen hundred and eighty recipes, with sixtytwo illustrations of various dishes. The work is printed on tinted paper and bound in beveled boards.

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MOTHRES' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XVI. Diet in Cutaneous Diseases of Children.

Mothers, nay even physicians, are too apt to overlook the importance of diet in the treatment of diseases of the skin. The routine administration of drugs with the best local applications will prove valueless very frequently unless due attention is paid to the diet and the condition, generally, of the digestive organs. In fact, Dr. Fox, who is the highest authority, declares that he has recently come to a full realization of the fact that in many cases diet is of far more importance than drugs. The writer has witnessed the truth of this assertion again and again, and the difficulty he has experienced in effecting cures too often could be placed upon the mother, who would not be strict enough in reference to diet and regimen of the child. Plain as this duty is, both on the part of the physician and mother, yet how often we neglect it when prescribing for or treating inflammatory or even chronic affections of the skin. A careful inquiry into the habits and diet of the child and condition of the stomach should always be made, and all irritating, stimulating, indigestible food be forbidden, and only a light, simple, farinaceous diet, with any amount of warm or hot milk, be allowed. Improper food and imperfect digestion, giving rise to acid fermentation in the stomach, are generally acknowledged as the "fons et origo" of many cutaneous affections, and this acid and acrid condition is thrown to the surface and keeps up the mischief—the burning, itching, eruption, etc. Hence it is apparent that a change in the child's diet is more essential in the beginning than drug treatment, if we except a little rhubarb and magnesia to correct the existing secretions of the alimentary canal. Any adult will notice an increase of irritation, burning, redness, and itching in skin diseases after indulging in a rich, stimulating, high-seasoned meal, and mothers will also perceive an exacerbation of heat and redness in her child after using any similar food.

Rigid abstemiousness is not in ordinary cases demanded, but we must not permit children to crowd or overload their stomachs even with plain nutritious food, as it interferes with the healthful digestive process, and fermentation will then ensue. Hence some restrictions are needed, and it is an important inquiry to what kinds of food this should be applied.

A mixed diet is believed, physiologically, to be the most desirable or best adapted to the adult; but, while meats are more eagerly desired by a vast majority of young children (and adults also), they are not at all absolutely necessary to promote health and strength. This is proved by the fact that many laborers (foreigners) in this country, who have not been "brought up" largely on a meat or mixed diet, do hard yeoman service daily on but little besides brown bread and coffee, while, in many districts in the old country, laborers subsist wholly on farinaceous foods, with perhaps some wine and fruits.

This subject is so important that space usually allotted will not be sufficient to finish it and do it, even in a slight measure, justice, and it must therefore be concluded in a subsequent number.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

Cold Meat Salad.—Any kind of cold meat, such as beef or mutton, which has been boiled in broth or soup, may be cut into very small slices or dice. Mince an onion very fine, and cut up any sort of pickle small, such as beans, gherkins, or beetroot, in vinegar, and also a boiled carrot. Mix all together with the meat. Pepper it and pour over enough of the salad dressing No. 2 to moisten the whole. Let it stand half an hour before using. Garnish with celery, watercress, or red pickle of cabbage or beetroot.

Smothered Chicken.—Clean a chicken, too old for broiling; split down the back, and put it breast upward in a shallow pan; pour over it one cupful of boiling water, and cover tightly to keep in the steam. Cook half an hour; then baste with the hot water, rub all over with softened butter, and dredge with salt and pepper. Baste often, keep closely covered, and cook till tender. It should be yellow, not dark-brown. Thicken the gravy; add chopped parsley, salt, and pepper, and pour it over the chicken.

Meat Pie.—Cut cold cooked meat into small thin slices or into half-inch cubes, remove all the gristle and fat except the crisped outside fat, put into a baking-dish, and cover with the meat gravy or with tomato or brown sauce piquante. Spread a crust of mashed potatoes over the meat, brush with beaten egg or sprinkle with cracker-crumbs, and cook twenty minutes or till brown.

VEGETABLES.

Sweet Rice Croquettes.—Steam one scant cupful of well-washed rice in one pint of boiling water, or milk and water, thirty minutes, or till very soft. Add, while hot, one teaspoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the well-beaten yolk of one egg, and a little hot milk, if it need more moisture. When cool, shape into small ovals, roll in crumbs, dip in egg, roll in crumbs again, and fry. Or, after shaping, press the thumb into the centre of each and put in two boiled raisins or candied cherries or half a teaspoonful of jelly or marmalade. Close the rice over the centre, roll in crumbs, dip in egg, roll in crumbs again, and fry.

CAKES.

Rich Cake.—Put one and one-half pounds of flour into a pan, and bake it till it is a dark-fawn color, stirring often to prevent its burning. Of this flour take one pound, one pound of dark moist sugar, one pound of thinly-shred citron, four pounds of stoned raisins, four pounds of washed and picked currants, two pounds of blanched and shred almonds, one-half pound of grated unsweetened chocolate, four ounces each of candied lemon and orange peel thinly shred, one small teaspoonful of mace, one and one-half ounces of cinnamon, one even teaspoonful each of cloves, ginger, salt, carbonate of soda, and finely-pounded willow charcoal, fifteen or eighteen eggs, eighteen ounces of butter, two gills each of dark molasses and brandy, juice and grated peel of two lemons. Mix the fruit and almonds with two gills of the flour, then add the spices, salt, and charcoal with the remaining flour; sift it three times, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the molasses, brandy, lemons, and chocolate, then the yolks of eggs well beaten, then the flour and spice, then the soda dissolved in a little water, then the beaten whites of eggs; beat well, then add the mixed fruit (the easiest way is to mix it with the hands). Line a large pan with three thicknesses of buttered paper, put the cake into it, press it down smoothly, and bake it from three to five hours.

Doughnuts.—One-half teacupful of butter or lard, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, or allspice and cloves if preferred, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and flour enough to work into dough. Fry in lard almost blazing hot.

Half-Black Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound of citron, cloves, mace, and cinnamon to taste. Mix as for fruit cake. Wineglassful of wine, and one of brandy.

Feather Cakes.—One cupful of milk, one cupful of flour,

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one egg, half-cupful of sweetened milk (condensed), one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Bake to a dark-brown.

DESSERTS.

Plum Pudding.—Chop one pound of suet very fine; have ready one pound of currants, washed clean and dried, one pound of raisins, the yolks of eight eggs, whites of four, half a nutmeg, grated, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of breadcrumb (the bread must not be new), and a pint of milk. Beat the eggs first, then put to them half the milk; beat them together, and by degrees add them to the flour; then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix them together very thick; then add a large wineglassful of brandy. It will take five hours to boil; a little salt is an improvement. This pudding is better if made a fortnight before it is wanted, and put into the mold or basin it is to be boiled in, and let it stand in it until it is put on to boil.

Pineapple Pudding.—Line a deep and buttered pudding-dish with slices of sponge-cake, slice some pineapple in very thin slices and put it into the dish, cover a layer of pineapple with a layer of cake, and so on until the dish is full; scatter sugar plentifully over the pineapple. The top layer of cake should be moistened with water and have sugar scattered over it. If you are the happy possessor of a pudding-dish with an earthen cover, put this over the pudding; otherwise, cover it with a dinner-plate and bake slowly for an hour and three-quarters. The cover or plate should be buttered.

Gooseberry Pancakes.—Melt some fresh butter in a frying-pan, put in one quart of gooseberries, fry them till tender, and mash them; beat six yolks of eggs and three whites, sugar to taste, four spoonfuls of cream, four large spoonfuls of breadcrumb, and eight spoonfuls of flour; mix all together, then put to them the cooked green gooseberries, and set them in a saucepan on the fire to thicken; fry in fresh butter, and sift sugar over.

Boiled Cheese.—Put four ounces of good cheese, sliced as thin as possible, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a piece of butter the size of two walnuts, into a saucepan and boil, stirring it gently all the time till it becomes thick and smooth, then add a raw egg and a little cayenne pepper. Put the saucepan again on the fire, stirring as before, till the whole is quite hot. Serve on small squares of dry toast. The above is enough for four people.

Bread and Jam Pudding.—Line the bottom and sides of a basin with slices of bread; mix a pot of jam with a little hot water, put a layer of the jam in the basin, then a layer of bread, then more jam; continue this until the basin is full; put a plate on the top. Turn out the next day, and serve with custard round it.

THREE TIMES ITS COST.—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF BLACK AND DARK-RED LADY'S-CLOTH. This garment is cut as a pelisse in the black cloth, with an entire under-front of plain dark-red cloth forming the vest and front of the skirt. The cape, which forms sling-sleeves, is richly braided with silk or worsted braid. A girdle, finished at the ends with long pointed pendants called "spikes," is loosely tied at the waist from the under arm-seams. Black felt poke hat, faced with black velvet, with soft crown of velvet, and trimmed at the left side with two red wings. This pelisse is worn over a plain black silk skirt, with plain round waist or any simple plain dress.

FIG. II.—DIRECTOIRE STREET OR CARRIAGE DRESS, OF GOBELIN-BLUE AND CREAM-WHITE CLOTH. The petticoat and vest are of the white cloth, with band of fur on the edge of the front breadth. The vest fastens with concealed hooks-and-eyes, and is ornamented by a double row of buttons. The Directoire coat has deep plaited epaulettes of the cloth. Collar and cuffs of fur to match the skirt—otter in natural colors will be the most suitable. Pocket-flaps of white cloth, edged with fur. Hat of same cloth as the coat, faced with velvet to match and trimmed with a long ostrich-plume and loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. III.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF BRIDE'S-WHITE GROS-GRAIN SILK. The front and sides of skirt are in accordeon plaits, either of the silk or of silk muslin; vest of the same. A jabot of fine lace ornaments the front of the vest. The Directoire bodice and train are of the heavy silk. High-shouldered coat-sleeves. Veil of tulle, and orange-blossoms for the hair and shoulder-knot.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-GOWN, OF GREENISH-GRAY HENRIETTA-CLOTH OR CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front of skirt is composed of one wide plait, with a group of narrow plaits forming the sides; back straight. Jacket opens over a full vest of China silk to match. Edge of jacket and sides of skirt are of passementerie in Persian colors—subdued shades of yellow and olive with a touch of blue. High coat-sleeves. Cuffs of the passementerie. Turban hat of the material of the gown, trimmed with a band of the passementerie and ostrich-tips.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE VISITING-DRESS, OF ROYAL PURPLE VELVET WITH FUR TRIMMINGS. Front of skirt plain, and ornamented by two long tabs of velvet with embroidered ends and passementerie pendants. Sides of skirt in kilt-plaits, edged with a band of fur. Back hangs plain, slightly looped just below the waist. Directoire bodice, round in front, short point in back, opening over a full vest of silk to match, crossed over the under-vest of velvet. High coat-sleeves, trimmed with tabs to match the front of skirt. Cuffs, revers, and muff of fur. Pointed turban, trimmed with bows of velvet and two small wings to match the color of the fur on the dress.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE WOOLEN, IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN. The silk skirt is bordered with a deep woolen band, below which is a narrow plaiting. The tunic is flat and slightly draped on the right side. The waistcoat is of blue moiré, and the woolen jacket has large revers and collar; buttons on the pocket. Herringbone-stitching in blue silk ornaments revers, edge of jacket, and sleeves, which are piped with blue.

FIG. VII.—INITIAL LETTER, to be done in etching.

FIG. VIII.—HAT, OF SEALSKIN, edged with beaver and ornamented with two quills.

FIG. IX.—INITIAL LETTER, to be done in etching.

FIG. X.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with a dark-red rose and foliage and black velvet ribbon.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS: left-side view of FIG. VI. The tunic is plaited on the left side and ornamented with five large bone buttons. The buttons on the front and collar correspond with those on the skirt.

FIG. XII.—COLLAR, made of small cock's-feathers; the dark-green are the feathers usually selected.

FIG. XIII.—JACKET, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, ornamented with two rows of buttons. The collar, cuffs, and shoulder-cape with long ends are of mink-fur.

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FIG. XIV.—BOY'S CAP, either of crochet or ribbed cloth, with an Astrakhan border.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF STONE-COLORED CLOTH, encircled with a band of small ostrich-tips or blue fox-fur. The low crown is hidden under a tuft of ostrich-tips and moiré ribbon bows.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—TOQUE AND POUCH-SHAPED MUFF, OF TARTAN OR CHECKED SILK, bordered with Astrakhan, beaver, fur, or feather trimming. Both toque and muff would look well, made of cloth.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF GREEN CLOTH, braided in black and trimmed with a tuft of ostrich-feathers.

FIG. XIX.—GIRL'S TOQUE, made in cloth or velvet to match the costume. It is encircled with a band of plush or fur and is ornamented with a quill.

FIG. XX.—CAPE, OF COACHMAN'S-DRAB CLOTH, trimmed with gray Astrakhan fur.

FIG. XXI.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-RED CASHMERE. The skirt is quite plain and gathered at the waist under a belt, which is fastened in front with an oxydized buckle. The bodice is full, back and front, and finished with a collar and yoke of red figured brocade. The full sleeve is put into a cuff of the brocade.

FIG. XXII.—CLOAK, OF GRAY CLOTH, the bottom of which, with the plain straight fronts, collar, and cuffs, is trimmed with mink-fur; the over-part of the cloak, with the capes, is finished with rows of stitching. Gray felt hat.

FIG. XXIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH. The back of the dress is quite plain and laid in wide plaits; the front is of dark-blue and brown plaid. The over-jacket is quite plain, and the long boa, muff, and cuffs are of beaver. Dark-blue cloth hat, trimmed with a wing.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our full-page illustrations, this month, show that we give several new designs in advance for winter use, as during November many persons prepare the wardrobe for the colder weather. There is nothing absolutely new in the style of dresses; the Directoire gown, with its flat-falling skirt, much-trimmed bodice and sleeves, is still in great favor.

Steels and tournures or bustles are very small. The skirt at the back is full, and falls in straight lines from the waist down to the feet, opening in front usually over a petticoat in straight lines or but very little draped; flatness is universal, steels being used only to keep the skirt from falling in at the bottom.

Buttons are large and much used on bodices, and sometimes on the skirts.

Vests—some plain, others gathered or plaited—are very general. In some cases, they are of the color of the dress but of different material, in others they are of a contrasting color but in some way harmonize. In other cases, the vest and petticoat are of one material, sometimes in one piece.

Pockets, usually large and square, are put on most of the Directoire costumes; they serve to take away the plainness of the side of the skirt.

Trimmings on skirts are "few and far between"; the woolens woven in patterns are liked, but the designs are so arranged as not to look too conspicuous.

All gimps, galloons, etc., are sparingly employed as trimmings on skirts, and some fur will be worn during the winter.

Scotch plaids in dull but rich colors are popular for tall persons. The skirts of these gowns are always somewhat draped, and the plaid is combined with some harmonizing plain material. The bodices of plaid dresses, if separate from the skirt, are usually of the plain material, with vest, cuffs, revers, etc., of the plaid.

Tailor-made gowns are much modified in appearance; they are less heavy and stiff than formerly, the skirts are plain, the bodices have revers and vests, and the sleeves are not nearly so tight as they used to be, but are not made very full.

Bodices are much trimmed, as a rule; and the effect of most of them is of a round waist, but not a very short one. The Empire waist, coming just under the arms, has not attained any popularity, and has only been considered eccentric. In many of the new gowns, the waist has a slight pointed effect, back and front, given by a belt or ribbon.

Long-waisted bodices, which sometimes extend over the hips in cuirass-fashion, are seen on some of the new and more dressy toilettes. But the waists are all more or less trimmed with revers, puffings, etc.; and jet, gimp, velvet ribbon, or bias velvet is used.

Sleeves are seen in great variety; but the small leg-of-mutton sleeve is perhaps the most popular—it is comfortably loose on the lower arm, widens toward the top, and is put in with a slight fullness into the armhole. For evening-dress, the sleeve is a little more elaborate.

Collars are still high, except for evening-wear, when lace or crèpe-lisse may be used to form a wide falling collar.

Garibaldi bodices are much worn in delicate light colors by young ladies for rather dressy occasions; they serve to make a variety in the wardrobe and smarten up old skirts.

Black lace and black velvet, in stripes, make pretty Garibaldi waists for older persons or those in half-mourning.

Jackets are usually quite short and straight around the hips, and some have vests, some are without, and many are covered with elaborate braiding-patterns. In some cases, the braiding is put on in stiff lines, to define a vest; in others, the braiding covers nearly the whole jacket.

Small velvet or silk jackets without sleeves are worn in the house, over silk or soft woolen waists; these have a square effect in front, expose the full vest, and are usually trimmed with gimp or braid.

Shoulder-capes made of warm cloth are new and convenient; the upper cape is sometimes quite full.

The long cloaks and long coats will undoubtedly be much worn during the winter; they are too comfortable to be discarded. Some of the cloaks are rather full, put on a yoke, and have loose sleeves. Heavy camel's-hair, broché, and cloth are used for them.

Bonnets are mostly quite small, with low crowns—certainly a great improvement over the immensely high pointed ones so long in favor. Velvet, felt, embroidery on silk, velvet, or cloth are all popular. Feathers, ribbons, and jet are all used as trimmings. The Alsatian-bow bonnet is in great favor, as it is usually most becoming.

Large hats and small toques and turbans are all equally in favor, except that the large hat is frequently so trimmed with ribbons, flowers, or feathers that it is much more dressy-looking and not so serviceable. Felt, velvet, and cloth are all used for all kinds of headgear.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S PALETOT, OF STONE-GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH. The skirt is attached to the waist, under a belt, in large box-plaits; the bodice is double-breasted; and the whole is finished with rows of stitching and metal buttons. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with gray feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S CLOAK, MADE OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. The skirt is made full and straight, and is attached to a yoke, which is round at the back and slightly pointed in front. The deep hood is lined with silk.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF DARK-BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. The coat is plain and reaches to the bottom of the skirt at the back; in front, it opens over a fawn-colored vest figured in brown; and the cuffs and Directoire lappels are faced with fawn-colored silk.

FIGS. IV AND V.—MUFF AND TOQUE, of cloth, trimmed with Astrakhan fur.

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Printed by N. Bowkett. Engraved & Printed by Ellman Brothers

"HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT."

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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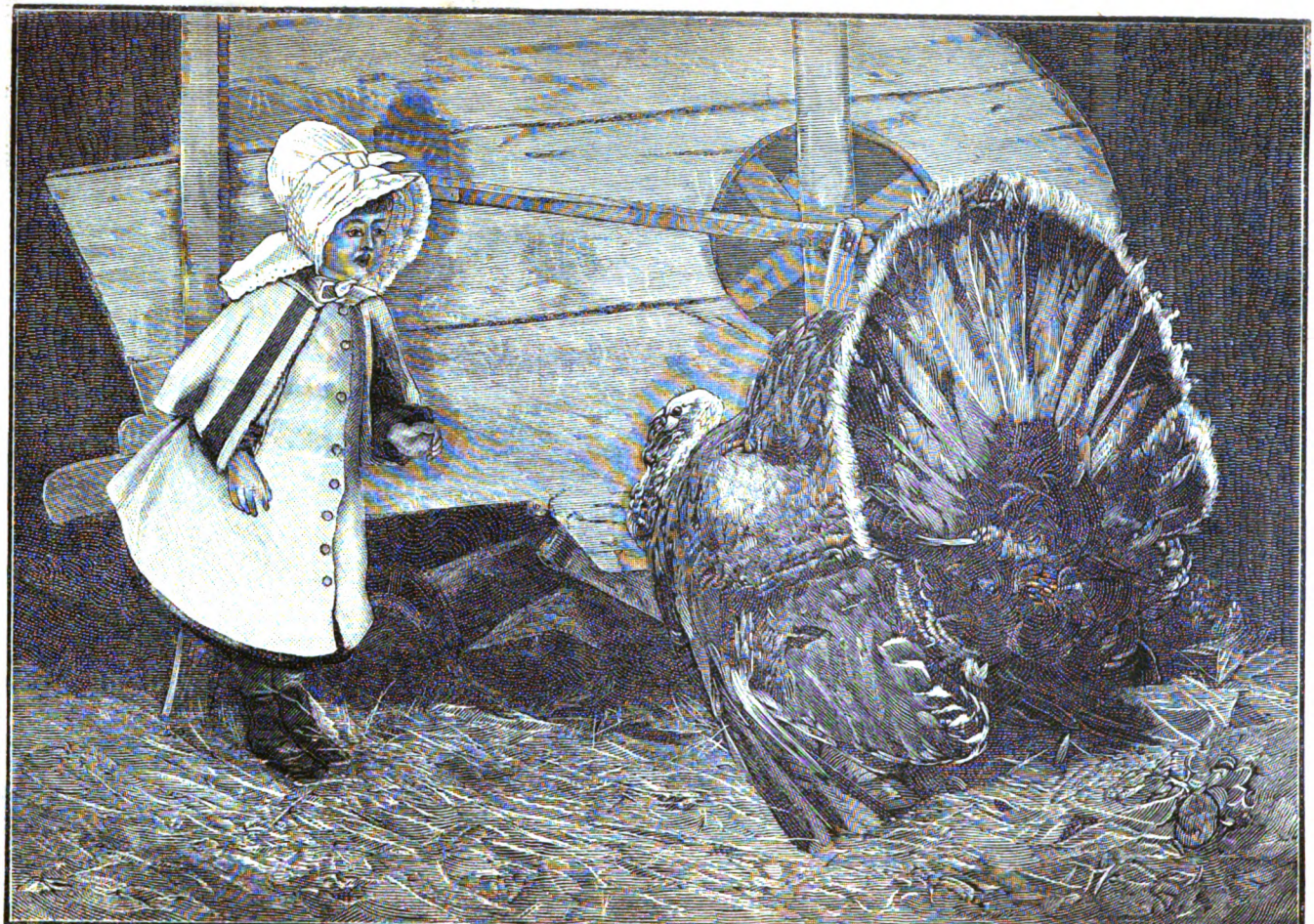

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS: "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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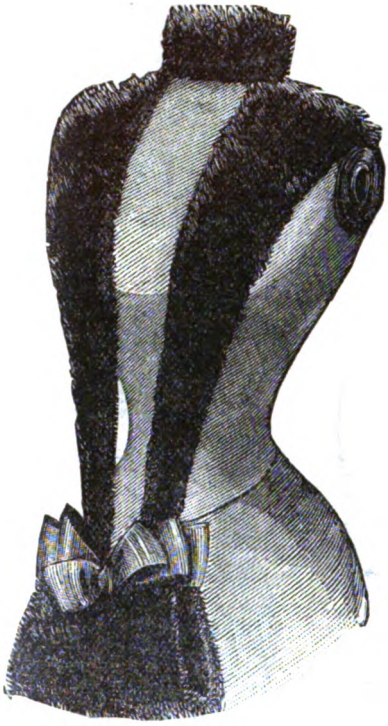

HOUSE-DRESS. FUR TRIMMINGS. BONNET.

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BODICE FOR HOUSE. HOUSE-DRESS. HAT.

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WRAP. HAT. MUFF.

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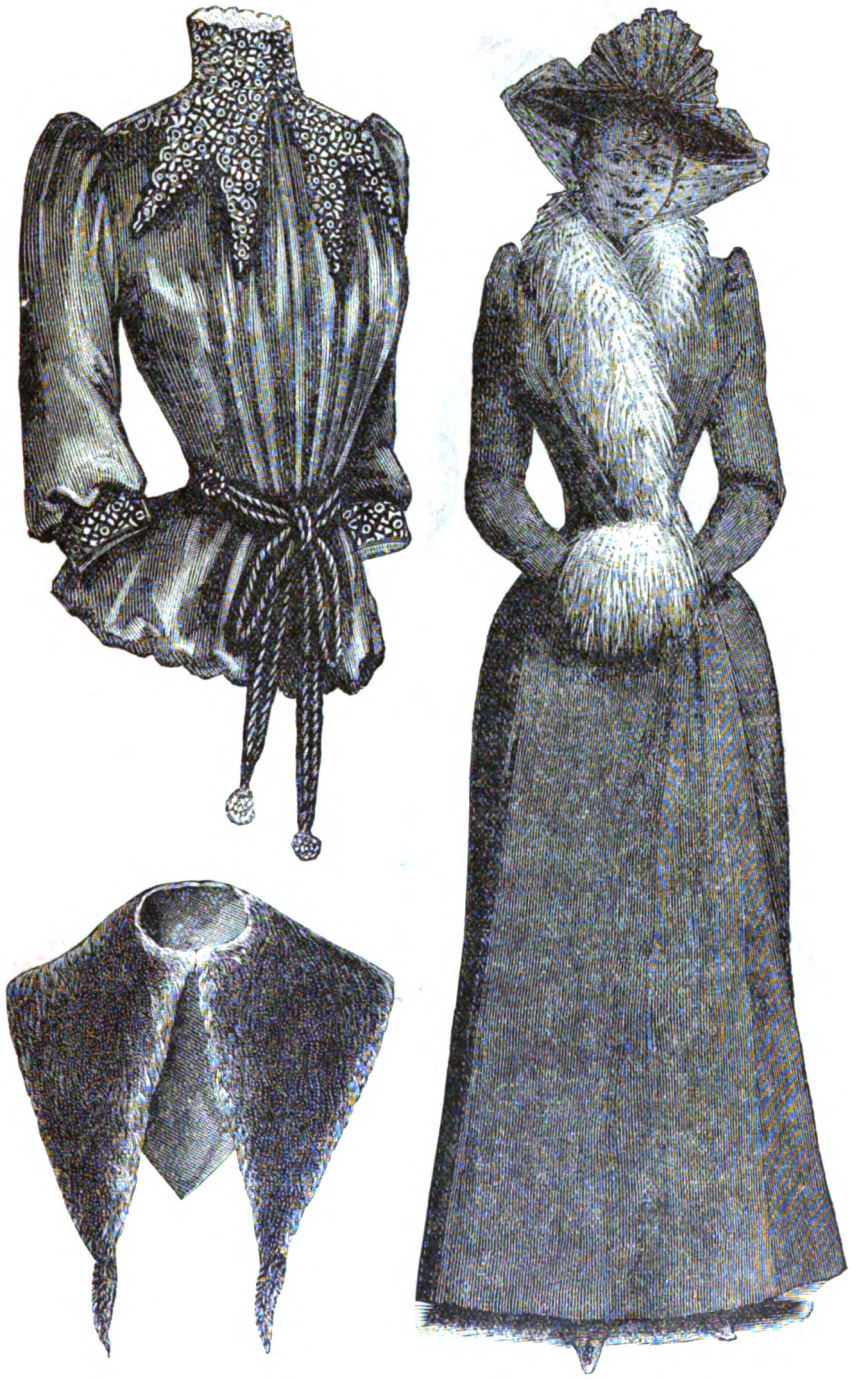

BODICE FOR HOUSE. WALKING-DRESS. FUR CAPE.

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DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR A FRUIT-NAPKIN.

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DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR A FRUIT-NAPKIN.

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CALLA LILY.

GAVOTTE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

WILLIAM H. REES, Op. 20.

Tempo di Schottische.

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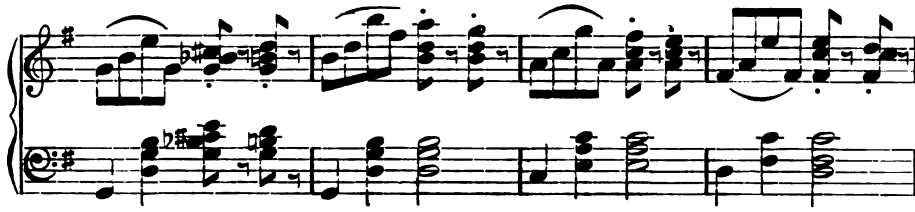

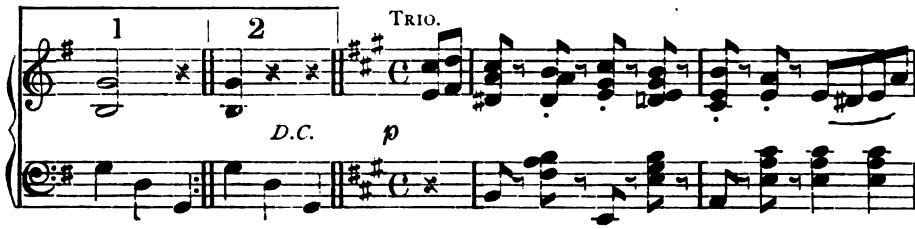

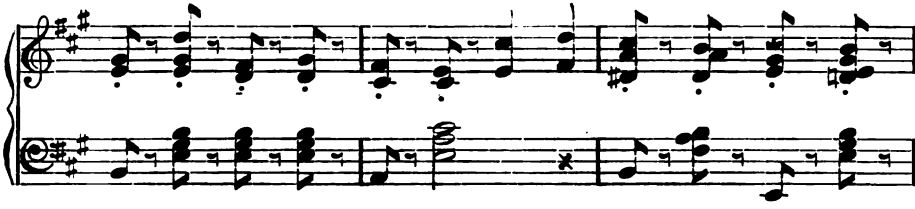

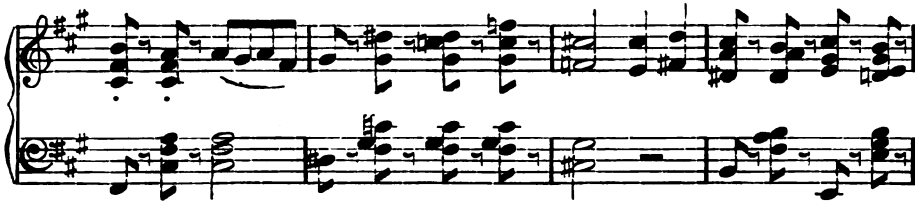

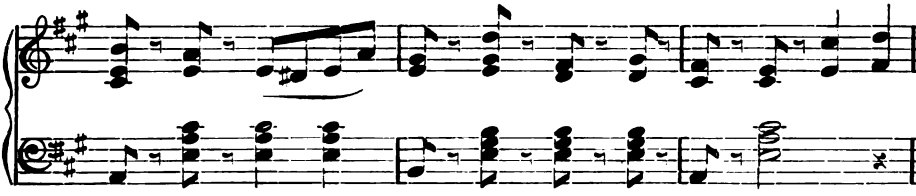

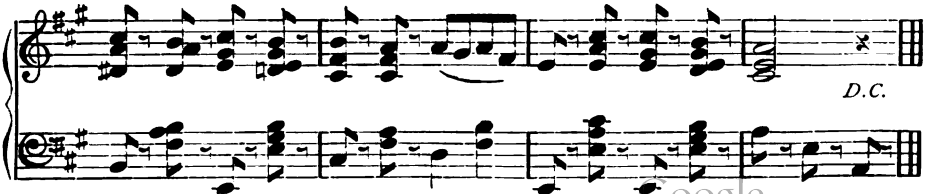

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SKATING-COSTUMES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVI. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1889. No. 6.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.

VIRGINIA MORRIS'S "bosom friend," Alicia Dayton, was to be married at Christmas, and, naturally enough, Virginia was to be one of the bridesmaids. There was to be a grand combination of Christmas and wedding festivities at the Daytons' elegant country home on the Hudson. Alicia liked to do things in her own way, and it was usually different from everybody else's.

The two girls had been educated at the same fashionable school, and had there formed an intimacy which lasted even after Mr. Morris lost his money and went with his family to live in a stupid country town. Virginia's only glimpses of gayety since that time had been her visits to Alicia, who was devoted to her. The luckiest winter of Virginia's life, according to her mother, had been one spent in New York with the Daytons. Here she had met the Honorable George Pemberton Dudley, a wealthy Englishman, who immediately fell in love with her.

He followed her to her own home in Briardale, where he proposed and was accepted. At twentytwo, life seemed to have nothing better to offer Virginia, and to reject him would have broken her mother's heart. Alicia Dayton was a little indignant. Deeply in love with her own betrothed, she was horrified at her friend's coolness. Not that Alicia could find any objection to the Honorable George. He was an unexceptionable parti—a great catch, people said, for a poor girl; but he was forty, and Virginia did not love him—two trifles which Mrs. Morris considered beneath notice, and she had her way.

Mr. Pemberton had arrived in Briardale to make a short visit when Miss Dayton's invitation came. He had come to try and persuade his betrothed to fix a date for the marriage. He had been in America nearly a year, and was rather anxious to get home.

He was in the parlor—it was hardly large enough to be dignified by the name of drawing-room, Virginia declared—receiving Mrs. Morris's sympathy. She had just been promising him her assistance when her daughter entered with Alicia's letter.

"She is to be married on Christmas Eve and go away the following night, but the rest of us are to stay the week out and hold high carnival to amuse the disconsolate family—it's one of Alicia's fancies, of course—she is a law unto herself," and Virginia laughed.

Mr. Dudley gave a little cough, which with him always expressed disapprobation. He disapproved of young women who were a law unto themselves. He admired his betrothed for her elegance and correctness of manner—in spite of her poverty, she was much better calculated to adorn a high position than Miss Dayton. Neither he nor Mrs. Morris was particularly delighted with the idea of Virginia's going to "Misrule Hall," as Alicia had named her castle.

Miss Morris did not take the seat which her lover had brought for her, but stood with her hand on the back of her mother's chair.

"We bridesmaids are to be there a week before the wedding," she was saying, eagerly, quite unconscious of her hearers' lack of sympathy.

The Honorable George was stirred by a feeling of jealousy—he had never seen his betrothed so eager and enthusiastic. He was angry to think that Miss Dayton possessed a power he lacked, but he dared not show his feeling except in a little unconscious stiffness which bored Virginia.

Later on, however, the young woman's elders thawed somewhat—they were invited to join the wedding-party too, though of course they were not to go until the day before Christmas.

"Miss Dayton was quite capable of not asking

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The wedding-hour was approaching—the ceremony was to take place at half-past seven, in the pretty little church near by, which Mr. Dayton had built. Alicia had refused to have a morning wedding, declaring she did not like the fashion, even though it was English. At last, the bridal party was ready and started. Everything went off satisfactorily, and, when the ceremony was over, they returned to the house.

The long drawing-rooms were brilliant with lights and flowers, and the bride and groom took their places under a gorgeous floral canopy to receive congratulations. Virginia stood close by the happy couple, watching Mr. Dudley, her mother on his arm, making his way through the crowd. Suddenly Alicia touched her lightly.

"Virginia," she said, "I want to introduce you to my aunt, Miss Hargrave."

A very handsome woman, looking scarcely thirty, cordially grasped Virginia's hand in response to the introduction, and made some pretty speech. At this moment, the groom spoke:

"Here is someone else I want you to know, Miss Morris—may I present my old friend Mr. Vernon?"

Virginia Morris did not faint—she was perfectly conscious of everything around her—but she must have grown very pale, for Harry Windrim said hastily:

"Why, Virginia, you look ill—the heat is too much for you—please take her into the other room, Vernon, it's cooler," and, before she could speak, she found herself walking mechanically into the adjoining apartment on the arm of Mr. Vernon.

The cool atmosphere revived her a little, and her companion led her to a distant sofa, where he placed himself by her side.

"Haven't you a word to say, Virginia? Aren't you the least bit glad to see me?" asked the young man, tenderly, as he saw the color returning to the pale cheeks. But Virginia was still too dazed to answer—she lifted her eyes to his with a look which spoke more plainly than words. "Dear," whispered he, "can you ever forgive me? Surely I must have been mad, in those old days, to let such a little thing separate us."

me at all," Mrs. Morris confided to Mr. Dudley. "I am agreeably disappointed."

In due time, Virginia started. She was to go with her father to the place where her friends would meet her. It was a delightful week. She experienced an undutiful but joyful sense of freedom, and soothed her conscience by not allowing Alicia to abuse the Honorable George.

"Understand me, I only object to him in the character of your lover; he is charming otherwise," cried the bride-elect, but her friend would not listen.

Just about dusk, on the evening of the 24th, Alicia came into Virginia's room very excitedly.

"The most curious thing has happened," she cried, eagerly. "My aunt, who has lived in California for years and never been East, has accepted my invitation and arrived just now, and an old friend of Harry's"—Harry was the intended groom—"who has been in Australia, has telegraphed from New York, inviting himself to the wedding."

Virginia agreed with the speaker that it was very strange, and would have asked more questions, but Alicia was called away.

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"We were both mad," whispered Virginia, "and our punishment has overtaken us—there are other people coming here, Jack," and the young man assumed a more conventional attitude, saying softly:

"Another time, dear, we will explain everything."

Virginia longed to say it could do no good now; but the words died on her lips, and then some persons came into the room, and presently she heard that Alicia wanted her, so they went back to the wedding-party.

Would the evening never end? Virginia could not help wondering. She laughed and talked with the bride and groom, entertained her betrothed, and conversed with her mother. The long tiresome supper was gotten through with—exactly how, she never knew—and at last the festivities ended and the party separated for the night. The bridal couple were not to leave until the following evening. Alicia insisted on going once more to the little church and eating her Christmas dinner with the family. As they parted for the night, she whispered to Virginia:

"My dear, you look tired to death. How will you stand your own wedding, if mine so upsets you?" The listener tried to laugh at this jest, but she only shivered, which roused Alicia's concern. "You have taken cold," she said, anxiously, and unhappy Virginia was obliged to submit to being dosed.

In spite of her misery, the grim humor of the situation appealed to her, but she was grateful when she was at last alone. Poor Virginia! In the silence of her night-watch, she discovered that life had something better to offer than wealth and position. The impossible had come to pass—her boy lover had returned, and she knew now she had never ceased to care for him. A mere trifle, easy of explanation if both had not been so young and headstrong, had separated them, and Jack had gone to the Far West. And now he had come home just in time to make her wretched for life!

The dawn of Christmas morning ended her vigil, and Virginia was thankful that a late breakfast deferred her meeting with the rest of the guests. She went down at the last moment, a little fever-spot burning in each cheek and enhancing her beauty. It was not necessary to have much to say to anyone, for, immediately after the meal, the party separated to get ready for church. Virginia, of course, walked with her mother and Mr. Dudley. She saw Jack, but would not glance at him, since her brief morning greeting. Evidently he did not guess the reason for her avoidance, for she saw, without looking, that he watched her with a troubled expression of countenance.

"Poor Jack!" she thought, while responding to Mr. Dudley's unusually dull platitudes. Virginia was too self-absorbed to notice that her betrothed was not in his ordinary spirits, but Mrs. Morris observed it.

When the party returned from church, luncheon was served, and then they all retired to their rooms. When she came down to dinner, in her rich evening-dress, Virginia looked radiantly lovely. Determination to play her part well lent an unwonted sparkle to her usual stately calm. The only person who at all vied with her in brilliancy was Alicia's aunt, who was certainly a magnificent woman. Virginia looked across the table at her with wonder and admiration. Mr. Dudley watched her too, his fiancée noticed, though whether with the same feelings she could not tell. "Well, at any rate, the day is nearly

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over," thought that sorely-tried damsel, while she laughed and chatted.

When the interminable dinner was at an end, Virginia slipped away from the others into a little room adjoining the library. It was a sort of sanctum for Alicia—her desk stood there, her banjo, of which she had tired, lay carelessly on the floor. Only intimate friends knew of this retreat, so, feeling tolerably secure from intrusion, Virginia threw herself into a chair and took up a book as a shield in case anyone should come in. But she did not read. She was trying to think what she could do. It would be no use to confide in her mother: she had disapproved of her engagement to Jack in the past—

she would disapprove more strongly now. She dared not tell Alicia—she knew what her friend would say.

Footsteps sounded outside. How tiresome—somebody was coming that way! She did not want to see anyone, so she passed into the library through the curtained doorway. The room was empty, and the lights burned low. With a sigh of relief, Virginia threw herself on the sofa. Nobody would disturb her here, unless someone should miss her and come to search. Probably Alicia would soon do that—then she would be obliged to go back; but not yet—she must rest awhile in the cool stillness.

The mantel-clock had just chimed the half-hour, and Virginia was trying to summon up courage to return to the drawing-room, when the door opened, and the one person she most dreaded yet longed to see—Jack Vernon—entered.

He came directly toward her—there was something horribly masterful about his manner. Virginia knew her day of reckoning—the moment of explanation—had come. So much the better then, it would soon be over! Nerving herself for the blow she must deal, the girl rose and seated herself bolt-upright in a chair, which happened to be the seat nearest the sofa. Unfortunately the lamp stood close by, and Jack deliberately turned it up full, and gazed searchingly into her white face.

"What is the matter, Virginia?" he asked, in a stern tone. "The time for misunderstandings is past. We are older and wiser now than three years ago. Last night, you seemed glad to see me, unless I read your eyes wrong; to-day, you have scarcely looked at me. You must speak, Virginia. For heaven's sake, put me out of my misery."

"I wish I could"—the words were just audible, and the despair on the calm high-bred face would have startled her acquaintances, could they have seen the change.

"What do you mean?" Jack's voice was not loud, but it sounded terribly distinct. "You will drive me mad in a moment."

"Don't—it is hardly worth while"—and now she spoke, she fancied, in her usual even clear tones, though they were really only a horrible caricature of them. "Jack," she went on, "I am a cruel girl—I am engaged to be married."

"Is it the man you walked to church with?"

She bent her head in reply.

It seemed hours to the wretched woman before Vernon spoke again.

"Do you love him, Virginia?" he asked, with what seemed to his hearer a sort of quiet curiosity.

Again she bent her head. That seemed the easiest and best way to answer his question.

"I do not believe it, Virginia."

A sudden wild joy woke in the girl's heart. Her deception was useless, and she could not be sorry.

Jack stood quite close to her now, leaning against the mantel and looking gloomily down.

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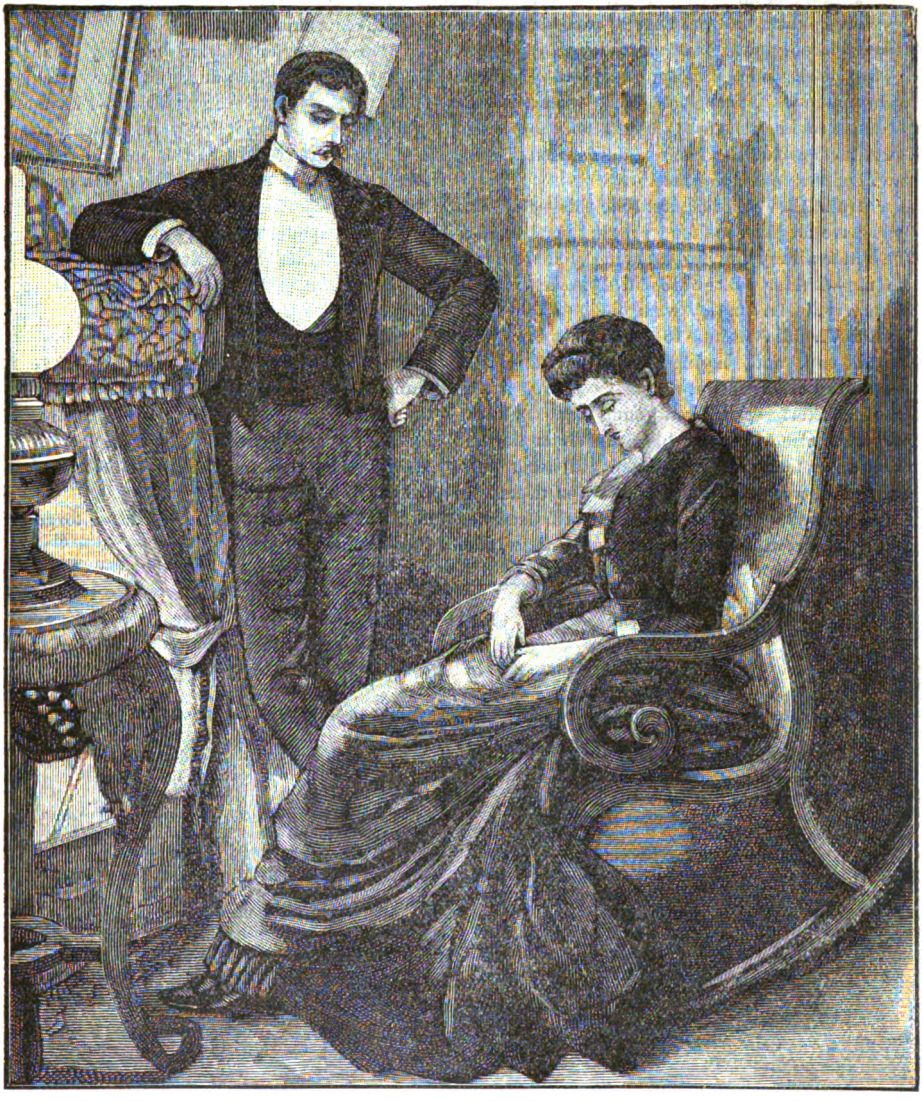
"You simply mean to sacrifice yourself and me both. Do you suppose that man loves you as I do, Virginia? Why, he has probably had a dozen fancies before now. I have never cared for anyone but you, dear."

"Hush!" said Virginia, and, in the silence that followed, they heard the door of the adjoining room open. Then, through the portière which Virginia had half pushed back, came the sound of voices. Surely these were Mr. Dudley's



"You are very good, Jack." There was a sob in her voice.

"And you will break your engagement with a man you do not love?" he went on, eagerly.

"I cannot."

"You mean you will not."

He no longer leaned against the mantel, but stood erect, his voice sounding almost angry.

tones—whose were the other? Virginia did not recognize them. But what was that Mr. Dudley was saying?

"Alicia," and surely the tone was a tenderer one than she had ever heard from him, "I have never really loved any woman except yourself"—almost the same words that Jack had just said to her—was she going mad? "But I am engaged

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to be married." The very words she had spoken to Jack a moment since—what did it all mean? "I am an honorable man," Mr. Dudley's voice was saying, "and she is a poor girl. I do not think she really loves me, but—" here he hesitated—"you understand."

"I understand." The answer was very gentle.

"Jack, Jack, do you hear?" whispered Virginia, leaning toward him, a mad joy in her face.

But Jack did not hear, or rather he did not comprehend. The voices of the speakers were strange to him; he had caught only a word or two, for he had not been listening, but looking at Virginia's changing face.

"I am glad you have told me this—glad that you have forgiven me for wronging you. I shall be better all my life for knowing you were true to me—kinder to the woman I have promised to marry," Mr. Dudley went on.

But Virginia waited to hear no more. She sprang up, and, laying her head on Jack's shoulder, cried softly.

That utterly bewildered young man, not knowing what else to do, put his arms about her and kissed her tears away, and she did not repulse him. He was about to open his lips to ask for explanations when Virginia gently released herself and drew him toward the adjoining room. A moment later, she was pushing aside the portière.

"It isn't very polite, but it's the only thing to be done," she whispered, and then stopped, for there, in the little music-room, stood the Honorable George Pemberton Dudley, holding the hand of a lady—and that lady was Miss Hargrave, Alicia's aunt.

"Can you ever forgive me, my dear Mr. Dudley?" Virginia addressed her astonished fiancé. "But I have been listening—I have heard every word you said. My old sweetheart has come back, too—we had a misunderstanding three years ago—and he still wants to marry me. May I put my ring on this lady's finger?"

As she spoke, she slipped the magnificent diamond off her hand, and, taking silence for consent, transferred the shining circlet to the finger of Miss Hargrave.

"We had our little misunderstanding fifteen years ago," said Mr. Dudley, his grave face transfigured, "but love can bridge over even that time."

And the newly-made bride, coming with Mrs. Morris in quest of the truants, found four happy people whom her wedding had brought together, and who will never, while life lasts, forget that ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

"FORGIVE."

BY ZOLA M. BOYLE.

[In the cemetery at Woodlawn, New York, stands a large roughly-hewn tombstone bearing upon its surface the single word "Forgive."]

WAS it the sin of a lifetime
Or a fatal mistake of a day?
Could you never, never forget it?
Could you never drive it away?

Did you go on just the same,
And wonder how you could live?
Did you bury it deep in your heart,
And wonder how you could give

Smiles to those that you met,
As you wandered on through life?
Did you long so wildly to die?
Did you grow so sick of the strife?

Were you glad when they said you were dead
And folded your hands on your breast?
Were you glad when you sank to sleep,
To peacefully, quietly rest?

No one knows, none can tell,
Whether life was hard to live;
But God grant that your prayer has been answered—
Your murmured prayer, "Forgive."

SCATTER YOUR CRUMBS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

AMID the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity, drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
For whosoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes—
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out the crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The Day of Reckoning comes;
Against your sins, by High Decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs.

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IN PARADOX VALLEY.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

A LITTLE crowd had gathered at Perkins's store, at the cross-roads, to await his home-coming, and a jolly crowd too, full of jokes and sly insinuations warranted by the occasion, for Perkins was to bring his young bride to the valley. He was a pioneer in Paradox Valley, and had "gone and got married" when he was all of fifty years old. To add to the mystery, no one knew who the bride was, for he went to Denver to wed her. Perkins was widely known as the homeliest man in the Rockies; but, though he hardly merited that, he was not fair to look upon. He was tall and long-limbed, very lean and brown, with thin gray hair and beard and solemn brown eyes, brightened, however, by a kindly gleam of humor. His general appearance suggested the traditional pictures of Uncle Sam. He saw the likeness himself, and pasted a highly-colored lithograph of Uncle Sam in his store, and drew, in his dry way, the attention of his customers to his double. If he was not handsome, Uriel was the best-liked man for miles around, reverenced for unfailing kindliness, honesty, and comradeship.

At last, a cloud of dust in the road, accompanied by a rattle of wheels, heralded their coming, and a natty pair of blacks, drawing a neat buckboard, came in sight. Uriel, in a "biled shirt" and woolly beaver hat—the typical Uncle Sam—was driving, and by his side a veiled female. Though the crowd could hardly see her under the veil and shawl, they did note she was very young. She sat straight and cold, not even looking at them or bowing at their cheering. She had an almost defiant air, and, hardly waiting for her husband to stop the horses, she jumped from the buckboard, ran into the house, and slammed the door. Perkins, with a mildly apologetic air, got down and shook hands.

"Why, it's old Thug Kane's daughter," said handsome Phil Dougherty. Perkins heard him.

"It air, Phil," he said, quietly, "the child of a wicked bad man, but of a good mother, who, poor soul, died early under her misfortune. It's Josie Kane, a poor onhappy leetle child, that I took from a evil home and folks, and sent to Denver this five year to be eddicated. Ef she," continued Perkins, a blush covering the bronze of his honest face, "ef she, to show her gratitood, when I says 'You're eddicated now, Josie; and, be a teacher or what you will, El Perkins will furnish the stamps,' throws her pretty arms round my neck an' says, let her devote her life to me—ef she does that, an' I hesitates, no man will wonder, fur I'm nigh old ernuff to be her gran'father. But when she says, a-kissin' my humbly old face, that she keers for me, an' I've loved her true sence I see her a leetle forlorn child, I carn't hold out no longer, an' I takes her for my dear wife, meanin' to do my derndest to make her happy. I never told you fellers, because I didn't want no fool talk. It don't come pleasant from you, Phil, hintin' of her pa. I jest wish to suggest, frens, afore you drink my health at my expense, that the young lady that jest went inter my house ain't Thug Kane's da'ter no more, but Uriel Perkins's wife, an' it's knowed I'm handy with a gun. Ef enny mouth but your'n, Phil, hed spoke that slightin' of her, it 'ud spoke fur the larst time."

"I'm awful sorry," stammered the young man, hanging his head; "I never thought. Here I owe you everything in the world, and me the one to wound your kind heart."

"It air furgot," said Perkins, holding out his lean old hand.

Silently the young man met that friendly pressure; then, refusing to drink, he mounted his horse and rode rapidly away. As he galloped to his ranch, he thought, sick at heart, of Perkins's strange marriage and his own careless speech.

"Anyhow," he muttered, angrily, "what good can come from any of that Kane family, the worst set—men and women—ever raised in this valley? Isn't her brother in the penitentiary, her father an unpunished murderer, and the whole gang thieves?"

Two days later, he rode down to the store, where Perkins, very smiling and happy, insisted on his coming into the house.

"Come as frenly as you used to, Phil," said

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the kind soul; "this is your home, you know, an' Josie's the completest leetle housekeeper, so trim an' neat in them pretty calikers of hers, singing all time. She's got three canary-burds, an' it's a race between 'em fur music all day. I believe she's happy, Phil."

"She ought to be," said Phil; but I don't think I look well enough to come in." He glanced at himself in the store looking-glass. He saw a handsome bronzed face, with dark eyes that had won many a fair maid's heart, a black mustache, and long curling lashes that lent his glance such a dangerous charm. He was known all over the Rockies as handsome Phil Dougherty.

"Oh, Josie don't like the biled shirt style," smiled Perkins; "she laffed at me in mine, an' played football with my tall hat, an' stove a hole in it. She's jest pioneer-genooine. Sombrerer an' top-boots an' corduroys like your'n."

When those two met, the man and the woman, both recipients of that good man's bounty, they looked at each other warily. Phil knew all her sad history, all about her people. He thought gratitude was surely a new trait in the Kane family, wondered what other motive she had—probably Perkins's money. He noted she was slight and tall, just rounding into womanhood, that her face was thin and pale, but lightened by a pair of beautiful violet eyes, that her fair hair took on a golden tinge in the sunlight from the window where she stood, and that her black eyelashes and eyebrows, in such strange contrast to her hair, looked as if they were painted. He glanced keenly at her, seeing they were not. She struck him as lean and ugly—he liked plump women; but her voice was low and sweet, a soft contralto, and, when she smiled, her face grew marvelously young and charming. Finally, he could not keep his eyes off her; never had he seen a face so expressive—one which responded so eloquently to pleasant talk and friendliness.

She had heard all about Phil, though she had never seen him. She knew that Uriel had taken him from his dead father's arms, and given him love and care: that no one knew the father's history—a lonely emigrant dying at Perkins's door, leaving his child alone in the world. She had wrung from Uriel's reluctant lips that, ten years before, in the Indian raid down the valley, Uriel's adopted son lay ill of a fever, at a distant ranch, and, deserted by all, would have fallen a victim to the red devils, but for their old adversary, Perkins, who galloped down and saved his boy, lifting him before him on the saddle and riding away. Josie knew also that Phil loved his benefactor, but he hated her. She felt that the only cloud on her happiness.

After a few weeks, Uriel bought a neat upright piano for his wife, and Phil, who possessed a fine tenor voice, joined her in duets, while Uriel listened, delighted at "his children," as he called them. Phil was very friendly now to Mrs. Perkins, as he addressed her, though Uriel used to suggest Josie "as bein' more sociable," and very pleasant winter evenings they had around the open fire. Phil never felt his ten-mile ride too long for such a happy time, and the fair maids in the neighborhood saw him no more.

Phil was changing, though, from his old merry manner; he had hardly a word to say, and sat by the fire, so pale and thoughtful that Uriel would say: "What's come over the boy, Josie? He ain't a mite like himself." She, bending her fair head over her work, would stammer: "I—I don't know; I did not notice any difference," but she would never raise her face. Though he strove with sullen anger, Phil could find no flaw in her. She was devoted to her husband, a model housekeeper, a fond little wife. When they were alone, she and Phil, with averted eyes and faltering lips she spoke of her husband's kindness, how he had made a good pure life possible to her, rescued her from a home that she never dared to think about now. Phil would acquiesce, but after a time he began to comprehend and see through her weakness.

One night, when Uriel was called into the store by a customer, they sat a long time in silence; then Josie, feeling his eyes upon her, said shyly: "He—he gave me this to-day." She stretched out her little hand, where, above the shining wedding-band, glittered a fine solitaire. "I am afraid he cannot afford such extravagance. He thinks of nothing but me."

"It is lovely," said Phil, taking the trembling fingers in his big brown hand, holding them while he looked at the ring in the firelight. She glanced at him timidly, then turned away from his dark passionate eyes with a blush.

"There is not a better man in the world than my husband," she said, falteringly; "so good, so true, so trustful."

"Why do you talk that way to me?" cried Phil, angrily. "Are you afraid of me, that you protect yourself with the barriers of our gratitude to him?"

She did not answer, but he saw her breast heave and something brighter than the diamond glitter on her cheek.

"I have made you cry," he said, remorsefully.

"Please let go my hand," she sobbed, and he laid it gently down; then, after a farewell look, saying nothing, he went away and left her, remembering in his dreams the slight figure

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crouched in the chair, the sound of the choked sobs from that sorely-tried heart. He meant to stay away, after that; but, a week later, he rode down to the store, where Uriel told him Josie wasn't well and had been ailing for some days. He understood, and he only wanted to see her the more. Let them pity each other—were they both not struggling against fate?

A week later, he came again, looking woefully pale and haggard; and she, a ghost of herself, met him with sisterly kindness, but would not look at him, or, if their eyes met, turned hers quickly away. When they talked by the fire, she would draw a little stool to Uriel's chair and sit beside his knee, his arm about her neck, often raising his hand to her lips or laying her cheek against it. Then Phil hated Uriel and her, and, most of all, he hated himself. She was only nineteen, and he twentyone. They had led singularly loveless lives, and for the first time they knew what love meant. His soul cried out against her union with that old man: it seemed monstrous to him, out of all reason. Sometimes he almost wished Uriel dead.

One stormy night, when they were sitting by the fireside, a messenger came for Uriel, from a sick farmer down the valley, who wanted to leave his dear ones and money to the care of that man whose word was his bond, and whose very name now betokened steadfast friendship and honesty. "As good a man as El Perkins" was a valley phrase.

"You must stop till I come back, Phil," said Uriel, buttoning his big coat; "it's a bad storm, and you'd better stay the night. Keep Josie company whilst I'm gone." He stooped and kissed his wife, smoothing her hair with his big hand. "You ain't so peart as you was, dear; I'm feered I'm a dull old mate fur ye."

"I don't see enough of you, when I love you so," she said, almost angrily; "you are at everyone's call, everyone's friend. Come back soon; don't leave me long. I can't—can't bear to have you one moment away from me."

Phil gave her a disdainful look. "She is overacting her part," he thought; "no woman can speak the truth."

"That talk ain't perlite to Phil," said Uriel, gently; but he smiled happily as he rode off, smoothing reverently, when he thought of her, that spot on his coat where her fair head had rested a moment, close to his heart.

When the echo of his horse's hoofs had died away, Josie sat down to the piano, and, with nervous fingers, played merry waltzes and gay airs, as if she were in the mood for music, full of song and laughter; but Phil sat silent and morose, by the hearth, his cheek on his hand, looking into the fire.

"I am glad you are in such good spirits," he said once, but she did not reply.

At last, her hands tired out, she came and sat across the hearth from him. An hour and a half gone; how slow time went! Would Uriel never come? She tried to follow him in her mind; she saw his tall figure on the big black Bess, breasting the torrent of rain. She could almost hear the swash of the swollen brooks he must ford, as they rose above his horse's knees, or the plash of the rain-drops on the saddle-blanket and the animal's shining flanks. She felt the wind in the wet pines, a spicy clinging fragrance, and listened with the rider, in her imagination, to the roar of rushing water and the wail of the pent-in wind in the cañons. She came back to herself, and the beating of her heart seemed louder than the ticking of the clock.

Fifteen minutes of ghastly silence; then, with a queer choked voice, she began to talk, almost as if to herself, of Uriel's noble nature, his fondness for her, his faith in all men. A white soul himself, he thought all as good and pure.

"That is a thrice-told tale; it's wearisome—a mockery," cried Phil.

"Ingratitude is a crime," she muttered. Then, with locked hands across her knees and a curiously pathetic look in her beautiful eyes, she told the sorrowful story of her life, her struggles to better things, and how one man had been her salvation. She took him into that hideous home of her youth, softened no ugly detail, narrated her father's history, showed him what her people were. She was making a passionate appeal for his aid, and he knew it; but, when she finished, he let her sit in painful silence. He had forgotten his benefactor.

Tremblingly she rose and stood by the mantel, the firelight playing on her soft blue gown, her fair young face, with its wistful appeal to him.

He rose and went to her. "You cannot make me look down on you, Josie."

"Ah, if I could," she cried, remorsefully, "if I could!"

"Nor hate you," he went on, quickly, as she turned away with a little cry; "nor hate you—do you hear?" He seized her resisting hand. "Because I—I love you!" He caught her in his arms; but she, with a wild cry, struggled away and ran to Uriel's chair, mutely asking his memory for protection against her own heart. Neither saw, in that one instant Phil had held her to his heart, Uriel's white face at the window, nor heard, in the fast-falling rain, the

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muffled sound of his horse's hoofs. A few moments later, his wife heard his step in the entry, and tried vainly to look unconcerned. His kind eyes noted her tear-wet face, but he said nothing, nor did his wife or Phil ever know that he saw them that night.

After this, though they did not comprehend it, the pair were never left alone together. The surveillance was so gentle and kindly, Josie never perceived it, though Phil began to suspect someone might have hinted danger to Uriel. To Josie, life became unbearable; to Phil, an hourly torture. One day, he gave her a note; in it he told her, if she would not leave the valley with him, his death would be at her door. She loved him, and she cared tenderly and gratefully for Uriel, and such a conflict made her lose her senses for the time. In a curious blind way, she made preparations for departure.

One night, when Josie had gone across to a neighbor's, Uriel found her little satchel packed for traveling, and all his gifts put in a box, evidently to be left behind. He knew, as he stood in their room, where all about him were the tokens of her presence—her gowns, her shoes, her gloves and other belongings—that she meant to leave him. She would take only the things which had belonged to her before he made her his wife; she would write a tear-blotted note of farewell, and go into—what a future! Yet he met her kindly when she came home, a few moments later; he was very gentle and bright. He made her smile now and then, but into his eyes never a gleam came. He saw her white face, her hesitating guilty air. When Phil came, and they two looked at each other, it flashed into Uriel's mind—perhaps to-morrow was the appointed day. While they sat around the hearth, Phil pale and silent, Uriel rose and brought from the window-sill, where it had lain outside in the soft spring air, a tiny white flower.

"Josie, my wife," he said, solemnly, with such a world of love and pity in his eyes, "I found this leetle blossom down on the dump-heap of the abandoned smelter. It growed 'mongst bad ore an' refuse; there wasn't another there—jest this one white flower. Some might have said it were no good, coming from such a sile; but I have faith in its purity and beauty, just as if it growed in a garden."

She took the blossom, looking at him with wild frightened eyes.

"I don't want to hurt ye, dear, but your sister Marty, as run off with Betty Mead's husband, is dead—dead in her sin, Josie. An' think what a true leetle wife you are; it's the white flower that had none like it."

She staggered to her feet, and went unsteadily into her room.

"I am sick, dear," she said, brokenly; "leave me by myself a while."

As Phil passed Uriel in the hall, he saw there were tears in his boy's bright eyes, and, even after all that had passed, the kind heart forgave. He sat long alone by the fire.

"I was wrong—cruel wrong," he moaned, in agony. "I should have mated my children; I could have loved them both, and I have ruined my darling's life."

Phil slept, that night, in the store. Uriel had insisted, and, after breakfast, the elder man said quietly:

"It's such a sunshiny day, Phil, I've laid a plan for you to take Josie down the valley, on a visit to my sister; she's been sorter failin' lately—the change will do her good."

"I—I take her?" cried Phil, trembling.

"Why not? Who have I loved and trusted more then you?"

With quiet persistence, Uriel forced his wife to go, lifted her on her horse, and, holding her trembling hand in his, said solemnly:

"I trust the dearest thing I have in the world to you, Phil; I put you on your honor to take her safe."

"There are no Indians in the valley," stammered Phil, hating himself.

"There's other foes to a man's fireside," said Uriel, with a long steady look, and then Phil knew the husband had not been blind.

It was midnight when Phil galloped back.

"She's all right," he said, and then dashed out into the darkness, looking so white and sorrow-stricken that Uriel said "God pity him!" but no prayer for his own agony and doubt. Doubt he did, as mortal man would.

Two days later, Uriel's good motherly sister brought the pale little wife back.

"I couldn't keep her, El," she said, kindly; "the little chick was homesick for her homely old man, who, after all, is the best heart in the world."

Josie did not speak until the wagon was gone; then she turned to her husband.

"Before you take me to your home, your love, let me tell you everything," she said, calmly. "My sin was, he kissed me, and after that I was mad. I planned to leave you—you, who had been my salvation. That day you sent us to your sister's was the day; but, all that ride, when the way lay open before us, we spoke no word of love. We parted in silence, almost as strangers. If you will forgive me, I can take

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heart to live again. If you hate me, think I lie, let me die by your hand or my own."

"It air as if it never had been," he said, with infinite love. He held her to his faithful heart, and told her he had known it all.

"If I had not loved you before, I do now, with all my heart," she cried, woefully. "You put Phil on his honor—put me on mine."

"There is no need; you air my wife," he said.

"But so weak, so ungrateful. Oh, my husband, remember from what I came, and help me to be strong."

Two years passed, during which they never heard from Phil; but, one night, at the end of the long time, he came back, stopped at the store, and entered, with sinking heart. What had come to pass, in his absence? for no word of Uriel or his wife had reached him. Uriel was there, looking younger and happier. He greeted Phil as if there had been no past, scolded him for not writing, and then led him to the house.

"But, 'fore you go in, Phil," he said, with a break in his kind voice, "I want to show you a purty pictur, that you'll remember and bless, with gratitude to God."

Through the uncurtained window, Phil saw, by the firelit hearth, Uriel's young wife, but more than wife—the mother of his child; on the fair girlish face, the holy and beautiful light of maternity. The baby in her lap had Uriel's big brown eyes, with their kindly smile, half humorous, half pathetic.

"It's a boy," said the delighted father, "and six months old; the neighbors says he's mighty forerd for his age."

"You have forgiven me, or you would not have shown me this," said Phil, brokenly. "God bless you and your home. I will not enter there. Good-bye."

He would listen to no persuasion. With a clinging hand-grasp, he said farewell and rode away. He went into the world beyond Paradox Valley, where, in the course of years, he prospered and married. To the heart and life of Uriel's wife, his memory never came; nor did his presence ever recall that one sorrow in her past, and he thanked God there was no shadow on his benefactor's home.

PLIGHTED.

BY DAYTON BURDICK.

One life for two, henceforth the aim;
Now love shall mark for us the way,
And, lighted by his steadfast flame,
The darkest night shall be like day.

To take the hand another gives
And crown it with the sacred ring
That seals the future of two lives,
It is a grand and solemn thing.

Thy hand in mine, we take this vow,
And shut without the universe;
All of life's hope and joy hangs now
On this "for better or for worse."

When others stand from me apart,
Thy faith will leave me not alone,
And every throb that stirs my heart
Shall find responses in thine own.

Whatever sorrows cloud thy way,
Whatever others say or do,
My comforting shall be thy stay,
And bind us each to each—we two.

Though storms above our heads are whirled,
And thorns spring up beneath our feet,
Together we will face the world,
And, from its thorns, pluck roses sweet.

Before us lies the battlefield;
In your great love my strength shall be,
And my strong arm shall be your shield,
As we march on to victory.

CONSOLATION.

BY MAUDE COLLINS.

Another bud of promise
The angels have gathered in,
Ere the little feet so waxen
Had walked in the paths of sin,
Or the little lips, that just could lisp
In the baby way so bright,
Had uttered a word or expressed a thought
That, in God's eye, was not right.

So mourn not, stricken mother,
For the babe thus called away;
His tiny hands will guide you
Through the darkness into day;
And you'll find, in all the heaven,
Not one soul more pure and white
Than your baby's—angel-guided
To the realms of heavenly light.

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WYCHAM'S ORDINARY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 428.

"LUCRETIA DARE!" says he, right low-spoken and as one more put out than pleased at the sight of her. "Lucretia Dare!" and he swore an oath softly under breath.

"Leonard Wroth!" says she, in a proud clear voice, out loud, meeting name with name. "Leonard Wroth! what do you here?" Bad man! have you come to glory in the ruin you have worked?"

If she'd been a man, I think he'd have struck her with his clenched fist that the veins seemed fit to burst in; and I warrant 'twas blow for blow it would have been betwixt 'em. Being as it was a woman, he just gave the scornfullest black look that ever I saw and put his hands behind him.

"The ruin I have worked?" says he, and his voice was all a-quiver with passion. "I? By heaven! a fine play-acting speech, forsooth! and a fine tragedy-queen that makes it! Was I the only one who bore a hand in that business? A curse on your fair face and glib tongue, that tempted me to play the fool away from her that I loved all the time, first and best, in my heart."

"Was it my fault?" cries the lady. "Did I ever draw you on, or grant you one single favor, Leonard Wroth? Was it my yielding or my will that won you from Mary Arnshaw's side? No! 'twas your fault—yours; and your own loud boastful vanity and pride and self-conceit, that kindled his rage so rightly against you and so wrongly against me, and, in that luckless meeting betwixt you, so well-nigh killed you both."

"Both?" says he, then, sullenly a-staring. "'Twould take more than the scratch I gave him, to kill even such as he, I'm thinking. He was not past traveling post-haste when he left me for dead with a hole in my side, and dragged off with him—who knows by what force or lying?—the one creature in all this world who loved me truly, I do believe, to die of a broken heart in this out-of-the-way hole a hundred miles away. Nay, nay, fair lady! he is not yet killed—and, before God! I'll be revenged for all."

I was itching to get in a word here, when he called Wycham's Ordinary an out-o'-the-way hole. The insolence of the man, forsooth! It did make me mad; but, before I'd fairly got my mouth open, the lady was before me.

"Take vengeance on your proud and lawless self," said she, low and sadly speaking. "Was he the most to blame at first? or did it need any dragging of her, think you, from that place? Too well she loved you, Leonard Wroth—the poor child that she was! But when she had proved you false, when she believed you dead—slain by her brother's hand to avenge himself and her—was it any wonder, think you, that she fled with him, her only kith and kin, for all the broken heart bleeding to death within her? Here is another woman who would have gone with him!" she cried, vehemently, out loud, a-striking her own breast. "I'd have gone with him to the world's end—ay! murderer and outlaw had he been in deed and truth—had he but trusted me, called upon me in his hour of need. I'd have gone to prison or the gallows-foot with him that I love. Gerald Arnshaw! him that I love, I love, I love!" cries she, over and over again, a-looking round upon us three, like as if she wished that all the world were likewise there to hear, standing proudly as any queen and her eyes shining so marvelously bright; and, when he heard that, Mr. Leonard Wroth turned right shortly, yet as one half-'shamed, on his heel away. Then, in a minute's space, her head drooped. "He has neither trusted nor called upon me," says she, with beautiful strong voice all a-tremble, "yet I am come. I am a woman, with a woman's heart within me, and I have come. Pray God it is not too late!"

She laid her hand upon my arm. "Good woman!" says she, so winning-sweetly, "are you Mrs. Martha Matchin—that kind and true soul whose name Master Hayward has called to me so often? Is Mr. Gerald Arnshaw—he who called himself Leonard Strange—is he not here yet with you? Will you not take me to him now?"

Now, with that, I shook my head and pointed to where stood Mr. Leonard Wroth, a-looking out o' the window—his back to us, and his head

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hanging down. Truly, a vast change seemed to have come, on a sudden, over his humor; but there is no telling what turn-about or danger next, thinks I. "He will not hurt or trouble us," says she; "I know him well—do not be afraid. Come! Forty miles I have ridden to-day, without rest or food, for this end. Shall I waste time now with talking? Take me to him I've come to see."

Then I told her that Mr. Arnshaw had gone from the house, and where to. I begged her to wait in quiet for his coming back, and to take something—if 'twere only a biscuit and a little wine—to give her strength for that meeting. "It must be broke very easy to him," says I; "for bethink you what he truly believes concerning that same man standing there 'live and well. It's brought him very low," says I. "Pray God the truth told by you may put new life into his veins. Only wait a bit, and, for mercy's sake, take care."

And that she promised; but she would neither wait nor eat. She would go meet him, she said, like she feared the sky might fall or the earth quake to prevent it if she lingered but one minute; so there was naught for it but to let her have her way. Would I go with her, or would Master Hayward? she said, just part way, to show her the path. I thought of Amy then, and I said there was one fitter than either of us, that would gladly go with her, I knew. So we three went hurrying out together. As we went along, I'd the chance to whisper a word to Master Martin.

"Did you find what you went to seek, Master Hayward," said I, in his ear, "that you come as a friend who went as an enemy? And what's wrought the change so sudden? Is your jealousy cured and done with now?" says I.

Then he blushed red as fire—half frowning, half laughing. "I was a fool," says he, in a short way, yet shamedly withal. "Yes, I have found out all, Mrs. Martha; and, as you say, I've come back a friend where I went an enemy. 'Twas a bad black business, Mrs. Martha, that sent him hither; but I fancy Mr. Leonard Strange was worth the pity he got. As for the jealousy—when the lady told me about him and about their love, so spoilt and nigh ruined forever by the same—why, it seemed all to go away somehow, like it had never been. Ay, ay! 'tis a cure, Mrs. Martha. I've forgiven him—Mr. Leonard Strange; but whether Amy will forgive me is another matter, I'm afraid."

"I wish you a joyful pardon, lad," says I; "but she's not one to be whistled for." And, being by this time come into the garden, I called her aloud: "Amy! Amy!" He looked mighty eager and wistful at that; but she never answered nor came. Whether she'd seen him come into the Inn, and gone out o' the way on purpose, or whether it only happened so, goodness knows! She never showed her face. The lady seemed as one half-crazy at delaying, and so it chanced that, thinking Master Martin no such well-suited a person for this errand—where, likely as not, he'd meet the poor gentleman any minute face to face—so it came about that I set off with her myself.

And the strangest walk that was that ever I did take.

The path went up and up over the hill—not very steep all at once, but steep enough and far enough to make my old bones ache. 'Twas wild waste ground, with stones scattered here and there, and blackberry-vines all along a-catching at your frock-tail. They clung to the skirt of the lady's long riding-dress trailing behind her—for all the world, like imps o' mischief bent on holding back her haste; but she never heeded 'em nor looked to one side nor t'other; all her gaze was forward, all her steps straight on. Nobody 'd ha' thought 'twas I showing her the way. She just pressed on ahead o' me, fetching breath hard, yet never stopping once, her eyes a-burning like living fire, the red spots in her cheeks like flame, and I a-puffing and panting nigh on as I could make it behind.

A little hot dry summer wind blew in our faces. The sun was going down, 'most out o' sight over the hill, when we set out. As we climbed up, it seemed to rise too, so that we left the shade 'way far down behind us, creeping over the Inn and the levels beyond it; but 'twas bright enough yet on top—a kind o' rosy brightness, with our shadows and the shadows of all things mighty long and dark and strange-appearing. I looked every minute, as we went toiling on, to see him we sought coming down afront of us, like I'd seen him many a time from the Inn windows, his head bent down and his hands behind him; but we saw no sign of anybody. So we just went on and on, and presently—when I was about ready to drop—we came to the graveyard.

'Twas, as I said before, a right dreary dismal-looking place, and I marked the lady shudder all over at first glimpse of it. The stone wall around about, all covered over with poison-oak and bramble-vines, was low enough for one to see the head and shoulders of a man standing up inside, but no man seemed to be there then. Nobody did we see. "Where in this world can

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he have wandered to?" I was saying to myself, when I noticed that the gate was half open; so then we went in, the lady first, and I close behind her.

Soon as we got inside, we saw him. There he was, sure enough—Mr. Gerald Arnshaw, as his lawful name was, though I'll always think of him as Mr. Leonard Strange. There he was, by the little lady's new-made grave, in the far corner, a-sitting flat on the ground, with his back against the wall, and his hands clasped together—loose and listless fashion—around his knee, his head bent low, and his hat pulled down over his eyes.

At first I thought, mayhap he was asleep—so still and heavy-like he seemed to be; but then, looking again, I saw he wasn't. The lady gave a great shivering start when she laid eyes on him, and leant back a breathing-space 'gainst the gate; then she went right straight on, never looking round at me. There stood I, in the gateway, seeing it all. 'Twould ha' been better manners to turn my back, no doubt—yet, all the same, I couldn't do it to save me; so there I stood, as if I'd been witch-bound, and this is what I saw:

She went toward him, right 'cross the graves—never heeding 'em, in her haste, any more than a blind mad-woman—a-stumbling 'gainst the head-stones, or slipping into sunk hollows hid 'mongst the grass and weeds; she went on till she stopped, and stood there, close in front of him. Then she cried out loud, in her beautiful strong clear voice: "Gerald! Gerald! Gerald! My love—my dear love! my darling! I have come to you!"

He raised his head up quick at that; his hands fell apart, and there came into his eyes, straightway, such a flash of light and love and joy as I never saw there before. "What! you?" he said. "Lucretia? Lucretia Dare? Great God of heaven!" And his voice just seemed to thrill clean through my heart.

He started to struggle up, but she fell down on her knees beside him.

"Not for me! not for me!" she cried. "Be still—and listen to me. I love you, Gerald Arnshaw; you, you—of all the world, first, last, and best. I'd never a thought of another, and they lied who told you so. By my salvation's hope! I love you in life or death—and so I have come."

Her voice rung heavenly sweet. She held out her two white hands to him, like doves from the ark o' happiness and peace; but, for all he half reached out, as the famished reach for bread, he never took 'em nor touched. He drew his own hands away, and struck 'em to the ground, with a sort o' groan.

"Nay, nay!" says he, "I cannot—I dare not curse you with my touch. There's the stain of murder upon them."

"Not so—not so," she said, and she snatched his hands tight in hers, and held them 'gainst her breast, and I thought her voice then sounded like an angel of heaven. "As God is my witness," said she, "Leonard Wroth is alive and well. He did not die of the wound you gave, though well he deserved it—and worse—from your hand. He is alive, and I have seen him this very day."

I trembled then, to see the look that came over his face. A strange awesome look it was—like of joy that edged on terror, and hope half disbelieving, a-struggling, too late, with black despair. She's broke it too sudden, thinks I to myself, and, as the thought came over me, I saw his head fall back against the wall. He looked deadly weak, and his face as gray as the stone itself. He opened his lips to speak, but no word came out—only a thin little stream of red blood, that got swifter and bigger with every heart-beat. And then I saw what had happened.

That old lonesome hilltop had heard many a sound of crying and lamentation, I reckon, but never surely such another dreadful scream as burst from the lady then. Truly her own heart's blood could ha' scarce gushed out with a more woeful cry than that. By the time I'd got to her—never knowing, to this day, how I got over those graves betwixt us—she'd dragged him around, someway, with his head down into her lap, and there it lay like death, save for the red blood wetting her through.

"'Tis from the lungs! He will bleed to death—to death! What can we do? What can we do?" cries she to me, and wrung her hands like one mad.

But, truly, I could not help her. 'Twas a dreadful place for such mischance to happen, 'way up there, off from everybody and everything that could do any good. Little did I know at best, in such a case. I'd a sort o' notion of salt and cold water being needed, and two or three other things besides; but here, in this barren spot—as well talk of the moon!

"Help!" cries she, fairly beside herself. "Help! help! I know not what to do! Why do you stand there staring, woman? Go to the Inn! Run! run! for the love of heaven! Fetch a doctor! Fetch Master Hayward—Leonard Wroth—all and everybody that will help to save his life!"

I'd no need to be told twice; though how I got down that path and to the Ordinary,

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heaven knows—not I. My knees shook under me so, that I 'most fell down twice or thrice. 'Twas like fleeing in a nightmare—where there's life-and-death haste but no speed, for all you strain heart out trying. But I got there at last, and I found the house full. The Master was just come back, with a heap o' people on their way from the races—and, 'mongst 'em, the doctor himself. Soon as I'd fetched breath to make 'em sense what had happened, they set off a-running—some pitiful, and some curious too, I reckon; even Mr. Leonard Wroth, that one hour ago was vowing vengeance on the very man, now eager as any to help and save him.

I dragged myself back along with 'em, for I couldn't stay quiet away till I'd seen the end of it all. Such a clamor and a questioning there was on the way, and such a heartbreaking sight as we saw at the end of it!

The lady sat there just where I'd left her, with the poor gentleman's head in her lap; but she was mighty grave and quiet now. Her face looked for all the world like 'twas cut out of a marblestone. There was never a tear in her eye, though the thing she was so steadfastly gazing at was enough to draw tears from real stone itself—if ever that saying did come true. The hemorrhage had stopped by this; mayhap—as appeared, sure enough—because there was no more blood in his body to run. 'Twas over her frock and in a little pool 'mongst the grass beside her; but she'd wiped it from his lips and cheek with her kerchief. There was never a sign of breath in his nostrils; his eyes were shut close and sunk, his face mortal pale, and there was a curious sweet smile upon it, such as I'd seen too oft in my life before, but never on the living.

The doctor shook his head at sight of that; and the others, crowding in behind, fell back a little. 'Twas doubtful if anybody could ha' done much good, even at first—as he told us afterward; but we saw then we'd come too late—Mr. Gerald Arnshaw was past help or comfort any more in this world.

Alack-a-day! 'tis soon told what was left to do then. The doctor tried everything he knew of to bring back life, if there'd been a spark of it left in the clay; but all his trying was no use—no use. The men went away and fetched a litter, and then they bore the body on it out of that place, where 'twas soon to be laid once more and forever low under the ground, down to the Inn, that he'd left so shortly, a-walking with the living on the face o' the earth. Ay, ay! he'd followed one that he loved, up that same path, to her burying, not so long afore; and now another—the stranger-lady, that he loved, mayhap, even dearer—walked there beside him, as they carried him down.

That was a strange night at Wycham's Ordinary, with the corpse laid out ready for its grave and Miss Lucretia Dare a-sitting by it. She'd have nobody else to take her place and nobody with her in the room save Amy; and there they two sat together, with the candles, head and foot, a-burning live-long night through. More than once, when I was going softly in and out for something needful, I was minded to ask the lady if he'd spoke word again or oped his eyes after I'd left her that time; but the words wouldn't pass my lips, someway. There's some things in life and death too holy for tongue to meddle with. I never asked her, and she never told it me. If he did, she kept it for her comfort; if he didn't, 'twas the pitifulest part of all. She would have it, in the first wildness of her grief, that she'd killed him—killed him with her hasty tongue. The doctor spoke differently. 'Twould have come soon or late, he said—and, he thought, most likely, soon. Whether this was truth or a sort o' merciful falsehood, I know not, to this day; but one thing is certain and sure—'twas good news, not bad, that he last heard in this world; and, seeing that look he gave her at the first, when he saw her a-coming, I do truly believe that in her arms he died—where, of all places in this world, he'd dearest love to be.

Master Martin Hayward had small chance, that night, to speak a word to Amy; but I'd plenty of time myself for a talk with him, and it was then he told me all that had happened to him while gone away.

'Twas a right long tale in the first telling, yet not much for another to go over again, being the same I'd partly guessed from hearing that talk betwixt the lady and Mr. Leonard Wroth. He'd missed his way at Battletown and gone off on the wrong track twice or thrice—and that no little way, neither. There's many a one less obstinate would ha' given it up, I reckon; but he was never that sort. He got right at last, and he went on a hundred miles and more, to Stafford County, and so to the very place and neighborhood where all the trouble happened and where the people were still a-talking about it. 'Twas something of a mystery, and little truly known about the ins-and-outs of it. Miss Mary Arnshaw—Mr. Gerald Arnshaw's sister and only kin—was promised in marriage to Mr. Leonard Wroth; and her

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brother—as was said thereabout—was going to wed the belle and beauty of the county, being no other than Miss Lucretia Dare. That much was right certain. But Mr. Leonard Wroth was a gentleman that wouldn't be content with one string to his bow—he set his eye on the handsome witty lady, who treated him frank and free as she did all others; and Mr. Gerald Arnshaw was madly jealous, besides vexed for his sister's sake. 'Twas some vain bragging speech of Mr. Wroth, fetched by a talebearer's tongue, that did the main mischief betwixt 'em. 'Twasn't a duel with seconds, fair and square, that they fought, but a chance meeting in hot and bitter blood, with not a soul to see; and very ugly it looked for Mr. Arnshaw, for Mr. Leonard Wroth was found senseless and nigh dead with a bad wound in his side—and he gone off, taking his sister with him, nobody could tell which way nor where, not even the lady for whose sake 'twas done.

Master Hayward said he thought that, maybe, had not the public favor been so on Mr. Arnshaw's side, folks might have found the tracking of him no such hard a matter. As 'twas, they let well enough alone. He'd most likely gone to Alexandria town, they said, and taken ship from there to some foreign country. And, when Mr. Wroth came to himself again from the fever and sickness of his wound, he seemed not only of the same mind also, but not one word would he willingly say on the matter. There are those that would have staid, beating about the bush, no end of time; but Master Martin was not that kind—he kept dark what he'd come for, to everybody else: but what does he do but go straight to Miss Lucretia Dare and tell her all about it! He said she wept and sobbed to hear of the little lady's dying; but she only smiled calmly to herself when he came to that part about Amy—like not thinking it anywise possible for him to love any other than her ownself. And, when he saw that—he said—it seemed to him that his jealousy all went away, so that he saw what a fool he'd been, and was 'shamed but to think thereupon.

He was eager enough to return after that, when she prayed to come with him—she was her own mistress and nobody's leave to ask. So they set off together in a secret way—never knowing that Mr. Leonard Wroth was ahead of them or how he'd found the clue—till, traveling all day and half the night, they got to the Inn.

And that was all. A sad tale, with a sad, sad ending—and that's truth.

We buried Mr. Gerald Arnshaw as befitted his quality, two days after that, in the old dismal graveyard, by his sister—and the woman he'd loved best and the man he'd hated worst stood face to face on one side and on t'other of the grave. I thought 'twas right strange and curious to see them there thus, and I wondered if those two graves would always part them asunder. But I didn't wonder for long. Mr. Leonard Wroth took his leave of the Ordinary that same even—begging, just afore he set off, a few words with Miss Lucretia Dare. What he said to her, goodness knows—I don't. But. when he came out to go away, I knew full well that, if just they two lived alone and nobody else in all this world till Judgment Day, they'd never be aught but strangers one to another.

After that, the beautiful lady staid on a few days more. Such things as the dead had left behind I fetched to her and left in her safe-keeping; and she and Amy cried over them together—and a blessed thing it was, I reckon, that tears had come to her. They were 'most like sisters from the first, those two; for, you see, they'd both loved him, though in different fashion. And 'twas like sisters parting, when, after awhile, Miss Lucretia Dare went her way back, under safe escort and company, that road she had come.

It seemed to me like a dream or a story out of a book, when all was ended and done.

However, there was one difference in the house 'twixt before and after its happening—and that was the difference in custom and behavior of Amy and Master Martin. She was never the girl to be whistled for—as I told him once—nor was he the lad to beg pardon any too humbly, so long as he could help it; but yet, for all that, I could see plain they were yearning to make it up. 'Twas no good for me to put finger in the pie, I knew. Dear, dear! what fools, I used to think, a-wasting young life this-a-way! And I longed to knock their two stubborn heads together when I saw 'em looking 'way off yonder, making believe they never saw each other, when 'twas plain they scarce saw anything or anybody else—and fifty foolish cross-grained ways beside, enough to make one mad. 'Tis said all good things come by waiting—and, on my word, I think, if that's truth, they are well earned and paid for. I'd naught to do—after I'd once told her how changed his mind had come to be—I'd naught to do but wait; when, all the time, they seemed a-going wrong before my eyes—that, of all the world, I most wanted to go right.

But all came straight again at last, and this was the way of it:

I was standing at the pantry-window, one

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day, a-stirring some conserve of roses that I'd set to air on the sill, when what should I hear but Amy's voice—and a sweet one it was as ever spoke from rosy lips—just out-of-doors hard by. I looked out then, and there she stood by the paling 'twixt lawn and garden, like a pretty picture—so slim and tall in her white frock, with head bent down, the sunshine flickering here and there, and summer green of grass and leaves all about her. Master Martin was there too, only on the other side—a-leaning both his arms on the paling and looking up into her face.

How they'd ever made out to get that nigh together without one of 'em shying off, I don't know. However, she'd no eyes for him: she was trying to look, for all the world, like he wasn't anywhere within less 'n a mile. She'd a daisy-flower in her hand, and was plucking the petals off, one by one, after the manner of idle maids a-trying their fortune.

"He loves me, he loves me not," she was a-saying; "he loves me, he loves me not." And off went the petals, one by one, till she came to the very last. "He loves me—" says she; and there it stopped. So that was the fortune.

I saw him raise his hand then and lay it mighty softly on her shoulder; she lifted her eyes on a sudden—like something too strong for her had drawn 'em 'gainst her will—and looked him in the face.

"Oh, I do love you, Amy!" says he, out aloud, too earnest to care for anybody's overhearing. "I do love you—better than anything else in this world! I was a beast and a fool to mistrust you!" says he; "but, 'fore God! I'm ready to beg your pardon on my bended knees. Only kiss me and forgive me, and let's be once again like we were before that time."

She turned red as a rose then, and the tears came into her eyes. He put both arms around her and held her tight, and kissed her in the mouth—more than once, I reckon—though how many times, I never counted, not having the face to stand there spying any longer. He was neither faint-heart nor ninny, was Master Martin—and, I reckon, he made up for lost time; and, if ever I was glad of anything in this world, I was then.

Well-a-day! They were married, safe and sure, in Christmas-time of that year. The Master held out a long while 'gainst it being before she was twentyone; but he gave in at last, and a grand wedding we had of it for the comeliest couple that ever stood up together in Queen Mary County. There was never a week, after that, when she didn't come once or twice to see us at the Inn; but, it seemed to me, between-times, like sunshine was gone out of the place. However, 'twasn't long I staid to feel the miss of her; for, next Whitsuntide, Mr. Julius Wycham died on a sudden, in a stroke of the falling-sickness, and everything was changed at Wycham's Ordinary.

The new master was mighty pressing for me to stay on and keep house for him like I'd done all along, and Mrs. Martin Hayward was pressinger still for me to live with her. I'd half a mind for the last plan; but blood's thicker than water, as the saying goes, and, when my own kinsfolk sent for me, I was fain to come and end my days among them.

Mrs. Martin Hayward—ay! that's the lady that writes to me and that sent me the silk gown and real lace stomacher last Christmas. She's as generous as she's happy, bless her! And, when next spring o' the year comes, I've promised her, God willing, to make her a visit in her own house, where her brave sons and handsome daughters are growing up fair around her.

She tells me that the beautiful lady, Miss Lucretia Dare, has more than once been back to Wycham's Ordinary—as 'tis still called—for a look at that grave on the hill-top hard by, where the one she loved best was buried. She's beautiful yet, my Amy says, and fair to look upon; but she's never married—and, likely, she never will. There be widows in heart, maybe, in this world, that were never wed by law—and, I reckon, she's one of 'em. As for Mr. Leonard Wroth—I've never heard tell of him from that last day I saw him to this; and, whether he killed himself with drink—as he seemed fairly bent on doing while he was at the Inn—or whether he's living yet and changed to his own betterment, God knoweth! not I. He was a hot temper and a haughty will—but, I always thought, as I have said, his bark must ha' been a vast deal worse than his bite.

Well, well! heaven help an old woman's rambling tongue when she gets a-talking of times gone by! My tale's done and the fire's 'most out. Never you mind about making it up again; 'tis bed-time now, and safer anywise to have as little blaze as needful up the chimney such a wild night as this. Just hark how the wind's a-howling through the tree-tops out yonder! and here we three have been scarce hearing it at all, so took up as we were with what went on that time at WYCHAM'S ORDINARY.

[THE END.]

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MADAME DE RAMBOUILLET.

BY MRS. IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.

THE early days of the seventeenth century found French society in a state of transition. The long wars between the Huguenots and the Catholic League were over. The country was no longer a mere battlefield. For the first time in many generations, a Frenchman could lay aside his sword long enough to discover that life could furnish other occupations than war and bloodshed.

To minds thus open for the first time to the softening influences of peace, art, science, and literature offered new and powerful attractions. The intellectual leaven, introduced long before by the Medicean queens and augmented by the Spanish tastes of Anne of Austria, began an active fermentation.

French manners, however, were slow in feeling the refining and upward impetus inspired by French thought. From constant association, the manners of the camp and field had become those of the court. The French language was crude and unformed. Duchesses and cardinals talked together in phrases that a stable-boy of to-day would hesitate to use. Rough manners and rude speech alike demanded the refining influence of cultivated women, and at no period of the world's history did women respond more promptly to the call.

Conspicuous, even among that brilliant array, was Catherine de Vironne, Marquise de Rambouillet.

Born in Italy, amid the glories of the Renaissance, married at the age of twelve to the French ambassador at the court of Spain, her receptive mind quickly absorbed the culture of both nations. French, Italian, and Spanish were the same to her fluent tongue, and she was deeply versed in all that was best of literature and philosophy.

On her return to France, she could scarcely conceal her disgust at the rough manners and speech prevalent at the court.

"I find nothing pleasant in being pushed and pressed by such a crowd," she wrote, to a confidential friend. The brusque good-nature of Henry the Fourth and the awkward timidity of his son were alike repugnant to her fastidious taste, though it is plainly hinted that her charms found favor in the eyes of both.

At the age of twenty, in the very bloom of her youth and beauty, she withdrew from the court and announced that henceforth she could be seen only at her own home. The Hotel de Rambouillet, situated in a fashionable suburb of Paris, was built after her own designs and according to a style never before seen in France. The memoirs of the time abound in allusions to her drawing-room, the hangings of which were blue velvet, richly adorned with gold and silver—an innovation the more striking, as the fashion of the day rigorously condemned the use of other than brown or tan shades in household decoration.

It was the door of this famous drawing-room that Madame de Rambouillet threw wide open, offering welcome to genius in whatsoever rank of life it might find itself. Around her, speedily grew an influential clique devoted to the elevation and refinement of the French language and the purification of French manners.

"All who frequented the Hotel de Rambouillet," writes a cotemporary observer, "became speedily remarked for the elegance and nobleness of their manners, as well as for their pure language, free from vulgarity and provincialisms."

"Madame de Rambouillet was admirable," writes another critic. "It was she who corrected the bad manners then prevalent. She taught politeness to all who frequented her company."

Princes, dukes, generals, poets, and wits of every station in life shared in her generous hospitality, and were received, one and all, with the same smile of sympathetic appreciation.

Even the rigid etiquette of the French court was relaxed in her favor; for we find it recorded that "princesses of the blood visited her, though she was not a duchess."

We can conceive the extent of her influence when we read that she succeeded in inducing gentlemen to remove their hats in her drawing-room; for to remain covered always, save in the presence of the king, was one of the most cherished privileges of the nobility of the seventeenth century.

Cardinal Richelieu, though regarding Madame de Rambouillet herself with the highest esteem, felt some apprehension as her circle of friends

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became more and more brilliant and powerful, and finally begged her to report to him whatever was said, at her house, concerning himself or his policy. A request from the all-powerful minister was equivalent to a command; but the marquise evaded the request, and conciliated the cardinal by saying that her guests were too well aware of her friendship for him, to criticize him adversely in her presence.

At the age of thirtyfive, she became the victim of a singular disease, which affected her in such a way that she could not endure the slightest heat. The sun of summer and the artificial warmth of winter had to be excluded from her apartment. Finding her infirmity increasing, she introduced into her house the Italian alcove, where, curtained off from the warmth of the room, she was forced to imitate royalty and receive her friends while reclining upon her bed. The space between the bed and the wall was called the "ruelle," and there one friend after another would linger, chatting over a favorite poem, the newest play, or the last word adopted by the Academy.

Fashion followed infirmity, and soon an alcove and a ruelle became essential to the happiness of every "grande dame" and would-be belle. Ladies attired in coquettish morning-costumes, reclining upon satin pillows trimmed with costly lace, gave audience to their friends, and the gossip of the ruelles was circulated through the city, like the gossip of the clubs of to-day.

The French Academy was then in its infancy, having been founded by Richelieu in 1629. Madame de Rambouillet was naturally a warm coadjutor in its efforts to purify the French language. Many were the discussions held in her salon, over the orthography of a given word or its admission into the dictionary. Her influence was always exerted in favor of simpler and more phonetic spelling.

The habitués of the Hotel de Rambouillet were spoken of as "Les Précieuses." The word originally meant "distinguished," and was descriptive of the superior elegance and distinction that marked the chosen friends of the marquise. Later, when the popularity of Madame de Rambouillet had given birth to many imitators, destitute alike of her learning and her simplicity, the word acquired its second meaning of "blue-stocking" or "affected." It was these later Précieuses who were so unmercifully satirized by Molière in his "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "La Femme Savante," Molière having left on record his sincere admiration of Madame de Rambouillet and her salon.

Cotemporary memoirs have preserved for us an account of a morning at the Hotel de Rambouillet. The guests had been summoned to hear Corneille read his last tragedy. The sun, stealing through the windows of the blue drawing-room, shone upon the jewels of the ladies and lighted up the costly silks and laces of their attendant cavaliers. While waiting for Corneille —for Madame de Rambouillet had an excellent habit of inviting her company a full half-hour before the lion of the occasion, in order that he might not be annoyed by late-comers—someone proposed a game of blind-man's-buff. The handkerchief was placed over the eyes of Madame de Sévigné, who quickly yielded it to Madame de Lafayette, the popular novelist; and so the fun went on until the entrance of Corneille. History does not record whether or not the tragedy pleased, but it does not leave us in doubt over the fun-loving propensities of the learned and elegant Précieuses. Practical jokes, indeed, were not uncommon among them. Voiture, the poet, and the prime favorite of the Hotel de Rambouillet, stumbling, one day, upon a performing bear, had it introduced into the boudoir of the marquise, to her surprise and consternation. Her revenge was prompt and complete, for, taking a little poem that Voiture had recently addressed to herself, she had it printed and carefully inserted into a volume of verses by a rival poet. This book she left open upon a table in the drawing-room, and Voiture, looking over the books, as was his wont, discovered, to his amazement and perplexity, his own poem already published, as he believed, by a despised rival.

Madame de Rambouillet had a precocious granddaughter, who aptly reflected the spirit of the house by drawing up her chair beside the marquise, one day, and saying: "Grandmamma, now that I am five years old, let us talk of state affairs."

The same child confided to her grandmother that she was going to write a comedy; "but," she added, thoughtfully, "we must get Corneille to cast his eyes over it before it is played."

In a dissolute age, Madame de Rambouillet preserved a spotless reputation. She loved her husband, who in return lavished upon her an almost idolatrous affection. Her daughter, Julie, equaled her mother in beauty and charm of manner. As an instance of the fairly prudish purity of Rambouillet, the petted Voiture fell into almost final disgrace for having dared to kiss the fair Julie's lovely hand. The repugnance of Mademoiselle Julie to matrimony was so deep-seated that, like another Rachel, she was wooed for fourteen years before yielding

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her hand to one of the handsomest and most nobly-born young men in the kingdom.

The marriage of her favorite daughter, the death of her son, who fell in battle, and the excesses of the civil war of the Fronde, all combined to break the spirit of Madame de Rambouillet. After 1648, her salon ceased to exist; but it had directed the thought of France for eighteen years. No portrait remains of her, but the memoirs of the time are an imperishable monument to her goodness and charm of manner, as well as to her talent and beauty.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. MARY FELTON.

I LEAN from my chamber-window
  And gaze on the world below—
A world that lies cold and silent
  'Neath a sheet of drifted snow;
My trusty clock on the mantel
  Will soon chime the midnight hour—
The knell of the dying Old Year,
  The end of his reign and power.

But I love the dying Old Year,
  Though the new one looks so gay;
He brought me sorrows—but, truly,
  Not more than the New Year may;
So, while I may greet the new one
  With a welcome kind and true,
My heart lies half with Old Year—
  To me, as dear as the new.

I lean again from my window,
  To see if only I
Have love enough for the Old Year
  To care to see him die;
But the wind sobs through the tree-tops,
  A dirge sincere and loud,
While a crystal tear falls softly
  Upon the Old Year's shroud.

The stars, like funeral-tapers
  In the heaven, shine cold and bright.
As they watch the Old Year dying
  On his snowy couch to-night.
But the Old Year dieth bravely—
  Like many a hope of mine;
He died in an hour of darkness,
  And he died without a sign.

WEEP, BABY, WEEP.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

WEEP, baby, weep,
  For sorrow has come—
Death, though unwelcome,
  Has entered your home.

Weep, baby, weep,
  For ne'er will another
Watch o'er you, love you,
  As did your dead mother.

Cold are the warm lips
  That clung to your kisses—
Still the fond heart
  That knew all your wishes.

Baby, ah baby,
  You're longing in vain
For the touch of that hand
  Which lightened your pain.

For never again
  Will your baby head rest
Smilingly, lovingly
  On her soft breast.

Then weep, baby, weep,
  For sorrow has come—
Death, though unbidden,
  Has entered your home.

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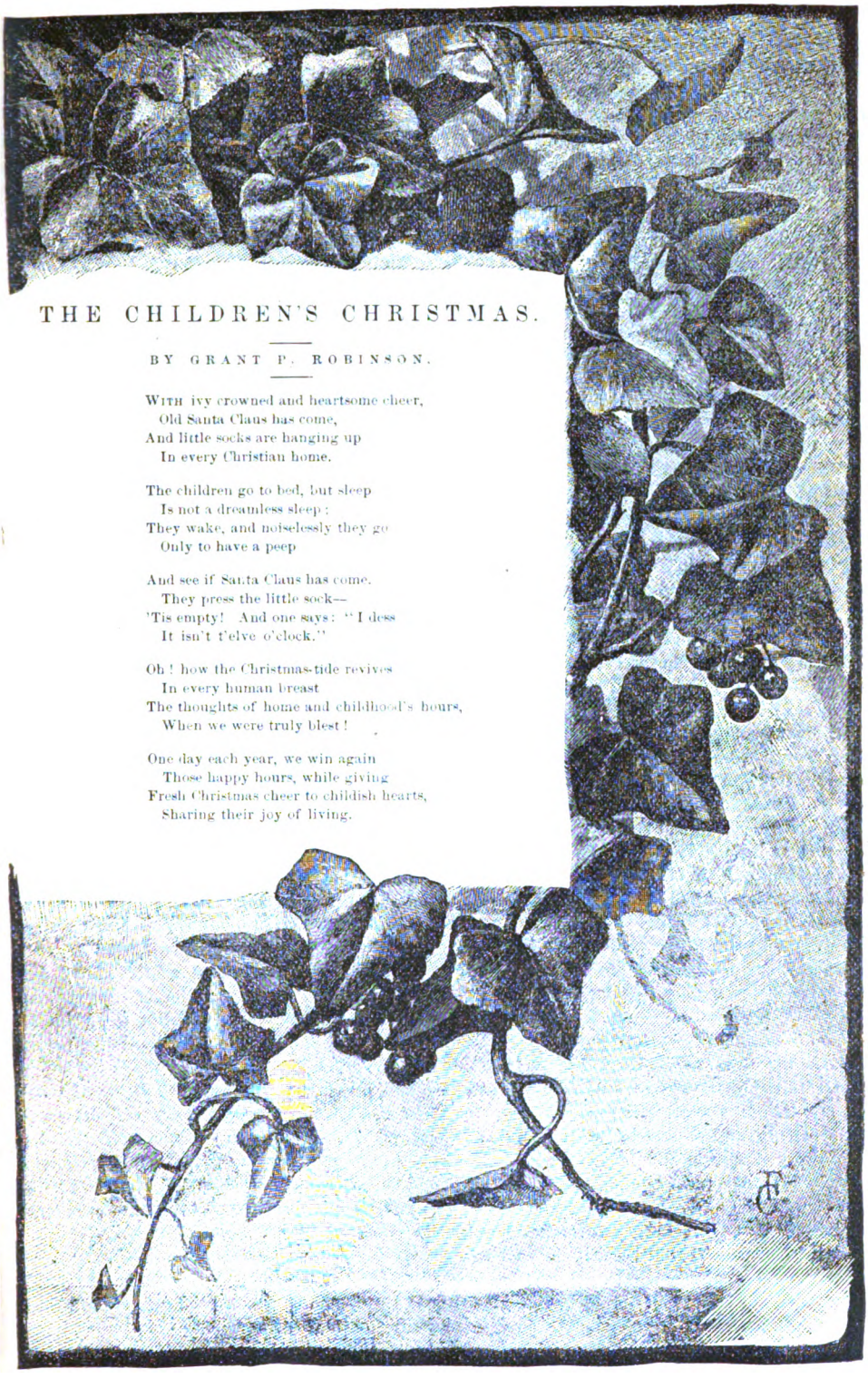

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GRANT P. ROBINSON.

WITH ivy crowned and heartsome cheer,
  Old Santa Claus has come,
And little socks are hanging up
  In every Christian home.

The children go to bed, but sleep
  Is not a dreamless sleep:
They wake, and noiselessly they go
  Only to have a peep

And see if Santa Claus has come.
  They press the little sock—
'Tis empty! And one says: "I dess
  It isn't t'elve o'clock."

Oh! how the Christmas-tide revives
  In every human breast
The thoughts of home and childhood's hours,
  When we were truly blest!

One day each year, we win again
  Those happy hours, while giving
Fresh Christmas cheer to childish hearts,
  Sharing their joy of living.

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FOR THE WORLD TO JUDGE.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

TRUTH is ever stranger than fiction. I know of no better way in which to tell this story than to write down, unabridged and unaltered, and without note or comment of my own, the contents of the remarkable document that was found in the desk of Francis Foster after he was dead.

I.

I, FRANCIS FOSTER, of the State and city of New York, being seventy years of age on this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eightyfour, have lived out the three-score years and ten allotted to man. Therefore, though I am in sound health, both of mind and body, I am conscious that I shall not much longer have a place among the living. I have, accordingly, resolved to write some portions of the secret history of my life, leaving them for the world to judge, when I am no longer alive.

II.

ONE day in June, 1844, a few days after I was thirty years of age, I entered the office of my friend, Doctor Johnson, who was the most popular and successful of all the physicians in the city of Clearburg.

(As this document is to deal with my own faults, and with their results, good or evil, I desire to state that I have hidden the identity of my friend and that of the city in which he labored, under fictitious names. All other names than these will be correctly given.)

The afternoon was warm and the hour was late; my friend, for a wonder, was not besieged with patients, but he was very busy. He had thrown off his coat, and he sat at his table, writing rapidly.

We were on too good terms to make my entrance in any degree an intrusion—on too good terms to make it necessary for him to leave his work in order to give me any attention. I sat and lazily turned over the pages of some books and periodicals which lay upon his table; he continued his writing, having given me barely a word and a nod.

It was late when he finished his work—so late that I could not well see to read, and had been idly thinking for some time of one or two striking topics which had caught my fancy and fixed my attention in what I had already read.

"There!" he said, looking up and pointing to a huge heap of letters which lay near him; "there! My correspondence is no longer in arrears. Unless I have some sudden call from some unexpected source, my evening is my own. Come and take supper with me, and let us spend the evening together."

"Agreed," said I. "The fact is, I've happened on one or two statements, this afternoon, that I want to question you about."

"Indeed?" he asked, with the sweet smile which became his fine intellectual face so well. "I shall be very glad indeed to answer them for you if I can. But," seating himself, "you know, the doctor must always be consulted in his office. What are your questions?"

"Well," said I, "I must confess that I am more interested in the question of supper, just now, than in anything else. But the point is this: Is the influence of the mind superior to the strength or the weakness of the body? Can a well person imagine himself sick, until sickness really comes? Can a moody and despondent person, naturally feeble and frail, let his mind push him into his grave? Is it possible, on the other hand, that a sick man may will himself well so earnestly, believe in recovery so faithfully, that recovery will come?"

"Well, you see, the conditions—"

"Wait; let me state the conditions myself," said I. "Let the man in each case desire life—desire it earnestly—long for it, and crave it as the greatest of boons. Let him follow every direction regarding diet and exercise and medi-

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cine. Am I not right in saying, though contrary to what I have found printed here this afternoon, that the sick man will die as soon despite his belief, and the well one live as long despite his, as though their beliefs were reversed?"

"No, you are not right. Let me—"

"Wait a little longer, while I explain further. Suppose a man has some well-developed disease—consumption, heart-disease, or some other equally dangerous ailment. I understand that cheerfulness and resolution may stand in the list of medicines, and that medicines may delay the end—they can do no more. Would cheerfulness and will-power cure?"

"That is a hard question to answer. But it is undoubtedly true that men have lived long and died of old-age, while diseases gave them pain and inconvenience only whose known presence in the system would have surely killed."

"And on the other hand?"

"And, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that actual, definite, incurable diseases have been induced by fear of them and by long pondering upon their characteristics."

"I don't believe it."

"Which statement do you disbelieve?"

"Both."

"But, Foster, while you are undoubtedly a remarkably good civil-engineer, you must confess that you know very little of medicine."

"I have a good deal of common sense."

"But the weight of authority—"

"Hang authority! The science I believe in relies on proof—on proof and experiment. You are young, as well as I; you are prejudiced; you are an enthusiast; you have caught at the mystery of this mental theory. There is as good authority—yes, and as much of it, or more—on the other side of the question. Unless you can prove—"

"Pshaw! man, don't be foolish and obstinate. One can hardly prove the fact that one person may be bitten by a harmless healthy dog, and let fear bring on hydrophobia, while another may live to a good old age after having pluckily conquered a half-dozen dangerous illnesses; one can hardly prove it, in the sense in which you prove a problem in mechanics. But the truth—"

"Truth answers experiment, doesn't it?"

"Yes; and, if it weren't wrong, I could furnish you with a most convincing pair of experiments. Two persons came to me, to-day, for examination. One is well. One is dangerously ill. The well one is convinced of the presence of dangerous disease; it will take my best efforts to overturn that unfortunate and dangerous conviction. The sick one has gone from physician to physician; each one has told him the truth regarding his condition, and in each case he has refused to believe it; he has kept up, when another man would have taken to his bed; he has lived, when another man would have died. 'Tell me the exact truth,' he said to me, to-day; 'I shall not try again. I shall let your decision—for hope or for despair, for life or for death—be final.' "

"And what did you tell him?"

"I took time to consider how to tell him the truth. I decided that it was best to make it brief and plain. Listen. I have written this:

'CLEARBURG, June 28, 1844.

MY FRIEND:

I regret having to say that there is no doubt whatever regarding your physical condition. You have asked me to tell you the exact and unqualified truth; in doing so, you have set me a hard task to do, but I shall not shrink from my duty. You are in a most dangerous condition; one lung is almost entirely gone, and the other is seriously involved; besides this, you have heart-disease in an aggravated and treacherous form. You are liable to die at any moment.

You have asked me to say, should I find you the victim of serious disease, how long you can live. I make my statement with reluctance. I shall regard it as a miracle if you live until autumn. Your friend,

E. JOHNSON.' "

The doctor finished. He returned the letter to the envelope from which he had taken it, and laid the envelope on the table, address-side down.

"And you say that man could live, if you could lie to him and tell him he is in no danger?"

The doctor smiled.

"I say he could live longer. The diseases manifest themselves in such ways as make medicine, diet, careful exercise, quiet, early and regular hours, etc., necessary. With all those helping agencies, he might live—in ignorance—for years. As it is—"

"And you'll send him the letter?"

"Certainly. I promised to tell him the truth."

"Well, read the other," said I.

He began and read the letter which was to carry hope to his other new patient:

"CLEARBURG, June 28, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND:

It is a pleasure to write this letter. It is a pleasure to feel that I can write fully and frankly, and without any mental reservations of any kind. You have the symptoms of disease, in some degree, but they are only the result of your long-continued and ill-advised brooding over futurities which, although possible, have never been probable.

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Your lungs are sound. Your heart is healthy. You may live a half-century yet, for any reason I can see to the contrary. Breathe fresh air; bathe in the sea; eat plain food; keep sensible hours; take care of that delicate machine, your body, and you are likely to have many happy years in which to laugh at those doctors who have expressed themselves unfavorably regarding you. Your friend,

E. JOHNSON."

He slipped this back into its envelope, just as he had done with the other.

"And you could have so written as to frighten this one to death?"

"Not exactly; death would be delayed. Such a letter as the other would be likely to induce fatal disease."

"I don't believe it."

"But it's true," he said, as he went into an adjoining room for his hat.

What fiend possessed me?

What devil tempted me?

I do not know; I cannot guess.

But I muttered: "I'll laugh at you in a month," as he closed the door behind him.

And then—

With hurrying hands—with hands that trembled—with breathless haste, my eyes fixed on the door through which he would return in a few moments—without a glance at the address on either envelope—I changed the letters!

III.

I WENT home to supper with my friend. I had never seen him so cheerful and pleasant; he had never seemed so ready with jest and story; and I—I had never been so dull and uncompanionable. Since he had sealed and mailed those two letters, I could not make my peace with myself.

He tried to renew the argument. I would neither talk nor listen. Philosophy had forsaken me; reason had lost its dignity and power; experiment and proof seemed weak and trivial. I had half convinced myself, in the very act of crime which I had committed—half convinced myself. I felt sure that the time would be brief enough, before the falsely encouraged man would die from the diseases which had taken possession of the very centers of life; so far as that was concerned, I was unconvinced, and felt that I should triumph over my friend. But, for the other one—the one to whom hope and life and a future in this grand world had been promised by the letter my friend had written—the one to whom I had sent as sharp and cruel a sentence of death as ingenuity could well devise—I had no hope. I felt very much like a murderer, I think, as I thought of the one who must face the false message I had wickedly awarded.

And yet—

I would not confess. I would not tell my friend the truth.

Why?

I do not know.

He would have forgiven me freely. He would have laughed at the thoughtless earnestness with which I had rushed to a test of my theory. He would have written or telegraphed to undo the wrong I had done, but he would have shielded me in it all; he would have called it a mistake, instead of a crime. I should have lost nothing of friendship and trust—nothing whatever—and I knew it. His smile would always have been as warm; his hand-clasp would have been as kind; his words would always have been as true and as tender.

Fool that I was—madman—wretch—why did I not tell the truth?

There came a ring at his door-bell. I have sometimes tried to dare think that, but for that interruption, I might have given my soul the peace which a confession would have been. But the interruption came. I said nothing of my crime. I cannot go back to that night, to undo what that night left of wrong and sin. And—

I am not so sure, as I wish I were, that I would have revealed the truth, had not my friend been suddenly called away to attend a patient.

Doctor Johnson's man harnessed the horse. The doctor's wife and myself went out to see him start on his evening drive.

I shall always remember the tenderness which seemed to fall upon the lips of his wife, in the kiss he gave her; never shall I forget the friendly pressure of his hand upon mine—his very presence seemed so full of strength and power and goodness.

The sweet night-air stirred about us; the lovely stars of the June sky smiled down upon us; he drove away for his short trip—a half-dozen miles along a smooth straight road—his short trip, which would never end for his loving wife or for me!

I went home, under the starlight, peace almost reigning in my heart again, saying that, on the morrow, I would do right. I laid me down to sleep, and my slumber was not troubled; I dreamed that the morrow had come, and that I had the will to do my duty—the will and the power!

The power? God be merciful! I never guessed what the morrow was to be!

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I was awakened by a light knock at my door. I was dreaming the sweetest dream of all—a dream in which the sick was well and strong again, and the well no worse.

I opened my eyes slowly and lazily. The hand fell upon the panels of my door again, louder and more imperatively this time.

"Mrs. Johnson wants you," said an anxious voice.

"Doctor Johnson?" I asked, sleepily.

"No—Mrs. Johnson. There has been a terrible accident—a runaway, or something of the sort—and the doctor has been brought home dead."

Dead? I was wide-awake in a moment. I sprang from my bed. I admitted the man who had been sent for me. I dressed in nervous haste.

Dead! And what could I think? Not how good and true a friend he had been; not how much I had loved him; not how terrible his loss would become to me, when I had slowly grown used to his absence from every place where I had been wont to see him; not how much the sweet-faced and gentle-voiced woman who had called him husband would grieve over him. No, none of these things.

I could only think of how wise he had been; of how much he knew; of how likely he was to be right in every theory he accepted and advocated. I could only think of how firm his belief had been, last night; of the secret of what I had done, which my agonized lips could never tell him now; of the secret of the addresses of those letters, hidden forever behind those cold white lips; of the strong life, somewhere, which would go out slowly because of the deed I had done; of the murderer I should be—if the dead had been right in his belief—before autumn! Before autumn! Can you guess how I gave up everything else, for a time—business, friends, pleasure—and devoted my life to a mad search for the man whose life I had doubtless placed in peril?

IV.

My search began the morning of the discovery of Johnson's death.

He had not been killed instantly. There were reasons for thinking that some other team, either recklessly driven or running away, had dashed into his carriage and done the mischief: though, if that were true, it was strange that those thus concerned in his death were never traced. It was not certain that the entire wreck had not been the work of his own horse.

The accident had happened three miles from home. He had visited his patient and was on his way back. He had dragged himself out from the wreck; he had crawled—slowly and laboriously it must have been, for the shock had stopped his watch a few minutes before two o'clock—for some twenty rods or so toward wife and child and home. After that, he had tried to send the message he had not had the power to bring.

"Dear ones," his little letter began, rudely scrawled on the back of an envelope, "I am dying. It is just sunrise. I am going with the darkness. God bless you all! Tell dear old Foster I want him to help settle—"

That was all. To "dear old Foster," his death was more terrible than to any other, and most because I dared not tell why the blow which had fallen upon me was so great. But the half-finished message gave me a place very near his own sorrowing ones, and gave me an opportunity to prosecute my search.

There was little business to settle. Doctor Johnson had left quite an estate, but his affairs were in most excellent shape. There was, however, nothing which we could find—I say "we," for Mrs. Johnson knew the details of her husband's business nearly as well as he had known them himself, and she searched quite as eagerly as I for any evidence relating to the work of the last day of his life—absolutely nothing, which gave the slightest clue to those who had been the recipients of the changed letters.

We found the record, clear and definite and exact, of the sums of money the doctor had spent on that twentyeighth day of June; there was no evidence that any item was missing. We found the record of certain sums received and of other amounts charged on that day; but careful examination into every one of these cases only left me in more pain than before, for not one of those whose names appeared in connection with that last day of his work in the service of humanity had received or expected any letter from him.

Mrs. Johnson thought she knew about how much money her husband had had in his pocket at noon on that day; he had drawn none from the bank, nor had he made any deposit there. Adding what he had recorded as received to what his wife had supposed he had, and then deducting what he had recorded as having spent, the remainder seemed to indicate that he had been paid quite a sum of which he had made no record. But Mrs. Johnson was not certain how much he had had, and I found that, the more I questioned her, the less certain she seemed to become.

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The doctor had had a wide acquaintance: "My friend" and "Dear friend" were his two favorite forms for beginning letters, as I found in the course of a very few days of anxious search among those who had known him. The name of the person addressed seldom appeared in the letter itself; it was a strange—and, to me, a seemingly fatal—peculiarity. Mrs. Johnson knew nearly all of those who had been the doctor's "friends" in any except a merely professional sense. While keeping my horrible secret, I still made it evident that the aid she could give was of the utmost importance to me; not among those who had been her friends as well as his, could the receivers of the letters be found.

We looked vainly for any record of the peculiar cases of which he had told me. My call and my questions, which had led to events that had made some reference to them among the papers which he had possessed at his death so greatly to be desired, had, most likely, been the reasons why no record of them had been made.

I searched his waste-basket for scraps; I found nothing. I examined his blotters; but my debate had given time for his ink to dry—the blotters had not been used.

The doctor had had many patients from a considerable distance, for his fame had been quite great. I took despairing advantage of that fact, and advertised. I could not tell the truth about the letters in a public way, for it would have drawn down upon me the suspicions which I was not willing to face. Beside that, I hoped that the favorable letter might have made the sick man better; I only desired to be certain that the other should not needlessly kill. You see, I had quite gone over to the dead man's way of thinking: death and doubt and despair are among the most powerful of arguments to which the startled human soul can listen.

This was my advertisement, which was given a very wide publicity:

"PERSONAL.—Two persons applied for medical advice, to Doctor Edwin Johnson, of Clearburg, on the afternoon of June 28th, 1844, being the day before his death by accident. It is of the UTMOST IMPORTANCE that those persons should communicate at once with the late physician's friend, FRANCIS FOSTER, Clearburg."

I suppose those for whom it was intended never saw it. At any rate, they never answered it. One on whom sentence of death had been passed might have had no heart for reading; a man to whom hope had been suddenly extended, under the conditions given in the doctor's letter, might have been away in the forests or in some secluded spot by the sea.

V.

BY August, I was almost sick. I had worked myself up into a frenzy of agonized impatience. I kept up, and appeared to ordinary observers to be fairly well, and to attend regularly to my business—or to some business, for I had made search and study the one work of my life. But the truth was, I could neither eat nor sleep; I had not eaten what could be called a meal for as much as four days; I had not slept an average of an hour a night for more than a week, and for two days I had not even undressed or lain down, but had walked the streets all night long.

I went to see a physician; I felt that it was somehow a duty, though I think that my mental state was such that I should have been relieved and glad had he said that my life was in danger, and that I should have made no effort to spare myself one moment's work or worry if he had said that the penalty of a longer continuance in what I had been doing and thinking would be death.

To my surprise, the physician said nothing regarding the possibility of death. But he roused my will-power strangely; and, when he ordered me to go to the seashore, to cease thinking of whatever had been giving me trouble, to rest absolutely, to make pleasant friendships, to row and fish and bathe, I tremblingly promised to obey him, and eagerly hastened to make my preparations to go.

Why?

I will tell you.

"You are in no very immediate danger," the physician had said to me, gravely, "but you are well started on a road which has only one ending."

I had been listless before; I had been listless then. It seemed to me that death would be so just a fate to come to one who had done as I had, that I felt no repining. I had looked up, with much of resignation and little of interest in my eyes, to ask quietly:

"And what end is that?"

And, instead of death—death, the deserved—death, which is, for us all, sooner or later, inevitable, he spoke a word which had in it all the concentration of horror which I can imagine as falling into this human life of ours.

"Insanity!" he said.

And so, I got ready. And so, I hurried down to the seashore. And so, I let the work wait which should have kept me busy. And so, I

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made pleasant acquaintances, as I had been commanded to do.

And among them was Kitty Tranion.

I have forgotten, now, when I first met her; I cannot tell who made us acquainted with one another. For a time, Kitty Tranion was no more to me than any other woman at the seashore was—no more than any other woman in my past had been.

But later—later I found myself saying how wicked it would be for a man, on whose soul the shadow of the possible moral guilt of murder darkly lay, and from whose brain the threatened downfall of intellect had not fully passed, to learn to love so sweet a creature as Kitty Tranion was, and to teach her to love him. And, having decided how wicked it would be, I was inconsistent enough to forget how much of conscious wickedness I had done, and to think that I had settled the matter for good and all.

I loved to talk with Kitty Tranion, and watch the smiles flit across her pale and pensive face; I loved to walk with her along the beach, when the stars were beginning to show in the twilight sky; I loved to row with her in the sheltered inlet, which the winds and the waves seemed to have forgotten, and where the high-reaching crags cast a cool dark shadow in the summer days. But, most of all, I loved to sit and watch her when she was unconscious of my presence or my gaze, and when her deep sad eyes were watching the watery horizon or looking dreamily beyond it.

Did you ever watch a pure white cloud, in the summer's blue, fade—and fade—and fade into the clear and sunshine-lighted void of the azure sky? In those days, I never saw Kitty Tranion sitting alone, watching the sea or sky, without thinking of such a cloud; I never saw the evanescent purity of the cloud in the sky without thinking of Kitty Tranion.

I liked Kitty Tranion; I liked her very much; I valued her friendship very much. Others would have said that I loved her; but I—had I not decided that it would be wrong for me to love? Had that not decided the matter? Had it not settled it for all time?

We went out for a sail, one day. The wind blew in this way now, some other way a few minutes later; an unpleasant gusty day, with white clouds blowing about the sky—or fading—fading—fading.

I remember how Kitty looked. I can remember how sadly pensive she was, sitting silently watching me as I managed the boat.

Then, suddenly, an unexpected wind struck us; the boat reeled from the blow. Had Kitty kept her seat, all would have been well; I should have regained, in a moment or two, the control of the boat. But she sprang to her feet. She was very pale, almost fainting. She lost her balance. I sprang to catch her. The wind caught the sail fairly again. We both went overboard, and the boat, relieved of its load, shot away like a racer.

I caught Kitty, and held her face above the water. She had not fainted—or, if she had, the first touch of water had given her her senses again. Her face was very pale, but there was no fear in it. For one moment, I thought she was very brave; the next instant, I had decided that she found death welcome, instead of terrible. For myself, I had suddenly discovered how much I loved Kitty Tranion. I knew, as by a revelation, that I held beneath my arm all that made life worth living; I knew that I had far rather die with her than live without her.

It was useless to attempt to reach the boat, for it was moving away from us faster than I should have found it possible to swim, even when unincumbered. The only hope was in reaching the shore—or, rather, there was no hope at all! I doubted whether I could have reached it alone; I knew I could never take Kitty there. It had not been ten seconds from the time we fell into the water, and there was only one hope left.

"Can you swim?" I whispered.

She shook her head.

Save the slight chance of help from the shore, there was no hope left.

But I took up the hopeless task. I made every movement count; I economized my powers in every way.

I was failing—as surely as the clouds were fading out of the sky. The water swept over my head very often now, and I could see that the quiet face, so near my own, had little consciousness left. She was going—fading—like the clouds!

Just then, the help came. Not a boat, but a swimmer. How brave he must have been, to dare come out, when a brave man might have shrunk from the sole task of swimming in! He took Kitty. He said no word to me, nor I to him. Back he went toward the shore, swimming faster with her than I could now follow alone. And yet, when I found my strength going, my powers waning, my mind wandering, and my resolution failing me, I fought against my fate. I could have died with her. I could have rested happily under the green waves, my arm about

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her, until the day when the sea shall give up its dead; but I could not bear to die, leaving her to give her love and her life to some other.

So I fought. So I struggled. And at last, when the waves were having their own way with me, when I was forgetting who I was, and why I desired to keep my life, the man who had carried Kitty Tranion safely back to life returned for me.

And he saved me, though it was an hour or two before I regained consciousness and knew that I was still in the world.

"It was a deed for an athlete," said I to Kitty Tranion, as I sat by her side that evening.

She smiled gravely.

"I think Mr. Brend is an athlete," she said, "despite the pallor of his face and the thinness of his form. He is never done with exercising—swimming, walking, rowing, riding. Ah me! If I were only strong! If I could only hope for life—for a future. But I cannot. Do you know I shall never see the snow again—never look on the frosts? I shall not know the joys of Christmas-time. I shall not welcome the glad New Year."

A sudden fierce hope sprang up in my breast. My friend had spoken of a sick man, but the well one had never been so spoken of that I could tell whether it might not be a woman to whom that cruel sentence of death had gone. Suppose it should be Kitty Tranion? Suppose I should find myself in season to save her? Suppose I found my heaven and my right to it together?

"I can hardly think you are an invalid," I said, trying hard but vainly to control my voice and speak steadily; "why do you say what you do?"

"It seems strange, even to me," she said, dreamily, "and I cannot realize it even now. At first I could not bear the thought, but I am reconciled and resigned now. One of my lungs is gone—would you guess it? My treacherous heart may fail me at any moment—should you think it?"

"Think it? No!" I cried. "For God's sake, how do you know?"

"I have the opinion of a great doctor," she said; "the written opinion. He is dead now. He wrote me the truth the day before his death."

"His—his name? Where did he live?" I gasped.

"His name was Johnson, Doctor Edwin Johnson, and he lived in Clearburg," she answered.

I sprang to my feet.

"There was a mistake—" I began.

She shook her head.

"There was no mistake. He was terribly certain, horribly definite. And, besides, you little know how I have failed, how I have suffered; compared with what I was in June, you would hardly know me now."

Failed? Suffered? And I the cause! And I so heart-full of love for her! How could I bear her words?

"There was a mistake—on my sacred word of honor, there was a mistake," I asserted; "I know all about it. Let me tell you."

Her face grew very pale. Something like hope, something entirely different from anything I had ever seen there, came up into her eyes. But with it was a dread, a shrinking, a pitiful sense of responsibility. She had grown so used to the idea of death that life seemed strange and hard and unreal. It was almost a cruelty to recall her from the path in which she had walked for so long that it seemed as natural as it did inevitable. She recoiled, instinctively and unreasoningly, from life—just as those to whom life is a joy and the future a hope recoil instinctively and unreasoningly from death. Would she have died if I had not found her? I think there can be no question of that. What disease would have taken her away is a question; indeed, it may have been a question whether she would have had any disease at all. I do not know whether she would have gone out, like a taper in a gusty night, before the snows came again. But she would have died; she would have died soon; she would have died inevitably. And I—I should have been her murderer!

"Let me tell you all about it," I repeated.

"Tell me," she whispered, in white-faced awe.

And I told her!

What?

Enough to save her; enough to send her to a medical man for an opinion—an opinion which set her feet once more upon the ladder which led upward to health and happiness and long life.

But remember I loved her; remember that I had said to my heart that I would win her. So I called the change of the letters a mistake instead of a crime: I laid the fault at the door of Doctor Johnson, instead of taking it home to myself: I let his death be the excuse for the slow martyrdom she had suffered.

I told her the truth—and lies.

I was frank—and false.

I dealt kindly with her—and cruelly.

Did I do well or ill? That, with many other questions, I leave for the world to judge!

She did not know then, nor did she ever know, that Doctor Johnson made no mistake, that I had been guilty of a cowardly crime, nor that the truth need not have waited for accident to give

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her her life through it—had I been honest and brave the evening before Doctor Johnson died.

The next day, I left her. Business demanded my attention. I was no longer in danger of insanity. I had found and saved the only one to whom my act had brought danger. The sick man might live or die, I said, and I need not blame myself for the false hopes I might have built up in his soul. I was happy—happy; I loved; and my own passion was too new and strange to demand an answering passion before I could be happy.

I left her. I had her permission to write to her; I had her promise that she would write to me. I said no word of love. I kissed her hand. I wonder if I might have kissed her lips.

VI.

A YEAR, to a busy man, is not a long time. A year went by before I saw Kitty Tranion again.

We had corresponded regularly. Her letters had been very kind; mine had not been more than that. I had been almost ready to tell my love for her, more than once; but I had always delayed—always waited.

And now the year was done. For a little time, her letters had grown shorter and less regular. I felt that something was wrong——something—somewhere. And I went down to the seashore again—down to the place where I had first met her—to find out what was wrong.

I knew in a quarter of an hour. I found them together. I knew in a moment that they were lovers—Kitty Tranion and David Brend.

And he, strong and active, had saved her life from the sea—saved her life and mine!

I did not go to them while they were together—I could not: how could I? I did not see her that night—I saw him.

It was on the great piazza of the hotel. There was a flood of moonlight on sea and shore: the music was filling the air with melody; men and women were passing us at every moment. But she was not with him when I met him.

I silently thanked God for that.

He put out his hand; I took it in my own. How I hated him!

"I am the happiest man alive," he said, "and I know you will rejoice, too. You have been so kind and good a friend to Kitty. She has told me of your cheerful letters; she has never failed to tell me what you have written. She is to be my wife. Congratulate me."

"I congratulate you," I said. And I could have killed him for his cruel blundering blindness.

How I hated him!

"It seems strange—strange," he said, dreamily. "Only a little more than a year ago, I looked for the quick coming of death; and now—now I am strong. Exercise and fresh air and quiet: do you know—can you guess—is it possible to tell you—what a man they have made of me?"

A cruel hope flashed through my brain O fate, fate! how strange are thy ways!

"You—you feared death?" I gasped. "How—why did you, in—in—"

I could say no more; I was speechless—breathless.

"I never told another in all the world," he said. "But you are my friend—I will tell you: I went, in doubt and almost in despair, to a great physician; he gave me hope—no, he gave me certainty."

I looked in the face of the man, paler than health should be—or was it the moonlight?

I looked at his chest; it was thin and small.

I could only guess at his heart's action by watching his temples throb; but I guessed that there was a fault somewhere.

And yet—

Doctor Johnson had surely said that his patient could not live beyond the autumn which had died with last year's flowers and been buried under last winter's snows. And this man, muscular and full of endurance, seemed worthy many years of the future.

I felt my own face grow pale; I felt the blood rush up to flush it again. I caught my breath with a shuddering sob.

"His—his name?" I asked, eagerly.

"Edwin Johnson. He lived in Clearburg. He died by accident that very night."

What should I have done? What do you say, you who read this? I had searched for him, to tell him the truth, until my brain had almost fallen in ruin, though I had given up my search for him when I had found and saved the other. What should I have done?"

What did I do?

God help me and forgive me! I told him the truth. I told him half truth and half lies as I had told Kitty Tranion. I shielded myself behind another, and that other my dead friend.

And then—

I can seem to see David Brend now as I saw him then—looking at me in an awful way that I would give worlds to be able to forget. One instant thus! then he pressed both hands over his breast, swayed for a moment, and fell heavily.

There were dozens with us in a few moments; but the earliest were too late. The doctors called it heart-disease. I wonder whether God

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will be as merciful, in the Judgment Day, as the doctors were? I wonder if He will say it was murder?

VII.

KITTY died a year ago. She had not been Kitty Tranion for more than thirty years. The stone over her head calls her "Kitty, beloved wife of Francis Foster." And it speaks the truth: she was my beloved wife—beloved always.

I never gave her an unkind look or word—she never gave me one.

But—

I wonder whether she loved me as well as she might have loved him?

My story is done. I have told it all.

I am an old man, and, some day, I have to go down to the grave and to the realities beyond it. It will not be very long now.

I need write no theories, no philosophy, no conclusions. I need not make my confession more painful by adding to it the burden of a useless remorse.

Can my story help anyone? Is there anything in my life to shun? Is there excuse or palliation for me? I leave it FOR THE WORLD TO JUDGE!

ALONE.

BY LILLA PRICE.

ALONE! What desolation and despair
Are concentrated in one simple word!
The bitterness and sting of death are there,
The silent dropping of the secret tear,
Unseen, unheard;
The broken home, the breaking heart, appear
In one small word.

Alone! Through silent watches of the night,
Sad stricken hearts their lonely vigils keep;
Sleepless and crushed beneath affliction's blight,
They battle feebly with their puny might,
And pray, and weep
For one faint ray of consolation's light,
While others sleep.

Alone! In solitude so darkly drear,
Although surrounded by the busy throng,
The world seems empty, and despair is near;
And thickly-gath'ring shadows oft appear,
And life seems long—
A broken note that once was sweet and clear—
A tuneless song.

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MRS. BRADFORD'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY CLARA MERWIN.

It was Christmas night, and every house in Oakdale held festival.

In some homes, the "old folks" gathered their children about them; in some, newly-married couples received their friends; elsewhere, there were juvenile parties.

Mrs. Bradford had no little children, neither were there any old people in the family. She was a plump rosy widow, and her household consisted of two sons, twentythree and twenty-one years of age. The mother might easily have passed for the sister of these young men, and there was not a happier home than theirs in Oakdale. On this night, it was perhaps the brightest in the place. Evergreen adorned the walls; flowers bloomed in the windows; all the furniture shone as if it were new; and, in the dining-room, fine damask, silver, and china set forth a table laden with every good thing procurable in Oakdale or possible of manufacture in Mrs Bradford's kitchen, in expectation of coming guests

"We have no relations, but we must have a Christmas party," Mrs. Bradford had said.

And then mother and sons had put their heads together to make out a list of people who probably had no invitations for the night. There was little Jessie Jackson, who lived with the doctor and his wife as useful friend. The family were going to spend the holidays with relatives, and Jessie was keeping house alone.

"Let's ask her," said Mrs. Bradford; "she won't say anything and she'll blush a great deal, but it will be better for her than moping at home. And there is old Mrs. Merryfield, who keeps house with her cat in that two-roomed cottage, which looks like a baby-house. We'll have her; she's a perfect gentlewoman, and good company too. And the old librarian—no one ever asks him anywhere; so kind as he is, hunting up books for people. We'll ask him, and the young telegraph operator you like so much, and the German music-teacher and his wife. That's one, two, three, four, five, six, one more, and our little table will be quite full. Who shall it be?"

"Polly Peace!" cried both boys, in one voice. "Little Polly Peace, mother."

"You want one pretty girl, don't you?" said Mrs. Bradford, with a laugh. "I wonder I did not think of Polly Peace before. But, you see, I was getting up a feast, not exactly for the lame, the halt, and the blind, but for people who were not likely to be remembered by anyone else—and, doubtless, Miss Polly will be. However, you may risk her. She will find it a dull party, though."

So the invitations were written and sent, and Jessie Jackson sent word that she would be so glad to come, for she had never been alone on Christmas evening before, and, if ever the ghost should come up the cellar-stairs, she felt sure it would be then. And old Mrs. Merryfield sent her compliments, and said she was charmed. And old Mr. Vellum was "highly honored." And the young operator, Mr. James, felt it consistent with his dignity to state that he would "postpone all other engagements for so charming a one"—which it was wonderfully easy for him to do, to tell the truth. And the old music-teacher and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Offenheimer, composed a note in the English language which it was quite impossible to interpret save as an acceptance. And, last of all, Miss Polly Peace sent "Thanks; I was wondering what I should do with myself on Christmas night."

So they were all coming—indeed, they had all come; and the German played everything they had ever heard for them; and the old lady had brought her knitting, and was talking with Mrs. Merryfield, who had traveled in Europe with her husband and was delighted to meet someone with whom she could chat intelligently of all she had seen there.

Young Mr. James had coaxed little Jessie Jackson to talk; and Mr. Vellum had found some rare books, in which he had buried himself; and Miss Polly Peace was the object of the adoring attention of both young men; while Mrs. Bradford flitted about, doing her best to make all her guests comfortable. Supper was a success; Mr. Offenheimer played, and there was dancing. Even the librarian joined in the quadrille, although he invariably made a mistake in every figure, and old Mrs. Merryfield did the steps as she had been taught in dancing-school in her youth.

Mr. James proved to Jessie Jackson that nothing was so easy as the polka. And Polly Peace declared that she never before heard music that made one dance whether one would or not. Polly was a young English girl who had come to America with her father, who had now returned to bring back the rest of his family, and had

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left his daughter to board with some people in the village until his return. She was well-connected, pretty, accomplished, and something of a coquette.

To Mrs. Bradford's fancy, the evening passed delightfully; and, when the last guest had departed, she returned to the parlor with a pleased smile, to find one of her boys—Roy—sitting sulkily by the fire. Erwin had seen Polly Peace home, and Roy was justly indignant over the fact, she could plainly see; but what it was, he would not tell her. Vexed at the manner in which he answered her, Mrs. Bradford left the room, to put away her silver, and was busily occupied in the dining-room, when she heard angry voices in the parlor, and, hurrying thither, found the brothers engaged in their first quarrel. They had never had the slightest disagreement before.

"You knew I intended to go home with her!" cried Roy.

"What if I did?" said Erwin.

"You had no right to sneak into my place in such a cowardly manner," said Roy.

"Your place?" said Erwin. "How did it come to be your place? I tell you, Polly was very well pleased that it should be as it was."

"You lie!" cried Roy.

"Boys! boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford, "this is dreadful!" But, even as she spoke, Erwin had lifted his hand and struck Roy a blow across the face.

Roy did not return it. He turned deadly pale, looked at his brother for one moment, then said slowly:

"This parts us forever, Erwin." And, seizing his hat and coat, he walked out of the house.

He did not return. It was the strangest, most horrible thing to Mrs. Bradford, and to Erwin after his passion had cooled down. They did all they could to discover what he had done and whither he had betaken himself; but they never received any news.

After awhile, Mrs. Bradford decided that her son was dead; that he had committed suicide during his anger, and because of what Erwin had said about the feelings of Polly Peace. In her anguish, she told the girl all, and learned that Roy had visited her much more frequently than Erwin, and that he had good reason to think she liked him. After this, the two women were fast friends. But Mrs. Bradford's home was a sad one now; the little party which had its origin in pleasant feeling had brought her great trouble, to two or three others much happiness.

Jessie Jackson had won a lover by it, and was soon married to Mr. James. Old Mr. Vellum had called on Mrs. Merryfield, and, though neither would see fiftyfive again, they had concluded to end their lives together. The old Germans found a little circle of admiring friends, to all of whom they were introduced, on that Christmas Day with which we open our story. Only poor Mrs. Bradford and her son regretted it. And, when three years had rolled by, Erwin, who was young and a man and found it easier to regain cheerfulness than his mother, married a sister of Polly Peace—a pretty girl, who came to his home to make it brighter—while Polly kept house for her father. Polly declared she would never marry, and seemed to be in earnest.

It was ten years since Roy had left his home; Mrs. Bradford's hair was quite gray; Erwin was a man of thirtyone, and his wife quite a matronly person, with three children about her; Polly was twentyeight, and declared herself an old maid. As each Christmas Day came, she remembered that night when she had been so light-hearted. She knew that she had done all the mischief—though, heaven knows, not intentionally. Yes, ten years were gone, and still his mother and the girl he had loved remembered Roy as fondly as ever.

"It's a shame!" said little Mrs. Erwin Bradford, on the twentysecond of December of that year. "It's a shame and a pity, Erwin, that we should never keep up Christmas in the good old-fashioned way! Here are the children growing large enough to understand, and they'll remember us as heathen, I'm afraid! Why not have a little Christmas party for once?"

"You know what sad memories we connect with Christmas, Susie," said Erwin.

"Yes, my dear," answered his wife; "and, were it any other day, I'd say nothing. But it's not only ourselves we think of in our Christmas-keeping. It's a day one should keep. I'm sure your mother will agree with me."

So Susie had her way. Mrs. Bradford was too sensible not to yield; and, for the first time since the disappearance of Roy Bradford, there was a Christmas merry-making in the Bradford mansion. Susie had not meant it so; but she had had no particular account of the guests of that evening. And there they all were: Mr. and Mrs. Vellum; Mr. James, his wife and two children; the good Germans; and, necessarily, Polly Peace. Mr. Peace, the father of the family, a younger daughter and son, and one or two other neighbors.

The table was set in the dining-room, and the guests were about to be summoned to tea.

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Meanwhile, the old music-teacher played on the piano—first a gay tune for the children, then a dance; then he wandered away into the sentimental music he loved best, and the notes of that beautiful song "The Long, Long Weary Day" fell upon the ears of his listeners.

Polly Peace knew the words well. As she mentally followed them, tears rose to her eyes. She could bear no more; she stole softly out of the room, and, opening the front door, stood on the porch in the moonlight. Everything was as bright as day. But for the lattice-work that crossed the end of the porch, she must have seen a man who stood there. A moment before, he had been upon the porch, looking through the window-blinds into the parlor. Now he had stolen around toward the dining-room, possibly with an eye to the spoons. Certainly, it was suspicious. He was a desperate-looking fellow, too—with a long black beard, a foreign-looking cloak, and a large hat slouched over his eyes. Whatever he was, Polly did not guess at his proximity. She walked toward the latticed end of the porch, leaned her head against it, and brushed back the tears. In a moment more, a hand rested on her shoulder and someone said:

"My dear, what is the matter?" It was Susie, who had come in search of her. "But I suppose I need not ask," she added. "I find my Christmas party has been a failure. There is dear mother, shedding tears in her room upstairs, and you in such a state. Did you really care so much as to cry about him for ten long years?'

"Susie," said Polly, "I shall cry about him all my life. I did love him dearly; and the thing Mr. Offenheimer is playing seems as though it were written for me. I did trifle with my love; and now he is dead and gone, and I am weeping. Don't think me foolish. You have your love; you are married to Erwin. You can't tell how terrible it is to think, think, year after year, of one whom you will never see again. I have been punished for the wrong I did that night. I shall never be happy again."

"Mamma!" cried a voice at the door. "Where are you? Isn't supper ready?"

"Go in, Susie," said Polly; "I will come in in a minute. I don't want the children now."

"I declare, I'm quite upset," said Susie. "I wish this were over and everyone at home." And she went into the house, closing the door after her.

"No—never, never again," sighed Polly. "Roy darling, why did I use you so?" She uttered the words aloud, and then started violently as a tall figure crossed the path and stepped upon the porch. It was no one whom she knew, and she retreated toward the door; but, before she could lay her hand upon it, the man had placed himself so that she could not reach it without pushing him aside.

"This is Miss Polly Peace?" he said.

She answered: "Yes."

"I have a message for you from someone who has been abroad a long while," he said.

Then he took off his hat, and the moonlight fell over his face, and in a moment it was all over: the thing she had thought impossible had happened—the one overwhelming joy that could come into her life had come then. Roy Bradford had returned. He stood before her, alive and well; and it was so strange and sudden, that, instead of crying out or dying of joy, she took it as calmly as we take strange things in dreams. She held out her hand to him and let him kiss her on her forehead.

"I know my mother is alive," he said. "I saw her through the window, an hour ago. I have been watching you all this while. Will you go and tell her that her runaway boy has come home?"

She said nothing, but let him kiss her again, and left him. When she returned, both mother and brother were with her.

Oh, what a Christmas supper was that! How little Mrs. James laughed with joy until she cried! how the old Vellums declared they always said so—always! how many welcomes-home the German played on the piano! and how Mrs. Offenheimer kissed Roy on both cheeks! The children were joyous over their new uncle, and the mother thanked heaven as never before.

It was midnight when the guests returned home, and, when Polly departed, Roy offered her his arm. They walked slowly, and let the rest leave them behind in the still village street.

"Polly," he said, "do you know that I only meant to peep in at the windows of my old home and go away again? I never meant to come in."

"That was cruel to your mother," said she.

"Yes," he said, "I know how wrong it was now; but I was thinking of myself. They told me, down in the village, that Erwin had married a Miss Peace. I thought, of course, it was you, and I hated him, and felt that no one would care to see me; but I wanted a glimpse of my mother's face and yours, so I came to get it. Then, thank God! I heard what you said to your sister."

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PICTURESQUE SAN ANTONIO.

BY MARGARET KENNEDY.

NO city in the United States is so quaint and picturesque as San Antonio, Texas. It is said to have been settled by French and Spanish traders as early as 1690. Certain it is that missions still remain which were erected in 1718—fourteen years before the birth of Washington.

Traversed by the beautiful San Antonio River, the San Pedro and Alazan Creeks, and the old acequias, the streets are crooked, as a rule—a straight one being an exception. Were it not for the famous "Alamo," San Antonio might well be called the "City of Bridges," as there are one hundred and fifty, besides the short ones over the acequias. While a lover of flowers, finding many of our choicest plants growing wild in the greatest profusion, observing the strange cacti, standing under tropical-looking bananas, shaded from the November sun by luxuriant madeira vines, or picking roses and violets in the open air during the holidays, would want to christen it the "City of Flowers"!

Walking down charming Flores Street, thoughts of Venice arise, for the street winds around to follow the acequia or ditch, dug by the Indians long ago under the superintendence of the Franciscan Fathers. Along one side, each dwelling has a little bridge, often highly ornamented, thrown across the ditch, while the fence extends only a few feet on either side of the gate. Mulberry, fig, and willow trees overhang the swift-flowing waters, while caladiums and gorgeous cannas—scarlet, red, and orange—spring up the length of the banks. Mistletoe seems to abound along this street, great branches of it growing in the heckberry and pecan trees.

On every street, queer Mexican customs can be seen. In warm weather, the clothing of the lower class of men consists of a coarse white shirt, gray jeans pants, with a red belt or scarf about the waist, and a drab sugar-loaf hat, as heavy with silver or gold braid as their means will allow. In cool weather, no coat is worn, but instead a blanket is draped picturesquely about the body. Even in winter, the feet of these men are often uncovered except by sandals of their own manufacture.

On every street-corner; there is a small table covered with fruit or home-made candies and candied pumpkin. At all seasons, the Mexican who stands by, ever anxious to sell, has a cow-tail brush, which he uses vigorously if one stops to buy. When tired of one spot, the owner simply moves on, carrying the table on his head! Some of them have great wooden bowls, filled with bananas and oranges, on their heads. When one wishes to purchase, the bowl is deftly lowered and placed on a camp-table carried along for the purpose.

The black shawls drawn over their heads proclaim the nationality of the Mexican women as far as the eye can see them. They are all quite small, and glide along in a listless melancholy way—very different from the short quick step of the men. Their voices are soft and musical, but none of them could be called beautiful. Occasionally one is seen sitting in a doorway or on the pavement, eating her frugal meal or trying to sell fruit from the basket beside her.

Black-robed nuns, followed by orphans in their ugly uniform, cowboys with trousers tucked in boots and jingling spurs, Chinese and Japanese, invalids from the North, tourists from all over the world, and United States soldiers, all add variety to the street-scenes.

In many of the shop-windows are Mexican images which are really worthy of study, so characteristic are they. There are miniature chili-stands, chili and tiny tamales with their shuck

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coverings displayed on them; men beating obstreperous donkeys; queer old fishermen with their nets; barefooted girls, bound for market with their fresh vegetables—some walking, others riding burros; cowboys in all their glory of big hats, fine boots, and costly saddles; men killing wild beasts among the mesquite and cacti: no picture of Mexican life seems forgotten, and each is marvelously perfect in every detail.

The great market-place of the city is the Military Plaza. There everything can be found, from pepper—literally by the peck—to stove-wood and hay. Many of the venders, who are chiefly Mexican, spread blankets on the ground, and on them put their fruits and vegetables, while their carts and lean ponies stand behind The small boys of the city seem to delight in coming here and indulging in a primitive kind of candy—long purplish stalks of sugar-cane, as thick as a man's wrist.

At night, this square presents a brilliant as well as novel scene. As it grows dark, the market-wagons disappear, and in their stead are brightly-lighted chili-stands—where, until daylight, chili-con-carne, enchilades, tamales, and other Mexican dishes consisting largely of pepper can be obtained. Behind each table is a stove or a fire on the ground, where the cooking is done by the swarthy attendants. People of all classes and nationalities can be seen stripping the husks from tamales, or eating chili red with pepper, and drinking strong coffee.

SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL.

Two and one-half miles northeast of the Main Plaza is "Government Hill," the finest army post in the United States. There are barracks for nine companies of troops, while about fifty commissioned officers are usually stationed there. From "Government Tower," which is ninety feet high, an extended view is obtained of the city and the lovely valley of the San Antonio

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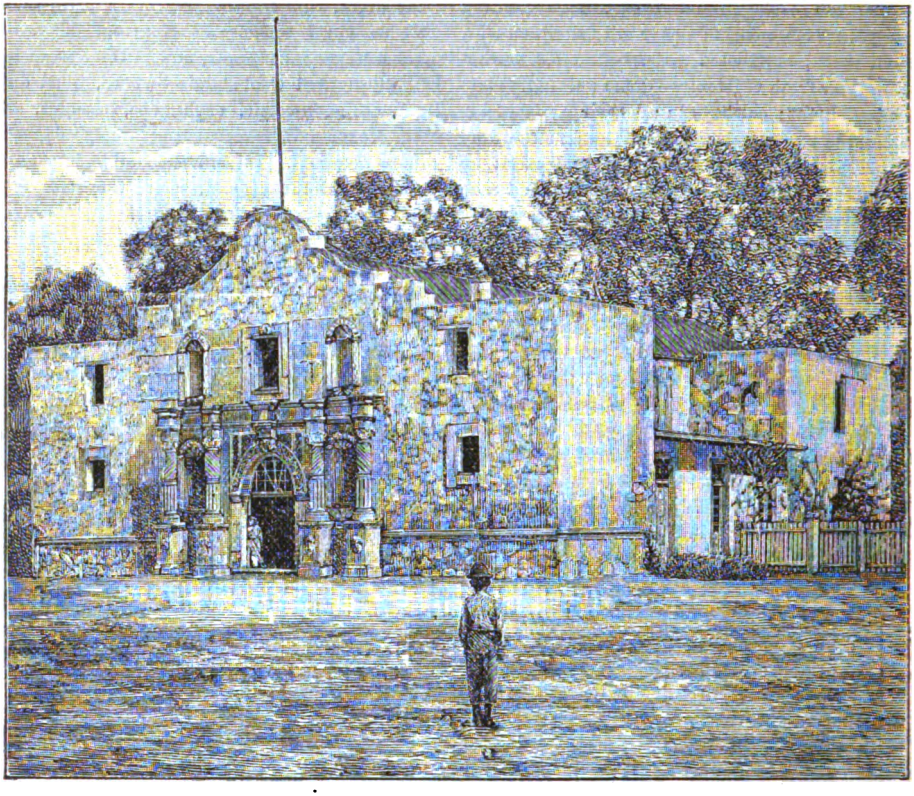

THE ALAMO.

River. The large parade-ground, with its wide concrete walks and macadamized drive-way shaded by umbrella-trees, is a favorite resort with citizens and visitors to witness the military parades and listen to the out-door concerts of the military band. While going out to this post, queer Mexican huts or jacals can be seen. They resemble a child's play-house very much, being made of old boards, pieces of tin and iron, blankets, skins—anything and everything that can be patched together. There are usually no windows and but a single door—often hung with a patchwork quilt. Sometimes there is a stick chimney; again, the only fire is made out-of-doors, where a kettle is hung up gipsy-fashion. Yet the inhabitants seem perfectly contented.

The United States Arsenal, established during the Mexican War in the southern part of the city, is another place of beauty and interest.

San Pedro Park is famous for its immense live-oak and pecan trees. The clear waters of its springs bubble up from the earth, forming quite a lake, finally flowing off as the San Pedro Creek. A collection of cacti and other strange plants from Mexico is of interest to tourists.

Extending from the Main to the Military Plaza is San Fernando Cathedral; though the back part was erected in 1732, it appears as substantial as the modern structure in front. It was from the tower of this old building Santa Anna displayed his blood-red flag during the siege of the Alamo. A massive wall about four feet in height surrounds it. Within, costly paintings and beautiful altars testify to the devotion of the Roman Catholics. It is really a wonderful sight to see, on a special occasion, three thousand people gathered within its walls, the Mexican women and children sitting as usual on the floor of the aisles, while the services are conducted in the part which has been standing for more than one hundred and fifty years, and the great organ for a time lifts one above both the joys and the cares of this little earth.

But the object of most general interest in San Antonio is the Alamo, fitly called "The Thermopylæ of Modern Times." Like the other missions, it was originally used both as a church and for protection against hostile Indians. Here, in 1836, Travis, Bowie, and Davy Crockett, with one hundred and sixtynine men, were besieged

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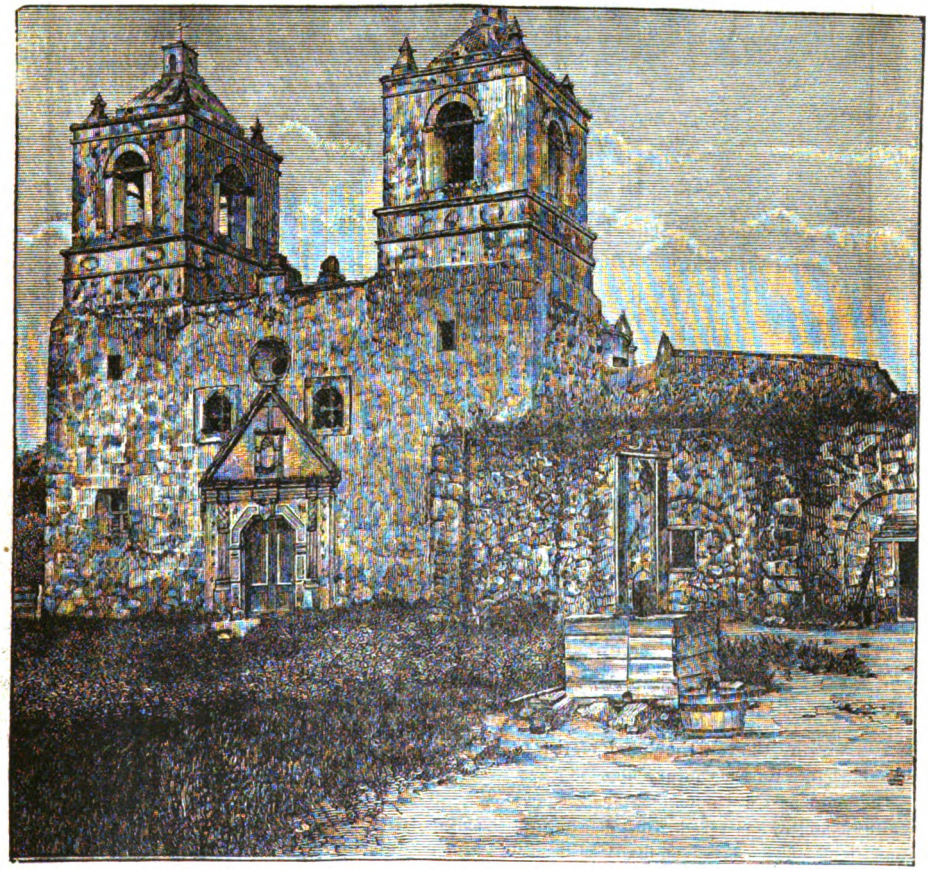
by Santa Anna with four thousand Mexicans. Every one died at his post with the exception of seven, who were butchered while imploring mercy. The famous Lieutenant Bowie was killed in the little room at the left of the entrance, while brave Crockett fell near the door, surrounded by those whom he had cut down. Not content with their wholesale butchery, the Mexicans burned the bodies of the Americans.

The ravages made by that siege have been remedied as far as possible, and the building seems to be able to stand at least another hundred years. It is one hundred and twelve feet long, seventytwo feet wide, and more than twenty feet in height, while the walls of solid masonry are four feet thick. The carvings on the façade are still beautiful, though the statues which once filled the niches have long since disappeared.

Strangely enough, opposite the Alamo is a magnificent opera house—one speaking of the heroism of the past, the other of the luxury of the present.

No one should leave the "Alamo City" without visiting Concepcion and San José Missions—the former two miles, the latter four miles, down the San Antonio River. Concepcion was begun in 1731, and for twentyone years Franciscan Fathers and Indians toiled on "one of the noblest churches ever erected in America." Built on a far more magnificent scale than the Alamo, one can easily imagine, as its gray walls rise above the mesquite and pecan trees, that it is a Spanish scene set down in the New World. Its architecture is indeed Christianized Moorish. Though but faint traces remain of the bright pattern which once adorned the whole stuccoed front, and the carvings about the portal and the cloisters show the rude touch of time, the main building is as substantial as it is beautiful. On the most oppressive summer day it is cool, almost too cool, within. On the walls of a small room under the tower on the right can still be seen the knotted cord of the Franciscans, a serpent, and the seven sorrows which pierced the heart



THE MISSION (CONCEPCION).

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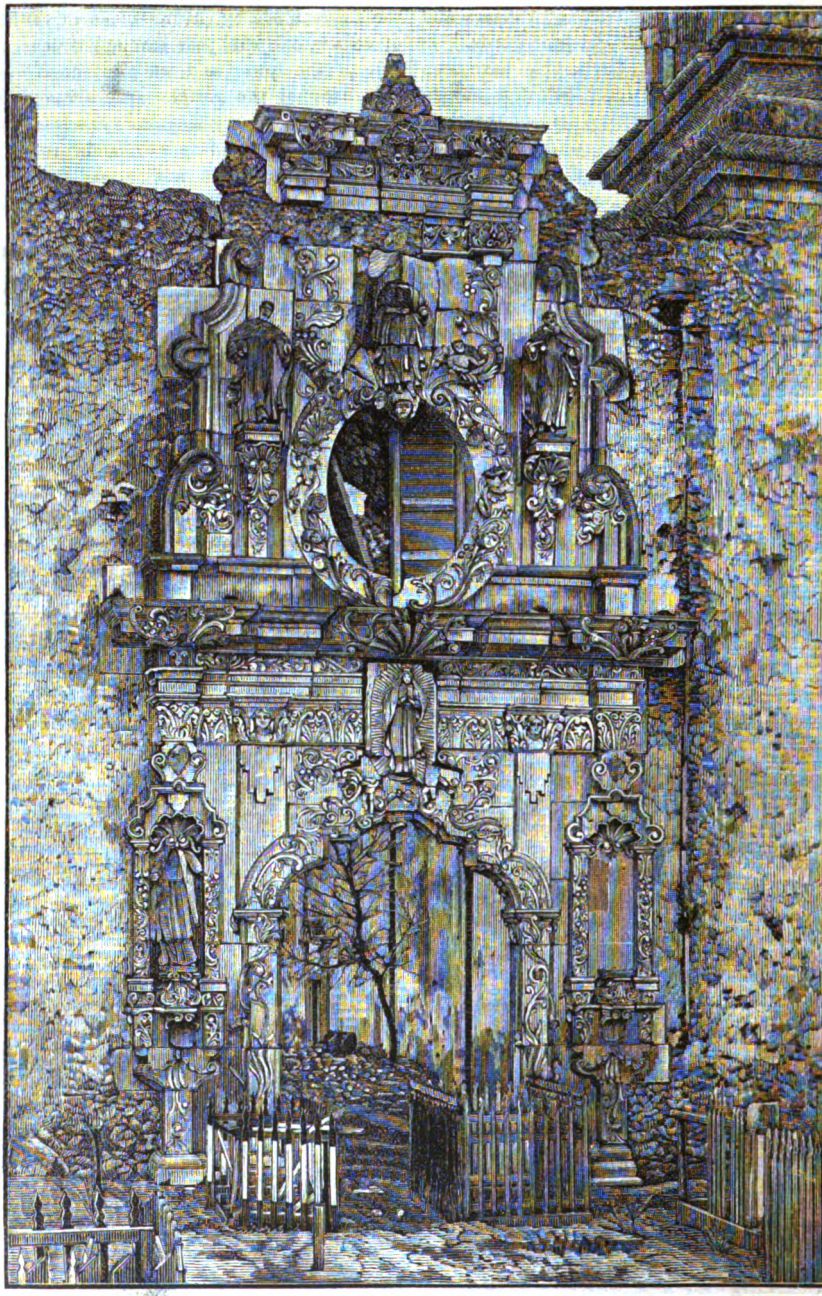

PORTAL OF SAN JOSÉ MISSION.

of the Virgin, though the hand of the painter crumbled into dust a century ago.

The main part of the church has recently been whitewashed or plastered, until it is as white as snow, and, after a lapse of many years, services are again held in it. As was the case formerly in the Alamo, the gallery for the choir is next to the entrance. Words cannot describe the beauty of a lofty dome which rises over the main hall of the church; although severely plain, such is its grace and majesty that one stands enchanted and can scarcely leave it! Thinking of the

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patience and devotion of those poor friars and Indians, emotions rise "too deep for words."

The San José Mission is declared to have been the finest of all these edifices, but it is now in a very dilapidated condition. One of the most famous Parisian architects, visiting this mission, pronounced it the finest piece of architecture in the United States. It was commenced in 1718, the King of Spain sending over a genius named Huizar to superintend its construction. He spent several years in carving the various ornamentations of the building. The elaborately-carved front doorway is thirtyfive feet high, having originally six statues of life size. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of fruit and flower and arabesque—nothing more seraphic can be imagined than the many angel faces, and the Virgin Mary just above the door.

There are graves in front and within a few feet of the building. The beautifully-carved front doors of cedar have disappeared, but the chapel is entered through heavy portals covered with quaint rich carvings. By climbing on a bench and then up several steps in the thick wall, one can look between the iron bars (which probably were brought from Spain) of a window out over the mesquite-covered plain. Quaint spiral stairs lead to the floor of a tower: by laboriously climbing up primitive ladders, which the friars made by cutting nicks in the trunks of cedars, one can pass through a door on the side of the tower and walk out on a flat roof just back of the portal. The arrangement of these ladders is very singular: one leans against the wall in the ordinary way, and, just where it ends, another begins, and runs across in an opposite direction to the opening. A slender pole, polished from much handling, and placed by the side of each ladder, is the only assistance in ascending. Lovely grasses, and even a small tree, are growing on the roof, while to the northward San Antonio gleams in the sun.

The third mission, or San Juan Capistran, is three miles farther down the river. San Francisco de la Espada, or the fourth mission, is one and a half miles below San Juan. Both are small simple chapels, founded in 1716, and are now almost in ruins.

Especially to one who has read "Ramona" are these ancient missions interesting.

Once seen, the lovely "Alamo City" can never be forgotten. Its beautiful river-views in the very heart of the city; its winding streets, with their quasi-tropical vegetation; its quaint adobe houses; the queer customs of its native population, and its ancient buildings, of historic interest, remain among the loveliest pictures in memory's gallery.

WHERE THE SPARKLING WAVES OF THE CASPIAN SHINE.

BY BELLE BREMER.

WHERE the sparkling waves of the Caspian shine
Like a giant beaker of foam-beaded wine,
His beautiful eyes all dimmed by the brine,

He sleeps: far down where the coral-tree grows,
While over his pillow the sea-flower blows
And the wonderful ship of the Nautilus goes.

The bonnie brown curls that so oft I've caressed
Lie tangled in sea-weed; the lips I have pressed
Are white as the foam that drifts over his breast.

No burning of incense, no masses are said;
No funeral-lamp save the sea-star to shed
A luminous glow at his feet and his head;

No chanting of dirges, no tolling of bell—
The sob of the sea in rosy-wreathed shell
Is his dirge, and the wave-beat his funeral-knell:

Where, lulled by the lap of the emerald wave,
He peacefully sleeps—hearing never the rave
Of the wind as it frets through coral-hung cave.

And his rest is sweet on the gold-glinted sand,
As if shrouded and hearsed and tombed upon land,
O'ershadowed by cypress and monument grand.

He sleeps and he dreams—if the dead ever dream,
If we are ourselves when we cross o'er the stream,
And souls are still lighted by memory's beam—

And I know his visions are ever of me,
Far down in his bed where the wave washes free
O'er the gold-sanded floor of the Caspian Sea.

A BUNCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARK.

I PLUCKED some wild-flowers, love, to-day;
I found them in a nook,
Blooming their short sweet life away
Beside a running brook.

And so I bring them unto you,
These flowers He scattereth:
Their light will be your eyes, their dew
The incense of your breath.

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THE BLACK EAGLE MINE.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

LACK is the prevailing tint in the vicinity of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. The rugged mountains, denuded of their forest mantle for the timbering of the subterranean passages and chambers far below, are bleak and black. The enormous piles of culm, rivaling in their magnitude the mountains of Nature's building, are black. The sluggish streams that meander through the narrow gorges, poisoned and colored by the drainage of the mines, are of an inky black. The roads, filled with pulverized coal-dust, and the miners' cabins, made grimy by the sooty atmosphere, are all black. And the people who live and toil amid those surroundings, though not negroes, are black, or at best, when they are "washed up" on Sundays, spotted, for every abrasion of the skin made by an anthracite point or edge leaves an indelible blue mark.

Nowhere, in all the anthracite region, was the universal blackness more depressing and repellant than in the neighborhood of the Black Eagle Mine. Robert Bedell, an intelligent lad of sixteen, had vaguely felt its saddening effect ever since he could remember anything, but it was not until a particularly bleak and bad November afternoon that it presented itself to his mind as a thing wholly unendurable and possible to escape from. He and his father had come up from the mine late in the day, and were "washing up" at the back door of their humble cabin, as a preliminary to supper. As he looked at the almost black canopy of lowering cloud that seemed to rest on the steep black mountains hemming in the gorge in which he stood, the place seemed to him an enormous grave, and, turning suddenly, he exclaimed:

"Father, I can't stand this any longer. I'm going away."

"Where?" queried the senior Bedell, stolidly.

"I don't know, and I don't care. Anywhere that there's sunshine and something to look at that isn't black."

The man contemplatively rubbed his stubbly chin with his horny hand, as if trying to think where such a place might be, and slowly replied:

"There does be some sun here in the summer, though I don't often see much of it except o' Sundays, and then it's powerful hot."

With the heavy deliberate tread of the old miner, he walked into the house. His mind was slow of action, and the idea had not really penetrated it, that his son seriously proposed abandoning the field of labor in which his father toiled, and the industry in which generations of Bedells, in England and this country, had worn out their lives. But, at the supper-table, the subject was renewed by Robert's repeating:

"Father, I mean what I said. I'm going away."

And again the man asked, but this time with visible curiosity: "Where?"

"Well, I think I'll go to sea."

"Ah! That comes of your story-reading. Have you made up your mind as to whether you'll be a pirate chief, or go for the island where the princess, with sacks of diamonds, is waiting to marry you? Or maybe you'll do both?"

The color rose in the lad's cheeks, for he felt the sting of his father's sarcastic tone and words, but controlled himself to reply quietly:

"I have no such foolish notions. I know very well that what I get I must work hard for, and that I mean to do. And I'm sure I can find something better than the mine."

"What ails the mine? The mine's been good enough for your father, and was good enough for his father and his forbears ever since there were any Bedells. You're a stout lad, and soon can earn man's wages. What fault have you with the mine? Isn't it warm in winter and cool in summer? It's a good enough place. And, when you have steady work and decent pay, and there's no accident, you make good wages."

"But," broke in his wife, "you have never either steady work or decent pay, and accidents, that crush your life out or make a charred cinder of you, are liable to happen at any minute."

"Why, Janet! D'ye want our lad to go away from us?"

The woman's lip trembled, the tears stood in her eyes, and she could not reply at once; but, soon controlling her emotion, she responded:

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"The Lord knows it's a sore heart mine will be, when I see his dear face no more at the fireside; but it's best for him that he shall go. Would you have him grow as old in the mine as his father is, and be no more forehanded, with all his years of fighting with death for bread, than we are this day? Oh! it's a cruel life, James—a cruel life, not only for those who live it, but for those who love them. I don't want my boy to be a miner."

"There's as much danger on the sea as in the mine. We're all in God's hand, anyway."

With his mother for an ally, it was not long before Robert carried his point, and, with the reluctantly given consent of his father, turned his back on the mine. It was little of a start in the world that his parents could give him, and little, indeed, that he would accept.

"You need all you have," he said, "and all I require is to get to New York, with enough in my pocket for one day's bread and a lodging. I will find something to do."

And he did, on the very day of his arrival in the great metropolis, signing the articles as a "green hand" aboard the hermaphrodite brig "Araminta"—Captain Campbell, master, Messrs. Furness & Grinnell, owners—trading to the West Indies and South American ports.

The ensuing three years of Robert's life may be passed over very briefly, though they were by no means uneventful or devoid of influences that went far toward forming his character and determining his career. In the crew of the Araminta was an old sailor, known as Bill Hazel, who had at one time been a mate, and who possessed a very good practical knowledge of the art of navigation. The common sailor's vice of inebriation had degraded Bill from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, and he had had, for years, no ambition beyond ranking as an able seaman afloat and an able drinker ashore. But he was, at bottom, a good-hearted though rather rough old fellow, and, happily taking a liking to our hero, set to work, with the books and instruments that he still carried in his sea-chest as evidences of his former dignity, to make the lad an expert navigator. In this he readily succeeded, for Robert was studious, possessed a natural aptitude for figures, and fully appreciated that knowledge was necessary to the carving-out of a fortune.

Captain Campbell noticed him "taking the sun" one day, and, upon questioning him, was both surprised and pleased to find that the lad's calculations were as correct as his own. From that time on, he watched with interest the progress of his "green hand," saw him rise to be an able seaman, and then, when an opportunity occurred through the desertion of the second mate at Para, put him in that position.

When Robert returned with this dignity, he asked and obtained leave of absence to visit, for the first time since he had left home, his parents at the Black Eagle Mine. He was now a sturdy bronzed young man, who, though only nineteen years old, seemed fully of age.

He might have been gone but three weeks instead of three years, for any change he could see about the place, except that his father was a little more gray and bent and there were more care-lines in the face of his good mother. They had been more comfortable in some respects, however, since he went away, for he had not neglected to send to them, from time to time, portions of his earnings to aid them in what he well knew was a hard battle for existence. All the surroundings of the mine were as bleak, black, and forbidding as ever, and he shuddered to think of a life-time spent there.

The houses of the miners—the plainest, ugliest, and cheapest old two-story frame buildings imaginable—were ranged in two long straggling rows, on the sides of the black road that, from the railway station, wound in and out of the gorges, rising gradually until it passed through an elevated notch in the mountain chain. Thence it descended a little way into a picturesque valley, where the residence of Mr. John Thorndyke, the owner of the Black Eagle Mine, was situated.

Miss Letitia Thorndyke, the mine-owner's only child, was going home one afternoon, in the family landau, that had met her at the station on her return from a visit to the city, when her attention was attracted by a young man who, as the carriage passed, raised his hat with such courteous ease and grace of action as she had not been accustomed to see in the youth of that part of the country. She thought he was one of the handsomest young men she had ever seen, and, though her view of him was hardly more than a glimpse, her mind's eye could perfectly recall his tall figure, blue eyes, curly brown hair, and bright winning smile.

She thought what a pity that he was a stranger there, whom she would probably never see again. But, the very next day, she drove over to the mine store, and again saw, at a little distance, the same handsome young man.

"Do you know who that is?" she asked Slocum, the nominal store-keeper, who was actually only a figure-head, the real proprietor being her own father.

"Oh! yes," he replied; "that is the son of one

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of our men—old Jim Bedell. He has been away somewhere awhile, I believe."

"Only a common miner's son!" she thought, in surprise.

Robert tried, in vain, to persuade his father to abandon the mine.

"You are old," he said, "and have worked long enough. It is now my place to support you, and I am able and willing to do so. Let me take you and mother away to a home on Long Island, near New York, where I can see you every time I come back from a voyage, where you will have a garden and see the sun."

"I should miss the mine, lad," the old man replied. "I'm best here. No—I mustn't lay down the pick while I can hold it."

So Robert went to sea again, and this time he was gone two years. Two bad years they proved at the Black Eagle. First, the mine was flooded, and the miners, always living from hand to mouth, almost starved before work could be resumed. Then the mine took fire, and the desperate endeavors of the owner and his engineers and all the skilled men whose advice and co-operation could be obtained seemed powerless to stay the progress of the awful subterranean conflagration. There is a terrible mystery about the burning of a mine. Theoretically, a fire will not burn unless it has air; but practically, the fire in a coal-mine burns on and on, though every shaft and other entrance be so closed and packed with solid earth that the ingress of a breath of oxygen seems impossible; and, though rivers of water are poured in, it licks them up, and they but seem to feed its fury. Near Summit Hill, there is a mine that has now been burning steadily for thirty years. The Black Eagle promised to be such another.

Mr. Thorndyke employed every means to check the destruction, but only with the result of precipitating his financial ruin. The disaster had come upon him when he was least prepared to meet it. An unfortunate stock-speculation had crippled him, and, when the fire took place, he was forced to borrow a large sum of money on short time and at heavy interest. Tens of thousands of dollars were swallowed up by the fire almost as swiftly as if the flames had actually fed upon the bank-notes. At length, John Thorndyke was an utterly ruined man; and, giving up to his creditors all that he possessed, he went to New York, in the hope of finding employment.

Most of the men who had worked in the Black Eagle Mine drifted away to other localities; but a few still clung to their old homes, with a vague hope that sometime the fire would burn itself out or choke itself, and labor be resumed. James Bedell was among those who thus remained—until, one day, Robert, having returned from a voyage and received a letter that told him of their misfortunes, came and took them away to the long-planned home near New York.

The world had gone well with Robert, meanwhile. It was during the latter part of his fifth year of life upon the sea, when he was first-mate of the Araminta, that Captain Campbell died of a malignant fever at a Guiana port. Robert became his successor. Finding no profitable return-freight at the Guiana port or even at Trinidad, he took the responsibility of investing the very considerable sum of money belonging to the brig in an assorted cargo—mainly of vegetable wax gathered by the Indians on the Maturin River, of certain valuable fibrous materials, and of rare and fine woods. Had his speculation turned out badly, he would, of course, have been severely blamed by his employers; but, happily, the profit on that cargo was five times as great as the vessel could have earned in freights, and they were delighted. So well were they pleased, that, seeing an opening for profitable extension of their business through his commercial talent, they took him into the firm. It was very soon after this that he removed his parents to their new home on Long Island; having done which, he went to sea again.

John Thorndyke did not prosper. His reverses broke his spirit, and his health, too, failed. For a few months, he earned, by commissions on coal sales, a scanty livelihood for his family. Then the exposure incidental to that business in an inclement winter season brought on pneumonia, and suddenly he died. The entire burden of supporting her mother and herself fell upon Letitia. Mrs. Thorndyke could be of no help; for, in addition to being well on in years, she had been born a Schermerhorn and never had learned to do anything. Poor Letitia was soon made to feel the superficiality and uselessness of the training that she, as a rich man's daughter and descendant of the Schermerhorns, had received. She played the piano and sang creditably, but not sufficiently well to earn her living, either as performer or teacher. She drew and painted in water-colors nicely, but not well enough to produce anything that she could sell. She embroidered prettily, but a living could not be made by that. She did not know enough practically to be a school-teacher;

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as a shop-girl, she could not get wages enough to support two; and she was not fitted for housework. Eventually, she learned to work a type-writing machine, and, soon becoming expert, was able to earn a comfortable support for her mother and herself. The teacher who instructed her in the art found employment for her in the corresponding department of a large shipping and importing house, where she won golden opinions and a good salary by her ability, neatness, ladylike demeanor, and exemplary devotion to business. The firm employing her was Furniss, Grinnell & Co.

Miss Thorndyke, of course, knew, from the correspondence that passed through her hands and by her knowledge of the affairs of the firm, that their "Co." was named "Robert Bedell," and that he was away in command of the Araminta; but not once had that knowledge been associated in her mind with a memory that still lingered there—of a handsome young man, with curly brown hair and blue eyes. That was "only a common miner's son"; and, of course, she should have forgotten all about him. But she had not; and, sometimes, since her father's death, she had thought that the gap between his station and hers was much narrower than she had once dreamed.

Alas! an incident that occurred about three months after she had been in the firm's employment made it seem wider than ever before. She was busy copying a business-letter one day, when, hearing Mr. Grinnell, behind her, utter a joyous shout of "Why, hello, Bob! Welcome back, my boy!" she turned her head and saw that same "common miner's son" enter and receive a cordial greeting as the captain of the Araminta and one of her employers.

She bent her head over her work, but somehow she could not see plainly, and her fingers would strike the wrong keys; and when, at length, she laid the copied letter before Mr. Grinnell for his signature, that genial old gentleman, who had quite a fatherly and familiar way of talking to his clerks, looked at it in surprise and said:

"Why, Letty, my girl, this isn't like your work at all. Oh! this will never do. It looks as if it had been made with printers' 'pi.' You are not yourself to-day. You've a headache, haven't you? You look flushed."

"Y-yes, sir," she stammered, bending her head in confusion and hoping that the young captain would not look at her.

"Run along home and take a rest. This is not pressing and will do just as well to-morrow."

She gladly accepted the permission and hurriedly took her departure, but not before Captain Bedell had taken a good sharp look at her and had commenced trying to think where he had seen that face before. And he did not get through puzzling himself about it that night or the next day, though he said nothing more to Mr. Grinnell than: "Your type-writer is a fine-looking girl."

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, quite indifferent to the subject. "What a splendid stroke of good-luck it was, getting all that rubber in just now. It's up, and rising."

Letitia saw little of Captain Bedell for several days, as his duties kept him on his vessel most of the time, and then he went to his parents for a short visit; but nobody entered the office that she did not, without turning her head, listen to the footfall and the voice, in the hope that they might be his. She was constantly agitated between the hope and the fear that he would recognize and speak to her. What if he should know, or even suspect, that she had ever despised him as "only a common miner's son"?

One morning, before Mr. Grinnell had got down-town, Captain Bedell entered the office, where Letitia happened to be alone, and, after courteously bidding her "good-morning," put to her the direct question:

"I beg your pardon if I am either mistaken or unwarrantably inquisitive, but are you not Miss Thorndyke, a daughter of John Thorndyke, formerly proprietor of the Black Eagle Mine?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"I do not expect you to remember me, as I don't suppose you ever even saw me; but, when I was a boy, I lived only over the hill from you, and my father worked for years in your father's mine."

"Oh! yes, Mr. Bedell, I do remember you. We met there once, though you evidently have forgotten it."

"Not at all," he rejoined, laughingly. "You were in a landau, and I was walking. I was only a boy then, but I could not forget having seen you. Let us pretend to ourselves that we are quite old friends, since we at least remember each other, which is more than friends sometimes do after five years—"

"Oh, not so long as that. It is not yet two years and a half."

"But I am counting the time as it has seemed to me, not by the almanac."

She laughed and blushed. He laughed and was about to say something else that she knew would be nice, when an advertisement-solicitor entered, and a peddler followed him; and then Mr. Grinnell came in, and so the little chat was ended. But the ice was broken, and thereafter

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acquaintance between the captain and the type-writer progressed rapidly. It was not long before he fell into the habit of seeing her as far as the cars, on her way home, after business-hours, and he always came to the office in the morning before Mr. Grinnell. She also got there early.

His going away was delayed because the firm was building a new vessel, much larger and finer than the Araminta, of which he was to take command. His former first-officer, Mr. Broadtop, sailed away as captain of the old brig, and for three months Bedell remained ashore, getting better and better acquainted with the type-writer.

One evening, going to the cars with her as usual, he said:

"Letitia, in three weeks from to-day, I set sail for Brazil, and I want you to go along."

"You want me to go along?" she echoed, admirably counterfeiting surprise.

"Yes, if you have no general objection to being a sailor's wife, and no particular objection to being the wife of this individual sailor. I'm no hand at love-making, because you know I've been to sea ever since I was a boy, and naturally haven't had any practice at it; but I'm just as much in earnest as if I could say all the pretty things to you that they put into stories, instead of just the simple plain statement of fact—I love you, and I want to marry you. Will you have me?"

It was a horrid situation in which to receive a proposal of marriage, right in the midst of a throng on Broadway; but Letitia had sense enough to know that, of all the thousands that jostled them, not one knew or cared what they were talking about, and that, so long as they refrained from the emotionally pantomimic adjuncts of love-making, their conference was as private in the solitude of a multitude as it would have been in the depths of a forest or the lowest smoky cavern in the Black Eagle Mine So, trying to look as calmly indifferent as if the weather, or the last new play, or some equally uninteresting topic were under discussion, she replied:

"Yes, Robert. If you are willing to marry a poor girl who is only a type-writer in your employment, I will try to be as good a wife to you as I can. Thank heaven! I have more sense, I think, than I had when we first met."

"A poor girl? Why, Letitia, you are not poor. You have beauty, health, youth intelligence, and the courage to meet the world bravely and win by honest labor your way in it. With all that, you are rich. Bring me one dower more, and I shall have won a prize that a prince might envy."

"And that is?"

"Love."

"Ah! yes, Robert. That at least I am sure I bring to you."

When Mr. Grinnell was told of the new partnership which had been arranged between the pair, he declared that Captain Bedell's new ship must be named after his lovely bride, the "Letitia." So she was, and, upon her quarter-deck, Miss Thorndyke became Mrs. Bedell, to the great joy of the captain and his aged parents and the calm resignation of Mrs. Thorndyke, who could not forget she was a Schermerhorn. And the wedding-tour of the young couple was taken in Captain Bedell's new ship on its first voyage to Brazil, which was a trading enterprise that turned out exceeding well, as did everything else that was undertaken by brave "Captain Bob."

ONWARD.

'Tis weary watching, wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.

We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow;
And, where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow

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WITHIN A YEAR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 455.

CHAPTER V.

MISS THOMASINA had not been long enough in her room to attain a sufficient degree of calmness where anything like reflection was possible, when there came a furious knock at her door, and Tom's voice called:

"Aunt Ina, let me in! I want to speak with you! I can't wait—it's very important! Let me in, I say!"

"What else has he done?" thought Thomasina, the "he," of course, referring to Mr. Thorne. Then, as the knocks continued, she cried out: "Please don't batter my door down. Come in; it isn't locked."

Tom burst into the chamber with the haste and force of a missile shot out of a catapult, almost knocking his aunt down in his progress.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped: "I didn't see you."

"Still, I am a body of sufficient size easily to be detected by the naked eye," returned Thomasina, with a kind of dismal caricature of her ordinary playful manner; for the sight of her nephew's extreme agitation, if it did not quiet her own, warned her of the necessity of trying to appear composed. If Tom also was furious against Digby Thorne, there might—unless she were careful—some unpleasant consequences ensue between the pair, and that would be too horrible. "I shall have to set up a telescope for you to hunt me through," she added.

Tom laughed, with so miserable an attempt at merriment that Thomasina was fairly frightened by it and his haggard face and troubled eyes.

"Tom! Tom! what on earth is the matter?" she cried.

"Everything!" shouted the young man. "The world has come to an end—or I feel as if it had; it has for me, anyway. I'm desperate — yes, I am — actually desperate! I'm not surprised at old Mrs. Henderson; I always knew she was capable of anything! I've seen she meant mischief ever since that old idiot came here this summer! But I wouldn't have believed my own mother could treat me so! I wouldn't—"

He broke off in his passionate speech to circle wildly about the room, striking his fists against every article of furniture with which he came in contact; and he managed to hit against nearly every heavy object in the chamber, muttering and rolling his eyes in a dreadful fashion.

Thomasina stood appalled for a few instants, fairly incapable of movement; then she said to herself, under her breath: "Everybody has gone mad, and Tom among the rest!" Then she rushed up to him and shook his arm violently, exclaiming:

"Come to your senses this minute, you crazy boy, and tell me what's the matter! A girl might behave in that insane fashion — but a man!"

"It's enough to drive a fellow crazy," returned Tom; but he spoke more quietly and ceased his eccentric gyrations, a good deal sobered by his aunt's reproof. "But you're right, Aunt Tommy: I needn't make a fool of myself."

He tried to laugh again; but a sound suspiciously like a sob checked the effort, and his face worked in a convulsive fashion which made Thomasina forget everything but sympathy for his pain. She put her two arms tenderly around his neck and said:

"Tell me all about it, my darling boy. We shall be sure to find a way out, whatever the trouble is. Don't keep me in suspense! What do you mean by speaking of your mother in that manner? You don't suppose she would think of such a thing for a moment? But what has old Mrs. Henderson to do with it?"

"Quite enough! She'll drive Katie into it at last; though Katie says she will never, never consent—she swore it. She says she will go into a Sisterhood, rather. But that would be about as bad—"

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"You are not telling me!" interrupted Thomasina, able at least to discover one thing from Tom's breathless rhodomontade—that her first suspicion was incorrect: Tom's excitement had no reference to Mr. Thorne's conduct—it was something in regard to his and Katie Henderson's matters. She felt quite weak and faint—sat down in the nearest chair and said: "Come and sit here, Tom, and explain yourself."

"I can't sit still!" groaned Tom. "How can you expect a fellow to be quiet, when he feels as if he had been stuck full of penknives? But I won't be an utter ass; at least, I'll try—"

"No, no—you've too much sense! Now tell me."

"Well, everything's been going wrong for some time. He was always at the house; I—I quarreled with Katie about it; and then she told me the truth. He had tried to speak to her, and she wouldn't listen; then he went to her grandmother, and the old viper was delighted—just because he is rich! And oh, what a beastly shame, even if Katie did not care for somebody else, to want to sell her to a man old enough—"

Again Tom broke down, choked by something in his throat which, this time, was an undeniable sob; and he abruptly turned his back on his aunt and dealt a heavy blow upon the table. Thomasina sat appalled; this fresh effort at explanation had been as incoherent as the other, but it served to overthrow Thomasina's hope. After all, Digby Thorne was at the bottom of the matter—he had been making love to Katie Henderson also. Good heavens! the man's conduct sank so low, it no longer deserved to be dignified by the title of wickedness—it became simply idiotic! The suns of Australia must have softened his brain to a mere pulp, and his disease took the form of a mania for offering himself to every woman he met. Before she could manage to articulate, Tom conquered the difficulty in his throat and repeated passionately:

"Yes, sell her—body and soul—the vile old woman! and he mean enough to be willing to accept!"

"Stop! you make my head ache!" moaned Thomasina, clutching desperately at her wits, as a gleam of comfort broke in upon them. "I can tell you this: I shall be able to put an end to that nonsense. I'll go to Mrs. Henderson and tell her something which will speedily make her willing to leave matters where Digby Thorne is concerned."

"What under heaven has he got to do with it?" cried Tom, turning toward her with eyes as big as saucers. "Why, Thorne's the best fellow in the world!"

"Oh, didn't you just say he wanted to marry Katie?" groaned Thomasina.

"I never mentioned his name; I'm pretty near crazy, to be sure—but not quite!" retorted Tom, indignantly. "It's that old fool—Mr. Browning! I'll thrash him if he stops here two days longer, as sure as— But that's nonsense, too!"

"Yes, of course it is!" replied Thomasina, aghast at her own stupidity. "So it is Mr. Browning! He marry Katie! Why, he might be her grandfather! I never heard of anything so horrible in my life! He ought to be gibbeted, and old Mrs. Henderson along with him!"

It was a relief to burst into invective against somebody; the tirade was music to her nephew's ears, and he cried out:

"Ah, I knew you would say it—I knew you'd help us—I told Katie so! I ought to have come to you at once, instead of going to the darling mamsey—she's the dearest little woman in the world, but you know reason isn't her strong point—and I'm sorry now I said all I did."

"Oh, Tom, you haven't been quarreling with your mother?" exclaimed Miss Thomasina, feeling that to have this unheard-of complication added to the other general woes would be the death of the entire family. "Don't say you have done that—why, it would kill her!"

"No, no—of course, I couldn't go so far as that; but I'm afraid I did tell her she was cruel and hard—and she is—she is! I can't have my heart broken—I won't!" cried Tom, beginning his speech in a tone of remorseful hesitation and ending with a concentrated fury of anguish more painful than his loud-voiced passion of a few instants previous.

"It shan't be—not while I'm alive!" said Thomasina. "But it's wicked of you to accuse your mother—why, she would give her heart and soul to make any one of you happy! What have you said to her? What did she refuse?"

"Oh, she wouldn't even listen—I don't believe she understood a bit! Now I think of it, I'm sure she was troubled about something. She looked so flurried and queer, and, before I had really time to explain, she turned on me like—like—well, you never saw her act so! And she told me I was a young idiot, and that, if I mentioned Katie Henderson's name to her again, she'd send me to school; that's a pretty way to talk to a fellow almost twentytwo—that graduated at nineteen—that—"

"Oh, she didn't know what she said, Tom;

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she is in trouble—so am I. I mean, something very unpleasant and annoying has happened."

"What, in the name of goodness? No bad news—no losses?"

"No, no; nothing of the sort; of no real importance, only—only, it upset us both for a little—we don't wish to speak about it—I've settled the business!" cried Thomasina, and her confession was full of energy, her voice quite savage in its tone of triumph. She set her teeth as tight as a vise and her face as hard as a flint, just as she had done when she made her meteor-like descent upon Digby Thorne and left him as crushed as if he had actually been struck by an aerolite of large size.

"Oh, well, I'm glad it's nothing," said Tom, naturally still gladder to get back to his own affairs, which at this juncture were the only really important thing in the whole universe—and all heaven and earth fighting against him and his happiness—at least, old Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Browning were, and his mother as bad—treating him like a boy! This last reflection roused him to a pitch of such exasperation that he lost his head again and cried abruptly: "I shan't stand it! I'll be—be blessed if I will! If mother holds out against me—by heaven, if I thought it was old Seymour put her up to it, I'd—But, anyway, I'll not stop here to be tormented to death! You may all take your lives to yourselves—maybe I can't help your ruining mine among you, but I won't live with you! She is hard and cruel—I'll say it again! By the Lord, I'll take the next steamer and go to Japan—there's lots of money to be made there, Digby Thorne says—"

So far he got, regardless of his aunt's at first sorrowful, then indignant, exclamations; but, when he reached that name, Thomasina—again stricken by a conviction that Thorne had a hand in the mischief, that he had, from malice or to get him out of the way, urged the excitable youth on to rebellion—rushed into a passion such as Tom nor anybody else, except the luckless Thorne aforesaid, had ever seen her display.

"You wicked unnatural boy!" cried she. "Go out of my room this instant! Go out, I say!"

She swept forward, looking ten feet high at the very least—and, whether Tom retreated before her approach or whether she actually thrust him out of the chamber, neither he nor she could ever tell; but one thing was certain—when young Deverst recovered from his trance of stupefaction, he was standing in the hall. The door of Thomasina's room was shut, and the sharp click with which the key had turned in the lock still rung in his ears, like the dying echo of his last hope. Even Aunt Thomasina had turned against him: verily, the world had come to an end!

Anger itself died under this shock; a strange stillness succeeded his excitement, so sudden, so profound, that he took it for the composure of resolve; but it was sheer desperation. He walked through the corridor till he reached his own apartment, entered, shut the door, and began to whistle as he unlocked a drawer which held his treasures, Katie Henderson's notes chief among them. He opened a pocket-book and counted his little store of money; there was still a hundred dollars left from a sum that had come to him on his last birthday; beside this, a valuable watch and numerous trinkets worth a good deal, even as vendible property.

"I'll sell the whole, and go as far as the money will take me," said Tom, half aloud. "I'll leave the house this very day. Mother and Aunt Thomasina shall rue this morning's work—"

And here he was interrupted, as Miss Floyd had so often been during the last two hours, by a tumultuous knocking at the door, then his aunt's voice called wildly:

"Let me in, Tom! let me in!" But Tom stood deaf and dumb; and the silence so alarmed Thomasina, that she shook the handle of the door and her voice broke into sobs as she pleaded: "Tom, my darling boy, let me in! let me in!"

Tom was not hardened enough to persevere in his rôle of deaf-mute, but he made his tones as gruff as he could, as he answered:

"I'm busy. What do you want?"

"I want to beg your pardon! I—oh, for mercy's sake—Tom!"

He dashed to the door and opened it; caught Thomasina in his arms; and she leaned her head on his shoulder and cried like a baby—the first time in his life he had ever seen her cry. Her whirlwind of passion had stupefied him; but this tempest of tears bent his will as a tropical storm would a young tree, and—though, fortunately for his self-respect, he did not know it then or ever afterward—he cried almost as heartily as Thomasina herself.

"I'm a brute!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak. "Talk about gibbeting other people—why, I ought to be stoned to death! yes, and burned alive into the bargain! I can't explain, my dearest boy—but I'd been driven nearly wild this morning, and I made you suffer for it! I feel like a fiend—oh, a great deal

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worse! Just say you forgive me! I never can forgive myself—but do you, Tom darling, do you?"

"Of course I do!" gurgled Tom, "o-of course! Don't let's ever think about it again."

"And now," said Thomasina, when she had kissed him rapturously, "now we will get to the bottom of this business. I must sit down," she added, oppressed again by that sensation of faintness; but she forgot it at the sight of the open bureau-drawers, Tom's clothes tumbled on the floor, Tom's money and valuables on the table. "Oh!" she groaned, "you didn't mean to go away—you couldn't mean that!"

Now, Tom Deverst was a splendid young fellow—as warm-hearted and generous as he was clever and impulsive; but he was a man, and he could not resist following up the advantage he had gained. Completely to subdue Aunt Thomasina, frighten her so that she would become his steadfast ally, held such certainties of success for his hopes and plans, that he did not hesitate to play upon her fears.

"Yes, I did mean that!" he exclaimed. "What is more, I mean it still! You and mother must remember that, though I may be young, I have a right to defend my happiness! If I cannot do it, I will go away—yes, so far that—"

But Thomasina put her hand over his mouth, and in a second he was glad she had prevented his saying more—the speech did not sound so fine and dramatic as he expected it to do. He had a hasty thought that to get his own way by tormenting a woman was perhaps not a very noble fashion of doing it; very likely, coaxing would answer just as well, and certainly leave him on better terms with himself, whether he failed or succeeded.

"You are quite right," said he; "talk like that is very foolish. But oh, Aunt Tom—don't you go against me! Try to help us—you can! I'm not unreasonable: I don't expect to marry Katie yet. But we love each other! It's not any mere boy-and-girl fancy—oh, believe that!"

"I know it isn't, Tom—so does your mother. We never thought of opposing you ultimately; but you are both so young, that we did not wish you yet even to be engaged," said Thomasina.

"Well, Katie is not too young for Mrs. Henderson to think of marrying her—selling her to that old vampire!"

"But that's ridiculous—worse, a shameful thing even to think of! She shan't do it, Tom!"

"There's only one way to hinder it. She and I have had a grand blow-up at last—I knew days ago it was coming. This morning, I saw Katie in their garden, and went in. The poor child had cried her eyes out; for, last night, her grandmother had openly taken Browning's side, and so Katie managed to send me a line. But that's no matter! There we were, and in burst the old cat and sent Katie into the house; and then she turned on me—well, I don't think she got the advantage!" Tom wound up, with a harsh little laugh.

"Just give me a general idea of what she said, then I shall understand; you see, it's all such a surprise to me—"

"Ah, I said you'd been going about blind these last weeks—if you hadn't seen. Why, what has ailed you, Aunt Ina?" cried Tom, with a reproachful sternness—which, added to the reproofs of Thomasina's conscience at her own selfish absorption for a good while past, caused her to shiver and hesitate. "But that's neither here nor there," pursued Tom—not from any magnanimous condoning of his aunt's offense, but because he was in a hurry to make affairs plain to her comprehension. "This is the line the old—the line that Mrs. Henderson takes," amended Tom, drawing himself up and assuming a dignity befitting the situation: "She says that, as my mother will not consent to an engagement between Katie and myself, she won't have her grandaughter's peace risked; that, very likely, I will change my mind; that, since the property is all mother's, I've got my own way to make—Katie might wait till she was gray before I was able to marry; and so she feels it her duty—oh, if you'd only heard the bosh she talked when she got to that—her duty as a Christian—and didn't I light on her as soon as she said that!"

"Wait—wait—what was her duty, Tom?"

"To oblige Katie to accept old Browning's offer, of course!" cried Tom. "'Oh,' said I, 'it's part of a Christian's duty, is it, to break a grandaughter's heart? Well, I should call that a creed of the devil, myself!' Then she said, if I meant to blaspheme, she would go away; but I just stood between her and the door—we were in the summer-house—and I had my say."

"Was she very angry?"

"At first; but, do you know, I think she respected me for standing up to her—that sort of old tyrant always does." (Miss Thomasina nodded assent.) "But she stuck to her text—she vowed that, if my mother had permitted an open engagement, it would be different; but everything was on our side—people would say Katie had run after me, and her reputation would be ruined—oh, all sorts of silly talk like that!

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I told her I was engaged to Katie, but she said that counted for nothing; and then, in her eagerness to silence me, she overreached herself—she declared she wouldn't think of Mr. Browning, if mamsey had allowed our engagement and promised to start me in business! I held her fast to that, and awfully angry she was at having made the admission, for I called Katie to hear it—and then the old vixen abused us both and said anyway mother and Mr. Seymour wouldn't consent—he, indeed! as if I'm not of age!—and Katie should behave properly to Mr. Browning, and then she ordered me out of the garden."

"And you came to your mother—"

"Oh, and nicely she treated me—but I don't mean that! You said she didn't understand!"

"No, no; indeed, she did not!" replied Thomasina. "I'll tell you what to do—this Browning business changes the whole matter! Go and tell the entire story to Mr. Seymour—by the terms of your father's will, he has a kind of authority till you are twentythree—but you know how good he is! Don't you be downhearted, Tom; there's not happiness enough going about in this hard old world for me to let you lose your share—I say it shall be set right—I'll talk with your mother."

"Oh, you blessed darling—I knew, as soon as you understood, you would be on my side!" cried Tom, giving her a hug like that of a young grizzly bear.

They had a little more talk, then he darted off in search of Mr. Seymour, as much excited from hope as he had previously been from despair. Thomasina stopped to put his scattered belongings into order, then went back to her room and sat down as tired as ever a general was after a battle.

"At least, there shall be two among us kept from being miserable," she thought. "Oh, my poor little Minnie—but she has so much sense and pride—when I tell her the exact truth, she will despise that man too heartily to suffer! Only, it's so sad for a young heart to learn there is such wickedness in the world—and it is a hard world—I will say it—it is!"

Thomasina had to take a long hour to get herself down to anything approaching a state of composure; but, when she did, she determined to go at once and tell Minnie of Digby Thorne's behavior to her mother. The blow must be dealt, and the sooner the better, for the girl's own sake. But Minnie was not in her room, and, when Thomasina went downstairs to make inquiries, a servant informed her that Mr. Seymour had called some time before and taken Miss Minnie out for a walk in the pine-wood. Mrs. Deverst was in her own sitting-room, and Thomasina decided it was wisest to leave her there; so, bidding the maid send Miss Minnie to her as soon as she came back, Thomasina turned into the drawing-room to wait, tired of the confinement of her own chamber and shrinking from entering the library—the usual sitting-room of the family—which she felt she should loathe forever after the scene it had that morning witnessed.

CHAPTER VI.

This day had so far proved as busy and exciting to Mr. Seymour as to Miss Floyd, though his excitement was of a less unpleasant kind, and he possessed the advantage in another respect: where demands were made upon his sympathy—and a variety were made—he had the satisfaction of feeling that he saw the way pretty clearly toward setting the confided troubles at rest.

His earliest visitor had been his nephew, Charley Marston, who arrived unexpectedly by the ten-o'clock express, and was greeted with great affection by his relative, who retained, in spite of his fifty years, so much enthusiasm and energy that the society of young people was very agreeable to him.

But Charley speedily rendered it apparent that, though grateful for his uncle's cordial reception, he was in no state of mind to behave in the decorous manner befitting an elegant young man of the nineteenth century. Mr. Seymour had several friends stopping in the house, and they all chanced to be in the room when Charley appeared, and, in spite of his efforts, conducted himself in a manner so odd that the ladies of the party immediately decided he had been drinking, and the two men exchanged confidences in a window-seat in regard to the probability of what ailed the boy, and laid wagers as to whether he had come to offer confession of having married his laundress or forged his uncle's name. Mr. Seymour soon found an excuse to lead Marston away to his study, and, the moment they were safe in its seclusion, laid his hand gently on the young fellow's shoulder and said, with his kindest smile and in the most encouraging tone of his kindly voice:

"Tell me all about it at once, my boy, whatever it may be! Is it money?"

"No!" rejoined Charley, fiercely. "Money, indeed! I've more than I know what to do with!" Then, as his uncle stood quite confounded by a declaration so astounding on the part of any young man of five-and-twenty, Charley gulped and added: "Money is just a drug, like everything else; it's no good—it can't give you what you want."

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"Why, then, the case must be pretty serious," returned Mr. Seymour, with a certain quaint humor which had plenty of kindness in it. "I suspect the difficulty must be here," he continued, touching with his finger the portion of Charley's waistcoat which might be supposed to cover that troublesome organ which even the refinements and improvements of our wonderful age have not yet quite refined and improved out of existence.

"Ah!" groaned Charley, and burst abruptly into blank verse, as a handsome young man ought to do when hearts are called in question; and luckily, though fifty and a retired banker, Mr. Seymour possessed imagination enough to like poetry still.

The pair remained closeted together for a whole hour, and parted on the best of terms. Charley strolled away into the pine-wood near the sea, and Mr. Seymour took the road to Cliff House, arriving while Thomasina and her sister were holding their interview. The gentleman met in the grounds the very person he had come to see—pretty Miss Minnie, who, after her aunt left her, had dried her tears and gone to take the fresh air. She felt a little comforted by having flung a portion of her burden upon Thomasina's shoulders; so accustomed to seeing that lady bear other people's loads that it never occurred to her she had put so heavy a weight on her relative, that for once the resolute spinster found it difficult to stand upright.

Circumstances enabled Mr. Seymour to give a much shrewder guess at the real cause of the depression visible in Minnie than Miss Thomasina had done. After a few moments' chat, he bade her get her hat and come with him for a walk; and, as Minnie passed through the hall, she met the maid and informed her where she was going, in case her mother or aunt should ask for her.

By the time they reached the pine-wood, Mr. Seymour had whiled Minnie so far into confidence that he was able to turn suddenly upon her and say: "Why did you treat Charley Marston so ill, my dear?"

"I treat him ill?" cried Minnie, indignantly. "It is he, I think, who ought to be ashamed of himself—such friends as we always were! And, just because of—of a little misunderstanding—to pass three months without so much as writing to ask if—if—"

"If you were angry still?"

"No—he might have known I wasn't—if—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Seymour. "I understand; if you had changed your mind?"

"I'll never change it!" cried Minnie, with tremendous emphasis; then she grew scarlet and added in confusion: "How did you know?"

"Old wizards like me know a great many things," returned Mr. Seymour, taking her arm again and leading her on toward a little opening where stood the great pine-tree that was the pride of the neighborhood, so big and stately was it. "And so you mean never to forgive Charley?"

"Oh, forgive!" echoed Minnie, tossing her pretty head. "I don't take the trouble to cherish animosity; but I think he has behaved very badly—an old friend—why, like a relation, almost—and to fly off just for a sharp word!" And here Minnie made another snatch at her energy and hurried on: "No, I don't forgive him—I should like to give him my opinion of such—"

"You shall, my dear!" interrupted Mr. Seymour; then he elevated his voice and called: "Come here, you young villain, and receive sentence—Minnie says you have behaved like a savage."

Then there was a cry from behind the big pine-tree, echoed by Minnie as Charley Marston stepped forth, and, while the pair stood speechless, Mr. Seymour said:

"I've an engagement—I can't stop! Minnie, I leave that sinner in your hands—punish him well," and was gone before either could articulate.

As Mr. Seymour emerged from the wood, he met a man pale enough and wild-enough-looking to have been the hero of a tragedy indulging in a soliloquy at the despairing climax of the fourth act. This stroller was Digby Thorne, who, after his hasty exit from Cliff House, chanced to find himself in this precise spot, without having the least idea how he got there, or any clear perception of where he was, familiar as these last months had made the place to him.

"Hallo!" cried Mr. Seymour. "This is something worse than the young people's bothers—make a clean breast of it, old man!"

"It's all over," groaned the other. "I followed your advice, and—and—she turned me out-of-doors!"

It was a full half-hour before Mr. Seymour went his solitary way. As he came out into the high-road near Cliff House, he barely had time to step aside and so escape being knocked down by the frantic rush of a young man emerging from the gates.

"Are you running on a wager, Tom Deverst?" demanded Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, I was hunting for you!" cried Tom.

"Well, you've found me. But, if you are bent on murder, at least give me a choice of deaths—I don't want to be trampled. Why,

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I thought you were Squire Lawson's red bull, at the very least."

"I—I beg your pardon—I was in such a hurry. Aunt Thomasina told me to come and tell you; I know, if you'll speak to her—the mother, I mean—we can make Mrs. Henderson hold to her word. Oh, if you would! Don't refuse me—unless you want to drive me utterly desperate! I can't bear any more!"

Thus Tom, wild-eyed and incoherent; and, when he stopped to breathe, Mr Seymour patted him on the shoulder and said.

"Blow a little, and then at it again, my boy! Yes, I'll do it. I've not the least idea what it is; but anything you and Thomasina want shall be done—depend upon that."

So a good deal more of Mr Seymour's valuable time was consumed, and, when he got free from Tom, he turned in at the gates of Cliff House; and Tom walked off in the opposite direction, striding along a glorified road that led straight toward the Garden of Eden.

All this while, Thomasina Floyd sat waiting, wishing yet dreading that Minnie would enter, growing each instant more miserable, no longer able even to retain the feeble support of wrath against Digby Thorne; this died in the horror of feeling that such duplicity could exist in a human breast—above all, in that of a man whom they had honored and trusted.

At last, the door opened and Minnie appeared, but a Minnie so altered from the weeping girl Miss Thomasina had last seen that she sat speechless, passively allowed her niece to embrace her, and listened like one in a dream to a rapid explanation which ran in this wise:

"Charley has come! Oh, it seems I was the one to blame. And I'm so sorry! But it's all right now. Oh, Mr. Seymour is here and wants to speak to you, and—"

But Mr. Seymour was already in the room, and he put Minnie gently out; then he turned to Miss Floyd and said:

"What do you think of it?"

"I can't think yet!" gasped Thomasina. "All sorts of things have happened—dreadful things!"

"Why, yes—you have had, I am aware, a rather agitating morning."

"Oh, you know?"

"Enough to be able to congratulate you."

"Good heavens! congratulate?"

"Yes—on having at last shown a little human weakness. You really were too perfect: it was exasperating! But you have destroyed your prestige: you have been unreasonable, blind, and—oh, several other things—besides, doing a great wrong."

"I? To whom?"

"An old friend of yours and mine. And I have brought him here to give you an opportunity of finding out how mistaken you were."

Then he opened the door, fairly dragged Digby Thorne into the room, and departed. Upstairs he went, and presently, Mrs. Deverst, seated in her morning-room—she had had a nap and felt better—heard a tap at the door, and, in answer to her permission to advance, Mr. Seymour presented himself.

"What do you think I have come for?" asked he, abruptly.

"I don't know—something pleasant, as usual"

"Well, I hope you will find it so," quoth he, smiling, but a little red and nervous. "I have come to ask you to marry me."

"Why, I thought it was Thomasina!" cried Mrs. Deverst, blushing like a girl and looking both fluttered and pleased.

"Not lately, you haven't, little woman! It's a long while since I saw that was a mistake—I discovered it was you I wanted all the time. Come—why should we each live in a solitary house, when we might join forces and be—be jolly and comfortable?"

"But—the children?"

"Oh, I forgot my other errand!" said he; and then he told her about the state of Minnie's and Tom's affairs.

"But—my sister?" hazarded Mrs. Deverst, though in a very yielding tone, when her first-proposed difficulty had been settled. "But—but Thomasina?"

"Well, I think—but no matter! We'll go downstairs in half an hour and ask her. I am sure in that time I can convince you of the wisdom of my idea, if you will only listen patiently."

"Oh, I will," returned Mrs. Deverst, and then blushed deeper than ever to hear how eager her voice sounded.

When the door had closed upon Mr. Seymour, the pair whom he had left gazed at each other for a few seconds in silence, then Thorne said:

"Miss Floyd, I never thought to set foot here again; but our good friend convinced me that it was right to do so, and I have come."

"Oh," cried Thomasina, unconsciously wringing her hands, "if I am in the wrong, I will cheerfully beg your pardon! If you have any excuse to offer, let me hear."

"Only this: I have loved you since we were boy and girl! Thomasina, the very night I had made up my mind to speak, I heard that you

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were engaged. I started for Australia a fortnight after; and, when my sister wrote me that I had been misinformed, it was too late—I was married. I came home to learn if there were any hope. I have never found courage to ask; and, this morning, when I wanted your sister to help me, she behaved so strangely. Then you—"

"Oh," gasped Thomasina, white and faint, "will you forgive me?"

"Can you learn to care for me?" demanded he.

"Care?" repeated Thomasina. "Haven't I been trying for thirteen years not to care?" She could not articulate another syllable; but, after all, it was unnecessary.

When the half-hour ended, in came Mrs. Deverst and Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, I don't know what you will say, Thomasina!" cried the widow, in a breathless fashion. "Don't blame me, please! The children both want to be married, and— Oh, I didn't see Mr. Thorne!"

"It's all right," said Mr. Seymour, patting her shoulder. "Go on."

"And—and," stammered Mrs. Deverst, with a laugh and a sob, "Mr. Seymour wants—he says— Oh, I'm afraid you'll think it silly—"

"No, that isn't right," interpolated the gentleman. "Thomasina, I'll tell you myself—open your ears wide: The truth is, I have frightened this little woman into promising to marry me."

"Oh!" ejaculated Thomasina, dazed and stunned.

"Don't be angry!" cried Mrs. Deverst. "It shan't make any difference; you shan't be left alone—"

"I'll take care that she is not," interrupted Mr. Thorne.

And Mrs. Deverst positively shrieked, then she laughed, then she cried; then they were very happy.

"Well," said Thomasina, at length, "this time, Ellen Tracy will have a right to gossip, and—and I'm glad she will."

EARNEST LIVING.

BY EMMA J. WILLIAMS.

Life's great harvest-field's before us,
And the hours are waning fast;
Shall we stand with hands close-folded,
Idle dreamers o'er the past?

Shall we spend life's rosy morning
As a child, in naught but play?
Or in gathering fleeting treasures
That ere evening pass away?

Or, like truant children playing
Hide-and-seek behind the wall,
Heeding not the tasks unfinished
Till around the shadows fall?

Shall the noontide find us standing
Still, as idlers in the field?
Or, if seed perchance we're sowing,
What shall be the fruit 'twill yield?

As the sowing, so the reaping.
Have we sown the seed with care?
Can we hope, in time of harvest,
Only golden sheaves 'twill bear?

Oh, to know the worth of living!
To be earnest in the strife!
Living grandly, nobly, truly,
Making sweeter, better life.

In this busy world of action,
Work awaits for one and all.
Let us, then, with joy fulfil
Each our mission, great or small.

After sowing, cometh reaping;
After seedtime, harvest days—
With the weary song of labor
Lost amid thanksgiving lays.

May we weary not or falter,
Though by heavy burdens pressed;
Let us toil until life's evening
Bring us home and heaven and rest.

CRIPPLED.

BY BELLA FRENCH SWISHER.

I've seen a plant which might have raised
A form of grace that all had praised,
Encumbered by some foreign thing,
Until, in searching for the light
Its shape became distorted quite,
While meagre was its blossoming.

I've seen a soul, direct from God,
Encumbered thus and downward trod
By heavy and unpitying feet,
Till also it distorted grew;
And, ere the world its value knew,
Its ruin had been made complete.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

SOME NEW CHRISTMAS GAMES. LITERARY SALAD.

BY HELEN M. BURTON.

THIS diversion, which is instructive as well as amusing, may serve for an entire evening's entertainment or form part of your Christmas sports. Any number of people, of any age, from fifteen to fifty—and, indeed, beyond that—may play the game, with pleasure and profit too. If you want to have your friends spend an entire evening with you for this purpose, write little notes inviting them individually to come on such a date and "partake of Literary Salad with me."

The amusement may also form an agreeable close either to a late Christmas dinner or to the evening banquet, which must be served earlier than usual if you wish to wind up the fun with Literary Salad. It will then be served in a large lettuce-bowl at one end of the table, after you have all eaten as much as you want of the good things provided. The host or hostess or some right-hand man should act as master of ceremonies.

In preparing for your entertainment, you will need several sheets of green tissue-paper of varying shades, from rather dark green to a yellowish hue, to simulate the color of real lettuce as nearly as possible. Beside these, you will want a pack of plain white visiting-cards—twentyfive or fifty, according to the length of time you intend the game shall take up—and a piece of very narrow white ribbon, the narrowest that comes. Select now a number of familiar quotations, both poetry and prose, from what you think are likely to be your guests' favorite authors, and write these selections in your best hand on one side of the blank cards, appending the writer's name to each.

If you have a book of prose or poetical selections, such as Allibone's "Dictionary of Quotations," you can choose from it. The works of the best-known poets, such as Shakspeare, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Whittier, or the works of such prominent prose-writers as Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the like, will suggest quotations, and even Ben Franklin and the Bible may be judiciously culled from.

Cut your tissue-paper into pieces the shape of a small leaf of lettuce, making each piece of a double fold of paper, and then drawing it over a hairpin so as to crinkle the leaf and make it look like the genuine vegetable. Bore a hole in one end of the card, which has, of course, been written across lengthwise, and, through this opening and one made in the small end of your double leaf, run enough of the ribbon to tie in a small bow on the opposite side. Your salad-leaves may either be fastened on so as to cover the card or else stand out from it, and, if you prefer, you may use ribbon the color of the salad instead of white.

A good idea would be to have the date of the entertainment, and, if you like, your name on the other side of the card. When your "Literary Salad" is all ready, arrange it nicely in a deep dish or lettuce-bowl—the prettier, the better—so that only the green leaves will be visible. If nicely made, your dish will look at one end of the table so like the real article as to deceive your guests. If you are going to spend the whole evening in playing the game, have the salad brought in on a salver and set on a table, surrounded, if possible, by flowers or fruits. If you want to add to the illusion, furnish each guest with a Japanese paper napkin and a pretty saucer.

Now rise and explain that whoever guesses the author of the quotation you are about to give may have the leaf, and then, standing, proceed to read the selection from each card—omitting, of course, the writer's name. Whoever calls the latter out first receives the leaf, which you may either hand yourself, or, if the circle is large, have a pretty little girl to award the salad. If you wish to add to the excitement and interest of the game, you can offer a small prize, any pretty trifle, to the one who gains the greatest number of leaves; or, if there are a good many of each sex, you can give a prize to the lady who distances all of her feminine competitors and one to the gentleman who is equally fortunate among his own sex. A pretty box, in which each one may carry home his leafy honors, tied with narrow ribbon that if bought by the piece will furnish enough for the salad also, would be a pretty souvenir of the occasion.

An appropriate and agreeable way to spend the early part of an evening that is to wind up

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with a "Literary Salad" would be in playing the game of Quotations. Select the names of ten or more—according to the time you have for the game—well-known writers either, of prose or poetry, and write each of them on a slip of paper. Buy a number of strings of various-hued cheap glass beads, enough if possible so that each guest may have a different-colored string. Have these beads either in one large box or in a small one for each person. Supply everyone with a piece of narrow ribbon about three-quarters of a yard long and tied into a knot and then a small bow at one end. Keep the boxes of beads yourself on a table near you, and take a seat in the centre of the circle. Explain that you wait for quotations, and proceed from the first of your slips, which had better be numbered, to call out the author's name. Every person who can give a selection from that writer, no matter how short, receives a bead from the string which belongs to him or her, as the case may be. The beads had better be handed around by a little girl or boy, as was done with the salad-leaves, and must be strung by the recipient on the ribbon provided for that purpose.

Allow a certain length of time to each author—say ten minutes, more or less, according to the number of participants in the game and the time you wish to devote to it. Whoever wins the greatest number of beads gains the prize—some simple little gift, which need not cost much; or, as in the "Literary Salad," you can have two prizes. Every guest will keep his string of beads as a souvenir.

The first two of these games may be devoted to one particular poet or prose-writer. For instance, you may select all your quotations from Shakspeare, and let your guests tell the different plays from which they come. Or, if Tennyson, lovers, you may have a "Tennyson Salad," and the poems in which your verses occur may be guessed. Admirers of Dickens would find pleasure in naming the novels or characters responsible for the sayings, wise and humorous, which you recall to them. Indeed, for intelligent people, young or old, I can suggest no pleasanter way of spending the evening than in either of these games, while to the juveniles, if they can be persuaded to take part, these sports may prove a real education.

HOW TO MAKE PICTURE-FRAMES AT HOME.

For this purpose, old worn walnut frames may be used—or new ones, of common wood, may be manufactured. In the former case, the frame must be well scraped; in the latter, the following directions must be followed:

Take four pieces of any kind of wood, the length required for the picture and as thick as an ordinary frame. Two of these must be grooved in the corners like a slate frame—only the corners must be square instead of rounded, as in the slate. The inner edge of every one of the four sides must be grooved deeply enough to admit the glass and picture. They can then be fitted together exactly as the slate frame is made.

If a plush or velvet frame is desired, the pieces must be carefully covered, the material fitting into grooves, before they are fastened together. Even handsomer gilt frames may be made, however, at a small cost, after the foundation of the frame is finished, or from old frames. In this way, three different kinds may be used.

Take the bare wooden frame—as smooth as possible—and coat the entire front with thin but good glue—fish-glue is generally used; then sprinkle over the surface of the glue plenty of fine sawdust. As soon as all the sawdust that will adhere is perfectly dry, cover the entire frame with a thick coating of gold paint; more than one coat may be necessary. Use the liquid glue that comes in bottles.

A still handsomer effect is secured by using rice, instead of sawdust, in the usual way. Use plenty of whichever material you apply.

The handsomest frame of all, however, is made in the following manner:

Cover the outside of your frame with a thin layer of putty. While the putty is still moist, press into it firmly, all over the frame, as many and as great a variety of old buttons as you can get on it. Let the buttons be as fancy as possible. They may either be put on irregularly or arranged in designs, such as diamonds or squares. When the putty is thoroughly dry, gild the frame just as you would the others. Glasses and boards, for the back of the picture, may be bought at any picture-shop; or, if you are ingenious, you can easily make the board yourself, and fit it into the back of the frame just as neatly as could be done by the picture-frame maker.

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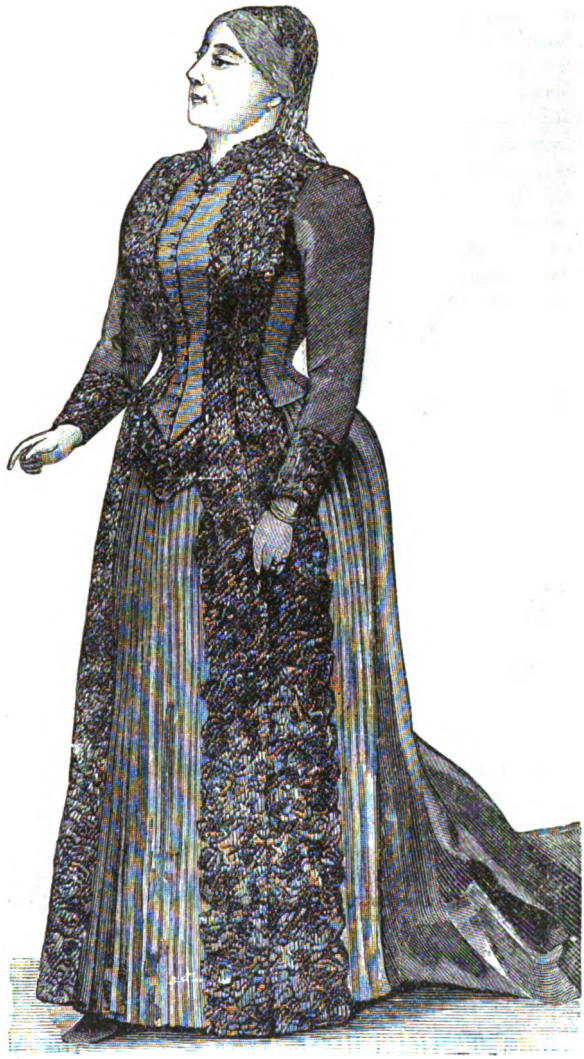
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a home or dinner toilette, of black silk, with demi-train, for an elderly lady. The front of the skirt is laid in narrow kilt-plaits. cut in one with the back. The trimming is heavy Spanish lace four inches wide, arranged to form the panels on the skirt, and folded in to



No. 1.

then a wide box-plait, finishing the side with kilt-plaits like the front. This is mounted upon the foundation-skirt. The bodice is pointed in front, short on the hips, and the demi-train is trim the bodice up over the shoulder, all in one continuous piece, as seen in the illustration. The point of the bodice, cuffs, and open collar trimmed to match. A small Spanish-lace fichu forms the

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head-dress. Eighteen to twenty yards of black silk and twelve yards of Spanish lace will be required for this gown. Handsome silk passe-

No. 2.

menterie may be used instead of the lace, if desired.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume for a young lady, of any dark self-colored lady's-cloth, trimmed with Astrakhan-cloth in black. The plain round underskirt is bordered with a four-inch band of Astrakhan all around. The plain pointed bodice has the fronts of skirt attached, while the back is cut in one with the bodice, or it may be separate, and sewed on in plaits or gathers to the point at the back. The skirt-part hangs perfectly straight, or it may be slightly looped if preferred. The pointed plastron on the bodice is of the Astrakhan, also the collar and cuffs. A small muff of the cloth, trimmed with a band of Astrakhan in the centre and ornamented by a bow of gros-grain ribbon, completes this costume. The turban is entirely of Astrakhan. Six to eight yards of cloth, and seven-eighths of a yard of Astrakhan-cloth will trim this costume and make the turban.

No 3—Is a dressy and stylish walking-costume of seal-brown cloth or camel's-hair, trimmed with beaver-fur. This gown is cut as a pelisse, plain tight back, with skirt plaited on. The fronts are fulled on to the body-lining and made to lap

No. 3.

and fasten from right to left side, over an inside vest of the cloth. The whole is edged with the fur, as seen in the illustration. The

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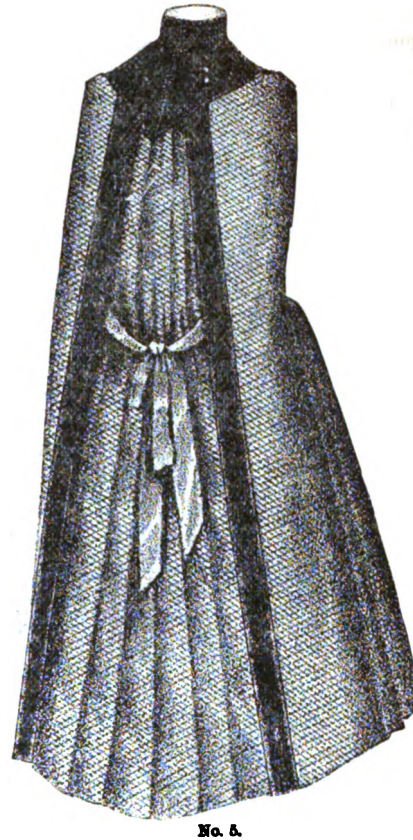
high coat-sleeves have two bands of the fur. A wide sash of surah or gros-grain silk, doubled, passes around the waist, first tight to define the waist, then is brought in front and arranged loosely with a knot below the waist-line, ending in two long points, finished with passementerie ornaments. The sash is usually arranged upon the costume so as to fasten on the left side. Felt hat to match, trimmed with ostrich-tips and loops of gros-grain ribbon. Six to eight yards

No. 4.

of cloth, six to seven yards of fur for trimming, will be required for this costume.

No. 4—Is a house-dress for a young girl, of white or blue serge, braided in black worsted braid. A band of the braiding is done above the hem, forms the yoke, front-pieces, and cuffs. A moiré belt finishes the pointed waist, and ends in long loops full at the back or side. A wide sailor-collar of linen is worn with this gown. The sleeves are fulled into the shoulder and into



No. 5.

No. 6.

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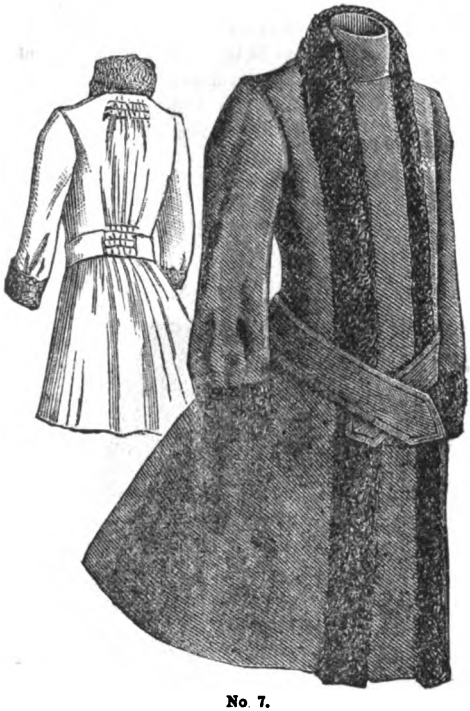

No. 7.

No. 8.

the straight cuffs. Six to eight yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 5.—The boulevard cloak, of fancy chestnut woolen, lined with silk to match and having a pointed yoke of darker velvet. The velvet is repeated in bands down the front and back openings. The front portion of the cloak is full, being gathered to the waist, and falling from thence in deep plaits. The waist is crossed by a loose band of ribbon tied with loops-and-ends. In navy-blue or very dark green, this cloak may also be made. Four yards of fancy cloth.

No. 9.

No. 6—Is a stylish coat for a little boy, made of dark-blue or brown cloth. It is double-breasted, with rolling collar. The three capes are extra, and fasten on under the collar. The edges are bound with silk or worsted braid. The coat is cut at the waist-line, and the skirt-piece sewed on. Pocket-flaps and cuffs are also bound with the braid. Six large metal buttons ornament the front, two at the back. A frill of Irish or torchon lace is added in front, at pleasure.

No. 7—Is an overcoat for a boy of six to eight years. We give the front and back of the gar-

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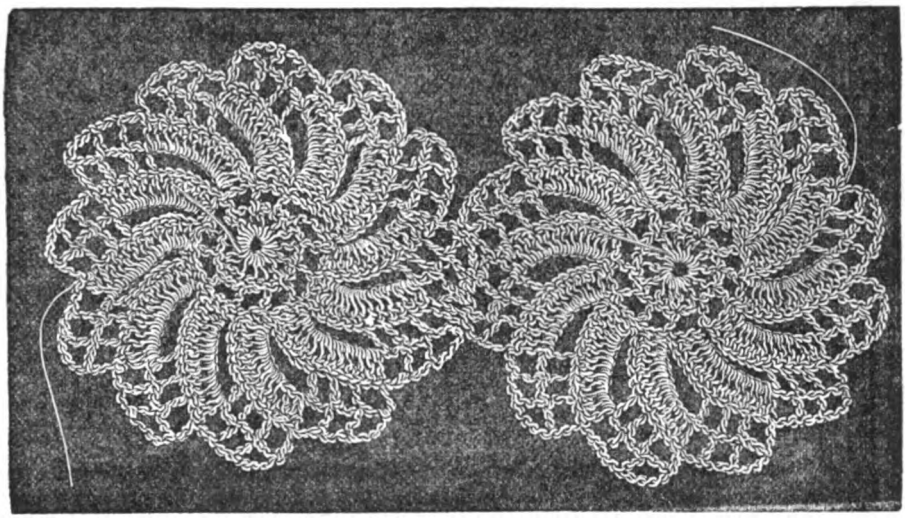
ment. To be made of navy-blue, brown, or dark-green cloth and trimmed with fur or Astrakhan-cloth. Toque to match.

No. 8—Is a pretty costume for a little boy, of white flannel, braided. Toque to match, also braided.

No. 9—Is an Irish cloak, in steel-gray cloth or serge, with long sleeves. Plaited front and circular yoke; the last is trimmed with a band of copper-colored gimp, intermingled with gray silk. Felt hat to match, faced with copper-colored velvet and trimmed with loops of gray ribbon.

CROCHETED WHEELS, FOR EDGING OR INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Explanation of abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double-crochet; st., stitch.

Begin one wheel by making a ch. of seven; join.

First row: Ch. four, eleven d.c., with ch. of one between each in ch. of seven; join in third st. of each ch. of four.

Second row: Ch. five, eleven d.c., one in each, one of d.c. on first row, with ch. of two between each; join in third st. of each ch. of five.

Third row: Eight ch., one d.c. in each one of five stitches of ch., two d.c. in each one of remaining stitches, making thirteen d.c. in all. Catch in top of next d.c. in second row, ch. eight, one d.c. in seventh d.c., ch. two, one d.c. in second d.c. from that; ch. two, one d.c. in second from that; ch. two, one d.c. in last d.c.; turn, ch. five, one d.c. in next d.c.; ch. two, one d.c. in next d.c.; ch. two, one d.c. in next d.c.; one d.c. in each of next four stitches of ch. of eight; two d.c. in each one of next four stitches of ch. of eight—making thirteen d.c. in all. Catch in next d.c. in second row. Continue all around. When you come to the last, take thread up to end of first ch. of eight, and then make holes the same as in all the others.

D'OYLEY, IN ETCHING OR EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement is a most original design for a d'oyley. It can be either etched on damask or done in outline in black silk or white filoselle. It looks well either in solid embroidery or in outline-stitch, or in the two combined. If preferred, the water and background can be done in darned stitch, or the background can be omitted.

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WINTER PELERINE MANTELET: SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, this month, the pattern of a Winter Pelerine Mantelet, by Worth. It consists of two pieces:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK, WITH SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The material may be either beaver-cloth or seal-plush, trimmed with bands of fur or feather-bordering. Froggings in dull silk gimp. This is one of the newest of the winter wraps.

GROUP OF CARNATION-PINKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This month, we give, for our colored plate, a group of carnations, to be worked in half-outline, for the end of a table-scarf or cushion. Our model is in the natural colors of flowers and leaves. If preferred, the work may be done in simple outline or in solid Kensington-stitch. Use English crewels or wash-silks. This is a very pretty design done in white silk alone.

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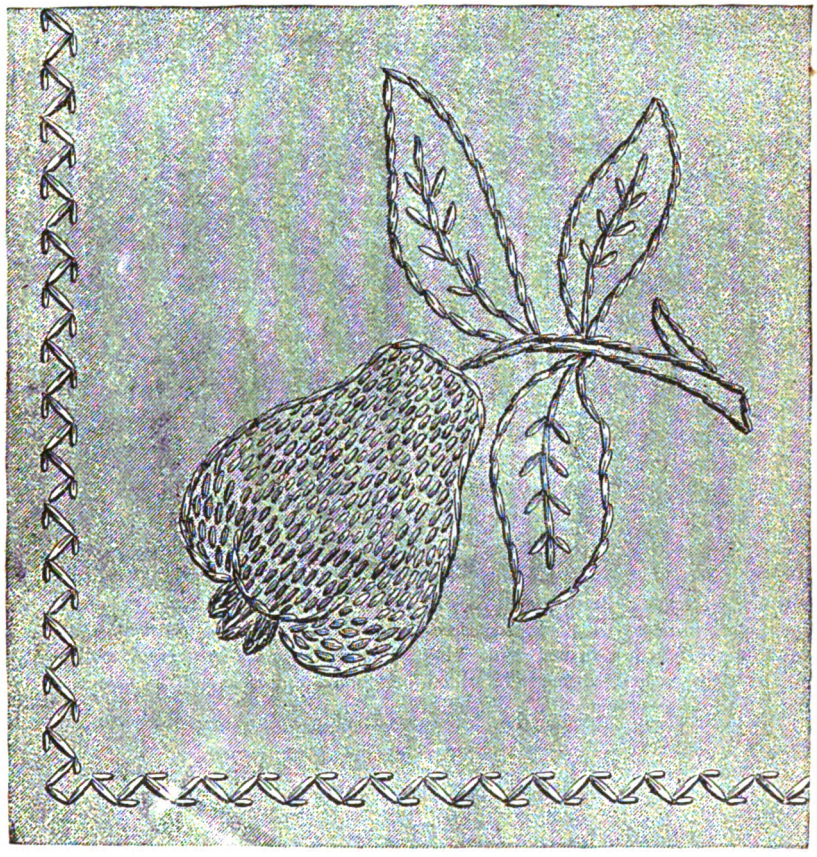
DESIGN FOR FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA-CLOTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This pretty design for a corner of a small tea-cloth is to be worked on butcher's-linen, in French cottons, wash-linen flosses, or silks. Each corner of the cloth is worked in other designs of fruit. The work may be done all in one color, or the colors as near like the natural fruit and leaves. The one color, though, seems to be the most desirable and the most popular. Small serviettes, in designs of assorted fruits, should be added, to correspond with the cloth. Or, if preferred, this design can be studded over the cloth.

SOFA-CUSHION, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design of carnations which we give, on the Supplement, makes a pretty top for a sofa-cushion. The material upon which it is worked is optional, and it can be done in the natural flowers or in black silk.

All these designs can be made useful for Christmas-gifts.

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HANGING WORK-BAG.

BY EMILY H. MAY

Bag, in old-pink plush, embroidered in gold with a dolphin; the triangular opening being edged with a gold cord entwined with pink chenille. It is finished-off at one side with a knot of the cord, at the other with a cluster of ribbon loops—the latter harmonizing with the gathered pocket in brocaded silk or satin. This design may be carried out in linen and cretonne, and is one of the newest of the hanging bags.

FRUIT-DESIGNS.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

In the front of this number, we have designs of cherries, pears, plums, and peaches, intended for a fruit-napkin, to be spread over a waiter or shallow basket. It can be made of butcher's-linen, eighteen or twenty inches square, and fringed on all sides. The embroidery, if done in silk, will look well showing the natural colors of fruits and leaves; but, if worked with cotton, black or red will be almost as effective. The fruit should be placed in the corners, with a simple fancy stitch forming a border. By using tracing-paper, the designs can easily be transferred to the linen. The design is also available to scatter over a sideboard-cover.

CARVING-CLOTH, IN OUTLINE

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a new design for a carving-cloth, to be done on butcher's-linen in outline with black silk. It is also a pretty pattern for the end of a sideboard-scarf.

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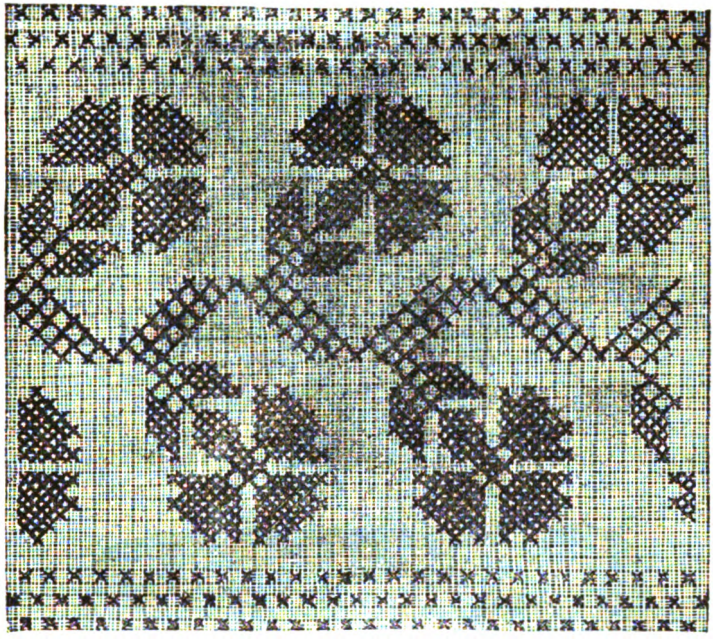
BAND OF BLUETS, IN CROSS-STITCH.

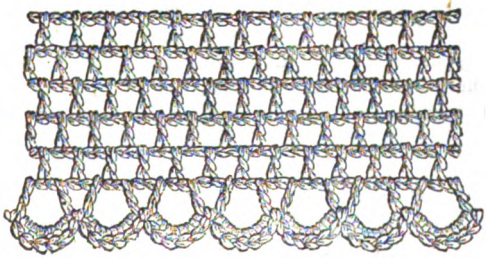
BY EMILY H. MAY.



This design is to be worked on Java canvas or coarse linen in alternate red and blue, either in crewels or coarse French working-cotton. Pretty and serviceable for ends of towels and bureau-covers. It looks well on a table-cloth, when done on coarse canvas.

CROCHETED LACE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This pattern requires little or no description, as the method of working can easily be followed from the illustration. In Saxony wool, it makes a pretty edge for a flannel skirt; in cotton or linen-floss, a nice edge for a tidy, or for a child's drawers.

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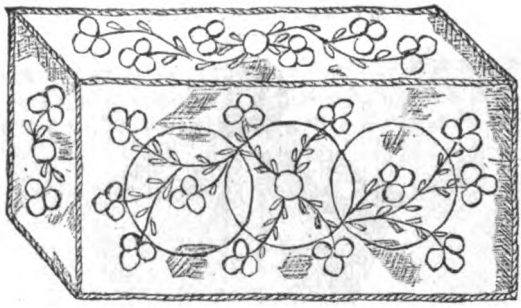
DOOR-WEIGHT.

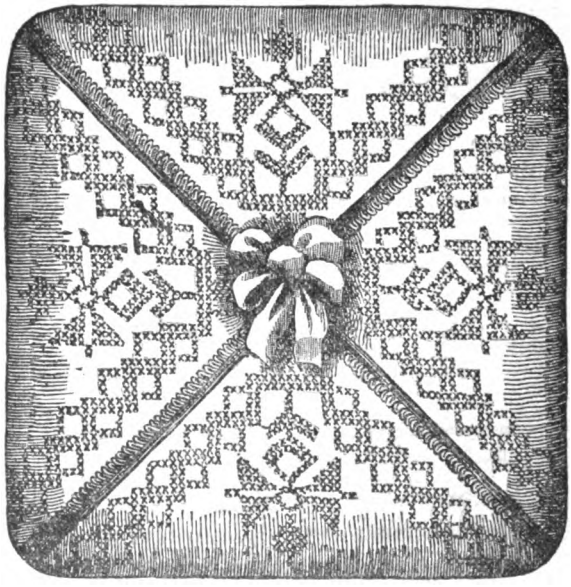
BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.



This little device will be found very useful in keeping a door open at a certain angle, and preventing it from slamming shut with every little draught of air. It is simply a common brick, covered first with strong ticking and then with heavy cloth, neatly embroidered with any design to suit the fancy. A stout worsted cord covers the seams.

HANDKERCHIEF TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This simple and useful article for the bureau-drawer is made of one square piece of silk, cashmere, or linen canvas, and embroidered in cross-stitch with ingrain marking-cotton. The four corners of the material are turned over and meet in a point in the middle, where they fasten with a hook-and-eye or button-and-loop. A bow of ribbon is placed on the outside and a very narrow fringe edges one side only of each triangle. The thinnest layer of wadding should be placed between the outside and the lining.

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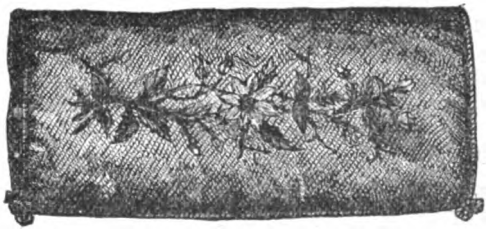
NOVEL WALL-POCKET.

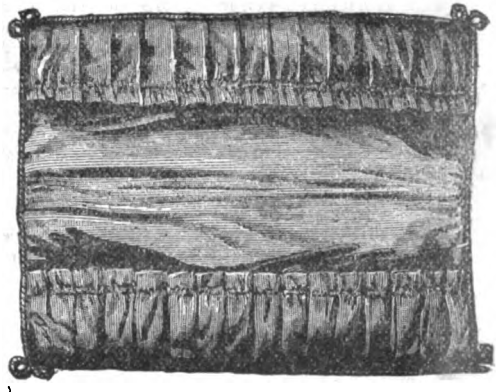
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This uncommon shape is cut out in stiff cardboard and lined in satinette. The low front turnover is also cut in cardboard—rather wider than the back—to allow its being better curved. Old brocade, cretonne, or moiré silk can be utilized for the purpose, with the addition of galloon of old-gold lace. Butterfly bows in watered silk ribbon hide the two hooks to which it is suspended to the wall or bed-hanging, and gives the pocket an ornamental appearance. It may be used as a jewel-receptacle for the night.

SACHET FOR LONG GLOVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





The inside of this useful sachet is in satin, silk, or cashmere, and is provided on each side, lengthwise, with a pocket in the shape of two broad plaited bands, for the gloves. It is surrounded by a cord which corresponds with the material, twisted in two loops at the corners. The outside, which can be of plush or any other material, is decorated with a long spray of gay blossoms and buds done in silk or crewels.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Overheated Rooms.—As to keeping warm when sitting all within-doors, it is far better to be warmly clad than to rely on an over-hot room. The general temperature ought not to rise above 70° for people in good health. Of course, in the case of invalids, the quicksilver may reach a higher point, according to the directions of the doctor, but the habit of coddling oneself in an over-heated atmosphere exposes one to risk when encountering the sudden change of staircases and passages; and colds are caught in this way, unaccountably as some persons think, since they have not been out-of-doors. The precautions which are taken in the shape of extra clothing when the outer air has to be faced are overlooked, and consequently there is more danger oftentimes in passing from one room to another, or going up and down stairs, than in going out-of-doors. Equally unwise, on the other hand, is it to sit in a draughty apartment. The ventilation necessary to maintain the atmosphere at a pleasant and healthy point should be attained by some of the many contrivances by which the requisite change of air may be secured imperceptibly; but, as a rule, our open fire-places provide sufficiently for all ordinary rooms and under ordinary circumstances. Windows pasted up at the sashes with thick paper, doors listed or made to shut tight by weather-strips nailed round the edges, cannot recklessly be indulged in. Screens or curtains offer a wiser means of excluding draughts, as, without stopping the ventilation, they protect the occupants of the room from the effects of a direct inroad of wind. What is applicable to sitting-rooms in these respects is equally so to bed-chambers; and it is a bad plan not to maintain the latter at a reasonable warmth. We are not among those who hold a bed-room fire to be unhealthy. Of course, it cannot always be indulged in for many reasons, but that is no argument against its wisdom. The principles guiding us in the matter of ventilation and warming downstairs ought to be remembered when we retire to rest, and, if a bed-room is a cold one, compensation must be found in extra clothing, though this does not secure delicate people from the exposure incidental to undressing in, and breathing, cold air. Another counteracting influence to a cold bed-room may be found in a hot drink taken when in, or about to get into, bed. There are many beverages quite harmless to healthy people, and even desirable for some invalids, such as lemonade with essence of ginger, raspberry vinegar diluted with hot water, black-currant tea, etc. But, whatever means are adopted, bodily heat must be kept up during sleep, for there is nothing more dangerous or uncomfortable than to wake feeling cold. The hot-water bottle, too, must not be forgotten when there is no bed-room fire, or even sometimes when there is. Preference is often given by country-people to a bag of bran, oats, salt, or sand heated in the oven, but, so long as the cork of the hot-water bottle is carefully seen to, it is far cleaner and pleasanter than anything which may leave grit at the foot of the bed.

Catarrh Cured.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A Christmas Cave.—This was a successful diversion at a large children's-party last Christmas Everything was done at home. We made a good-sized arbor of bent boughs and twigs at one end of our largest reception-room, at a little distance from the wall. We stuffed in cotton-wool among the foliage, and glued pieces to the twigs and leaves, sprinkling plentifully with gum and powdered alum. Inside we laid moss on brown paper, and in the centre heaped the presents—neatly labeled, but not wrapped in paper. Over all we threw a covering of calico, covered profusely with cotton-wool and alum. The bower was large enough for two or three children to stand upright in. We dressed a clever little girl as a snow fairy in a close-fitting suit of cotton-wool over calico, with large glittering net wings (made over wire) and a pointed white cap, with a bunch of holly. The children were first told to examine the cave, which they did cautiously; but they saw nothing but a heap of white "snow" in the middle, the snow fairy being beneath the covering with the presents. They were then all told to join hands and dance round the cave, singing as they went, to waken the snow fairy. Suddenly there was a shout, the coverlid was lifted, and up sprang the little inmate of the cave. Almost every child scuttled away in a panic, but soon returned, laughing heartily. One of the elders, told off for the purpose, addressed her, and, after much parleying, it was announced that she had a gift for everyone. As each present was taken up by her from under the coverlid, which remained over the presents, and the name called out, the little owner came up and claimed it. If well done, this Christmas cave and fairy produce great fun and also great excitement. The cave was lighted by colored lamps with night-lights in them, and the lights in the room were turned down at first to add to the weirdness of the scene, but afterward turned up again. A little boy would do as well for the elf, if he is quick-witted.

The new mode of dressing the hair is more elaborate and lower, to suit the fashionable-shaped bonnets. The mass of hair is not drawn up high above the forehead, but spread over the head in rings and flat curls; neither is a large fringe worn, but the hair is waved and taken back with a few stray curls loose about the brow. It is also waved from the nape of the neck, to give a full appearance to the hair where left uncovered by the twists. Another style is to comb the hair back, plait it at the top, and pin the plait down the back of the head, and again it can be puffed on the head and twisted at the back. The new coiffures are graceful, avoiding equally the extremes of stiffness and untidiness.

The Iowa City Republican (Iowa) says: "Few magazines award premiums that approach the valuable books and engravings which "Peterson" offers. Novelty and fresh variety are promised for next year. One can be certain this is not only said, but really meant; for this popular magazine has proved, during nearly half a century, that its promises are always faithfully kept.

"The Children's Christmas."—Our charming illustrated poem is by a writer whom our readers will gladly welcome. Mr. Robinson's lyric, "I Fights Mit Sigel," was one of the most popular poems produced during our Civil War, and it still keeps its hold on public favor.

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that, though this is our closing issue for the year, it need hold no parting word to any of our hosts of old friends. Every mail brings us ample proof that not only are we to retain all the familiar names on our subscription-books, but are to add thereto a really unexampled list of new ones. In all ways, this has been to us a twelve-month of complete satisfaction, and the press and our subscribers have lavished increased praise with each successive number. We are confident that the magazine for 1890 must prove more popular than ever, as our proposed improvements will greatly increase its attractiveness. Our premiums have met with universal approval, and the extensive list of interesting books offered has been especially praised. It would indeed be difficult to get together a more tempting array of works of fiction, miscellany, and poetry by the best-known American and English authors of the day.

We have aimed to offer such variety as will meet the tastes of all, and enable everybody to select something that will give entire satisfaction. The books are handsomely bound, and are a desirable acquisition to any library. The other premiums are substantial, handsome, and useful.

Now is the time to get up clubs for next year. We are offering unusual inducements in the way of premiums, which, together with the merits and cheapness of the magazine, should bring us a large increase both in the number and size of clubs. Be early in the field, and your success will be assured.

Our full premium-offers for clubs will be found on pages 488 and 489.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.—No girl with a muddy complexion can clear it by any external application. She must begin with dieting, must leave off tea and coffee, which make the skin muddy, and drink milk or lemonade instead. She must abjure fat meats and greasy foods of all kinds. Fruits, vegetables, eggs, lean meats, and cereals may be freely partaken of; cakes, candies, pies, and pickles must be tabooed. The daily bath must be taken, and the skin kept in a healthy condition by vigorous rubbing after bathing, and by abundant exercise in the open air. Early and long sleep will aid materially in giving a healthy tone and glow to the complexion.

Late hours and late suppers quickly tell upon the loveliest face. Compression of the waist turns the most exquisite peach-blossom complexion muddy. So do high heels and tightly-fitting fashionable shoes. Dame Nature is patient and long-suffering, but she is also just. Violate her laws if you choose, she will not prevent you—you may even fancy for a time that you do so with impunity; but the day of reckoning will come, inexorable as fate, and, health gone and beauty gone, what is left by way of compensation?

WE CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to the special offer of Christmas-cards made by Messrs. H. H. Carter & Co., whose advertisement appears on the inside front cover of this issue. By purchasing immense numbers of cards direct from the manufacturers, they are enabled to offer the wonderful value they do in their various packets. Messrs. Carter & Co. are thoroughly reliable, and we are sure anyone who may send them an order will be agreeably surprised at the choice selection they give for the money.

AN untidy ill-kept house is by no means a welcome to the tired paterfamilias as he returns from work day by day. Some wives complain of the attraction that club or reading-room or the house of some other friend forms for their husbands. Let them try to have a counter-attraction in their own home by making it all that a home should be.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—The simplest way to transfer the patterns on the Supplement is to procure one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and three cents for postage; postage-stamps will do.

WE have prepared a substantial cover, for a permanent binding of this year's numbers of the magazine. It is much neater than can be made by a book-binder, and it enables him to bind the volume at a lower price. We will send it for thirty five cents: twenty five cents for the cover, and ten cents for postage.

FOR THE COMPLEXION and for light cutaneous affections, Crême Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

"WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE."—The Middletown (Pa.) Press says: "The steel-engravings and diagram-patterns in each number of 'Peterson' are worth double the price of the subscription."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mother, Nurse, and Infant. By S. P. Sackett, M.D. New York: H. Campbell & Company.—A book so useful as this to every young mother has never come under our observation. It will prove equally valuable to every monthly nurse—the person on whom the mother has in certain ways to depend even more than on her physician. Dr. Sackett's work offers to the nurse a vast store of medical and scientific instruction, along with ample practical information, clearly and plainly stated, in regard to conducting the daily details of her work. With a guide like this, the experienced nurse cannot fail to add greatly to her proficiency, and by its assistance the beginner may speedily become thoroughly versed in the duties of her profession.

Lora. The Major's Daughter. By W. Heimburg. New York: Worthington Company.—The author of "Two Daughters of One Race" and "Gertrude's Marriage" has produced a novel that is in certain ways an advance on either of those much-praised works. The style is terse and dramatic and characterized by the ease and elegance for which Mr. Heimburg is so noticeable. The story is capitally translated, and the volume is so well printed and illustrated that it seems a pity not to have issued a bound edition.

Sonnets. By Warren Holden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—These twelve sonnets form a supplement to the poems on "Spiritual Evolution" which were published a few months since. They evince the deep thought which characterized Mr. Holden's former volume and are animated by the same earnest spirit of religion in the broadest and fullest significance of the term.

Cliquot. By Kate Lee Ferguson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a racing romance of the Amelie Rives school of fiction, and is one of the most interesting of its class. The plot is clever and the story told in a crisp and spicy manner. It is issued in the publishers' dainty twenty five-cent edition.

That Pretty Young Girl. By Miss Laura Jean Libby. New York: The American News Company.—The author's former novel, "Miss Middleton's Marriage," proved a very popular book, and to the admirers of that work it is enough to say that the present romance is fully equal to its predecessor.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SOME FRESH OPINIONS.—The New York World, in speaking of our November number, says: "'Peterson' is to many a household necessity, and would be to many others did they know its attractions." The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "The title of 'household friend' has certainly been deservedly won by 'Peterson.'" The Cincinnati Gazette says of "Peterson": "Variety is one of the leading features of this excellent periodical." The Minneapolis Journal says: "'Peterson's' Thanksgiving number will compare favorably with the highest-priced periodicals." The Chicago Tribune says: "'Peterson' for November has some very fine illustrations and numerous stories equal to those of any other publication." The Washington Post says: "'Peterson' is the cheapest of the lady's-magazines, and in many respects is equal to the best of the higher-priced periodicals." The St. Paul Pioneer Press says: "Among the November magazines, 'Peterson' deserves special mention. It contains some of the best illustrations and finest stories to be found anywhere."

LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?—Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

MR. GLADSTONE'S second contribution to the Youth's Companion deals with an American subject, "Motley, the Historian and Diplomat," whose characteristics he sets forth with remarkable vigor and simplicity. Mr. Blaine has written an article on "Our Government" for the same periodical.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, the noted Dermatologist, formerly of 210 W. 42d Street, New York City, has removed to the brown-stone-front building, 125 W. 42d Street, which he has leased for a term of years.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Bake potatoes of equal size; when done and still hot, cut off a small piece from the end of each potato. Scoop out the inside. Mash, and mix with it half the quantity of cooked meat, highly seasoned and finely chopped. Fill the skins a little above the edge. Set in the oven to brown the tops. Or omit the meat, and fill only with the mashed and seasoned potato. Replace the cover, and heat again.

Fried Raw Potatoes.—Pare, wash, and cut into the desired shape. Soak in cold salted water, drain, and dry between towels. Fry in clear fat, hot enough to brown while counting sixty. Drain, and sprinkle with salt.

Tomato Sauce (for Macaroni).—Stew half a can of tomatoes and half a small onion ten minutes. Rub all the tomato pulp through a strainer. Cook one tablespoonful of butter and one heaping tablespoonful of flour in a granite saucepan; add the strained tomatoes gradually, and one saltspoonful of salt and a shake of white pepper.

Salsify, or Oyster Plant.—Scrape, and throw at once into cold water, with a little vinegar in it to keep them from turning black. Cook in boiling salted water one hour, or until tender. Drain, mash, and season, and fry like parsnip fritters; or cut into inch lengths, and mix with a white sauce; or dip the pieces in fritter-batter, and fry in hot fat.

DESSERTS.

Pudding of Cold Potatoes, With Eggs, Etc.—Take some cold potatoes, bruise them through a colander with a wooden spoon; then beat up eggs with a pint of good milk, and stir in the potatoes—the proportion of eggs to potatoes should be four eggs to six large or twelve middle-sized potatoes; sugar and season to taste; bake half an hour. A little peach marmalade or any kind of jam or preserves may be eaten with it.

Plum Pudding.—One and one-fourth pounds of beef suet well chopped; one pound of flour, well dried; two pounds of currants, picked and washed; two pounds of raisins, stoned; one-fourth pound of candied orange-peel, mixed and well shred; half-ounce of spice, mixed, composed of nutmeg, ginger, and cinnamon; six eggs, well beaten, and a pinch of salt. This, with a little water, will mix the pudding, and you may add one small wineglassful of French brandy, but that is not needful. This quantity just fills three pint basins; to be boiled nine hours.

Black-Cap Pudding.—Make a thin light batter, and, just before it is poured into the cloth, stir to it half a pound of currants, well cleaned and dried. These will sink to the lower part of the pudding and blacken the surface. Boil it the usual time, and dish it with the dark side uppermost. Send it to table with a sweet sauce.

THREE TIMES ITS COST.—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The skirt is gathered to the round waist and trimmed down each side and around the bottom with a band of otter-fur. The close-fitting round bodice is double-breasted and fastens with large buttons. Very large otter-fur collar and deep cuffs. Bonnet of green velvet, trimmed with rich brown feathers.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK COMBINED WITH DARK-RED SILK. The skirt is full at the back and is laid in a double box-plait down the front. The side-panels, of the red silk, are trimmed with crosswise bands of wide jet fringe. The high bodice opens over a red vest and is ornamented with a jet trimming. The collar and the cuffs on the three-quarter high-shouldered sleeves are of red silk. Fancy toque, formed of gold lace, with red berries interspersed here and there.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is plain, except where it is braided at the side. The overskirt is long in front and back, shorter at sides, and is braided at the sides with black braid. The pointed waist and collar are braided to correspond. Directoire bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with black feathers and a bow of red ribbon.

FIG. IV.—WRAP, OF GRAYISH-BLUE WOOLEN, with a woven pattern down the front. It is trimmed with a large pelisse collar-and-ends of long white fur, which is fastened below the waist with a heavy cord. Bonnet of grayish-blue cloth, trimmed with black velvet and wide velvet bow-strings.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STONE-COLORED CLOTH. The skirt is irregularly draped and is trimmed around the

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bottom and sides with a band of beaver-fur. Deep cuirass-jacket, braided front and back. Collar and cuffs of beaver-fur. Small toque, of the same cloth as the dress.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA CASHMERE, MADE COAT-FASHION. It opens in front over a strawberry-colored surah skirt, which is laid in plaits; and the vest, which is plaited at the top, is of the strawberry-colored silk. The high collar, the rolling collar, trimming of the edge of the bodice, cuffs, and pockets are made of rich embroidery or brocade. Two large buttons at the waist.

FIG. VII.—COLLARS AND MUFF COMBINED. The large flat collar is finished off with tapering ends, to which is attached a bag-shaped muff, trimmed with a large bow of ribbon. This set can be made of any of the fashionable furs or seal plush or beaver cloth.

FIG. VIII.—MOURNING-BONNET, MADE OF BLACK ENGLISH CRÊPE, embroidered in dull jet. A stiff black feather is placed on the left side.

FIG. IX.—BODICE, FOR HOUSE OR EVENING WEAR, MADE OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING, cut to form a low gathered front, with added sides slightly draped at the waist, and from which escape wing-like epaulettes, stretched over wire and projecting over the loosely-plaited over-sleeves. Yoke, deep cuffs, and belt in Oriental work or brocade.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF APPLE-GREEN BROCADE, figured with branches in a darker shade of green. The panel at the side and waistcoat, which is double-breasted, are of dark-green velvet. The chemisette is of cream-colored lisse, plaited; the high collar and revers of pain apple-green silk. The sleeves are much wrinkled at the top.

FIG. XI.—GIRL'S TOQUE, OF GRAY ASTRAKHAN, trimmed with a stiff aigrette and feathers somewhat on the left side. A cloth toque of this shape, trimmed with a band of Astrakhan, is pretty.

FIG. XII.—WRAP, OF DARK-BLUE COLORED CLOTH BROCADED IN BLACK. It is full at the back and has close sleeves put in under the wing-like fronts, which are trimmed with bands of black velvet. Large square collar, trimmed with velvet. Velvet belt. Dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with blue cloth and feathers.

FIG. XIII.—TOQUE, OF DULL-RED CLOTH, trimmed with dull-red ribbon and stiff gray wings.

FIG. XIV.—MUFF, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, trimmed with an embroidered piece on the front and loops-and-ends of ribbon.

FIG. XV.—BODICE, FOR THE HOUSE OR EVENING-WEAR, MADE OF APPLE-GREEN INDIA SILK OR OF NUN'S-VEILING. The collarette and cuffs are of Irish or crochet lace. The girdle corresponds in color with the bodice; is finished with imitation opal buttons. Jet trimmings would be pretty on a black, dark-red, or primrose-colored silk bodice.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, MADE OF PLAIN CLOTH AND IN THE SEVEREST STYLE. It fastens over on the left side. Sleeves high and slightly full at the top. Collar and muff of white or gray fox-fur. Hat of gray felt, with fan-like plaiting in front and deep veil.

FIG. XVII.—LARGE COLLAR, OF STONE MARTEN-FUR, pointed back and front.

FIG. XVIII.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH, slightly draped over a brown velveteen skirt trimmed with a band of mink-fur. The vest, pockets, and belt are of the velveteen; collar and muff of mink. Brown felt hat, trimmed with bows of ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH AND HEAVY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The underskirt is of the cloth, trimmed with many rows of black military braid put on in two clusters. The plain camel's-hair is draped high on the hips and is quite long in front. The Polish jacket and vest are braided in black. Square Polish cap.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is no special change in the make of either gowns, wraps, or bonnets; but there are some modifications of the autumn fashions, and so many fancies that all tastes can easily be gratified.

Skirts continue to be but little trimmed; and, for costumes to be worn out-of-doors only, fur is much used. When the dress is used for the house as well, patterns woven in the material, braiding, embroidery, and passementerie are employed, though it is quite usual to see gowns without any trimming at all. Our October and November colored plates give all the newest styles in this respect. All skirts have a flat appearance in front, even when draped, and the back-breadths fall in straight full plaits or with but the slightest looping.

Bodices are nearly all trimmed in some way, either with vests which are plaited or gathered, revers of various styles, braiding, or passementerie. Pointed and round waists are both fashionable, though the pointed waist is more suitable for stout persons. Fancy buckles are much worn with the waistbands of round waists. Some bodices have a revers on one side, while the other is quite plain; but we do not think this a becoming style.

Sleeves are all wider in the upper part and have almost an epaulette effect, and are cut in the old leg-of-mutton style. Many sleeves are cut loose and long, and the fullness is then pushed up to the shoulder and fastened under an ornament; or there is a pointed trimming down the back of the arm, and all the sleeve-fullness is gathered under it. Ribbon is often tied around the arm; sometimes there is a bow on the shoulder, which stands up and assists in giving the height which is fashionable. These high shoulders best suit tall slim women; if worn by the short and stout, they add breadth to the shoulders and decrease the apparent height. Short people had better wear sleeves which are raised by gathers into the top of the sleeve and fit the arm rather closely but comfortably.

Cloth, camel's-hair, cashmere, and all kinds of woolen goods are used for out-of-door dresses, frequently trimmed with fur, or combined with velvet or silk, or trimmed with passementerie and heavy fringe. But silk or velvet alone is seldom used as an out-of-door dress except for ceremonious occasions.

For the house, the lighter woolens are very popular, while silks, brocades, and crêpe-de-Chine are all used.

Velvet capes are worn as extra wraps, in place of the fur capes which have been fashionable—though, of course, they are not nearly so warm. These capes often have a Medici collar, which is quite high and flaring at the back and gives a very stylish appearance to the wrap.

Wraps are either quite long or rather short; the long wrap is the most comfortable, but not so jaunty-looking as the shorter jacket or mantle. Some of the long wraps are not at all loose, but are made almost like dresses with full skirts sewed to the round waist; others fall from a yoke; others are shaped to the shoulders and have long wing-like sleeves; and others, again, are made on the old sling-sleeve model, where a cape is turned up underneath and holds the arms. Figured cloths, matelassé, and brocaded silks are used for handsome wraps.

Jackets and mantles are made of cloth, plush, or velvet. Jackets are seldom trimmed on the edge except with fur, but are often a good deal braided; while the mantles are trimmed with lace, fringe, and passementerie.

Bonnets and hats have changed but little since the early autumn. Bonnets are usually small and capote in shape, though the Directoire bonnet is liked by some people and is becoming to but few; it requires a good deal of fluffy hair or small curls on the forehead to keep it from giving the face a hard look. The capote or small rather flat bonnet is almost universally becoming. Velvet, lace, satin, cloth, and felt are all used for bonnets.

Hats are either quite small or rather large, though the best-dressed people do not wear them of an exaggerated size.

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Toques and turbans are often made of cloth or of the material of the dress, and a band of fur frequently finishes the brim. Black ribbons, feathers, or lace trims many of the colored hats and bonnets.

Black silk stockings are much worn with evening-dresses, but are often embroidered on the front with some color corresponding with the dress.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The new winter cloaks are very stylish and graceful, especially the long redingotes, which, covering as they do the entire dress of the wearer, are so practical as well as handsome. The newest detail respecting the most dressy of these wraps is the fact that the sleeves are made of a different material from the cloak itself. Stamped velvet sleeves are seen in wraps of heavy silk, and sleeves entirely covered with embroidery in minute jet beads adorn those in velvet. These new redingotes are cut Princesse and tight-fitting in the back. The front is made half-loose and without darts and is closed under the arm at the left side, the high military collar also hooking at the left. Some of these cloaks are made with a regular basement of fur in front—that is to say, with a band full a half-yard in depth, which terminates at the side breadths. These are Worth's latest models for the present season. He is using dark-green peau-de-soie, as well as velvet of the same color, for these cloaks. The lining is usually in a small-patterned brocaded satin in gay contrasting colors, or else in satin figured in Roman stripes.

Soft-finished lady's-cloths are among the most popular materials of the winter, and seem to have taken the place once filled by cashmere; that is to say, they are employed for all sorts of toilettes, from the plain walking-costume to reception-dresses for married ladies and full-dress toilettes for young girls. For a carriage or reception dress, a trimming of chinchilla-fur and rosettes of velvet and a short narrow demi-train in velvet lend richness to the whole. Then I have seen a charming and very simple walking-dress in beige cloth, the plaits of the short-plaited skirt held down with rows of stitching in silk of a paler hue, while three rows of a similar stitching finish the short jacket opening in front over a corsage of the same material. For demi-toilette, maize-yellow cloth is now being introduced. For very dressy occasions, it is embroidered with very small pearl beads or with bands of small roses with their foliage in pale shades of floss-silk. Embroidery, in fact, is very largely used, being one of the few styles of very handsome trimmings appropriate to the straight skirts and close plain corsages of the present fashion. I have lately seen a costume in black cloth, trimmed with bands of small crimson rosebuds with pale-green foliage, embroidered in floss-silks on dead-black peau-de-soie. Black faille ribbons, a finger-length in width, are also embroidered with jet beads as trimming for dresses in black cashmere. These bands stripe the skirt all around, being set between the flat plaited folds. Another very pretty way of making a dress in dark cloth is to have alternate breadths braided in an elaborate pattern with fine black braid, between plain plaited ones of the cloth. This style is especially effective in dark-green or steel-gray cloths.

Bonnets are growing lower and flatter, and fit the head more and more closely, in a way that is at once comfortable and becoming. Black velvet is a great deal used, with a band, in jet passementerie or in jet embroidery, covering the brim. A few loops of black velvet ribbon in front, with a small bird or a cluster of flowers at one side of these loops, comprise the trimming of this simple but stylish headgear. As for hats, a good deal of eclecticism is allowed in shape and material, as well as in trimming; but very high crowns and lofty trimmings are entirely abandoned. The toque or turban shape is a good deal worn, as well as the wide-brimmed low-crowned hats of the beginning of the season. The round Russian cap is much liked in fur; and the Louis XI hat in felt, with turned-up sides covered with velvet, is also worn. In fact, as long as a lady keeps her headgear in a due degree of moderate height, she can wear whatever shape suits her best. White velvet is a material much employed for evening-dress bonnets, the trimmings being in gold ribbon or gold passementerie. Strings of moderate width, matching the material of the bonnet, are indispensable. They are tied in the old-fashioned way in a large bow under the chin. Bands of flat curled ostrich-feathers in delicate contrasting colors are a good deal used to border bonnets in dark velvet. Pale-pink feather trimming is especially employed on bonnets in sapphire-blue or black or seal-brown velvet.

These varied forms of hats and bonnets necessitate an equal variety of styles in hair-dressing. A turban hat demands a slight fringe of feathery curls on the brow and a low classic coil at the back of the head. For the low-crowned wide-brimmed hats, a new style of hair-dressing is introduced. The hair, crimped in wide waves and drawn low at the ears, is brushed up at the back to the summit of the head, being confined there with a small shell comb. The front hair is slightly raised over the brow. The catogan plait—looped sufficiently high to be kept from interfering with the neck-trimming of the walking-dress—and the reversed figure-of-eight coil are also worn. The fringe of curls on the brow is too becoming to be abandoned, but the curls must be light and feathery and are worn quite short.

A new style of corsage is made to fasten under the left arm. The front is ornamented with a plaited plastron terminating in a point just above the waist. The corsage is cut short with a rounded point in front, which may be finished by a deep fringe-shaped ornament in jet beads.

It is now the fashion for young ladies to wear innumerable bracelets, which are supposed to be souvenirs of the Great Exhibition. They are all slender, but are in every variety of make and nationality. Genoese filigree-work, Norwegian silver, Oriental enamels, Moorish rings in twisted silver, rows of Persian coins, and bands in Algerian gold, form a picturesque combination.

The new colors of the season are the Margherita purple, named after the Queen of Italy—which is a rich warm shade, rather brighter than heliotrope—malachite-green, and a lovely rose-flushed white called the "Illuminated Fountain" color.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S NORFOLK COAT, MADE OF GRAY CLOTH. The wide plaits are laid both back and front. Near the bottom are several rows of metallic braid. Collar, cuffs, and belt of black Astrakhan. Large silver buckle. Toque of gray cloth, trimmed with black Astrakhan.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CLOTH. It is plaited from the neck to the bottom, and buttoned with brown wooden buttons. Large square pockets. Collar and revers of seal-fur. Muff of the cloth, trimmed with seal-fur. Cap of brown cloth, with a small seal-head in front.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S WINTER COSTUME, IN BLUE DIAGONAL CLOTH. Close-fitting at the back, with two wide plaits, and double-breasted. The crossed collar is trimmed with fox-fur. Hat of white felt, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon.

FIG. IV.—SEAL TOQUE, which can be made in either real or imitation seal. The ornament at the side is a small seal's-head and ribbon loops.

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